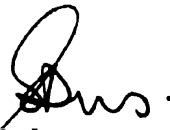


The
European Magazine And
London Review.

VOL - 12

1787



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European Magazine,

LONDON REVIEW;

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE.

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

For JULY, 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. An Emblematical Frontispiece, exhibiting a ...
2. An engraved TITLE-PAGE and VIGNETTE: 3 A Portrait of Sir ...
Knt. And 4. VIEW of Mr. ARLMAN'S HOUSE at CLAPHAM.]



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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;
and J. DEBRET, Pall Mall.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Memoirs of Dr. Boulton* in our next.
 S. has our thanks for the preference he gives our Magazine, but we cannot accept his offer
 The *Trial of Fashion and Taste—A Constant Reader—Hercules—Anti-Adulator—P. Orion—A Fragment of Leo*, and some others, are received.
 Mr. *Grofe's Reply* in our next.

ERRATA in our last. Page 416. col. 2. line 2. for *emboldening*, read *embaolning*.
 By a mistake of the Compositor, the Christian name of Dr. Johnson is put at full length in a way it was not used to write it in; therefore for **SAMUEL**, read **SAM.**

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from July 16, to July 21, 1787.

COUNTIES INLAND.	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	5	5	3	4	3	4	2	2	3	6
Middlesex	5	10	0	0	3	1	2	8	4	0
Surrey	5	9	2	9	0	3	5	4	4	
Hertford	5	6	0	0	3	6	2	4	3	11
Bedford	5	5	0	0	3	2	2	3	3	9
Cambridge	5	7	3	2	0	1	1	1	3	4
Huntingdon	5	5	0	0	0	0	2	3	7	
Northampton	5	5	2	1	0	1	2	2	3	11
Rutland	6	1	0	0	3	7	0	0	4	6
Leicester	5	5	3	0	3	1	2	2	4	4
Nottingham	5	8	3	8	0	2	3	4	2	
Derby	6	0	0	0	0	2	8	5	0	
Stafford	5	4	0	0	0	2	7	4	3	
Salop	5	3	3	8	3	1	2	3	0	0
Hereford	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Worcester	4	9	0	0	0	2	5	3	9	
Warwick	4	9	0	0	0	2	2	3	11	
Gloucester	4	6	0	0	2	7	2	1	4	4
Wilts	5	4	0	0	2	1	0	2	3	4
Berks	5	5	0	0	3	0	2	4	3	8
Oxford	4	8	0	0	3	0	2	4	3	10
Bucks	5	3	0	0	2	1	1	2	5	9

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

COUNTIES upon the COAST.	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	5	5	0	0	2	9	2	4	3	6
Suffolk	4	11	3	2	2	7	2	2	2	2
Norfolk	4	9	3	1	2	6	2	2	0	0
Lincoln	5	2	3	3	2	8	2	0	3	6
York	5	9	3	8	3	2	2	5	4	5
Derham	5	9	0	0	0	2	5	4	9	
Northumberl.	5	1	3	1	1	3	2	4	4	5
Cumberland	5	8	3	8	2	6	2	3	4	4
Westmorl.	5	8	4	4	2	9	2	4	0	0
Lancashire	5	11	0	0	0	2	5	4	8	
Cheshire	5	11	0	0	2	1	2	4	0	0
Monmouth	5	5	0	0	0	2	4	0	0	
Somerset	5	3	3	1	3	4	2	5	4	3
Devon	5	7	0	0	3	2	1	1	0	0
Cornwall	5	0	0	0	3	2	1	8	0	0
Dorset	5	5	0	0	2	8	2	2	4	3
Hants	5	3	0	0	2	8	2	1	3	11
Suffex	5	4	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	
Kent	5	1	0	0	2	1	2	4	3	3

WALES, July 9, to July 14, 1787.

North Wales	5	5	4	6	2	10	1	10	4	1
South Wales	4	10	4	9	2	8	1	7	4	4

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

JUNE.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.	
17-29	50	66	S.S.W.
28-29	78	60	N.
9-29	85	64	N.
3-29	95	65	W.

JULY.

1-30	22	67	E.
2-30	35	65	E.S.E.
3-30	34	69	N.N.W.
4-30	34	71	N.
5-30	28	69	S.
6-29	88	74	W.
7-29	76	64	W.
8-29	68	65	W.
9-29	90	63	W.
10-29	68	63	W.S.W.
11-29	94	59	N.N.W.
12-29	67	63	W.
13-29	60	65	S.S.W.
14-29	49	58	N.N.E.
15-29	71	58	S.

18-29	90	60	W.
19-29	99	59	S.S.W.
20-29	84	61	S.S.W.
21-29	44	63	W.
22-29	47	64	S.W.
23-29	45	60	W.
24-29	34	58	S.S.W.
25-29	49	61	S.S.W.
26-29	71	63	W.
27-29	90	62	W.

PRICE of STOCKS, July 28, 1787.

Bank Stock, ———	Old S. S. Ann. ———
New 4 per Cent. ———	New S. S. Ann. ———
1777, 98 1/2 1/2	India Stock, ———
5 per Cent Ann. 1785, ———	India Bonds, ———
109 3/4	New Navy and Vict.
3 per Cent. red, 72 1/2	Bills ———
72	Long Ann. 21 5-8ths
3 per Cent Conf. 71 1/2	30 yrs. Ann. 1778, —
2 1/2	Exchequer Bills, ———
3 per Cent. 1785, ———	Lottery Tickets 151
3 per Cent 1781, ———	178. 6d.

P R E F A C E.

IN the Preface to our last Volume it was observed, that of late an importance has been annexed to Magazines, which has exalted them to a very respectable rank in the literature of the Nation; and were it necessary to exemplify the truth of this observation, we might refer to the contents of the volume. Our readers will there perceive the hands of writers who, when some years (we hope many) are elapsed, will be esteemed the ornaments of the present age; whose works will exalt the fame of English literature; and whose names, when time shall disclose them, will confer honour on the most respectable publication.

The sanction of publick approbation renders the repetition of promises of diligence, on our parts, unnecessary. We claim no favour when we relax our attention; we know we shall not be entitled to it; and what we do not take pains to deserve, we shall not be ridiculous enough to look for. It has been by gradyal and continually increasing steps we have obtained the object we have laboured for, and we will take care not to subject ourselves to the disgrace attendant on indolence.

Were there any circumstance respecting our publication which we could wish altered, it would be the practice of the printers of diurnal and other publications, who instantly seize the original pieces printed in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, without the slightest notice from whence they were copied. The prediction of our correspondent who transmitted us Doctor Johnson's Letter to Mr. Baretti, has been amply verified. Though that excellent specimen of the epistolary correspondence of that great writer has been transferred into every paper, we believe, printed in any part of the kingdom—one only* has had the decency to acknowledge the source of their obligation. We have no objection to the world being benefited by our labours; but it seems to us far from unreasonable to desire that the world should be informed from what quarter is derived whatever may afford them either instruction or entertainment.

We shall detain the reader no longer than to observe, that we are already in possession of such materials as we can confidently promise the volume we are now entering upon will be equally valuable, equally entertaining, and equally instructive with any of the preceding. With the assistance we are favoured with, we will pursue our undertaking with diligence and alacrity, and with such assistance we cannot, for a moment, entertain any doubt of success.

* The WHITKELL EVENING POST.

EXPLANATION of the FRONTISPIECE.

AS subjects for the preceding three volumes, we had recourse to the SEASONS. For this purpose, picturesque scenes have already been given from SPRING, AUTUMN, and WINTER. Finishing the circuit, we now, as the Frontispiece of the present volume, exhibit a scene from SUMMER;—a scene less illustrative, it must be confessed, of the season itself, than it is pathetically descriptive of an incident of rural calamity, artfully connected with the subject by the pen of a Poet of refined sensibility, and skilfully delineated by the pencil of an Artist, possessed of an imagination not less vivid and brilliant than that of his Author.

In order to elucidate the nature and origin of the unhappy incident alluded to, it may not be improper to observe, that the scene it exhibits is expressly calculated to hold forth to general scorn and abhorrence the insolence of rustic Grandees, rendered more intolerable still by the barbarity added to the insolence, of the subaltern minions they are apt to cherish about their persons, as instruments devoted to superintend, right or wrong, the execution of their lordly commands.—Powerfully does it also illustrate two melancholy truths, more generally felt, perhaps, than acknowledged—namely, that in the breast of man the SPIRIT of TYRANNY is hardly separable from the POWER of being a tyrant; and that, with all the flattering ideas we are apt to form of rural innocence, and rural felicity, the interior classes of mankind are in fact victims, more or less, of OPPRESSION every where not allowed to know more real happiness and tranquility in the country than they unconsciously do in town.

In giving to those truths something like an embodied shape and form, we behold in our present Frontispiece a fair peasant (not long united in wedlock with the youth of her heart, and but recently become a mother) torn, with the beautiful innocent at her breast, from her wretched hovel, and commended into the field to work notwithstanding every entreaty which parental love can suggest, that yet a little longer she may be permitted to recover her strength—a little longer she is permitted to pay those duties of affection to a helpless infant which Nature dictates, and of which none but a Mother can ever feel the necessity, or taste the sweets.

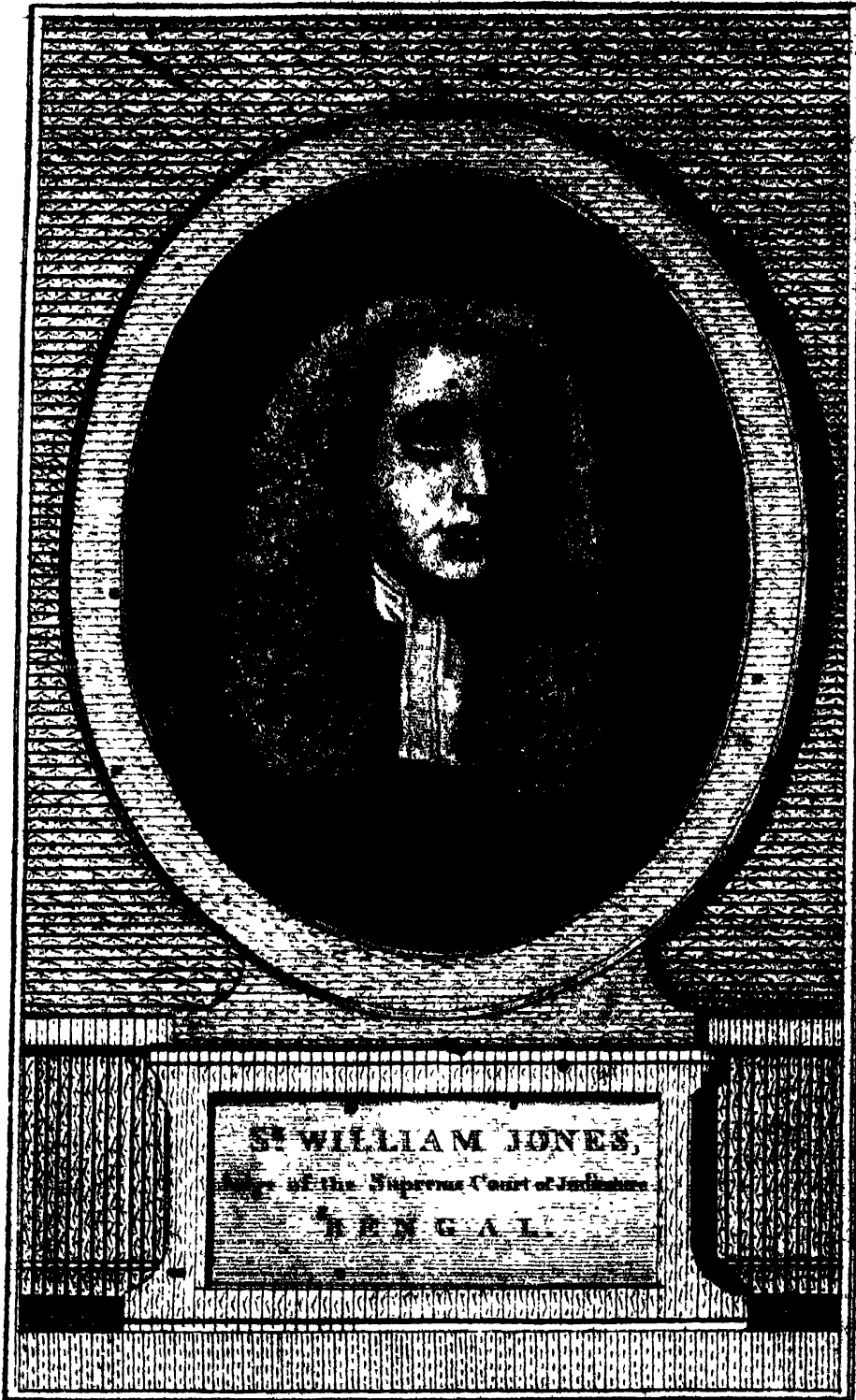
Vain, however, are all her solicitations—vain are all her tears.—The mandate had been issued by a proud Lord, “the savage tyrant of the plain,” of whom, as it is the motto of her husband, it becomes her misfortune also to be the subject vassal;

and, with all the rustic “insolence of office,” which a boor may be supposed capable of exhibiting, rigorously is it enforced by the wretch appointed to carry his orders into execution.

In the mean time, worn out with fatigue, and denied that sustenance which her condition requires, insensibly is the source dried up of that nourishment from within herself which bountiful Nature had provided for her child.—Almost famished herself, whither, with an infant almost famished also—whither shall she fly for relief?—One day, recollecting that in a neighbouring thicket there were some wild berries, which were highly grateful to the palate, and which might for a little time, she thought, allay the hunger of the crying babe, she gave him of them to eat. Nor was she allowed to finish this little—as it proved, too, this last—act of maternal attention to the devoted fruit of her womb, without hearing the voice of her unrelenting task-master sternly recalling her to her labour. In haste was she forced to return; and, the very minute, as it were, after—alarmed by the shrieks of the child, such shrieks as she had never heard from him before—on the wings of distraction she flew back to the thicket; where, ere she could reach it, the hapless babe lay stretched a lifeless corpse.

It is at this crisis that the agony of the mother, with the dead child upon her lap, is delineated; and not a little is the awful solemnity of the scene heightened by the striking manner in which, struck with horror at the calamity that had happened, her fellow-labourers are represented to have ducked, and to be ducking still, to the fatal spot; where, equally enslaved as herself, and hardly less wretched, all the consolation they can afford to her is, to mingle their tears with hers, and to join in her appeal to Heaven for its just vengeance on the relentless author of their woes.

Happy England! do thou rejoice, that from thy favoured soil VASSALAGE being abolished, no such scene of oppression and cruelty as that here displayed, is longer permitted to exist! But, alas! abolished though it be here, with all its attendant horrors, painful is it to think, that there are countries, where, unextirpated still, one petty despot has the power of holding it over Heaven knows how many slaves, and of commanding them to every intent and purpose as much his property, and as much at his devotion, as the very cattle employed in the tillage of his grounds!



Engraved by H. Reading

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

For JULY, 1787.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SIR WILLIAM JONES, Knt.

By the Author of the

OF the various talents, industry and
very early was observed, that "if
instead of being employed in translating the
poetical part of the Greek and Latin authors,
which he had done, he had been employed
in the study of the Greek and Latin languages,
whose names and characters were preserved
the persons of Sir William Jones might
have found, perhaps, as others are scerp-
tical in this of the *Crithon*. In the year
which the late work of *Crithon*, and
the diligent study of the Greek and Latin
languages, distinguished by the elegant exactness
which too frequently passes the hands of
its possessor, the nature of the *Crithon*
Commentaries assumed the great cha-
racter of a *Crithon*, and of *Crithon*.
With powers too various and compre-
hensive to be shackled by the vulgar
trammels of education, he announced
his literary career, when reports of no
common reputation have been content to
finish their. To anticipate a perception
of the future and beautiful, and an
imagination at once bold and luminous,
he added, what Mr. Jones thought in-
compatible with these qualities, the dis-
tinguishing judgment of *Crithon*, and
a memory quick and tenacious as that of
Crithon. Nothing less than
the union of these powers in the same
mind could have produced such preg-
nancy of thought, and such elegance and
facility of expression, in languages so
different and dissimilar. Yet this fancy,
this elegance, and this facility, did our
author possess, in spite of his early des-
tination to a profession, of which even the
preparatory exercises exhaust the mid-
night lamp of the most persevering stu-
dent. In the year, whose more serious
subject he set to collect the cases, and
now the precedents of an English court
of judicature, we are indebted not only
for a speech of *Crithon* in an English dress,
and for an exact delineation of the most
complicated part of the Athenian laws,
but for verses, which echo the language,
as well as the sentiments of *Sophocles*,
Democritus, and *Menander*. To him

who might have been expected to consult
the pages of *Crithon* in the modern only
of these arguments, or perhaps *Democri-
tus* for the perusal of fine Latin
poetry, and of Latin poetry, which
breathes the spirit of the best writers of
the best age of Rome. He who was
more professionally employed in discus-
sing the legal mode of suppressing riots,
and the laws of his native country on the
subject of *Crithon*, cultivated the ori-
ental languages, not only to illustrate the
Mahomedan laws of succession to the
property of intestates, but to develop the
grammatical construction of the Persian
language, and so woo the Asiatic Muses
from the spicy groves of Arabia to the
more chilly cinnato of Britain. Let it
be remembered also, that the man of
whom all this and much more might be
said, is now only in the bloom of man-
hood; possessed of integrity unimpach-
ed, and of manners the most attracting,
in his judicial capacity, the glory of the
English name in India; and as a scholar,
still indefatigable in those pursuits which
render him at once the paragon and ex-
emplar of the poet, the philosopher, and
the critic.

Sir WILLIAM JONES is the son of
William Jones, Esq. one of the last of those
genius mathematicians, admirers and
contemporaries of Newton, who cultivated
and improved the sciences in the present
century. Our author was born on the
28th of September 1746, and received
his education at Harrow School, under
the care of Dr. Robert Skinner, whom
his grateful pupil has celebrated in an
eulogium which will outlast stone or
marble. We are told he was a class-
fellow with Dr. Parr, and at an early
age displayed talents which gave his
tutor the most promising expectations,
and which have since been amply justi-
fied. From Harrow he was sent to Uni-
versity College, Oxford, and about the
year 1769 made the tour of France, and
resided some time at Nice †.

His first publication was a translation

* See an account of Mr. Jones in *Nichols's Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer*, p. 73.

† See Preface to his *Poems*, and to *Poeseos Asiaticæ Commentariorum Libri sex*,

into French of a Persian manuscript, and entitled "Histoire de Nadir Shah, connu sous le nom de Thahmas Kuli Khan, Empereur de Perse," in two vols. 4to. the history of which performance we shall give in his own words: "A great Northern Monarch, who visited this country a few years ago under the name of the Prince of Travendal, brought with him an Eastern manuscript, containing the Life of Nadir Shah, the late Sovereign of Persia, which he was desirous of having translated in England. The Secretary of State, with whom the Danish Minister had conversed upon the subject, sent the volume to me, requesting me to give a literal translation of it in the French language, but I wholly declined the task, alleging for my excuse the length of the book, the dryness of the subject, the difficulty of the style, and chiefly my want both of leisure and ability to enter upon an undertaking so fruitless and so laborious. I mentioned, however, a gentleman, with whom I had not then the pleasure of being acquainted, but who had distinguished himself by a translation of a Persian history, and was satisfied in myself to satisfy the King of Denmark's expectations. The learned writer, who had offered works upon his hands, executed himself on the account of his necessary engagements, and the application for it was renewed. It was hinted that my compliance would be of no small advantage to me at my entrance into life, that it would procure me some mark of distinction which might be pleasing to me, and above all, that it would be a reflection upon this country if the King should be obliged to carry the manuscript into France. Incited by these motives, and principally by the last of them, unwilling

to be thought churlish or morose, and eager for the bubble reputation, I undertook the work, and sent a specimen of it to his Danish Majesty; who returned his approbation of the style and method, but desired that the whole translation might be perfectly literal, and the oriental images accurately preserved. The task would have been far easier to me, had I been directed to finish it in Latin, for the acquisition of a French style was infinitely more tedious, and it was necessary to have every chapter corrected by a native of France, before it could be offered to the discerning eye of the public, since in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice shades of meaning, which a foreigner can never learn to perfection. But the work, how arduous and unpleasing soever, was completed in a year, not without repeated hints from the Secretary's office that it was expected with great impatience by the Court of Denmark." The translation of the History of NADIR SHAH was published in the summer of the year 1770, at the expence of the translator; and forty copies upon large paper were sent to Copenhagen; one of them bound with uncommon elegance for the King himself, and the others as presents to his courtiers*.

What marks of distinction our author received, or what fruits he reaped for his labour, he has not thought proper to disclose, but if any dependance is to be placed on common fame, the reward bestowed upon him for this laborious task consisted only in the thanks of his Danish Majesty, and the honour of being enrolled in the Royal Society of Copenhagen.

(To be Continued.)

AN ACCOUNT of ISRAEL MAUDUIT, Esq.

(Concluded from Vol. XI. p. 384.)

THE reputation Mr. Mauduit obtained by his "Considerations on the German War," raised his character greatly in the estimation of politicians. From this time conjectures ascribed to him many performances which their authors had put forth anonymously, and which, from their excellence, required the name of a writer of character. When Mr. Wilkes published his "Observations on the Spanish Papers," in 1762, he appears to have been very desirous that his performance should be mistaken for one of Mr. Mauduit's compositions. In a letter to Dr. Douglas, dated April 6, 1762, he says, "When I was last in the foolish

circle at the Smyrna, the Observations on the Spanish Papers were talked of; and as you know the sages there pretend to infinite sagacity, they were generally given to you, though a few ascribed them to Mauduit, the author of the famous Considerations."—In this manner Mr. Wilkes endeavoured to mislead his correspondent from discovering the real author of his pamphlet.

In a short time afterwards, Mr. Mauduit obtained the appointment of Agent for the province of Massachusetts, and from that period took a very active part in the disputes which arose between the colonies and the mother country. He

* Preface to the History of Nadir Shah, 1773.

was one of those to whom Mr. Grenville communicated his intention of imposing a stamp-duty in America, at the same time declaring, that he was not set upon the tax; but that if the Americans disliked it, and preferred any other method of raising the money themselves, he should be content, as he only desired that the money should be raised. This important fact was afterwards denied, and Mr. Mauduit was under the necessity of minutely stating the whole transaction to the public*.

In 1769 he published his "Short View of the History of the New England Colonies," 8vo. and in 1774 wrote a very masterly performance, entitled, "The Case of the Dissenting Ministers; addressed to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal," 8vo. This was written and printed without the knowledge of any one of the Dissenting Ministers concerned in the then application to parliament. In that year, the House of Representatives of the Colony of Massachusetts-Bay having presented an address to the King by Dr. Franklin, praying the removal of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor; Mr. Mauduit, in behalf of these gentlemen, prayed to be heard by counsel, before any report was made on the said address. The ground for this application was the roles letters written to Mr. Whately, which had been obtained by Dr. Franklin. The hearing of this memorable complaint came on the 29th of January, 1774; when the Lords of the Committee reported their opinion to be, that the petition was founded upon resolutions formed upon false and erroneous allegations, and that the same was groundless, vexatious, and scandalous, and calculated only for the seditious purposes of keeping up a spirit of clamour and discontent in the province. They also reported, that nothing had been laid before them which did or could, in their opinion, in any manner, or in any degree, impeach the honour, integrity, or conduct of the said Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and therefore that the said petition ought to be dismissed. Accordingly, on the 7th of February following, his Majesty approved of the said report, dismissed the said petition as groundless, vexatious, and scandalous, and calculated only for the seditious purpose of keeping up a spirit of clamour and discontent. At the same period Mr. Mauduit published "Letters of Govern-

nor Hutchinson, and Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, &c. (printed at Boston) and Remarks thereon. With the Assembly's Address, and the Proceedings of the Lords Committee of Council. Together with the Substance of Mr. Wedderburne's Speech relating to those Letters; and the Report of the Lords Committee to his Majesty in Council," 8vo. These papers are exceedingly valuable for the information they contain, and will furnish most authentic information for future historians.

The consequence of the determination before mentioned, and the Philippic pronounced against Dr. Franklin at that time, hastened on the fatal recourse to the sword, which has since ended in the dismemberment of the Empire. On the conduct of the war Mr. Mauduit bent a vigilant eye of observation, and his opinion was by no means favourable to those who were appointed by Government to manage this important concern. His first performance was, "Remarks upon General Howe's Account of his Proceedings on Long Island, in the extraordinary Gazette of Oct. 10, 1776," 8vo. 1778; severely arraigning the negligence of that General. This was followed by "Structures on the Philadelphia Mischance, on Triumph upon leaving America unconquered. With Extracts. Containing the principal Part of a Letter published in the 'American Crisis,' in order to shew how far the King's Enemies think his General deserving of Public Honours," 8vo. 1779; and this by "Observations upon the Conduct of Sir William Howe at the White Plains, as related in the Gazette of Dec. 30, 1776," 8vo. 1779. In each of these performances he produced arguments to which the common sense of mankind, in spite of sophistry, could not but assent.

These were not the only attacks Mr. Mauduit made on the two brothers, whose conduct he considered as highly censurable for at least negligence, if not for a higher offence. In 1781, he published "Three Letters to Lieutenant-General Sir William Howe With an Appendix," 8vo. and these were followed by "Three Letters to Lord Viscount Howe. With Remarks on the Attack at Bunker's Hill. To which is added, a comparative View of the Conduct of Lord Cornwallis and General Howe," 8vo. We apprehend it is now only a

* See the 4th edition of "A Short View of the History of the New England Colonies, with Respect to their Charters and Constitution," 8vo. 1776.

matter of curiosity to consider the merits or demerits of these officers. The opinions of the public cannot vary until the whole management of the late war is disclosed, and that can hardly be expected for half a century to come.

On the decease of Richard Jackson, Esq. in May last, Mr. Mauduit was chosen Governor of the Society established among the Dissenters for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, but attended no more than one board. His health had not so visibly declined, but that he might have been expected to have lived some time longer, and continued his usefulness to the public. This, however, did not happen: he died at his house in Clement's-Lane, Lombard-street, on the 14th of June, 1783, aged 70 years. Mr. Mauduit was a Member of the Antiquarian Society, a truly conscientious man, and beloved by all ranks of people. His love of liberty, civil and religious, was tempered with that moderation which Christianity inculcates in every branch of conduct. His acquaintance with mankind taught him that impartiality was the best rule of conduct. In the contest for civil

liberty, he distinguished the intemperate zeal of the Americans. In like manner he tempered the application of his brethren in England for toleration. Mr. Mauduit died a bachelor, and possessed of an ample fortune. He is said to have received a pension of 600l. per ann. from Government. From an anecdote we have received from very respectable authority it appears, that he entertained no slight opinion of the profession of a merchant. Being at the house of Sir Matthew Featherstonhaugh, at Up-park, with a great deal of company, many of them noble, the conversation turned upon the default of a contractor for cloth to the East-India Company. Several persons present giving their sentiments rather liberally on the character of a merchant, Mr. Mauduit observed, that were a millstone to fall from Heaven, and kill ten of the honourable description of those present, they would be little missed in the world: on the contrary, were it to kill only one of the merchants they were so despising, it would cause a great loss to society; the good he does flowing through so many channels.

ACCOUNT of CLAPHAM and its ENVIRONS.

(With a View of Mr. AKERMAN'S HOUSE.)

THE distresses of individuals frequently contribute to public good, and this truth is perhaps no where more exemplified than in the neighbourhood of Clapham, Wandsworth, Battersea, &c. At all these places the improvidence of a late noble Lord, which occasioned him to alienate such part of his property as he had the dominion over, has been the means of creating some of the most elegant villas in the environs of the metropolis. Whoever recollects Clapham Common thirty years ago, will subscribe to the truth of this assertion. This delightful spot is situated on a high gravelly soil provided with good water, and is six miles from London. It is, in the opinion of the faculty, one of the most healthy places in the vicinity of London. Of those who have contributed to ornament it may be named Mr. Akerman and Mr. Baldwin; the former of whom has enlarged a cottage to an excellent house on the south side of the Common, with plantations both before and behind. He has also built 140 houses, on the north side, preserving a view between them, which reaches as far as the eye can distinguish, over Chelsea to Hampstead. The latter gentleman, who is Deputy to the Lady of the Manor, has assisted in rendering the place more convenient, by excellent roads

in every direction that can contribute to the use of the place. By the proper disposition of walls and fences, the face of the country has rather the appearance of a Park than a Common. Since these improvements have been introduced, the inhabitants have increased in great numbers, and a new church has been built, besides other places of public worship. Messrs. Dent, Cole, &c. have also decorated Wandsworth Common by new buildings; and so much desired is the situation, that the rate of ground for sixty-one years lease to build upon, has been 50s. per foot in front. Fourteen acres of land have been sold for 3000l. and so rapidly has the rage of building spread, that were it to continue seven years at the same rate as at present, scarce a field would be left unbuilt upon between London and this place, on the west extremity. Mr. Bennett has also made a road which unites Clapham and Wandsworth roads; and intends shortly to erect eight houses in the form of a crescent. These improvements are not the only ones proposed, and should they be carried into effect will render Clapham, Wandsworth, and Battersea, equal if not superior, in point of beauty and convenience, to any other part of the Kingdom.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
ATOMS of INFORMATION.

Junctarum discordia semina

MR. Addison, in No. 518 of the Spectator, concludes a letter on the subject of sepulchral inscriptions, with the following remark. "I will not dismiss you, without sending a short Epitaph which I once met with, though I cannot possibly recollect the place. The thought of it is serious, and, in my opinion, the finest that I ever met with on this occasion. You know, sir, it is usual, after having told us the name of the person who lies interred, to launch out into his praises. This Epitaph takes quite a different turn, having been made by the person himself some time before his death.

Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diei supremi. Qualis erat, dies iste indicabit.
i. e. Here lieth R. C. in expectation of the last day. What sort of a man he was, that day will discover."

Mr. Walpole (see his collection of Fugitive Pieces) concludes his verses in memory of King Henry VI. with the following couplet:

"And Henry's praise refer to that great day,
"Which, what he was, shall, when it comes, display."

and says in a note, "The thought of the last line alludes to an epitaph in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, which, &c. *Hic situs est N. N. Qualis eram, &c.*" which being a monkish verse, Mr. Addison has changed the last word *scies* into *indicabit*."

To the foregoing remarks, &c. I beg leave to add a more exact copy of this epitaph on Thomas Crouch, who died in 1679, than has hitherto appeared.

*Apariet Deus Tumulos et educet
Nos de Sepulchris.
Qualis eram, Dies isthac cum
Venerit, scies.*

So much for the accuracy of Addison and Walpole's quotations!

IN a copy of the third volume of the Archaeologia, published by our Society of Antiquaries, I find the following remarks by the late Mr. Cole, of Milton, near Cambridge, whose manuscript collections, by his own order, are to remain in the British Museum till the term of twenty years, from the day of his death, has been completed. To these

manuscripts the enclosed observations have more than a single reference.

See an account of Charter Horns in the Cathedral of Carlisle, by Bishop Lyttelton, p. 72.

I am apt to suspect (says Mr. Cole), that these fish teeth, now preserved at Carlisle, are not the present made to the Priory by King Henry I. for these reasons. In the first place, the horn given by the King is called *quoddam cornu aburncum*, a certain horn of ivory, which appears to indicate one, like Ulfhus's horn at York, made of ivory and ornamented, and not this great jaw of a fish, which seems to have never had any polish or ornament about it. But what ought to put this matter out of all doubt, is the following extract, which I made many years ago, from an original MS. Visitation of the North, by Thomas Tong, alias Norroy King at Arms, in 1530; which MS. or a copy thereof, is now in the British Museum, No. 1499, article 12; in which MS. at p. 23, is this entry.

"Be yt noted, that the Monaster of Carlisle was first founded by Kinge Henry the first, in the seconde yeare of his raigne; and the saide Kinge sent for the Pryor of Bent Otwald's in Yorkshyre to be Pryor of the saide Monaster of Carlisle, whose name was Adelwalde, was after Bysshoppe of the Dioces of Carlisle, & continued Pryor withall. And the saide Kinge Henry gave unto the saide Monaster a grate Horne ven'ey, havynge certayne Bandes of Sylver & Golde, & the verses followinge graved uppon.

*Henricus primus noster Fundator
Hoc dedit in Teste Carte pro jure Foreste.*

And by the saide Horne he gave to the saide Monaster Libertys within the Forest of Englewood. And resteth Founder of the saide Monaster our Sovereigne Lorde the Kinge." Argent a Crosse Sable, ensigned with a Crosse.—Vide my Vol. of MS. Collections xviii. p. 216. W. C.

"By its being called a great Horne ven'ey, which I suppose means *ven'oury*, and may signify hunting, or a hunting horn, it points out an ornamented horn of Ivory, adorned with silver and gold ringlets about it, as usual with other horns of the same sort, and seems a present of great propriety to the design of giving liberties

within a chace or forest. Whereas the great branching horns or teeth of the other clearly shews it to be of no such use. A horn of the same sort at Utkinton, as Forrester of Delamere. *Vide my Vol. xxix. p. 16. 20. W. C. March 24, 1776.*

"On the death of Bishop Lyttleton, who probably had brought these reliques from Carlisle, to shew them to the Society of which he was President, they were carried by his Lordship's strict dying order to the new Bishop of Carlisle, with a verbal message requesting that they might be sent to Carlisle, and always go with the Bishop; meaning, that they might always go with the effects of the See. This message was accordingly delivered to Bishop Law's servant, who, not well understanding the purport of it, thought that his master was to go no where without them, in his episcopal character; and therefore when his Lordship, for the first time, went to the House of Lords, they were packed up in the bag that contained the lawn sleeves, rochet, &c. The production of this noble pair of horns in the chamber where the Bishops robed themselves, afforded no small entertainment to the reverend Bench, who thought that his Lordship was out of his senses to bring such a piece of furniture into that House, where, though he himself might be free from any supposition of having deserved them, it was well known that many of his Peers might consider it as a reflection on themselves. However that might be, it was much talked of at the time, by those who were willing to make a jest of Bishop Law's abiliences.

"On Tuesday, Feb. 13, 1776, Mr. Alderman Bentham, who had been long acquainted with the Bishop, called upon me at Milton with a message from his Lordship, who, it seems, had been informed of the above-written account, to assure me that it was void of truth, and could have no other foundation than from the ignorance of his servant, who actually, on the Bishop's preparing to go out, had proposed taking the horns with him, from a misunderstanding of their designation; at which his Lordship had been much entertained, and had occasionally laughed at the mistake among those to whom he had related it, a circumstance which might have given rise to the misrepresentation. The Bishop desired that I would draw my pen over what I had written about it, as it was totally a mistake. I desired Mr. Bentham to present my compliments to his Lord-

ship, that I was sorry I had been imposed on, and that I would do as his Lordship desired.—I remember I lent this book to my godson John Ward, of Qui Hall, Esq. who visits Mr. Lushington, of Botesham, son-in-law to the Bishop, and Curate of Qui; and in October 1775, to Mr. David Hughes, President of Queen's College, who is often visited by the Bishop. I suspect that the latter shewed it or mentioned it to his Lordship. The story was so common, I had heard it in twenty different places; but that is no proof of its authenticity."

Thus far Mr. Cole, who most religiously observed his promise, some lines, denoting a cancel of the reprobated narrative, being drawn over it in his manuscript.

That his intent has been defeated by the present publication, may seem to require apology, nor is it difficult to be found; for the contributor of this article (*pace Benthami, eximii Aldermanni*) is assured that the whole story, as at first related, has wandered very little, if at all, from the truth.

Should the minute accuracy of Mr. Cole's record excite a smile, let it be checked by a remembrance of his candour; and should ridicule (if any there be that can approach him) peech on his Lordship's shoulders, may he recollect that it would have been stifled in its birth, had he prudently forborne to recount the mistake of his servant! The tale is at once too probable, too pleasant, and perhaps too genuine, to deserve that oblivion in which the politeness of its chronicler would have precipitately sunk it. This article, however, cannot well conclude without a wish that our amiable prelate, to whom length of days has been already granted, may find his life still comfortably prolonged, and that should this morsel of antiquarian gossip ever reach his notice, he may, if it be authentic, enjoy a second laugh at the blunder about the Horns, and, if it be fabulous, allow himself a little salutary mirth at the expence of our credulity.

A FEW of the MS. remarks by Mr. Cole on Mr. Mason's Life of Gray, the Poet. 4to. edit. p. 171.

"—straitness of his circumstances"—"small library."

"Mr. Gray's library could not be called, with truth, a small one for a private man. He had not only a large collection in a room on the same floor, with

his chamber, but hired a room or two above his apartments, which were completely filled with books. I have reason, and his Biographer more, to mention this with truth, as he left him his valuable and large collection, and as he was continually sending me whatever I sent for, from his own store. His loss to me was irreparable: the article alone of his library was most useful and entertaining: for he purchased all books of curiosity, especially in French and Italian.—His calling him poor, in another place, is as improper; or a man's private property, especially such a one as Mr. Gray, who lived abstemiously, and much by himself, amounting at his death to 7000*l.* can never, with propriety, be called poverty."

Again on p. 343, line 3.

"He has frequently played upon the harpsichord, and sung to it formerly, and is often latterly upon the forte-piano to me, though not without much sollicitation. His forte-piano had been a present to him from his friend Mr. Stanhewer, which at his death he bequeathed to him again: and so nicely scrupulous was he in respect to presents of any kind, that when Mr. Junegan the Poet, out of regard to his merit, sent him an elegant antique seal, which he could not refuse, without ill-manners, yet he accepted it with great reluctance, and took particular care that it should be returned to him again at his decease."

Again on p. 156.—"So little was the amiable youth then aware of the short time that he himself would be numbered among the living."

"This reflection by Mr. Mason puts me in mind of a similar case in respect to poor Mr. Gray. The last time I saw him was at the funeral of Dr. Long, Master of his College, in December 1770. The day after I had occasion to write to

him; and in my letter, partly in jest and partly in earnest, I took notice of the slovenliness and want of proper decency and solemnity on such an occasion. His answer, dated Saturday, Dec. 22, 1770, was as follows: "Little did he or I suspect that the next funeral from that college would be for him. Yet so it was: for he died in July following: a period very distant from forty years! Happy had it been, for his friends, had the term been abridged for only half."

"To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Milton.

"How did we know, pray? Nobody here remembered another burying of this kind. Shall be proud of your advice the next opportunity, which (we hope) will be some forty years hence. I am forty you would not find for me last night. I shall not be able to wait on you *chez vous*, so soon as I would wish, for I go in a few days to town, where I shall see Mr. Walpole. Adieu to at my return we shall meet. Saturday, Dec. 22, 1770."

Mr. Cole, p. 404, concludes his annotations with the following words. "I am by no means satisfied with this Life: it has too much the affectation of classical shortness to please me. More circumstances would have suited my taste better. Besides, I think, the Biographer had a mind to revenge himself of the sneerings Mr. Gray put upon him; though he left him, I guess, above 1000*l.* which is slightly hinted at only. Yet Mr. Walpole was quite contented with the work, when I made my objections.

"See Mr. Gray's Will in my Vol. xli. p. 119, 120.

"See many letters from Mr. Walpole at Paris to me, when he first heard of Mr. Gray's death, and his concern at it, in my Vol. xxvii. p. 12 to 15, 21 to 25."

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES of Mr. PHILIDOR:

COMMUNICATED BY HIMSELF.

[From "CHES 8," 8vo, lately published by Mess. Robinsons.]

ANDRE DANICAN PHILIDOR was born at Dreux, near Paris, in 1726. His grandfather was a hautboy-player at the Court of Lewis XIII. An Italian musician, named Philidor, was admired at that Court for his performance on the same instrument; and after his death, the King gave Mr. Danican the name, or nick-name of Philidor, which has still remained in the family. His father, and several of his brothers,

belonged to the band of Lewis XIV. and Lewis XV.

At six years of age he was admitted among the children of the Chapel Royal of Versailles, where, being obliged to attend daily, he had an opportunity of learning Chess from the musicians in waiting, of whom there were about eighty. Cards not being allowed to play in the Chapel, they had a long table with six Chess-boards inlaid.

At

At the age of eleven, a motet, or psalm with choruses, of his composition, was performed, which pleased Lewis XV. so much, that he gave the composer five louis: this encouraged him to compose four more. When he had attained his fourteenth year, he left the Chapel, and was then reputed the most skillful Chess-player of the band. This was in 1740, when several motets of his composition were performed at Paris, at the *Concert Spirituel*, which were favourably received by the public, as the productions of a child who was already a master and teacher of music. At this time Chess was played at in almost every coffee-house in Paris, and he applied so closely to the game, that he neglected his scholars, and they consequently took another master. This induced him rather to pursue the study of Chess than of Music. *M. de Kermur, Sire de Legalle*, who is still living, and was then near forty years of age, was esteemed the best Chess-player in France, and young Philidor sought every opportunity of receiving his instructions; by which he improved so essentially, that three years after, *M. de Legalle*, though still his master, was not able to allow him any advantage.

M. de Legalle once asked him, Whether he had never tried to play by memory, without seeing the board?—Philidor replied, That as he had calculated moves, and even whole games at night in bed, he thought he could do it, and immediately played a game with the *Abbé Chenard*, which he won without seeing the board, and without hesitating upon any of the moves: this was a circumstance much spoken of in Paris, and in consequence he often repeated this method of playing.

Philidor then finding he could readily play a single game, offered to play two games at the same time, which he did at a coffee-house; and of this party the following account is given in the *French Encyclopedie*.

“We had at Paris a young man of eighteen, who played at the same time two games at Chess, without seeing the boards, beating two antagonists, to either of whom he, though a first-rate player, could only give the advantage of a knight, when seeing the board. We shall add to this account a circumstance of which we were eye-witnesses: In the middle of one of his games, a false move was designedly made, which, after a great number of moves, he discovered, and placed the piece where it ought to have been at first. This young man is named *M. Philidor*,

the son of a musician of repute; he himself is a great musician, and, perhaps, the best player at Polish Draught is there ever was, or ever will be. This is among the most extraordinary examples of strength of memory, and of imagination.”

Forty years after this he played two different times in London, three games at once. Of some of these exertions the following account appeared in the London newspapers, in May 1783.

“Yesterday at the Chess-club in *St. James's street*, *Mr. Philidor* performed one of those wonderful exhibitions for which he is so much celebrated. He played at the same time three different games, without seeing either of the tables. His opponents were *Count Bruhl*, *Mr. Bowdler*, (the two best players in London) and *Mr. Maseres*. He defeated *Count Bruhl* in an hour and twenty minutes, and *Mr. Maseres* in two hours. *Mr. Bowdler* reduced his game to a drawn battle in an hour and three quarters. To those who understand Chess, this exertion of *Mr. Philidor's* abilities must appear one of the greatest of which the human memory is susceptible. He goes through it with astonishing accuracy, and often corrects mistakes in those who have the board before them. *Mr. Philidor* sits with his back to the tables, and some gentleman present, who takes his part, informs him of the moves of his antagonist, and then by his direction plays his pieces as he dictates.

“The other match was with *Count Bruhl*, *Mr. Jennings*, and *Mr. Erskine*, to the last of whom he gave a pawn and the move; the Count made a drawn game, and both the other gentlemen lost their games.”

But to return: In 1745 he became acquainted with an Italian named *Lanza*, whose daughter was looked on as a prodigy for her talents on the harpsichord, tho' but thirteen years of age. This man engaged *Philidor* to go with him to Holland, to meet *Geminiani*, who had promised his assistance in giving twelve subscription concerts, at which the girl was to perform. She being indisposed, was left with her mother at Paris, and at Rotterdam her father received the news of her death.

Thus *Philidor* found himself in a foreign country penniless, and bereft of all his hopes of advantage from the proposed concerts. His skill at Draughts was now a great resource to him at Rotterdam and Amsterdam: he remained a twelvemonth in Holland, residing chiefly at the Hague,

where he became acquainted with Colonel la Drves, a relation of the late Lord Ligowier, and with the Prince of Waldeck, who then commanded the Dutch army, both Chess-players: the former was so skilful, that Philidor could only give him a *knights*: the Prince rewarded him nobly for his instructions.

In 1777 he visited England, where Sir Abraham Janssen introduced him to all the celebrated players of the time. Sir Abraham was not only the best Chess-player in England, but likewise the best player he ever met with, after his master M. de Legalle, as the Baronet was able to win one game in four of him *even*: and M. de Legalle, with whom Sir Abraham afterwards played in Paris, was of the same opinion with regard to his skill.

Sir Abraham, besides the common game, delighted in playing at a more complicated one, invented by the late Duke of Rutland. At this game the board is 14 squares in breadth, and 10 in height, which make 140 houses; 14 pieces, and 14 pawns, on a side: the pawns might move either one, two, or three squares the first time.

The pieces were, the *king*, the *queen*; then two *bishops*, two *knights*, a *crowned castle*, uniting the move of the king and castle, and a common *castle*.

On the other side of the *king* was a *consubine*, whose move was that of the castle and the knight united, two *bishops*, a single *knight*, a *crowned castle*, and a *common* one. The best players at this game after Sir Abraham, were Stamma, Dr. Cowper, and Mr. Salvador. Philidor, in less than two months, was able to give a knight to each of these gentlemen at this game. It may be observed, that the pawns are here of very little use, and that by the extent of the board, the

knights lose much of their value, which of course renders the game more defective and less interesting than the common one; and since the death of Sir Abraham in 1763, it is forgotten, or at least disused.

In 1748 Philidor returned to Holland, where he composed his *Treatise on Chess*. At Aix la Chapelle he was advised by Lord Sandwich to go to Eindhoven, a village between Bois le Duc and Maastricht, where the English army was encamped. He had there the honour of playing with the late Duke of Cumberland, who subscribed liberally himself, and procured a great number of other subscribers to his work on Chess, which was published in London in 1749.

In 1750 he frequented the house of the French Ambassador, the Duke of Mirapois, who gave a weekly dinner to the lovers of Chess, at which game he was himself very expert.

Philidor remained another year in England, and learning that the King of Prussia was fond of Chess, he set off for Berlin in 1751. The King saw him play several times at Potsdam, but did not play with him. There was a Marquis de Varennes, and a certain Jew, who played *even* with the King, and to each of these Philidor gave a knight, and beat them.

The following year he left Berlin, staid eight months at the Prince of Waldeck's at Arolsen, and three weeks at the Court of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and then returned to England, where he remained till 1755. His passion for Chess did not make him neglect his musical talents; for in 1753 he set Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia to music, which was performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket*. Handel commended it.

He returned to France in 1755, with a

* Mr. Philidor probably mistakes the performance he set to music at this time. From the following advertisement, published in the Public Advertiser, and dated December 29, 1753, we apprehend it to have been not Dryden's but Congreve's Ode, "Mr. Philidor begs leave to acquaint the public, that in order to justify himself of the calumny spread about town, that he was not the author of the Latin Music he gave last year, as likewise to convince the world that the Art of Music has been at all times his constant study and application, and *Chess* only his diversion, he has undertaken to set an Ode to music in praise of harmony, wrote by the celebrated Mr. Congreve. He is far from being so vain (as some of his enemies have suggested, without either reason or foundation, on some other occasion) to flatter himself of having succeeded in the attempt, so as to deserve any applause from his audience, but, however, if he should have the misfortune to meet with the fate of Phaeton, his comfort will be, that even malice itself will not be able to insinuate that this Ode is not of his own composition; it being well known that Music is only the servant of Poetry, and consequently impossible for any man living to find out old Music that will agree (if I may be allowed the expression) with new words; and supposing it might be done even to a syllable, such Music would certainly never agree with all the different expressions and passions

serious intention of devoting himself to music; and soon after he solicited the appointment of Master of the Chapel Royal, where two new *motets* of his composition were performed; but as the late Queen and the whole Court were used to ancient music, he was unsuccessful in his application. He consoled himself, however, with the compliments he received from the amateurs of the science.

In 1753, his first Musical Drama, entitled *Blaize le Savetier*, was performed at the Theatre of the Comic Opera; which had such a run, that he abandoned church music, and applied himself wholly to the stage; and in the same year he composed *L'Autre et les Plaidemens*; in 1760 the *Soldat Magicien*, and the *Qui pro Quo*; and in 1761, *Le Jardinier et son Seigneur*, and *Le Murethal Feillant*.

In consequence of the success of these pieces, the Italian Comedy was deserted; and in 1762 the two Theatres were united, and still form the present Italian Comedy. This season (1762) he produced *Suzette Panca*, in 1763, the *Fancheron*, and *Les Fetes de la Paix*; and in 1764, the *Sorcier*. This was followed in 1765, by *Tom Jones* which was damned the first night, but the following year it was repeated with great success. In 1766, emboldened by his increasing popularity, he aimed at an entire change of the national taste for the French Music, and accordingly composed a Tragic Opera, entitled, *Erechunda, Princess of Norway*; without mythology, and with recitative, after the Italian manner, intermixed with airs. This was represented at the French Opera, and notwithstanding the cabals of the nobility, who were bigotted to the old music, the bad singing of the actors and actresses, and the indifferent execution of the orchestra, notwithstanding the obstacles thrown by the dancers in the way of a performance, which formed a new and interesting spectacle, this piece was played eight successful nights, and then dropt. Lewis XV. was however so well pleased with it, that he privately rewarded the composer with a pension of twenty-five louis from his pri-

vy purse. This Opera was again performed with better singers, and a better band, in 1776 and 1777, with great success.

In 1769, he brought out *Abalonimus*, or, the *Gardener of Sidon*, in 1770, *Le Jardinier Supposé*, and *La Nouvelle Ecole des Femmes*, and in 1772, *Le Bon Fils* this year he came to England for the fourth time, and passed a month with his friends.

In 1773, a new Opera of his composition, called *Le Premier Navigateur*, was performed at Fontainebleau before the Court; and his Opera of *Lancelinda* was repeated at Versailles among the entertainments given on account of the marriage of the Count d'Artois.

In 1775, he produced *Les Femmes Vengees*, and in the winter returned to London to the Chess-club, and repeated his annual visits the four following years, 1776, 77, 78, and 79.

In 1776, he published a new edition of his Chess-Book.

In 1779, at London, he set to music the *Carmen Sculare* of Horace*, which was performed three nights with great success at Freemasons-Hall, and afterwards at Paris. The Empress of Russia requested and obtained a copy in score from the author, for which she generously rewarded him.

The present King of Prussia, when Prince Royal, was likewise very liberal to the author, and had sent him a copy of this piece of music.

It is now in the press at Paris, and will be speedily published, dedicated to the Empress, with an engraven title-page, representing the arms of Russia.

In 1780, he composed a Lyric Tragedy, called *Persius*, which was performed at the French Opera.

He was again in England during the winters of 1781, 1782, and 1783. In 1785, he brought out at Fontainebleau, *Themistocles*, a Lyric Tragedy, which was afterwards performed at Paris; and *Prosper et Vincent*, or, *L'Amitie au Village*, represented both at Fontainebleau and at the Italian Comedy.

is requisite in a good composition. Words must be painted with a sort of Chiaro Oscuro, and not put under any note, as perhaps ignorant people in that art may imagine.

"This Ode will be performed at the Little Theatre in the Hay market, on Thursday the 31st of January next." EDITOR.

* See Dr. Johnson's VIEWS in our last Magazine, p. 451.

FOR JULY, 1787.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following Letter will serve to shew how much and how soon a transaction of public notoriety may be mistaken and misrepresented. The work here complained of obtained abroad some degree of popularity, though abounding in fallshoods and inaccuracies without number. The present remonitance had its proper weight with the Author, who confessed his mistakes; but as some persons may hereafter become possessed of the first edition of the happy performance here censured, the following Letter cannot be too much known.

I am Yours, &c.

To MR. GROSSLEY.

SIR,

I DID not receive the favour of your letter till yesterday, or I should have answered it directly. I hope you will excuse my answering you in my own language, as the subject requires great precision, and as I imagine you must be a master of English, from your publication of the three volumes in question. You have indeed, Sir, flattered me in my profession; but had you given me still higher encomiums, and afterwards represented me asking pardon upon my knees, I could not possibly have enjoyed the compliment at the expense of my manhood.

I own to you, when I read that passage (for the book was put into my hands at the French Ambassador's) I was most seriously hurt to be represented as a man capable of to mean an action. I made my complaints to my friends in Paris, and begged of them not to let my name be published throughout France with such an ill-founded story tacked to it. There is a mistake runs through the whole of that account. You are pleased to say, that upon my being director of the King's Theatre, I wanted to put it upon the footing of that at Paris. The fact is thus:—I never wanted to receive the full price as they do at Paris, but only for new plays, and for those we revived with new scenes and habits, which my predecessors always received. We had performed our best plays to what we call half-price, which is, taking the half-price at the end of the third act for the two last acts and the petite-piece. It was no innovation on our part. There certainly was a great riot in the theatre—and the money was returned without finishing the play; but giving up the dispute on the second night, I was received with great applause, without the least murmur or hint of asking pardon; nor did I discontinue playing till my health obliged me to go abroad in the year sixty-two for two winters; and at my return

HAMPTON, September 24, 1776.

to England, I returned to the stage, and am still upon it. This contention about the half-price happened many years after I was a director of the Theatre. Thus you see that every particular of this affair is misrepresented in the first volume of *Londres*. I shall say nothing of the mistake of a Leopard for a Lion in the King's Arms, and the throwing it among the actors, for it was not pulled down till the actors had left the stage, and the curtain had been dropt some time. May I be permitted to tell you, that the whole account of the Hay-Market riot immediately following is totally misunderstood? There was no Italian named Calagorni concerned in the affair you mention. A certain person of quality remarkable for his great pleasantry, advertised a man to get into a quart-bottle by way of joke, which proved a very serious matter to the owner of the house, for it was within the walls almost destroyed. Indeed, Sir, the English who have read *Londres* complain of the many mistakes and misrepresentations in it. Mr. Cambridge, a neighbour of mine, and a gentleman of fortune and learning, shewed me a letter last week, in which Lord Temple denies the facts attributed to him in that book. I am not prepared, having read so little of the book, to say more upon the general accusation of want of correctness throughout in the description of us, or our country. I only meant to shew the mistakes in my own affair, and to answer your letter as plainly and truly as the subject requires.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
D. GARRICK.

I have sent twice to Mr. Nugent, but he is gone from home, and has left nobody at his chambers to give any account of him. When he returns I will certainly deliver your message.

T H E
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
A N D
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L .

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

History of Mexico; collected from Spanish and Mexican Historians, &c. Translated from the Italian of L'Abbé De Francesco Saverio Clavigero. By Charles Cullen, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. 2s. Robinson. 1787.

THE earlier part of the history of all Nations, even of those which have in their turns lorded it over the universe, has ever been looked on as a subject for investigation more curious than useful.—The great purpose of History is, by comparison of past events with present, to regulate our conduct in difficulties, to teach us to avoid the errors and emulate the wisdom of our ancestors, and to trace out with accurate discernment the causes of the rise, prosperity, and decay of flourishing states and mighty empires. Of our own History, the early part has ever by judicious writers, and in particular by Hume, been passed over with no more notice than was necessary to preserve the thread of the narration, partly because the records and documents were few and uncertain, and partly because, if ever so well authenticated, accuracy would be useless. The policy of Barbarians can afford us few lessons of wisdom, and the recital of facts from which no inference can be drawn, is of little service. The mighty genius and immense learning of Milton sunk under the weight of the annals of the Heptarchy; and on his authority we may assert, that the wars, the treaties, the insurrections, and the tumults of a barbarous and uncivilized people are to us of no more importance than the battles of ~~hills~~ and crows.

If then such be our sentiments with respect to our own earlier History, what can we say of the History of Mexico?—a nation in whose welfare or downfall we never had the smallest interest;—a nation which, from circumstances, could never have arrived at any eminent degree of civilization, notwithstanding the ridiculous hyperboles of the Abbé Clavigero;—a nation, in one word, ignorant of the uses of paper and of iron, and whose sole records were figures either painted or wrought with

party-coloured feathers. Yet with no better records, and on no better foundation, for the evidence of the Spanish historians resolves itself into this, does the learned Abbé build the enormous structure of two solid quartos, stuffed with impossible facts, absurd exaggerations, and such a barbarous jargon of uncouth names, as to be within one degree of absolute unintelligibility.

What were the reasons which induced the translator to clothe this Mexican historian in an English dress, we cannot pretend to determine. The elegant and accurate Robertson had given us a noble account of the discovery and conquest of America, the only part of the history in which we are concerned, extracted from the most authentic Spanish historians. It is needless at this day to extol his work, but it seems it is not sufficiently accurate. For Robertson is not perfectly *ou fait* in the Mexican orthography, and has in more places than one mis-spelled, according to the Abbé Clavigero, the names of officers of distinction; a fault which the good Abbé is careful to correct in his notes. Speaking of two Mexican noblemen, whose names were Teuhtile and Cuitalpitoc, he says at the bottom of the page, "Bernal Diaz writes *Tendili*, instead of *Teuhtile*, and *Pitalpitoqui* in place of *Cuitalpitoc*. Herrera calls it *Pitalpitoc*; and Solís and Robertson, who thought to amend it, *Piltator*." We tremble for the Doctor's historic fame, when he is thus convicted of such a palpable error! What! to falsify a record, and mis-spell the name of a Mexican nobleman!—Unpardonable—and in a point of such moment too! Surely he will in his next edition kiss the rod, and with many thanks submit to the correction of this Mexican orthographer.

For our part, if Robertson be wrong, we

are fully content to be wrong with him, and highly as we esteem truth, we hold it too dear, if bought at the expence of perusing the History of the Abbé Clavigero.

Some men think upon a subject till it become their weakness. The good Abbé is so enthusiastic in the cause of Mexico, that he is persuaded he has traced them authentically, at least one tribe, from the year of th Christian *Æ.* 596. To offer a serious proof of the impossibility, without writing, of preserving an accurate chain of events for so long a time, would be an absurdity equal to that of the historian. What was our own History during that period? Yet we had at least some who could write. Notwithstanding this, we have presented to us by the Abbé a regular succession of monarchs, their marriages, treaties, wars, and conquests, nay, for several we have very wise speeches huddled down. If we could suppose facts might be perceived as long by tradition assisted by painting, it is surely not so much to assist that long speeches never could. All the history, therefore, ante not to the conquest by Cortez, the Abbé must forgive us if we receive with very great distrust, or at least much the greatest part of it. It is only since the year that we properly can be said to proceed on tangible matter; all beyond is at best but probable conjecture.

But admitting the authenticity of it, so much accuracy is useless in a case of this kind, and little claim has that History to our attention, which is at once uninteresting and uninteresting. As a specimen, we shall give a short extract from the first volume, which brings the narrative down to the invasion of Cortez; premising, that from the immense number of barbarous names, it is almost impossible to preserve any thing like a connected remembrance of facts.

“At that time, in Acolhuacan, reigned *Techollala*, son of king *Quim* 1711. The first thirty years of his reign were peaceful; but afterwards *Tzompan*, prince of *Xaltocan*, revolted, and finding his own force insufficient to oppose his sovereign, he called to his assistance the states of *Otompan*, *Mexutlan*, *Quahuacan*, *Tecomuc*, *Quauhtulan*, and *Tepazotlan*. The king promised him pardon, provided he would lay down his arms and submit; which clemency probably proceeded from respect to th noble extraction of the rebel, who was the last descendant of *Chiconquauhli*, one of the three Acolhuacan princes. But *Tzompan* confiding in the

number of his troops, rejected the offer with contempt; when the king sent an army against him, which was joined by the Mexicans and *Tepanecas*, whose service he had demanded. The war was obstinate, and lasted for two months; but at length, victory declaring for the king, *Tzompan*, with all the chiefs of the revolted cities, was put to death, and in him was extinguished the illustrious race of *Chiconquauhli*. This war, in which the Mexicans served as auxiliaries to the king of *Acolhuacan* against *Xaltocan* and the other confederated states, is represented in the third picture of *Mendoza's* collection; but the interpreter of those pictures was mistaken, when he imagined that those cities were subjected to the Mexican crown.”

The whole narrative is of a piece with this, and we shall therefore trouble our readers with no more of it, but proceed to give some extracts descriptive of the laws, customs, &c. of the natives of Mexico, from which they may derive more entertainment. Before, however, we attempt this, we submit the following account of the splendour, power, and wise regulations of *Neza Hualcojotl*, monarch of the mighty empire of *Acolhuacan*.

“*Nezahualcojotl*, who, besides the attachment which he had to his nation, was gifted with uncommon prudence, made such regulations and changes in the state, that in a little time it became more flourishing than it had ever been under any of his predecessors. He gave a new form to the councils which had been established by his grandfather. He conferred offices on persons the fittest for them. One council determined causes purely civil, in which, among others, five lords who had proved constantly faithful to him in his adversity, assisted. Another council judged of criminal causes, at which the two princes his brothers, men of high integrity, presided. The council of war was composed of the most distinguished military characters, among whom *Icoihuaacan*, son-in-law to the king, and also one of the thirteen nobles of the kingdom, had the first rank. The treasury-board consisted of the king's major-domos, and the first merchants of the court. The principal major-domos who took charge of the tributes, and other parts of the royal income, were three in number. Societies similar to academies were instituted for poetry, astronomy, music, painting, history, and the art of divination, and he invited the most celebrated professors of his kingdom to his court, who met on certain days

days to communicate their discoveries and inventions; and for each of these arts and sciences, although little advanced, schools were appropriated. To accommodate the mechanic branches, he divided the city of Tezucó into thirty odd divisions, and to every branch assigned a district; so that the goldsmiths inhabited one division, the sculptors another, the weavers another, &c. To cherish religion he raised new temples, created ministers for the worship of their gods, gave them houses, and appointed their revenues for their support, and the expences which were necessary at festivals and sacrifices. To augment the splendour of his court, he constructed noble edifices both within and without the city, and planted new gardens and woods, which were in preservation many years after the conquest, and shew still some traces of former magnificence."

Who would imagine, from the pomp

and gravity of this account, that the author was speaking of a parcel of illiterate savages? We question whether a man speaking of the times of a Trajan, a Marcus Aurelius, or a Frederick, could use more dignified expressions.—Courts civil and criminal, a council of war, a treasury-board, royal societies, academies for arts and sciences, and celebrated professors. But can the Abbé seriously think the understandings of men so very easily imposed on by names? He may himself be deceived; and if so, he is to be pitied and forgiven. Indeed by his tales of giants, ghosts, and prodigies, and even on a simple matter of fact, by his account of a human sacrifice, where the victims were above seventy thousand, and the spectators six millions, he has given proof abundant of his credulity: yet this is a man who presumes to censure Robertson for misrepresentation!

[To be continued.]

Mystical Initiations; or, Hymns of Orpheus, translated from the original Greek: with a preliminary Dissertation on the Life and Theology of Orpheus. By Thomas Taylor. Small Octavo. Price 5s. T. Payne and Son.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

"**PROCUL, O procul este, profani!**" might well have been the motto to this elaborate production. The multitude indeed, though unforbidden, will keep at an awful distance from the scene of these "*Mystical Initiations.*" They are only for the favoured few! In the present work Mr. Taylor hath displayed no common erudition. His "*Preliminary Dissertation*" and notes are the most valuable part of it. Of the former we shall select the following specimen, as a proof of an imagination highly elevated and refined by the sublime philosophy of the Platonists.

"The Deity is an immense and perpetually exuberant fountain whose streams originally filled, and continually replenish the world with life. Hence the universe contains in its ample bosom all general natures;—divinities visible and invisible; the race of Demons; the noble army of exalted souls, and men rendered happy by wisdom and virtue. According to this theology, the power of universal soul does not alone diffuse itself to the sea, and become bounded by its circumfluent waters, while the wide expanse of air and æther is destitute of life and soul; but the celestial places are filled with souls, supplying life to the stars, and

directing their revolutions in everlasting order."—"That it is possible to know more (says Mr. Taylor) of such exalted natures than is generally believed by the assistance of the ancient philosophy accompanied with a suitable life, is, I am persuaded, true; and I would recommend the glorious investigation to every liberal mind."

We warmly recommend the "*Dissertation,*" &c. (though not this phantom-hunting) to the attention of the Literati.

In respect to the *Hymns*, we have little to say. The merits of the original are not striking. That our readers may judge of the translation, we shall present them with a part of the *seventh hymn*, which is in the same strain with all the rest. 'Tis addressed to the sun.

"**HEAR, golden Titan, whose eternal eye**
With broad survey illumines all the sky:
Self-born, unwearied in diffusing light,
And to all eyes the mirror of delight:
Lord of the seasons, with thy fiery car,
And leaping couriers, beaming light from far;
Agile and vigorous, venerable Sun,
Fiery and bright around the Heavens you run.

For to the wicked, but the good man's
 guide,
 Over all his steps propitious thou preside :
 With various sounding golden lyre, 'tis
 thine
 To fill the world with harmony divine.
 Father of ages, guide of prosperous deeds,
 The world's commander, borne by lucid
 steeds ;
 Immortal Jove, all-searching, bearing
 light,
 Source of existence, pure and fiery bright ;
 Bearer of fruit, Almighty Lord of years,
 Agile and warm, whom every power re-
 venges ;
 Great eye of nature and the starry skies,
 Doom'd with immortal flames to let and
 life,
 Dispensing justice, lover of the streams,
 The world's great depot, and o'er all
 supreme.

Of the pieces which have been attributed to Orpheus, perhaps what have been generally called his *fragments*, are the most interesting. We find a version of the best of them in the notes to Mr. Polzich's elegant Translation of Theocritus, &c. For the satisfaction of our readers (who may wish to see the manner in which Orpheus hath been rendered by another hand) we shall extract a part of the *first Fragment*, as translated by Mr. Polzich, who hath introduced it by a long account of Orpheus. But "let us now draw aside (says Mr. P. with all the enthusiasm of Mr. Taylor)—let us draw aside the veil! Let us approach with reverence!—Behold the venerable figure! Listen to the solemn preludes of his harp! And hark! he addresses *Museus*, who stands foremost in the groupe of the initiated :

CLOSE—close the doors! Away profane crew!
 My strain flows only for the chosen few!
 Yet thou, Museus, lend a listening ear!
 Son of the silver moon, in silence hear!
 Not while unvail'd the oracles of light,
 Grasp any terms, to link thy soul in
 night.
 O come, and with attention's steadfast
 eye,
 Thro' the dark lore intuitively pry ;
 Ope to the holy lessons I impart,
 The secret foldings of thy inmost heart :

* Query. Is this the meaning of the original? The passage, it must be confessed, is very obscure.

Thy steps ascending, the strait path be
 trod,
 And lo! the world's 'sole sovereign—the
 One God!

ATTEND, my son, attend while I
 unfold,
 The God, whose wide-spread glories I
 behold!
 For tho' his spirit far eludes my sight,
 I see his footsteps, and his arm of might!
 But round his form a veiling cloud he
 throws;
 To mortals, ten deep curtains interpose!
 Tho' all bend trembling to his awful
 law,
 The Almighty Monarch man ever
 saw—
 But he, the sole begotten, whose high
 race
 From Chaldee's antient progeny we trace ;
 He, who the courses of the planets knew,
 And ev'n describ'd the golling circle true ;
 Who of the spheres the central motion
 found,
 And mark'd it on its axis wheeling round.
 He rules the stormy deep—the troubled
 air ;
 Grasps the wing'd lightning, and expands
 the gale!
 Behold the sovereign of the unbounded
 skies
 (While prostrate earth beneath his foot-
 stool lies)
 With arm outstretch'd o'er ocean's utmost
 wave,
 The deep rock shatter'd, and the moun-
 tain-cave,
 Firm roots his golden throne, the reat
 the poles,
 And, dashing at its base, creation rolls!

All this is truly sublime; and 'tis in the manner of the *Hymns* of Orpheus; though (as we have already hinted) the *Fragments* must be more pleasing to people in general, who, uninterested in mythological invocation and description, may yet be struck with a delightful awe by these mysterious lessons, inculcating the doctrines of the One true God.

We cannot conclude this article without observing, that though Mr. Taylor may not be ranked very high as a poetical translator, he may be placed in no inferior station among the proficient in abstruse literature.

THE LONDON REVIEW,

The Life of Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. By Sir John Hawkins, Knt. 7s. 6d. Buckland.

(Continued from Vol. XI. page 323.)

IT is not many years ago since that aged and patriotic divine Dr. Willon, in his then enthusiastic regard and veneration for Mrs. Macaulay, had that patriotic lady seated on a thronè and crowned with laurel, amid a brilliant company, who in their turns presented her with sprigs of bays, and copies of adulatory verses. This foolery, at which all present, except the Lady and the Doctor, were laughing in their sleeves, is borrowed from Italy, where at the revival of learning different Popes encouraged the coronation of poets. But till informed by Sir John Hawkins, we did not suspect that the grave and important Dr. Johnson had been the author and conductor of a frolic of this kind. The paragraph in Sir John is a very master-piece of gossiping, and is a real curiosity; we therefore beg leave to give it in his own words. Having already described the Club instituted by Johnson, to divert his melancholy, as Sir John will have it, our Knight thus relates the coronation of Mrs. Lenox:—"One evening at the Club, Johnson proposed to us the celebrating the birth of Mrs. Lenox's first literary child, as he called her book, (*the Life of Harriot Stuart*) by a whole night spent in festivity. Upon his mentioning it to me, I told him I had never sat up a whole night in my life-time; but he continuing to press me, and saying that I should find great delight in it, I, as did all the rest of our company, consented. The place appointed was the Devil Tavern; and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lenox and her husband, and a Lady of her acquaintance now living, as also the Club, and friends to the number of near twenty, assembled. Our supper was elegant, and Johnson desired that a magnificent hot apple-pye should make a part of it; and this he would have stuck with bay-leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lenox was an authoress, and had written verses; and further he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which, but not till he had invoked the muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brows. The night passed, as must be imagined, in picaresque conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at different periods with the refreshments of coffee and tea.

"About five, Johnson's face shone with meridian splendor, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater part of us had deserted the coils of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep, that it was two hours before we could get a bill; and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal for our departure.

"My mirth had been considerably abated by a severe fit of the tooth-ach, which had troubled me the greater part of the night, and which Bathurst endeavoured to alleviate by all the topical remedies and palliatives he could think of; and I well remember, at the instant of my going out of the tavern-door, the sensation of shame that affected me, occasioned not by reflection on any thing evil that had passed in the course of the night's entertainment, but on the resemblance it bore to a debauch. However, a few turns in the Temple, and a breakfast at a neighbouring Coffee-house, enabled me to overcome it."

We have given the above citation at length, both on account of the frolic it relates, which we should not have expected from the important gravity of a Johnson, and that our readers may be able to judge for themselves of the style and manner of Sir John Hawkins. Other periodical publications have already remarked the extreme silliness and absurd self-importance of Sir John, in obtruding on the public a dull tale of his tooth-ach; his sensation of shame on being at an entertainment that was like a debauch; and his turns in the Temple, and breakfast at a Coffee-house, which set him to rights again: As these, we say, have been already remarked on by others, we forbear adding any thing, tartar than that Sir John must have a strange cast of understanding, if he thought his tooth-ach, and his breakfasting at a Coffee-house, could be any way interesting to his reader. And is not interesting, why obtrude such wretched gossiping on the public?

The intelligent reader will perceive that the style is the very diction of dulness and insipidity. Alas, poor Johnson! into the hands of what Biographers hath thou fallen!

It is certain that Johnson always spoke of his deceased wife with the deepest affection, and his concern for her future state, his Prayers and Meditations evince in a very uncommon degree. But Sir John takes it upon him to tell us, that he was "of an inclination to think, that if this fondness for his wife was not dissembled, was a lesson he had learned by rote, and that when he practised it, he knew not where to stop till he became ridiculous." What reader of delicacy or feeling but must be scandalized at the impertinent and contributory of the above remark? The reasons on which Sir John would support his most unchristian and charitable censure are these: "Their marriage was not one of those which indeed young people will love-matches." It is a fact almost universally known, that *inconsiderate love matches* generally turn out most miserably. That affection which is founded upon no esteem, but is merely for its sake the glibly inconsiderate passion of boys and girls, is sure to vary in a very few years. But the sincerity of Johnson's affection for his deceased wife must be doubted, because his was NOT an *inconsiderate love match*. A strange specimen of logic indeed! Nor are the following much better: "She was more than old enough to be his mother; their union was productive of no children, her inattention to some, at least, of the duties of a wife were evident in the person of her husband, whose negligence of dress seemed never to have received the least correction from her, and who in the soiledness of his apparel, and the complexion of his linen, etc. dishonoured her." All this in his wife's time might have been true, but it would be injustice in the writer of this article not to say, who as acquainted with Johnson the last sixteen years of his life, and was often in his company, that his appearance when he dined from home, had always much of that neatness and decency which we generally find in a substantial Quaker. It is also a strange argument, that because a man *will* be a sloven, he cannot have a real affection for his wife. Our sagacious Knight proceeds with his reasons. "Proofs are wanting," says he, "that Johnson was at any period of his life susceptible of amorous emotions." This is taking for granted,

with a vengeance, what no man can know; and true it is that those who most pretend to *ambrosious emotions*, as Sir John delicately words it, have often the least of that which is real and genuine. But Sir John has still more reasons. Though Johnson has "celebrated her person in the word *formosa*," he was too blind to have been a witness of her beauty, and Garrick, Hawkeworth, and others, told him, "that there was somewhat crazy in the behaviour of them both; profound respect on his part," (a pretty reason indeed, to prove that his affection was dissembled, or that he was crazy!) "and the airs of an antiquated beauty on her's." And thus the reader might not be at a loss to account for this *profound respect*, Sir John tells us that Johnson thought it "necessary, that he should practise his best manners to one whom, as she was descended from an ancient family, and had brought him a fortune, he thought his superior." This is another of Sir John's pretty proofs of a husband's craziness! But, in a word, we do not believe there is an instance in the English language of more futile arguments brought in support of that most infamous presumption, that Johnson's affection for the memory of his deceased wife was hypocrisy, affectation, and at best self-delusion. Nor can there be grosser ignorance of human nature than to assert, that because Johnson was an incorrigible sloven in his dress, because he was too blind to see his wife's beauty (though, as a brother Critic has observed, he certainly had been near enough to her); that because she was almost old enough to be his mother; and that because Garrick and Hawkeworth and others told our author that there was somewhat crazy in the behaviour of them both, the affection of Johnson must therefore have been affected and dissembled. A very small knowledge of human nature will convince us, and daily observation will tell us, that one man's affection is not governed or formed by another man's talk or opinion. How can he or she, such a one, are daily exclamations; but the love or affection of the party who is the subject of the wonder remains undiminished by the opinion of impertinent meddlers. The truth is affection is an emotion of the soul, independent of cold reasoning, and in a great degree independent of our own will or choice. Beauty, harshness of features and even deformity, lost their lustre by long familiarity, and their name lets something in the look, the voice, the

manner and way of a person that will overcome and cover every defect seen by others, and lay fast hold on the affections of a particular individual. This caprice, or name it as you will, is human nature; and the man who studies it, sets it before him every day. Fixing our thoughts the close on these truths, how gross, fallacious, and impertinent, must the summaries and reflections of Sir John Hawkins appear to the liberal-minded philosopher, and how scandalous in the eyes of the *real* friends and admirers of the genius worth of the much-injured Johnson, must that temper of soul and heart *display* itself,—that temper, which, not contented with placing every foible and constitutional weakness in the broadest light, must also indulge itself in the most ungenerous suppositions, and upbraid as hypocritical dissimulation, those workings of the heart which need no rule, which are nature in the strictest sense, and are to be measured by the standard of nature itself, or elicits of another man's nature. To Sir John's "entire and ridicule?" But we will not take leave of this execrable and treacherous part of our Knight's most unfriendly and unphilosophic invective, and illiberal and unfounded suppositions.

Our author next enters into a display of Johnson's natural infirmities. "By the unhappiness of his bodily constitution," says Sir John, "and the defect of his organs of sense, he was rendered insusceptible of almost all those delights which we term pleasures of the imagination." But this unblushing assertion, from our own knowledge of Johnson, we deny. Who but an idiot could suppose that the author of *Rasselas*, and the many allegorical tales in the same manner which are scattered through his works, and are the genuine effusions of a most luxuriant fancy, was incapable of the pleasures of imagination? or that because his sight was defective, that he could not see "the various delightful prospects which the face of nature affords, the beautiful and the good," the mind of Johnson was therefore, as our Knight so nobly asserts it, "presented with an universal blank."—This is too contemptible to deserve refutation or remark. Yet we must follow Sir John a little farther. "His melancholy truth," says he, (viz. Johnson's insusceptibility of the pleasures of the imagination) "I will attempt to illustrate by the following observations." These are, that "he was near-sighted," that "he had

"deprived him of the use of one eye;" that "to him a statue was an unshapen mass, and a sumptuous edifice a quarry of stone.—Of the beauties of painting he had not the least conception.—To the delights of music he was equally insensible: neither voice nor instrument, nor the harmony of concordant sounds, had power over his affections, or even to engage his attention."—Such are the wonderful proofs, that Johnson was incapable of the pleasures of the imagination, and that his undeniably great and vigorous mind presented him "with an universal blank."—But our miserable logician sufficiently refutes himself. Music, he says, could not engage his attention. His attention therefore must have been engaged by the pleasure of his own thoughts or reveries, *alias* imagination, for we cannot suppose that the *vacant* mind of Johnson was ever lost in unthinking stupor or blank idiotism. And thus our Knight inadvertently, and to the destruction of his hypothesis confirms. "Of music in general," says Sir John, "he has been heard to say, it excites in my mind no ideas, and hinders me from contemplating my own."—So the Doctor was insusceptible of the pleasures of contemplation, but not of the imagination! Alas, Sir John!

We have now the history of Mrs. Williams, the blind lady whose conversation beguiled and soothed many of his melancholy hours. By the produce of a benefit play given her by Garrick, and the profits of a quarto volume of *Miscellanea* in prose and verse, published by subscription, she acquired three hundred pounds; which "little fund," says Sir John, "being prudently invested, yielded an income, that under such protection as she experienced from Doctor Johnson, was sufficient for her support."

Mrs. Williams was possessed of uncommon endowments; was skilled in the French and Italian languages, and had made considerable advances in literature before she had the misfortune to lose her sight; which, says Sir John, "made but a small abatement of her cheerfulness, and was scarce any interruption of her studies."—For at proper hours she always had some one to read to her. And here we cannot pass over our Knight's perverseness. A deficiency of sight precluded Johnson's mind with an universal blank,—but it total loss of sight had no such effect on that of Mrs. Williams. And indeed our Knight has

been somehow inclined to do her justice. Johnson's wife, says Sir John, "a short time before her death, had consigned to his care a friend of her own sex, a person of very extraordinary endowments." This lady was then afflicted with a cataract in her eyes, — was a constant companion of Johnson's wife, after whose decease she was advised to try what could be done for her by the hand of an operating Surgeon; and "for the convenience of performing the intended operation, Johnson took her home, and upon the failure of that, kept her as the partner of his dwelling, till he removed into chambers, first in Gray's Inn, and next in the Temple. Afterwards, in 1766, upon taking a house in Johnson's Court in Fleet-street, he invited her thither, and in that, and his last house in Bolt-Court, she successively dwelt to the remainder of her life."

"She was a woman," says Sir John, "of an enlightened understanding; plain, as the women call it, in her person, and easily provoked to anger; but possessing nevertheless some excellent moral qualities, among which no one was more conspicuous than her desire to promote the welfare and happiness of others: and of this she gave a signal proof, by her solicitude in favour of an institution for the maintenance and education of poor deserted females in the parish of St. Sepulchre." — "To this institution she bequeathed her little fund above-mentioned. — To the endowments and qualities here ascribed to her may be added a larger share of experimental prudence than is the lot of most of her sex. Johnson, in many exigencies, found her an able counsellor, and seldom showed his wisdom more than when she hearkened to her advice. In return, she received from his conversation the advantages of religious and moral improvement, which she cultivated so, as in a great measure to smooth the constitutional asperity of her temper. When these particulars are known, this intimacy, which began with compassion, and terminated in a friendship that subsisted till death dissolved it, will be easily accounted for."

No one of the many histories of Johnson's acquaintances, and no a quint-

ance, with which Sir John has most enormously swelled out his book, is more properly a part of the History of Johnson's Life than the Anecdotes of this sensible, learned, and virtuous woman, who was long a member of his family. Her conversation, we speak from knowledge, was ingenious without ostentation, and accomplished in polite literature without affectation or pedantry, those weaknesses by which our female *littérati* often render themselves tiresome and disagreeable. In a word, it was suited to the mind of a Johnson, whose greatest comfort, as Sir John often tells us, was rational conversation; and his humanity was gratified by the reflection, that his circumstances at last enabled him to alleviate the distresses of blindness, and to retain under his roof one whose company he esteemed for her moral and literary accomplishments, and who, without such a friend as he proved, must have been greatly distressed.

Sir John now proceeds to an account of the Doctor's negro-servant; but as he returns this subject near the conclusion of his book, we reserve our remarks on it till nearer ours. After the negro-servant Mr. Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, is introduced. This person, who, says Sir John, "affected to be the character of a patron of learned and ingenious men," offered his friendship to Johnson, who declined his acquaintance, and no wonder, if his adherents were such as Sir John describes them, men without principle or probity, and who delighted in profanity. On Paul Whitehead he is particularly severe, accusing him of swearing and profanity. In the group of Doddington's adherents we find Hogarth, Ware the architect, Gen. Lambert and Hayman the painters, and David the playe; men who, according to Sir John, "had spent all their lives in and about Covent-Garden, and looked upon it as the school of manners, and an epitome of the world." Sir John, who takes every opportunity to expose Dr. Johnson's want of prudence, owns that it was an act of great prudence in him to decline Mr. Doddington's friendship, on account of the persons which it was likely to introduce him to. But we now come to an important period of Johnson's Life, the History of his Dictionary, and the circumstances that attended it.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

The Lounger; A Periodical Paper, published at Edinburgh in the Years 1785 and 1786, 3 Vols. 12mo. 9s. Cadell, London; Crieck, Edinburgh.

IN literature, as in all the other pursuits of man, there is a certain fashionable fluctuation, which, to a contemplative mind, cannot but appear to the full as absurd as in itself, philosophically considered, it is inevitable.

Thus, at the beginning of the present century—the Augustan era of classical genius in this country, as still with an emphatic pride we are apt fondly to style it—no person who wished to be thought professed of either taste or breeding, could sit down to breakfast without having the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, or the *Guardian* of the morning before him; and at the coffee-house in the evening, the question was not, “What is the *news* of the day?” but, “How do you like the last *Licubration* of Isaac Bickerstaff?” or “When those *Licubrations* ceased?” “What do you think of the last *Anecdote* of Sir Roger de Coverley?”—If on topics like these even a *lounger* over his tea or coffee was not prepared to give a *smart* reply, though it might not be altogether a *satisfactory* one, in not less contempt would he have been held then than at present he would be, if, joining in a circle of *Quidnuncs*, he could not gravely expatiate on the contents of a newly arrived Dutch mail, and, with more gravity still, predict from those contents the consequences that must unavoidably follow, to the total destruction—Heaven protect us!—the total destruction of the political balance of Europe.

In effusions of wit and fancy, however, and even in discussions of a moral and philosophical nature, England, far from having degenerated, seems still to maintain that pre-eminence which hitherto she attained, through the exertions of an Addison and a Steele—a Swift and an Arbuthnot, &c. — In the mode of communicating them, however, essentially has she varied. The general politics now suffered to carry every thing before it. Literary objects form, as it were, the background of the picture of the times, and with respect to the distant and speculative of living men and nations, we must either remain in a state of ignorance, or be at the trouble of exploring the columns of heterogeneous news, and perhaps prostituted newspaper—specimens of publication which have since become the vortex of every subject, laudable or illaudable, that can possibly excite the feelings or concern the attention of mankind.

It is a circumstance unknown, perhaps, even to the authors of the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, that at an early date a paper similar to their own was published at Edinburgh, under the title of *The Review*. Some years ago, we saw two or three numbers of it, which, in our opinion, exhibited, even at that period, a very favourable picture of Caledonian wit and humour, the characteristics of literature in which our brethren of the North have hitherto been supposed to excel.—*The Review* was printed in the form of a small folio or quarto, and we do not distinctly recollect which; and the late Reverend Doctor Wallace, a gentleman well known in the republic of letters, was, according to our information, one of the principal authors of it.—As a literary curiosity, we have not only seen, but in vain, endeavoured to obtain a copy of it. This hint we suggest, in the hope that gentlemen possessed of more favourable opportunities than ourselves may be in-

In London, since Johnson produced his *Idler*, we hardly recollect a periodical Essayist of the *Addisonian School* who has survived, or who indeed has deserved to survive, the day of his existence, and even he, with all the powers of a literary Colossus, could not, at the first appearance of that paper, command the public attention to it, without stooping to mingle his own sterling ore with the dross of a common political point.

For several years before that period, whether from a poverty of genius in authors, or—what is more probable—a want of encouragement in their Mecenas—the booksellers, moral wit and humour (unspiced with the altercations of political *Outs* and *Ins*, and those of their respective partisans) had ceased to possess charms sufficient to attract either of them *per se* any degree of general notice, in so much, that even of the *Rambler* (the first, and by much the best periodical work of Johnson) the number sold on each day, if we may believe Sir John Hawkins, hardly amounted to five hundred.

That fashion of literary publication, however, which England seems to long to have rejected, Scotland (now, it would appear, arrived at the Augustan era of literature) has, for some years, successfully adopted, and to Mr. Mackenzie (author of those admired novels—*The Man of Feeling*, *The Man of the World*, &c.) with the assistance, it appears, of the same gentlemen who were his colleagues in the “*Mirror*,” we are now, under the title of the “*Lounger*,” indebted for an assemblage of papers conducted on the same principle as the preceding ones from the same quarter, but penned with more elegance, more acumen, and more of that enlarged knowledge of the follies and foibles of human nature, which can never be illustrated with accuracy but by men, who (trusting not to mere book information) possess opportunities of mixing even as *Loungers* in the various scenes of busy life, with talents to give to such scenes animation, whether with the pen or the pencil.

FOR these judicious observations the public is indebted to the diligence and public spirit of the Honourable Mr. St. John, whose situation as Surveyor-General of the Crown Lands, has given him opportunities of information to which ordinary men are precluded access; and he has availed himself of them with singular judgment, through the whole of his work. He gives very sufficient proof of his ability as an Historian, an Antiquarian, and a Lawyer. His motives for undertaking it are best explained in his own words: "Hitherto a peculiar ignorance seems to have prevailed, respecting the nature of the Crown Lands. Some persons conceive the object to be more considerable, and others think it less so, than it really is. While some are flattering themselves with the delusive hopes of great relief from national burdens, by the sale of the Crown Lands; others as ignorantly suppose that they are so totally and irretrievably alienated, that the remaining interest is too insignificant to deserve any attention. If the following observations shall at all contribute to the service of the public, by throwing any light on objects which have not as yet been brought into one point of view; the author will attain his sole purpose, and will contentedly submit to the censure which he may deserve for the many defects in the execution of this attempt."

Mr. St. John has arranged his materials under five different heads: Of the origin and sources of the Landed Revenue of England; of the various accessions and alienations to and from this Revenue; of its present state; of its management; and, lastly, of different projects for its improvement.

By the Landed Revenue, we do not at present understand that the exigencies of the state are to be answered by rents of lands appropriated to that purpose. Whatever might have been, as such certainly was the process in the earlier periods of our history, it has by the change of manners, and a thousand concurring circumstances, become now impossible. If therefore Government is to be supplied from lands allotted to the public service, it must be by one of two ways, according to Sir W. Petty; "either by cutting out and appropriating as much land in specie as would by the rack rent be sufficient, or else by raising a proper part of the rent of the whole, and applying it to the use of

Government; of which ways he prefers the latter; but Mr. St. John very justly observes, that he means that the rack rent should be at first ample and sufficient for Government, although what he says be true and incontrovertible, yet in practice it would be found impossible to proportion the revenue of the country to its wants as to guard against contingent exigencies; and if he means it would be advantageous to any country to receive its revenue by taking a certain share of the rents, it is evident that such a mode, from the expence and trouble of collection, would be utterly impracticable.

In examining the ancient Landed Revenue of the Crown, Mr. St. John very properly takes up the subject at the great distribution of property by William the Conqueror. Without pretending to determine a point on which our first legal Antiquaries have differed, whether *feudum* did or did not exist before the Conquest, he assumes it as sufficient, that all the land in the kingdom was in William's immediate or mediately from the King, who was *de jure* proprietor of every acre in the kingdom, though he did not, *de facto*, take actual possession. Of the land of England it is known that William made distribution into 60,000 fiefs, or knight fees, which were divided among his adherents; but by this distribution it is not to be understood that the whole landed property was changed, as it is highly probable that no Englishman was dispossessed, unless he was a supporter of the late King Harold. It remains now to be seen of what lands William became actually possessed; which were, according to Lord Hale, "all the demesne lands which appertained to the Crown in the time of Edward the Confessor, avoiding and rendering null all the grants made by Harold during his short reign;" to determine which he made that noble survey *Domesday Book*, which contains a very accurate description of all the lands of England, except the four northern counties, which were waste. According to this survey, the demesne lands of the Crown were immense. According to Davenant, the King was possessed of 1442 manors or lordships, besides lands and farms in Middlesex, Rutland, and Shropshire; over and above quit rents from several manors, amounting in the whole to no less than 20611. 10s. 11d. per diem;

them; an enormous sum, considering the value of money in those days. These demesnes were, according to Spelman, *facrum patrimonium*, an unalienable inheritance; not the demesne of the King, but the demesne of the Crown; and from which he was to maintain only his household and kingly dignity; the landholders being by their tenures obliged, at their own expence, to attend him in the field, with horse, harness, and other knightly habiliments; as well for defence of the realm, as for expeditions against the enemy. But the King's own proper tenants were excused from this:—they were solely dedicated to husbandry, and the cultivation of the soil destined for the King's support; at first merely as his agricultural servants, but afterwards their services becoming determinate and their rents fixed; what the law calls *Villein Sacmen*. These rents were paid originally in kind, and so continued till the reign of Henry the First; when, according to Lord Lyttelton, the rents in kind were commuted for pecuniary payments, in consequence of grievous complaints from the tenants, of the hardships they suffered in bringing victuals and necessaries for the King's household, from their own dwellings to different parts of the kingdom. This pecuniary payment was assessed by the Justices itinerant in proportion to the value of the lands, and the necessities of the Crown, and was called Tallage; to which not only the ancient demesnes were subject, but also all *advousons* and wardships, and in short *omnia terra que erant in manu regis*. This mode however by tallage, was soon found to be oppressive and impolitic: oppressive, because arbitrarily fixed by the King's Justices; and impolitic, because it prevented the improvement of estates; the tallage rising in proportion, perhaps above it to the value of the land. The mode was therefore finally changed for a fixed annual pecuniary rent, payable into the Exchequer; and ancient demesne lands were no longer taxable by Parliament, but for the tenths and fifteenths of personal property.

The whole revenue of the Crown under our early Monarchs, was derived either mediately or immediately from land, and is arranged by Madox, in his History of the Exchequer, under the following heads: 1st. The ancient demesnes of the Crown, of which we have just spoke: 2d. Escheats, or lands which reverted to the Crown for default of heirs: 3d. Feudal profits, or wardships, reliefs, marriages, &c.: 4th. The yearly farms of *glebes*, towns, and boroughs: 5th. Fines

and amercements, particularly for transgressions against the forest laws: 6th. Aids, scutages, tallages, and customs: 7th. Casual profits of different kinds; as treasure trove, waifs and estrays, wreck, goods of felons, fugitives and outlaws. Of these it is evident the principal part results from land, but the precise value of them it is now from the lapse of time utterly impossible to discover.

Besides the royal demesnes, there have been at all times frequent accessions to the landed property of the Crown: Some temporary; as the great article of the revenues of vacant Bishoprics, and such Monasteries as were of royal foundation, which were during the vacancy in the hands of the King. This right was frequently much abused by the Crown, and the complaints on the subject are frequent and notorious. Wardship was another temporary accession, the King being hereditary guardian of such children of his tenants as were minors at the time of their fathers death; an immense power, particularly in the case of female orphans, and, as Lord Lyttelton well observes, greater and more dangerous to the public than any the Crown possesses now; as there certainly could not be a more irresistible bribe to avarice, ambition, or love, than the hand of a rich, a noble, or a beautiful heiress; which the King, as feudal Lord, was often able to grant. Another source from which lands were added to the Crown, was the King's prerogative as Lord of the Sea, and his consequent right to the *maritima incrementa*; which are of three kinds: islands which rise suddenly in the sea, lands gained from it by sudden alluvion, and lands gained from it by dereliction. So lately as the year 1667, a grant was made by the Crown of land in the Humber which was overflowed by every spring tide, but which has been so successfully improved, as to produce at present a rent of 9000. per annum. A similar circumstance happened in 1664. Both these estates are held by lease from the Crown. Another source of revenue arising from land, is the King's right to all mines royal, or gold and silver mines; and, lastly, the Crown may receive accessions to its landed property, by the ordinary method of conveyance or purchase, as between subject and subject. Such are the principal modes of accession of landed property to the Crown.

After this account, Mr. St. John proceeds to give a general view historically, it being impossible to state a particular one, of the different accessions

and diminutions of the landed property of the Crown, under our respective Monarchs, from William the Conqueror downwards. For this he very candidly acknowledges his obligations to Davenant, who appears to have taken uncommon pains on the subject. The King has always had a right, though sometimes contested, of alienating the Royal demesnes; which alienation, they being his sole support, reduced him to apply to his people for aids. The people were by a short-sighted policy ever enemies to alienation in the King; not foreseeing that unless such power were admitted, by cheats, forfeitures, &c. in time the King must become absolute Lord, and actual possessor of all the lands in the kingdom. An act of resumption was always therefore a popular measure, and oftentimes extorted from the Monarch by force. Time has however opened the people's eyes to their true interests, and nothing can now be more unpopular than the idea of resumption. In every reign from the Conqueror to Richard I. there were resumptions. In the reigns of John, and Henry III. his son, there were none; and in consequence, by the prodigal grants of the Crown, the King was almost beggared, so as that Henry complained he could not pay his baker; on which the Barons at once returned for the Crown all grants to foreigners, which, together with their own subsequent forfeitures, on their defeat at Evesham, considerably retrieved the royal property; so that no resumption took place under Edward I. Once indeed he attempted, under colour of law, to enquire into the titles of several of his Barons; but was soon stopped by Earl Warren, who nobly drew his sword and told the Judges, "This is my title, and with this I will defend it." The King had magnanimity and wisdom enough to desist from the attempt. The prodigality of Edward II. again reducing the Crown to poverty, the Parliament stripped Gaveston, the King's favourite, of immense grants which he had made him, and passed a law, that the crown lands should not be alienated; but this law was soon repealed, and a fresh torrent of profusion broke out in favour of the Spencers, which terminated at length in the death of the King; not however before the forfeitures of the Earl of Lancaster, and his adherents had in some degree restored the royal revenues. In the glorious and long reign of Edward III. there was neither grant nor resumption; but his successor Richard II. trod exactly

in the steps of Edward II. which led him to the same unhappy fate. The conduct of Scrope, then Chancellor, deserves to be recorded; who boldly and honestly refused to set the seal to the royal grants, nor would he lend it to any but the King's own hand; who accordingly came in person, and deprived him of his office. In the reign of Henry IV. whose weak title obliged him to study popularity, there were several resumptions. Henry V. made no resumption, but banished the clergy out of all the alien priories, being in number one hundred and ten, which very much increased his revenues. In the reign of Henry VI. there were obtained by the people several large resumptions; in Edward IV.'s reign, one, originating with himself; in Richard III.'s reign, he having made no grants. Under Henry VIII. every possible mode was tried, successfully, to increase the wealth of the crown, landed and otherwise; so that, according to Lord Bacon, he died worth 1,800,000*l.* but according to Sir Robert Cotton, 4,500,000*l.* besides plate and rich attire. This immense wealth was soon dissipated by Henry VIII. but in return, the Crown obtained under him the greatest accession of property that had ever been known. By the suppression of six hundred and forty-five monasteries, ninety colleges, two thousand three hundred and seventy-four chantries and six hospitals, and one hundred and ten hospitals, he obtained, according to Rapin, a yearly revenue of 161,000*l.* sterling; but as the abbots and priors took great advantage of the leases, and so let the lands at a rent below the value, it has been computed that the real accession to the Crown was not less than 1,600,000*l.* per annum; which at twenty years purchase would make no less a sum than 32,000,000*l.* Yet notwithstanding this immense accession Henry died necessitous. How he could have squandered it is not easy to say. Great sums, according to Davenant, were spent on fortifying the ports in the Channel; much in supporting his consequence in Europe; much in large and numerous grants to the nobility; much in erecting new Bishoprics. During the reigns of Edward VI. Mary and Elizabeth, no remarkable change took place in the landed revenue; which in the reign of James I. on an actual survey, amounted to but 66,870*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.* whereas at the time of William the Conqueror's survey, his annual revenue, drawn principally from the Crown lands, was 387,449*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.*

an enormous disproportion, especially when the relative value of money is taken into the account. During the reign of James, crown lands were disposed of to the amount of 775,000*l.* and his debts were computed at 700,000*l.* His son and successor Charles II. was by his necessities compelled to a still further dissipation of the Royal revenues; so as that in 1626, a commission was issued to the Lord Treasurer and others, to sell all or any part of the land revenue except the Duchy of Cornwall; in consequence of which, very considerable quantities of land were granted away, until at length, after the King's decapitation, the Parliament gave the *roup de grace* to the expiring landed revenue, by voting a sale of the crown lands to the amount of 600,000*l.* in order to pay their army. At the Restoration, Parliament endeavoured by several votes to restore the property thus alienated to the Crown; but a very great part of it was irrecoverably gone, being partly sold for *bona fide* valuable considerations, partly concealed and connived at, and partly granted away to those who had been instrumental in bringing back the King. At this time, by a commutation for 200,000*l.* per ann. of Excise duties, the Crown lost the court of Wards and Liveries, which was one branch of the ancient land revenue.

Upon an enquiry by a committee of the House of Commons, immediately on the Restoration, 1660, the annual land revenue was 221,000*l.* Three years after, on a similar enquiry, it had fallen to 100,000*l.* So rapid a declension alarmed the Commons, and they, in consequence, addressed the King to grant no lease for more than three lives, or thirty-one years; and a bill was ordered to be brought in to avoid all grants since 1660, except those to the Duke of Albemarle and Earl of Sandwich. But these regulations took no effect, and the prodigality of Charles continued unbounded, until at length an act was passed, by which he sold at

once almost the whole of the fee farm rents of the Crown. What the sale produced cannot now be ascertained. Under William III. the remnant of the landed revenue became again the subject of the discussion of Parliament, alarmed by his profuse grants, particularly of the Earl of Portland. The King had granted him nearly four-sixths of Denbighshire, at a rent of 6*s.* 8*d.* but the grant was opposed with such spirit by the gentlemen of Wales, and particularly by a Mr. Price, a Member of the House of Commons, that the King found himself obliged to drop his intention. In the last year of his reign the Parliament again took up the subject of the land revenue; and on an accurate survey the total present produce was found to be, after deducting the expence, only 4,840*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* with a remote contingent increase of 10,598*l.* which *modicum* would, in all probability, have been granted away, had not Parliament put a stop to any further sale of the Crown lands, by an act passed in the first year of Queen Ann's reign, commonly called the Civil List Act; by which all grants of lands are avoided, being for a longer term than three lives or thirty-one years. Had such an act been passed at the Restoration, the land revenue might now produce 500,000*l.* per ann. but the remedy was not applied till the disease became incurable. Had all subsequent forfeitures and escheats been included in this act, the land revenue might have recovered its ancient value and importance, but they were not; and in consequence the forfeited estates in 1715 were sold, amounting to 40,000*l.* per ann. together with other lands which have reverted to the Crown. Still, however, the beneficial effects of the Civil List Act have appeared in the increasing value of the small remainder of the ancient land revenue. In our next Number we shall abstract Mr. St. John's account of the present state, management, and probable means of improving it.

The Rural Economy of Norfolk: Comprising the Management of Landed Estates, and the Present Practice of Husbandry in that County. By Mr. Marshall, (Author of Minutes of Agriculture, &c.) resident upwards of two Years in Norfolk, 2*vols.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* Cadell.

(Continued from Vol. XI. page 326)

THE KING in a former Number gives a general view of Mr. Marshall's plan, and will now proceed to examine analytically, with as much brevity as possible, the plan, and with what success, he

Considering the county as a subject of "rural economy," our author thinks it may be divided into East, West, and South Norfolk. On the merits and properties of each of these districts he briefly animadverts.

verts. To East-Norfolk, however, he gives the preference; inasmuch, that, there alone, he says, "we are to look for that regular and long-established system of practice which has raised, deservedly, the name of Norfolk husbandmen." Thus prepossessed in favour of East-Norfolk, he particularly describes its *climature*—the *surface* of the district—its *rivers*—its *inland navigations*—its *roads*—its *inclosures*, &c.

Confining himself still to East-Norfolk, he next assigns reasons for the degeneracy of the yeomanry from their former independence and respectability, and for the consequent predominance of *copyhold* over *freehold* tenures.

These considerations lead our author to take a general view of the farms, and of the peculiarities of soil in the district immediately before him. In the latter, he observes, a singular uniformity prevails; namely, that there is not, perhaps, an acre in it which does not come under the idea of a SANDY LOAM, though varying widely in its quality, both as to texture and productiveness.

Among its "partial evils," Mr. Marshall particularly complains of the SCALDS*. These he represents to be as pernicious in Norfolk, as quick-sands and springy patches are in cold-soiled countries, and, what is worse, perhaps incurable, nor has he failed in assigning causes for them, which, as being grounded on reason, and confirmed by experience, appear to be undeniable.

In describing the different species of manure used in the county, our author

discovers a degree of *chemical knowledge*, rarely possessed, or, if possessed, reduced to useful practices, by gentlemen of an agricultural turn.—"The grand fossil manure of Norfolk," he says, "is MARL; through whose fertilizing quality, judiciously applied, lands, which seem by Nature to have been intended as a scanty maintenance for sheep and rabbits, are rendered capable of fattening bullocks of the largest size, and of finishing them in the highest manner."

Before he left Norfolk, he collected a variety of specimens of marls, clays, and soils of different parts of it. These, he tells us, with a still greater variety collected by him in other parts of the kingdom, he hopes (and, with no compliment to the author, but what is literally due to truth, we hope also) he will find leisure, at some future period, to analyse as to draw some general inferences.

In the present publication, Mr. Marshall confines himself to the chalk-marl of Thorp market, in the Hundred of North-Erpingham; the clay marl of Hemby, in the Hundred of East-Fleg; the soft chalk of Thorp-next-Norwich, commonly called Norwich marl; and the hard chalk of Swaffham; of each of which he gives an analysis, with inferences from it, not less useful to the practical farmer than interesting to the speculative chemist. Nor are his remarks less valuable, though they are, of course, neither so diffuse nor so scientific, on the particular uses which the Norfolk husbandmen make of mould, lime, ashes, dung, compost, &c.

* For an explanation of this term, we are indebted to a copious alphabetical list of PROVINCIALISMS annexed to the work; from which list we learn, that "SCALDS" mean in Norfolk, "patches of land which are more liable to be scorched, burned, or scorched in a hot season, than the remainder of the piece they are situated in."

By no means, however, are all the provincialisms quoted by our author peculiar to Norfolk, though most of them may doubtless be, as he observes, "peculiar to the rural economy of it." Many of the number we know to be frequent in various other counties of England; nor are some of them uncommon even in the agricultural dialect of Scotland.

Be this as it may, the list alluded to may be considered as a curious, as well as useful glossary; and if the explanations of the words be correct, which none who know Mr. Marshall's accuracy in other respects can possibly doubt, they not only form an appendage to the work without which, to the generality of readers, various passages would have been involved in obscurity, but possess this farther merit (of which, at the time he was collecting and arranging them, the ingenious author was not himself, perhaps, aware) that they tend in no mean degree to ascertain the primitive and simple acceptation of many phrases that, to the utter disgrace of learned commentaries, fill with perplexity, to this hour, many of the pages of our old dictionaries.

† The fact which Mr. Marshall relates concerning the muck produced from Yarmouth, will to many of our readers appear a novel one.—"Yarmouth," says he, "is a marsh surrounded by marshes and the sea; and, of course, becomes there a dear article. This, and the vicinity of the sea-shore, has established a practice, which I believe has been in

Wiltshire, Hereford, Iot, and other manors.

Having discussed these subjects, our author gives a slight sketch of the general character of the farmers of Norfolk, whom, he says, he does not mean to hold out as a separate order of men, but as men strongly marked by a liberality of thinking, and in consequence, by an openness in their manner and conversation, added to a certain complacency and good breeding; by which, as he richly desires to be understood, he does not mean complaisance or politeness. The lower class, however, he describes as the same plain men that farmers in general are in every other country; living in a great measure with their servants; rising early; breakfasting early; and dining universally at twelve o'clock.

Of the workmen he says, that here, as in other places, they are divisible into yearly servants and day-labourers. At the public hiring of yearly servants, he mentions an excellent custom which subsists; namely, that "the High Constable of the Hundred in which a Statute is held, holds, at the same time and place, what is called a *Petty Sessions*; at which the hiring and its attendant circumstances are or may be registered; which register becomes, in cases of dispute, either between master and servant, or between parish and parish, a useful record." In respect to day-labourers, he observes, "two remarkable circumstances are united; namely, *hard work* and *low wages*." These, however, are circumstances which, far from being remarkable, are, we apprehend, common in many other countries; and if so unusually prevalent in Norfolk, the greater seems to be the disgrace of the master, the more unjustifiable the injury done to the servant, when (as our author immediately after observes) "there is an honesty, I had almost," adds he, "said an honest man about the Norfolk fair-labourers, when working by the day, which I have not been able to discover in the day-labourers of any other county."

Having thus, with a freedom due to oppressed industry, expressed his sentiments respecting the day-labourers,

our author proceeds to take a view of "the beasts of labour made use of in the Norfolk husbandry." Of these, as he observes, horses are the only ones, there not being, perhaps, one ox worked in the county. Of the past and present breeds of the farm-horse, and of the particular methods observed in the "keep" of that most serviceable animal, as well as in the uses to which he is put, we have a full and satisfactory account.

In describing the implements belonging to the rural economy of the county, he begins with the waggons and carts; and to supply the general want of the latter in getting in harvest (surprising enough, it will be acknowledged, when the *levelness* of the country is considered) he mentions a singular expedient of the farmers—that of forming a carriage from a common dung-cart and a pair of old waggon-shafts and fore-wheels, which, partaking both of a cart and a waggon, is called a *maphrodite*; and which, in Mr. Marshall's opinion, would be found extremely convenient in a *billy country*, where carts are in a manner useless in harvest. The implements noticed next by our author are, the plough, the roller, the snow-sledge, &c. of all which he describes the various constructions, properties, and uses, with his usual accuracy, and attention to suggest improvements, where improvements can possibly be admitted.

Of the taxes he likewise takes some notice, classing them under the several heads of land-tax, tithe, and poor's rate.

We now come to the second grand division of the subject before us, namely, "the general management of estates;" which, our author remarks, is in this district conducted on a plan not generally known, and seldom, if ever, executed in other parts of the kingdom; *where*, he adds, "receiving twice a year, by a plain rent-roll, is frequently the SUM OF MANAGEMENT."

After a description of the old system of management, which, with some few alterations, prevails to the present time, Mr. Marshall proceeds to consider, as he expresses it, "such general matters only as necessarily occurs upon every husbandry."

At the time immemorial, of *littering* stables with sea-sand, instead of straw. As the bed becomes soiled or wet, fresh sand is scattered on, until the whole is in a degree saturated with dung and urine: the stall is then cleared, and a fresh bed of sand laid in. By this means, a quantity singularly excellent is produced. A provincial term, *littering the dung*, &c. of cattle.

estate." The variations in the duration of leases*, and in the amount of rents†, occupy accordingly his first attention. In speaking of the covenants of leases, he says, they "are in Norfolk as in other districts, various as they themselves;" nor does he omit to mention the important advantages accruing from an improvement that has lately taken place in the county, with respect to the repairs of buildings and fences; the tenant now covenanting to pay half the workmen's wages.

In farther discussing the subject of repairs, as connected with building, merely, he says, the "farmeries" of Norfolk are, in general, large and convenient; many of them having been the residences of that yeomanry which he had before observed to be now nearly extinct. Of the "dwelling house" he says little more than that, in general, it is "commodious;" but the barns he describes as "superior to those of every other county." He next sets forth the peculiarities (and those peculiarities seem, for the most part, to be improvements) that strike him in the formation of the barn floors, the stables, the cow-houses, the bullock-sheds, the hog-styes, the granaries, the waggon-sheds, the rick-yards, the fold-yards, and the drinking-pits.

To these illustrations succeeds a description of the building materials of the county; the principal of which (except in the buildings of a barn, which are generally of red brick) is an admirable white brick, that, except on a near view, has all the effect of a well-coloured stone; and so expert are the moulders of this excellent material, that cornices, and even columns, with their pedestals and capitals, are formed of it.

According to our author, however, this superiority in brick-making is one of those efforts of necessity which are frequently productive of excellence in in-

vention‡; there not being, generally speaking, a stone in the county, excepting a few flints, and the *flint-stone* which, near the coast, is used instead of bricks; but which, from the causes assigned by Mr. Marshall, is undeniably a dangerous material to build with in unskilful hands.

The materials of the house-carpenter next occupy the attention of our author; as also the coverings or roofs, which are principally of *pan-tile*, or of *reed*. The latter, he says, is, at present, the favourite roof; and is of all others (good slate excepted) the most eligible for farm-buildings. After some pertinent and really important observations on the article of *reed* and *reed-roofs*, he considers the flooring-materials; describes the method of making lime; and explains certain particularities that subsist between landlords and tenants respecting gates, dead fences, and even stiles, on which he had briefly touched before.

He then enters upon a more extensive branch of his subject—that of live-hedges. Here, amidst a variety of other particulars, the result of the author's personal observation, we are presented with the Norfolk method of valuing hedge-wood, of treating old hedges, of planting and raising new hedges, of re-planting worn-out hedges, and of grubbing the borders of old hedges; together with a general idea of the principles on which the *inclosures* of the county are conducted.

On the subject of PLANTING, Mr. Marshall is more concise in his remarks than we could have wished; but for this brevity he candidly apologises, by observing, that his mind being sufficiently employed on the subjects of *state-agency* and *husbandry*, he did not attempt, in Norfolk, to digest his ideas upon planting. Undigested, however, as he modestly represents those ideas, they convey some

* In order to place the general management of a Norfolk estate in a clear and comprehensive point of view, our author likewise presents the "heads of a lease," according to the peculiar practice of the county; from which some useful hints may doubtless be derived by country landlords and tenants in general.

† Under this head, in alluding to the high rents that generally prevail, he pays the following compliment to the agricultural industry and skill of the county. "There are lands," observes Mr. Marshall, "in the kingdom—I will venture to say within twenty miles of the metropolis—which let at eight shillings an acre, yet are, in their nature, equally fertile as those of Norfolk, which let exorbitantly for ten or twelve shillings. Nothing can account for this but the superiority of the Norfolk husbandry; and the quick dispatch which prevails in every department of the Norfolk system of management."

‡ This remark is certainly likewise applicable, though not altogether in the same degree, perhaps, to *Wiltshire*, and various other counties in England; but it does not appear, that the art of brick-making was any where more improved than in Norfolk, which Mr. Marshall alludes to in Norfolk.

hints that may not be unworthy the attention of the proprietors of landed estates in East-Norfolk; which it may be necessary to remind the reader, forms, through the whole of this work, the grand scene of our author's observations.

In treating of the general management of farms, he represents the principal objects of husbandry in that district to be, bullocks, barley, and wheat; the other productions being in a great measure subordinate to these three; from which, chiefly, the farmer expects to pay his rent, and to support his family.

After some other general observations, applicable to the district immediately before him, our author takes a general view of the prevailing method of *laying out farms* in Norfolk; of the *succession of arable crops*, or course of cultivation in East-Norfolk; of the *soil process*, or Norfolk method of putting the soil into a proper state of cultivation; of the *manure-process*, or general application, and method of applying manures in Norfolk; of the *seed-process*, or different modes of sowing; of the *vegetating process*, or summer-care, protection, and management of crops in general, from seed-time to harvest; of the *harvest-process*—not the process of harvesting any one particular crop, but the general business of harvest; of the *farm-yard management*—not a detail of the barn-management, and consumption of one separate species of crop, nor the winter-treatment of any one particular species of live-stock; but a description of such general business of the barn and farm-yard as cannot with the smallest degree of propriety be given under any one species either of stock or crop.

From most of his remarks on these important topics (through which, were we to follow Mr. Marshall minutely, we should trespass far beyond our usual bounds) the superiority of Norfolk in the practice of husbandry stands confessed. Nor is the country less indebted to him for the handsome manner in which (though an object of rather inferior moment) he mentions the propriety of conduct generally to be remarked in the markets. In these one singular rule is observed,

that they are never opened till three or four o'clock in the afternoon; the market of Norwich excepted, which (with perhaps a few others) is a forenoon market.

The conveniencies and advantages that accrue to the farmer from afternoon-markets, are, indeed, self-evident.—

“He has,” as our author observes, “all the morning to himself: he dines with his family, and sees his men at work; and his teams out for their afternoon-journey before he sets off for market. His market expences are curtailed, and a habit of lounging out a whole day idly prevented. The only inconvenience incurred by afternoon-markets to a farmer, is the necessity of returning home in the dark of winter's evenings: this, however, is an inconvenience which farmers in general who go to market at ten o'clock in the morning voluntarily dispense with. The inn-keepers may be said to be the only sufferers by afternoon-markets.”—As for the fairs, they are not so considerable, he says, as in some other counties—the fair of St. Faith excepted—which he represents as one of the largest in the kingdom.

Mr. Marshall proceeds next to take a systematic view of the culture of various crops. That of wheat, as being the most important, attracts his notice first; and, with his usual methodical accuracy, he considers, 1. The species of wheat usually cultivated in Norfolk;—2. The soils on which it is usually grown;—3. The succession, or the crop, &c. which wheat usually succeeds in the management of East-Norfolk;—4. The soil-process;—5. The manure-process;—6. The seed-process;—7. The vegetating-process;—8. The harvest-process;—9. The farm-yard process;—and, lastly, the markets for wheat.

In the same manner, and under heads as nearly similar as the different subjects would permit, he considers the crops of barley, oats, peas, vetches, buck*, turneps †, cultivated grasses, and natural grasses.

To these discussions succeed descriptions of, and animadversions upon, the various species of *live-stock*. Of the cat-

* *Polygonum fagopyrum*—buck-wheat, as it is usually called, and *beant*, as it is termed in the Southern Hundreds of East-Norfolk. We perfectly agree with our author, that the addition of *wheat* to the word *buck* is a manifest absurdity; wheat being, as Mr. Marshall justly alleges, neither more nor less than a corruption of the Dutch word.

† On the turnep-crop, being the grand basis of the present system of Norfolk husbandry, Mr. Marshall is particularly copious, and, in our opinion, particularly happy also in his remarks.

of Norfolk, our author takes an enlarged, but a comprehensive view, describing, 1. The species or breeds;—2. Explaining the prime intention of the farmers in keeping cows, and illustrating the general management of the dairy;—3. Pointing out the general practice in the rearing of cattle,—and 4. Shewing the different species of cattle, particularly bullocks fatted in the county; the method by which they are fatted; the method by which they are obtained; and the method also by which they are disposed of.

Under the succeeding article—that of *sheep*—a circumstance is mentioned, which it would be needless to say surprised us, when the reader is told that nothing in the Norfolk husbandry surprised our author more. The circumstance alluded to is, that of his *finding the country in a manner destitute of sheep*—“In one of my journeys to Gunton,” says Mr. Marshall, “I purposely rode on horseback through the centre of the county—by Thetford, Watton, Dereham, Reepham, &c. in order that I might catch a general idea of its rural economy. From the nature of the soil, and from the prevalence of the *turnep-husbandry*, I had conceived it to be the *land of sheep*. But from the time I crossed the river at Thetford until I arrived within a few miles of the end of my journey, I DID NOT SEE ONE SHEEP*.”

This remark, however, he seems to direct chiefly to the East-Norfolk farms, which, in general, he harmoniously observes, “are in the months of July, August, and September, as free from *sheep* as *elephants*!” nor does he scruple to add, that “the breed of Norfolk-horses was not formerly, nor its breed of cattle at present, more singular than is its *breed of*

sheep †; the principal characteristics of which he defines to be a carcass *lean and slender*, a *neck short and fine*, legs *long*, and black or *mottled*, a face *black or mottled*, horns (of the ewes and wethers) *middle-sized*, and somewhat straight (of the rams) *very large, long, and spiral*.

To the consideration of the *sheep* succeed a few observations on the *rabbies* of Norfolk; the soil of which, viewed at large, might, he thinks, be termed a “*rabbit-soil*”; nor does he think it at all improbable that “before its present system of husbandry took place, a considerable part of it was occupied by this species of live-stock.”

Of the *swine* and *poultry*, famous as Norfolk is for both, our author says little; nor in that little is there any novelty.

On the subject of *decoys*, he is more interesting; and in his description of the leading principles of these rural devices (which, by the by, are far from being unconnected with the general system of rural economy) the reader will find no small ingenuity as well as accuracy.

Of the live-stock of Norfolk, the *lamb*, the *leash*, and the most *humble*, article, noticed by our author, is, the *BEE*. “A considerable quantity of honey,” he observes, “is collected in Norfolk; but, in general, it is of an inferior quality, owing, as it is generally believed, to the quantity of *hack* which is annually grown in this country, and which is highly grateful to bees; affording them an ample supply of honey.” The absurdity of the cause ascribed for this inferiority Mr. Marshall forcibly exposes. In colour and flavour the Norfolk-honey resembles the honey of the North of England, collected from the heaths, moors, and fells, which abound in that part of the island.—Why then—

* Our author more than once very aptly quotes Doctor Johnson; of whose to the honour of his literary taste he is mentioned, he seems to be an admirer. The *original* remark we would not have made, had not the above expression, “I did not see one sheep,” forcibly reminded us of a similar one in the Doctor’s celebrated *Tour to the Hebrides*; when, in relating the many other *wonderful* events that occurred in his journey thither over the county of *Perth* (which, even in the article of *sheep*, is far from being one of the *unproductive* regions of Scotland, he declares, he did not for forty miles *see one sheep*. It is to be remembered, however, that poor Johnson, with all the accounts of his *intelligent* *observations*, laboured under the misfortune of being, as to *terrible* objects, *deaf and dumb*. No fact affects the truth of his assertion concerning the uncommon *scarcity* of *sheep* in Norfolk, even as above stated. We should do him an injury also if we did not declare, that, unlike the learned *Journalist* of a *Tour to the Hebrides*, he never *felt* *any* *prejudice* to *superior* *conduct*, *will* *to* *triumph* *over* *him*, *or* *to* *rejoice* *in* *his* *misfortune*.

† In the above passage, there is a *great* *deal* *of* *evidence*, as to *real* *and* *not* *nominal* *value*. In general, however, the language of the *original* is far from being *correct*; nor is it void of elegance, which is *not* *the* *case* *with* *the* *original* *Journalist*.
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to adopt the idea of our author—why may not the brownness and raskness of the Norfolk-honey be owing to the same cause, namely, HEATH; which, as he observes, seems to be “a natural production of the soil in general.”—“The flowers of buck,” as he further observes, “have no doubt a powerful, insipid smell, disagreeable to many people, but are not those of beens equally powerful, equally insipid, and to some persons equally disagreeable?”—Doubtless they are, and with an entire acquiescence in the opinions of Mr. Marshall on the subject, we think it but reasonable to wish, as he does, that “the evil effect of buck upon the quality of honey may be proved, till by accurate experiments it may be proved.”

To render the rules, directions, and remarks laid down in the preceding pages, as serviceable practically as they possibly can be, our author has, with every claim due to the exertions of an useful and indefatigable industry, given a list of rates and proportions in Norfolk, “relative to bricklayer’s work, carpenter’s work, thatcher’s work, the work that belongs to woodlands and hedges, and the work that belongs to the general operations of husbandry.”

But the exertions in point of genius as well as industry, (by which, in the pre-

sent publication, Mr. Marshall has chiefly distinguished himself, &c. those exhibited in his “*Manual*,” which entirely occupy the second volume of the work, and are undoubtedly essential to illustrate and confirm every observation of importance contained in the first. Formed, as they seem to have generally been, upon the very spot where the remarks were made, to those remarks they give a degree of weight, as well as authenticity, which otherwise some readers might have been inclined to undertake or dispute.

Let us it would be impossible—and if possible, from the copious account already given it would be superfluous—to enter into a detail of them. We must not, however, close the present article without remarking, that our author has frequently, in the volumes before us, been guilty of a literary sin—that of borrowing from himself. Intentionally, we are convinced, has he rendered himself thus guilty, and the offence, venial as it is in all authors, is particularly excusable in one who, like Mr. Marshall, has written so much and so well on subjects various and complex as those of agriculture and husbandry,—subjects on the just knowledge and practice of which the prosperity of nations is not less dependent than the immediate welfare of the individual, of whom those nations are composed.

A Letter to a Friend on the reported Marriage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. By Mr. Hoine Fooke, 8vo. ss. Johnson.

THIS is one of the most curious pamphlets we have printed for a considerable time past, though not more to them might be expected from the pen of Mr. Hoine Fooke, a gentleman not generally known and distinguished in the political world by his *quondam* appellation—that of the *lover and son of Horne*.

But in the present work of no small magnitude, and indeed, of no small merits and distinction, Mr. Fooke attacked himself with publishing a number of *philosophical* discussions on the subject of *negotiations, pronouns, verbs, adverbs, prepositions, interjections, &c.* &c.; and this, in order to give a variety, doubtless, to his studies, he has (in certain waked ways have alluded to) taken a *political* but very *carefully* view of the nature, the extent, and the utility of the *conjunction copulative*.

Waggishly have we also heard it suggested of the present production, that Mr. Fooke, though he has long relinquished his clerical character and habit, might have employed his hours of literary retirement more profitably to the world, as well as more honourably to himself, had he bestowed one-half of that ingenuity, one half too of that learning, in illustrating and defending the *Acts of the Apostles*, which, in the pages before us, he has vainly bestowed in ridiculing, and exposing as null and void, *positive and express Acts of Parliament*.

Waggery, however, apart (for waggery but ill accords with the dignity of *sober criticism*) the present main object of Mr. Fooke is to do, what he seems to think, *justice* to “a most amiable and truly rational female, whom (he adds) I presume to be in all respects, both

See Vol. X. p. 100, and the account is given of our author’s last performance, “the *Directions of the*”

legally, really, worthily, and happily
for this country—her Royal Highness the
Princess of Wales."

After some pointed animadversions on
the selfish policy, as he is pleased to
consider it, of both the present Ministry
and the present Opposition in their con-
duct to the Heir-Apparent, with respect
to his supposed marriage to Mrs. Fitz-
herbert*, (which our author declares he
has SOLID GROUNDS for believing) he
proceeds to consider the objection gene-
rally made to that marriage; first, as they
relate to its "impropriety;" and secondly,
as they relate to its being "legally impos-
sible."

In justifying the propriety of the mar-
riage, Mr. Tooke, with a sneer (for the
gentleman seems rarely disposed to in-
dulge either himself or his readers with a
laugh) at "political as well as religious
superstitions," declares, that "to match
in marriage with a subject was at all
times, within memory, a common and
well-precedented practice of the Sov-
ereigns of this realm; nor was it ever (he
adds) interrupted down to the very acces-
sion of the present family on the throne."

Of the truth of his historical statements
in proof of this position, no doubt can be
entertained. By no means, however,
can we agree with our author, when he
asserts, that no mischief ever did arise
to this country, or that it appears prob-
able no mischief ever should arise from
such intermarriages; nor do we think
him either very just in his observa-
tion, or very decent in his language,
when he adds, "this degrading notion
of impropriety, and that a beautiful Eng-
lish woman is unworthy to be the com-
panion of an English Prince, is a ridi-
culous phantom imported into this land
only with the House of Hanover."

Having on various grounds, and with
various displays of historical research,

proved, to his own satisfaction, that
"from the accession of the House of Ha-
nover to this throne, such a marriage be-
came not only not improper, but was
devoutly to be wished for by the subjects
of Great Britain and Hanover †; Mr.
Tooke proceeds to state his reasons why
it is not less legally impossible now than
it was heretofore.

As an introduction to those reasons, he
recites so much as fits, or seems to fit his
purpose of the Act 13 Geo. III. which most
of our readers may recollect to have passed
some time after the marriages of their Royal
Highnesses the Dukes of Gloucester and
Cumberland. The heads of it being
thus quoted, Mr. Tooke says, "Now
I acknowledge this to be an Act of Par-
liament; but I deny it to have the small-
est force of law;" and to remove from
a "common reader" his surprise at
hearing that there are Acts of Parliament
which are not laws," he seriously men-
tions his remembrance of "an Act
passed but a few years since, which di-
rected the Justices of the Peace to take
forty shillings out of twenty. "Could
this Act," adds he, "be a law?" Cer-
tainly not (any reader but a very un-
common one will reply) while the absurd-
ity that had thus crept into it continued to
exist; and thus far the Act alluded to
(which by the by we should have been
glad our author had specified, and as he
seems to be giving quotations even on the
most trivial occasions) was, to all intents
and purposes, a dead letter, till the
removal of the mistake by a subse-
quent Act, founded on the same princi-
ple as the former, but free from that pal-
pable error, which, *grimé facies* ren-
dered it for a time a *legislatoris nonentity*.

Aware that this ridiculous story would
not much avail his argument, Mr. Tooke
has recourse next to the venerable opinion
of Lord Coke, as delivered by him in the

* Of this celebrated Lady some Anecdotes,
IX. page 227.

† On more than one occasion in the present work, our author shows himself more dis-
posed, we are afraid, to promote a *dissension of states* than an *union of opinion among in-
dividuals about state-matters*. So highly displeas'd is he with the mutual connection of Great
Britain and Hanover, that he pronounces it, "most undoubtedly, prejudicial to both." On
this principle (still without losing sight of the supposed vanity of this supposed marriage of
the Prince to Mrs. Fitzherbert) he observes, "The Sovereign, or the Prince who shall pa-
tronize for the happiness of both dominions, separate this foreign pollution from his suc-
cessor on the throne of Great Britain, will deserve additional gratitude and an additional
blessing from both." And (continues Mr. Tooke) although, as I have easily believ'd, it might
happen that the matter, but more certainly, might produce this eligible separation;
the effect, however, being the same, we should not transfer our additional gratitude and
blessing, which we should owe the one, to the other, and wish, such an effort
to render it more beneficial, were it not for an offspring by
such a marriage.

illustrated with a Portrait, are given in Vol.

case of Bonham; which states, "it appeareth in our books, that in many cases the common law doth controul Acts of Parliament, and sometimes shall adjudge them to be void; for when an Act of Parliament is against common right and reason, or repugnant or impossible to be performed, the common law shall controul it, and adjudge such Act to be void."

This constitutional truth was never, in our recollection, disputed. But, with all its validity, does it convey a single idea from which a solid inference *in point* can be formed? And in what degree, in the name of constitutional consistency, does it militate against the Act, so offensive to Mr. Tooke, of 12 Geo. III. which, with all that subtlety that generally distinguishes his arguments, he has not yet proved to contain a single clause, impartially to be considered either "against common right and reason, or repugnant or impossible to be performed?"

After having exhausted his eloquence in deriding "this sham-law, this most wicked as well as most ridiculous Act of Parliament," as he *respectfully* styles it, our author proceeds to confide—what he admits to be "the serious part of the business, and that which gives a much more real and well-founded alarm, even for the safety of Church and State"—the report "that his Royal Highness has married a Papist."

Here a new field presents itself for the display of his rhetoric and his logic. The Acts by which *such* marriages were declared void, he acknowledges to be laws; and most sacred laws indeed, because they "violate no rights," and "affect the succession, not the marriage."

* Our author, while he affects to venerate the wisdom of our ancient legislators, talks of the noblemen and gentlemen of whom our parliaments are in these days composed, with a degree of contemptuous impertinence which, we think, can have no tendency but to render himself contemptible.—What are they, according to Mr. Tooke, but "persons from the *table*, the *cafes*, the *gaming-house*, and the *unting-house*; who absurdly imagine, that they have only to pass an act, and that such act of parliament will, or ought, or can, bind the subject in all cases whatever?"—Shame attend the illiberality of such sentiments, Mr. Tooke! Reduced to the state in which you have been graciously pleased to represent our legislators, merely too, it is to be observed, on the authority of a licentious *ipse dixit*, what would presently be the state of our laws themselves?—Free are we to confess, nevertheless, that too many men of mean capacities, and of corrupt principles, are to be found in our modern Parliaments. But this is a complaint, which, far from being confined to the grumblers of the present day, has, more or less, existed among the grumblers of all ages. Mr. Tooke is not to be told, that human nature is the same in all ages; and wonderful do we think it, that a gentleman of his understanding affecting to think that the education of our ancient Nobility and Gentry tended to render them both more enlightened and more virtuous than the present, should indirectly give a sanction to the vulgar idea, that the longer the world exists, the worse it grows; an idea, which, amidst all the clamours of fashion, we are still inclined to think not fairly applicable even to the world of politics.

In justifying the distinction here made, Mr. Tooke scruples not to tell us—that, he says, "Oliver Cromwell very fairly told his fanatical hypocrites, that God has thrown religion as a *mark-weight* into the scale;" nor does he scruple to declare also, that he should be *more than willing, ever anxious*, to barter the papist marriage for the responsibility of counsellors, and the independence of the representative body; being *much more easily contented to trust the sovereign with a PAPIST WIFE, than with a CORRUPT PARLIAMENT.* But, continues he, "some consciences, I know, will still be straining at a gnat, and popery is now become no more; whilst they grip down greedily the camel of corruption, which is now become a monster."

Instead of reasoning, however, on this question, or shewing, as he says, "may easily be shewn, the ready means of evading this law," he proceeds roundly to assert, that "whatever religious opinions Mrs. Fitzherbert may or may not have formerly entertained (a matter perfectly indifferent), her Royal Highness is NOT a Papist."

We now come to the Postscript to the Letter, which, including the notes it contains, is larger than the Letter itself, though the object of it be merely to enquire into the truth of the news-paper report, with all its contingent circumstances, that his Royal Highness and his friends had (since the Letter was written) formally and solemnly disavowed the marriage in question.

This news-paper authority, Mr. Tooke says, he is determined not to believe. He even considers the "story of a disavowal to be itself an additional slander on a much-

misunderstood and misrepresented young man."—"I have," adds he, "no doubt (to be sure young and a Prince) that some things, though I know them not, might possibly be changed for the better in his conduct. But I will not believe, that at any time, and least of all at the moment and manner as reported * such a disavowal (*be the marriage true or false*) or any thing tending to lessen the character of the lady, could possibly be authorized by him.

One of Mr. Tooke's reasons for this disbelief is a *curious* one, and *unfair* factory as it may appear, our readers shall have it in his own words—"No," says he "I will never believe it" *the disavowal in question* "because I remember very well what a *half-civilized* (barbarian) † replied to his *uncivilized* counsellors, who advised him to give up a MAN, not a WOMAN, to the *extreme necessity* of his situation—*No, replied the prince, I can resign my dominions even up to the walls of my metropolis, to in happier circumstances they may hereafter be recovered—but the forfeiture of a crown or a sovereign can never be done.*"

Even in the supposition that this disavowal has taken place, he is particularly inclined to acquit Mr. Fox, though one of the ablest and most confidential counsellors of the Prince, from any share in the blame due to a measure so pointedly reprobated by our author as *ignominious*, and yet, a few pages after, he hesitates not to add, still with a direct reference to the subject before him, that "*though all princes have professing friends numerous enough to their side, yet had they no more than real friends to their back, I am afraid most sovereigns would go naked*" What a *brilliant* comparison!—We are perfectly lost in the admiration of its *sublimity*, as well as *splendour*, and it there be any TRUTH in it, in *what condition at the present moment, must the wardrobe be of the Heir Apparent of the British Empire!*

Dictating next to the Minister how he should have acted, and even putting into his mouth the words he should have used, in the late arrangement of the Prince's affairs, he proceeds to state the conduct which *report* attributes to government in that memorable transaction. Of that conduct, according to our author, the ob-

and the issue were, a *compromise*.—"Add what compromise?" says Mr. Tooke. "We will pay your debts; we will complete Carlton House; but the situation of national affairs will not permit an augmentation of your income—UNTILL you are married."

"UNTILL you are married!"

"For many years past," adds Mr. Tooke, "I have not been able in its measures to recognize my country nor have known whither to direct my eyes to that which *once was England*. What a picture of meanness and degeneracy does this report exhibit! Administration and Opposition concurring in nothing, but *unblinkingly to palm a falsehood on the world*! But such is the consequence of a government whose principle is CORRUPTION."

In justifying these bold assertions, founded still upon reports (which, after all, he acknowledges *he does not believe*) thus he argues:—"The conduct on neither side will bear the honest reasoning of a plain mind.—You will not augment the income? You think it then sufficient. If sufficient, the debts should not have been contracted. If they should not have been contracted, they should not be paid.—Is there any thing defective in this short argument? Perhaps not; but it is too rigorous it suits better the coldness of a judge, than the affection of a parent. I think so too. But his Majesty was a Son before he was a Father †. And the situation of national affairs at his accession was *something different from what it is at present*. Report therefore may say what it pleases, but *untill the honest creditors of Frederick Prince of Wales, (after a period of near forty years) are FAIRLY SATISFIED, I will not believe that Ministers, regardless of justice and his Majesty's character, have any serious intention, as a momentary expedient for their selves, to discharge the debts of his present Royal Highness.*"

This is poor comfort to the creditors of our amiable Prince. We trust, however, they are possessed of too much good sense to pin their faith upon any political prophecy from the pen of Mr. Tooke, especially when, as in the instance immediately before us, it is founded merely on certain vague, and, we will venture to add, false and scandalous reports.

The disquisitions which have for their

* Alluding to the late pecuniary embarrassments of the Royal Highness, and the conditions on which our author says, he was from these embarrassments relieved.

† Peter the Great, Czar of Russia.

Will it not be a discovery! and what an admirable use do I see our author make of it!

THE LONDON REVIEW,

begin any of the subjects of philology, or of literature in general, we for the most part accompany our author with pleasure, and with satisfaction; but when he enters the field of politics, suffering prejudice to triumph over reason, and zeal to outrun knowledge, he is too apt to offend by his petulance, and to sacrifice decorum, if not truth itself, rather than *not gain his point*.

With respect to his present production, whatever effects it may have upon the minds of the public, Mrs. Fitzherbert

(for highly as we respect the Lady, we must have an authority superior to that of Mr. Horne Tooke, before we style her *Her Royal Highness*) is certainly highly indebted to him for it; and, when first she sees him, nothing less can she do, than drop him *one of her many best wishes*;—a compliment, which, we should suppose, our author will not be the gallantry to think more than sufficient to recompense him for the pains he has taken to vindicate her cause.

The Child of Chance, or, the Adventures of Henry Hazard. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Hooker

HARRY Hazard, in our opinion, might with more propriety have been styled the "Dupe of Chance" than the "Child of Chance," and, from the title of the piece, we question whether there are not many readers, who may be inclined to think they are presented with the history of (what the vulgar call) a *chance of life*, instead of (what the book really is) the history of a professed gambler and fortune-hunter.

The volumes before us, however, are far from being destitute of merit. They are the production, we understand, of Mr. John Hutchinson Wynne, a writer not generally unknown, nor undistinguished, in the literary world.

In the composition of this gentleman, whether poet or prosaist, there is such a prodigious inequality, that we have sometimes thought it hardly credible they could have issued from one and the same pen. Mr. Wynne, however, has no occasion to feel himself hurt by this remark. It is applicable to many other of his authors, of his own name, than himself, though not perhaps, of more intrinsic merit. The man who writes sincerely from

choice, the public expect to write as they will, or not to write at all, but uncandid invidiousness must be that bane, to which many instances of a bad success are not attributed to him to whom no choice is left beyond what may be dictated by the immediate necessities of the day.

Of Mr. Wynne's prose-piece (those, at least, that come in any degree within the description of the work before us) we think the present one, upon the whole, his best. In many pages we are agreeably attracted by the facility of his imagination; with which, however, the solidity of his judgment by no means keeps pace. Of this defect he exhibits a striking instance in the *denouement*, and we submit it to his own cool determination, whether, in point of moral effect, the work would not have terminated with a happier display of skill, if he had contrived to make his hero adopt the path of virtue for virtue's sake, instead of being, as it were, *driven* to adopt it, from a sense of the miseries inseparably connected with the scenes of dissipation and profligacy in which he had formerly roved.

The Minor; or, the History of George O'Neil, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo 6s. Lang

THE "Minor" before us is literally, truly, and without metaphor, not yet *come of age*; not will be till the first day of next January—*if he live so long*, of which, however, from various symptoms, we have little expectation, and certainly (as he is a *gravel stone*) the likelihood is not great.

It is known to thee, then, O Reader, that these volumes, though publicly ushered into the world some months ago, bear with matchless independence the date of our Lord One Thousand

Seven Hundred and Fifty-Eight in the title page.

Whether *George O'Neil*, or his biographer, be in reality a native of the *dear land* so famed by wits for *blundering*, we know not; but this we know, that a *blunder like this* now in question has taken place (as some persons would phrase it) a *second time*.

It is beyond the line of possibility to suppose that to give a mistake would proceed from accident; and thus being the case, whether it originated with the author,

author or his printer, the imposition intended by it ought to be exposed.

Be it known, then, to all men, that if perchance "The Minor; or the History of George O'Neal, Esq." be thrust into their hands *as a new novel*, they are to consider it as "*son! deception!*"

the work being merely a *trick*, and *is worse*, a licentious mass of *prose*, which, to the disgrace of the English press, was permitted to be printed and published at the early period of the *present year* One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Seven.

William of Normandy. An Historical Novel. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Axtell.

THESE are various classes of novels; but the class in which we chiefly require at least *probability*, is that which comes under the denomination of the "historical novel."

Of the one before us, however, denominated, the story is not only replete with *improbability*, but with dullness; and, perhaps, we might have been disposed to overlook the author's manifest

ignorance of the facts connected with the history of William of Normandy, and of the manners of the period at which he lived, if in the formation and conduct of the fable of the piece, we had been able to perceive the smallest vestige of animation, or fancy, or judgment. — *Peace, say we, be to the names of all such historic肥皂-novels!*

Essays on various Subjects, Critical and Miscellaneous, containing Remarks on Butler's Analogy, Grammatical Strictures, a Review of Locke's Philosophy, Letters on Wit and Humour. In which various Observations are made on the most celebrated modern Writers on the subjects of Logic, Morals, and Metaphysics. By William Belchier, Esq. Small 8vo. 2 vols. 3s. Jamieson.

THESE little volumes seem to be the genuine effusions of a writer accustomed to think with some accuracy, and to discern with some acuteness. His observations (most of which, if we mistake not, have appeared before) are, in general, just, and warrantable on the soundest principles of philosophy. From a wish, however, it would seem, to give to those observations an air of *originality*, he not infrequently appears *flimsy*; and to a late fight of the topic immediately before him, that, in parsing the *matter* pages of his work, we were frequently inclined to think ourselves in the act of examining a collection of vague, desultory opinions on whatever subject happened to be uppermost in the author's mind at the moment he was writing, instead of (what, on taking up the book, we had expected to find) a series of essays, calculated each to enquire into the particular and exclusive

merits of any of the various points he had undertaken to elucidate.

In aspiring to philological honours, we think our author less happy than when he aims at philosophical ones; for certain it is, that, whatever Mr. Belchier's knowledge of grammar may be *theoretically*, he discovers no great skill in it *practically*; if we may judge from his own diction, which is often debased with gross singularities;—singularities, which, however venial they might be thought in some writers, though little consistent with either propriety or elegance, are not easily forgiven in an author who has expressly treated of language.

With all these imperfections, however, there are many readers to whom the work before us will appear fraught with information, both useful and entertaining.

The Disinterested Nabob: a Novel. Interpersed with genuine Descriptions of India, its Manners, and Customs. 3 vols. 12mo. 9s. Robinson.

IN the idea of a "*disinterested*" Nabob if there be little truth (but who, it may be asked, looks for truth in a novel?) there is certainly some *originality*, according to the notions we Europeans have been taught to entertain of the *desires* of Pride and Opulence so called in Asia.

Of originality, however, in the *fable* of the piece, we perceive no traces; nor even for the moral to be deduced from it, though in itself of a laudable tendency, is the author, *considered as such*, entitled to much praise. The passages in the volumes before us to which we have been most pleased

are those that describe the country of India, and which lead into details illustrative of the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

With inaccuracies of diction we are frequently offended. These, however, we might be inclined to overlook, were we convinced that the work really is, as pretended to be, the production of a female pen.

Lord Winworth; or, the Memoirs of an Heir. Dedicated, by Permission, to her Grace the Dutchess of Devonshire. 3 vols. 12mo. 9s. Allen.

WE hope we shall not incur any of the penalties attached to the crime of *scandalum magnatum*, when we pronounce this same "Lord Winworth" a most impudent fellow.

He has himself, indeed, been guilty of an atrocious libel upon the taste and understanding of one of the most accomplished, as well as exalted, female characters in the kingdom; nor do we know how to express ourselves with more wildness of an author (an *anonymous* one too) who has the effrontery to tell the world, that he had received "permission" from the Dutchess of Devonshire to dedicate to her a work, which (had she even condescended to read twenty pages of it) we are certain her Grace would never after have permitted to come within her view, or even to enter within her walls.

Recreation for Youth. A useful and entertaining Epitome of Geography and Biography. The first Part comprizing a General View of the several Empires, Kingdoms, Republicks, States, remarkable Islands, Mountains, Seas, Rivers, and Lakes; with their Situation, Extent, Capitals, Population, Produce, Arts, Religion, and Commerce: Including the Discoveries of Capt. Cook, and others. The second Part including the Lives of the most famous Men who have flourished in Great Britain, and its Dependencies. By John Paterson Service. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Kearsley.

THE title-page of this book sufficiently speaks its contents. The usefulness of these kind of compendiums has been long admitted, and it is but justice to acknowledge that the present volume contains a great variety of entertainment and information, and will be found serviceable to those for whose use it is compiled.

The Theatre of Education; a new Translation from the French of Madame la Marquise de Sillery, late Madame la Comtesse de Genlis. 4 vols. 12mo. 12s. Walter.

WE learn from the title-page to the volumes before us, that it is not the first time these amusing and instructive little Dramas have appeared before the public. To amuse, and at the same time instruct; to please the imagination

Of this circumstance, far from being convinced, we entertain such strong doubts, as to warrant our asserting in the language of our learned and facetious friend Lingo, that the author of "The Disinterested Nabob" is of the masculine, and not of the feminine gender.

Beside, if the Dutchess was so ready to allow her name to grace the title-page, what could possibly be the author's motive for declining the honour of having his own name prefixed also?

His motive!—Oh! now we have it clearly.—Yes, courteous reader, his motive, (but be not yourself, we beseech you, so uncourteous as to ridicule our revival of a phrase once the darling of that very Grub-street, to which for his literary existence "Lord Winworth" is himself indebted) his motive, we say, was modesty—that prodigious excess of modesty, added to that excess, more prodigious still, of self-denial, for which catchpenny scribblers have long, as a body, been so notoriously distinguished.

The second part is an abridgment of the Biographical Dictionary in twelve volumes octavo, mentioned in a former Magazine; and the present Compiler has judiciously omitted many persons, who, from their insignificance or want of character, did not deserve a place in that otherwise very meritorious publication.

without corrupting the heart; are objects of the greatest importance to the welfare of Society; and it is admitted that the author of these volumes has succeeded in a very eminent degree, in the accomplishment of this very difficult undertaking. The translators

translators (for there are more than one) speak with becoming diffidence of their part of the work, which however, as far as it has been compared with the former

translation, needs not shrink from a comparison, nor requires any apology whatever.

The Cause of Stirling; an Elegy. &c. Cadell.

IN the course of a parliamentary debate, some years ago, we recollect to have heard Mr. Dundas describe his own county (Mid-Lothian) as the "Paradise of Scotland."—At that period, however, we are inclined to think that the learned Gentleman, so intelligent on most other subjects, had not enjoyed the pleasure of taking a view in person of "The Cause of Stirling."

That pleasure we have ourselves, many years ago, repeatedly experienced; and, from the testimony of ocular observation, we scruple not to affirm, that if there be in Scotland any thing like a *Paradise*, that Paradise is to be found in the little romantic, and uncommonly fertile vale

which our author has thought proper to make the scene of his elegy.

Of that vale he appears to be himself a native. His poem, though announced to be *elegiac*, is rather of the *descriptive* class. The misfortune however of our author is, that whether he aims at *pathos*, or aims at *description*, he rarely shews himself capable of giving pleasure to a reader of sensibility, or correct taste.—

In his *moanings* there is nothing that seems to come from the *heart*—the heart, however, of a *Port*; and in his *descriptions*, less still have we that comes from a cultivated imagination, or that a cultivated imagination can possibly give satisfaction.

Memoirs of Mrs. Sophia Baddeley, late of Drury-Lane Theatre. By Mrs. Elizabeth Steele. 12mo. 6 vols. 18s. bound.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
"Look at her face, and you'll forget them all."

OFTEN—when she was at the height of her glory as an Actress, and of her disgrace as a woman—often have we applied this couplet to the fair but unfortunate daughter of pleasure who serves as a *pretext* for the publication of these pages. We repeat the word *pretext*; for certain we are, that had the *Apology of Mrs. Bellomy* never appeared—appeared at least with so much *eclat*—the world would not have been visited with the mass of abominable trash now before us.

In the memoirs of that lady (who appears to have been a perfect saint, compared to the sinner Baddeley, as represented by her *confidante*, Mrs. Steele) we were entertained with a variety of new, and indeed interesting anecdotes of some of the most distinguished characters of the age;—anecdotes happily blended with her own unhappy story, which had the additional merit of being clothed in elegant language and of conveying the *semblance* at least of a moral.

Deficient as the present work is in all these respects, we perpetually turn from it with disgust. In decorum, in consistency, and even in *truth*, notoriously

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it also deficient. It contains anecdotes, it is true, and *letters*—letters of the most *confidential*, most *sacred* nature; but the anecdotes are generally either *irrelevant* or *insipid*, so the letters, to the disgrace of the virtuous Mrs. Steele, and of her not less virtuous coadjutor in the publication, can have no tendency but to plunge daggers into the bosom of domestic happiness.

"Coadjutor" it may be asked. "Is not Mrs. Steele *herself*, then, the writer of these Memoirs?"—No, we reply. Mrs. Steele furnished certain materials for the work; but be it known (and too well, indeed, as it is known already) that for putting those materials together, she was indebted to the *disinterested* aid of one of the most *industrious* and *universal* book-makers in England, but who, *mirabile dictu'* has already been discarded by his *fair* employer, and exposed by her in the public prints for his *inability* or *misconduct* in the task of correcting and arranging the disgraceful materials necessary to compose the wretched history of an unhappy Courtesan.

G

To

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following Tale, which is known to be the composition of Doctor JOHNSON, may be sought for in vain in the late edition of that Author's Works published by Sir John Hawkins. The publication in which it first appeared had but a confined sale, and never was much noticed. It, however, certainly deserves more celebrity, and therefore to give it a more extensive circulation, I offer it to your popular Magazine.

I am, &c.

C. D.

THE FOUNTAINS.—A FAIRY TALE.

Felix qui potuit boni
Fontem visere lucidum.

BOETHIUS.

AS FLORETTA was wandering in a meadow at the foot of Plinlimmon, she heard a little bird cry in such a note as she had never observed before, and looking round her, saw a lovely goldfinch entangled by a lime-twig, and a hawk hovering over him, as if the point of seizing him in his talons.

Floretta longed to rescue the little bird, but was afraid to encounter the hawk, who looked fiercely upon her without any apparent dread of her approach, and as she advanced seemed to increase in bulk, and clapped his wings in token of defiance. Floretta stood deliberating a few moments, but seeing her mother at no great distance, took courage, and snatched the twig with the little bird upon it. When she had disengaged him she put him into her bosom, and the hawk flew away.

Floretta shewing her bird to her mother, told her from what danger she had rescued him, her mother, after admiring his beauty, said, that he would be a very proper inhabitant of the little gilded cage, which had hung empty since the starling died for want of water, and that he should be placed at the chamber window, for it would be wonderfully pleasant to hear him in the morning.

Floretta, with tears in her eyes, replied, that he had better have been devoured by the hawk than die for want of water, and that she would not save him from a less evil to put him in danger of a greater. She therefore took him into her hat, cleaned his feathers from the bird lime, looked upon him with great tenderness, and, having put his bill to her lips, dismissed him into the air.

He flew in circles round her as she went home, and perching on a tree before the door, delighted them a while with such sweetness of song, but her mother reproved her for not putting him in the cage. Floretta endeavoured to look grave, but silently approved her own act, and washed her mother

more generosity. Her mother guessed her thoughts, and told her, that when she was older she would be wiser.

Floretta however did not repent, but hoped to hear her little bird the next morning singing at liberty. She waked early and listened, but no goldfinch could she hear. She rose, and walking again in the same meadow, went to view the bush where she had seen the lime-twig the day before.

When she entered the thicket, and was near the place for which she was looking, from behind a blossoming hawthorn advanced a female form of very low stature, but of elegant proportion and majestic air, arrayed in all the colours of the meadow, and sparkling as she moved like a dew-drop in the sun.

Floretta was too much disordered to speak or fly, and stood motionless between fear and pleasure, when the little lady took her by the hand.

I am, said she, one of that order of beings which some call Fairies, and some Piskies. We have always been known to inhabit the crags and caverns of Plinlimmon. The mists and the winds when they wander by moonlight have often heard our musick, and sometimes seen our dances.

I am the chief of the Fairies of this region, and am known among them by the name of Lady Lilinet of the Blue Rock. As I lived always in my own mountain, I had very little knowledge of human manners, and thought better of mankind than other Fairies. I found them to deserve, I therefore often opposed the mischievous practices of my sisters without always enquiring whether they were just. I extinguished the light that was kindled to lead a traveller into a marsh, and found afterwards that he was hastening to corrupt a virgin. I dissipated a mist which assumed the form of a town, and was raised to decoy a monopolizer of corn from his way.

way to the next market: I removed a thorn, artfully planted to prick the foot of a churl, that was going to hinder the poor from following his reapers; and defeated so many schemes of obstruction and punishment, that I was cited before the Queen as one who favoured wickedness and opposed the execution of fairy justice.

Having never been accustomed to suffer controul, and thinking myself disgraced by the necessity of defence, I so much irritated the Queen by my sulkeness and obstinacy, that in her anger she transformed me into a goldfinch. *In this form, says she, I doom thee to remain till some human being shall show thee kindness, without any prospect of inter-
est.*

I flew out of her presence not much affected; for I did not doubt but every reasonable being must love that which having never offended, could not be hated, and, having no power to hurt, could not be feared.

I therefore fluttered about the villages, and endeavoured to force myself into notice.

Having heard that nature was least corrupted among those who had no acquaintance with elegance and splendour, I employed myself for five years in hopping before the doors of cottages, and often sat singing on the thatched roof; my motions were seldom seen nor my notes heard, no kindness was ever excited, and all the reward of my officiousness was to be aimed at with a stone when I stood within a throw.

The stones never hurt me, for I had still the power of a Fairy.

I then betook myself to spacious and magnificent habitations, and sung in bowers by the walks or on the banks of fountains.

In these places where novelty was recommended by satiety, and curiosity excited by leisure, my form and my voice were soon distinguished, and I was known by the name of the pretty goldfinch; the inhabitants would walk out to listen to my music, and at last it was their practice to court my visits by scattering meat in my common haunts.

This was repeated till I went about pecking in full security, and expected to regain my original form, when I observed two of my most liberal benefactors silently advancing with anet behind me. I flew off, and fluttering beside them picked the leg of each, and left them halting and groaning with the cramp.

I then went to another house, where by two springs and summers I entertained a splendid family with such melody as they had never heard in the woods before. The winter that followed the second summer was remarkably cold, and many little birds pe-

ricked in the field. I hid myself in the way of one of the ladies as benumbed with cold and faint with hunger; she picked me up with great joy, telling her companions that she had found the goldfinch that sung so finely all summer in the myrtle hedge, that she would lay him where he should die, for she could not bear to kill him, and would then pick his fine feathers very carefully, and stick them in her muff.

Finding that her fondness and her gratitude could give way to so slight an interest, I chilled her fingers that she could not hold me, then flew at her face, and with my beak gave her nose four pecks that left four black spots indelible behind them, and broke a match by which she would have obtained the finest equipage in the county.

At length the Queen repented of her sentence, and being unable to revoke it, assisted me to try experiments upon man, to excite his tenderness, and attract his regard.

We made many attempts in which we were always disappointed. At last she placed me in your way held by a lime-twig, and herself in the shape of a hawk made the shew of devouring me. You, my dear, have rescued me from the seeming danger without desiring to detain me in captivity, or seeking any other recompence than the pleasure of benefiting a feeling creature.

The Queen is so much pleased with your kindness, that I am come, by her permission, to reward you with a greater favour than ever Fairy bestowed before.

The former gifts of Fairies, though bounties in design, have proved commonly mischiefs in the event. We have granted mortals to wish according to their own discretion, and their discretion being small, and their wishes irreversible, they have rashly petitioned for their own destruction. But you, my dearest Floretta, shall have what none have ever before obtained from us, the power of indulging your wish, and the liberty of retracting it. Be bold and follow me.

Floretta was easily persuaded to accompany the Fairy, who led her through a labyrinth of crags and shrubs, to a cavern covered by a thicket on the side of the mountain.

This cavern, said she, is the court of Lillinet your friend; in this place you shall find a certain remedy for all real evils. Lillinet then went before her through a long subterraneous passage, where she saw many beautiful Fairies, who came to gaze at the stranger, but who, from reverence to their mistress, gave her no disturbance. She heard from Lillinet's cornucopia of the gloomy cavern

the roar of winds and the fall of waters, and more than once entreated to return; but Lilinee assuring her that she was safe, persuaded her to proceed till they came to an arch, into which the light found its way through a fissure of the rock.

There Lilinee seated herself and her guest upon a bench of agate, and pointing to two fountains that bubbled before them, said, Now attend, my dear Floretta, and enjoy the gratitude of a Fairy. Observe the two fountains that spring up in the middle of the vault, one into a basin of alabaster, and the other into a basin of dark flint. The one is called the Spring of Joy, the other of Sorrow; they rise from distant veins in the rock, and burst out in two places, but after a short course unite their streams, and run over after in one mingled current.

By drinking of these fountains, which, though shut up from all other human beings, shall be always accessible to you, it will be in your power to regulate your future life.

When you are drinking the water of Joy from the alabaster fountain, you may form your wish, and it shall be granted. As you raise your wish higher, the water will be sweeter and sweeter to the taste; but beware that you are not tempted by its increasing sweetness to repeat your draughts, for the ill effects of your wish can only be removed by drinking the Spring of Sorrow from the basin of flint, which will be bitter in the same proportion as the water of Joy was sweet. Now, my Floretta, make the experiment, and give me the first proof of moderate desires. Take the golden cup that stands on the margin of the Spring of Joy, form your wish and drink.

Floretta wanted no time to deliberate on the subject of her wish; her first desire was the increase of her beauty. She had some disproportion of features. She took the cup and wished to be agreeable; the water was sweet, and she drank copiously; and in the fountain, which was clearer than crystal, she saw that her face was completely regular.

She then filled the cup again, and wished for a rosy bloom upon her cheeks: the water was sweeter than before, and the colour of her cheeks was heightened.

She next wished for a sparkling eye: the water grew yet more pleasant, and her glances were like the beams of the sun.

She could not yet stop; she drank again, desiring to be made a perfect beauty, and a perfect beauty she became.

She had now whatever her heart could wish; and making an humble reverence to Lilinee, requested to be restored to her own

habitation. They went back, and the Fairies in the way wondered at the change of Floretta's form. She came home delighted to her mother, who, on seeing the improvement, was yet more delighted than herself.

Her mother from that time pushed her forward into public view: Floretta was at all the resorts of dances and assemblies of pleasure; she was fatigued with balls, she was cloyed with treats, she was exhausted by the necessity of returning compliments. This life delighted her a while, but custom soon destroyed its pleasure. She found that the men who courted her to-day resigned her on the morrow to other flatterers, and that the women attacked her reputation by whispers and calumnies, till without knowing how she had offended, she was thinned as infamous.

She knew that her reputation was destroyed by the envy of her beauty, and resolved to degrade herself from the dangerous pre-eminence. She went to the bush where she rescued the bird, and called for Lady Lilinee. Immediately Lilinee appeared, and discovered by Floretta's dejected look that she had drunk too much from the alabaster fountain.

Follow me, she cried, my Floretta, and be wiser for the future.

They went to the fountains, and Floretta began to taste the waters of Sorrow, which were so bitter that she withdrew more than once the cup from her mouth; at last she resolutely drank away the perfection of beauty, the sparkling eye and rosy bloom, and left herself only agreeable.

She lived for some time with great content; but content is seldom lasting. She had a desire in a short time again to taste the waters of Joy: she called for the conduct of Lilinee, and was led to the alabaster fountain, where she drank, and wished for a faithful lover.

After her return she was soon addressed by a young man, whom she thought worthy of her affection. He courted, and flattered, and promised; till at last she yielded up her heart. He then applied to her parents; and, finding her fortune less than he expected, contrived a quarrel and deserted her.

Exasperated by her disappointment, she went in quest of Lilinee, and expostulated with her for the deceit which she had practised. Lilinee asked her with a smile, for what she had been wishing; and being told, made her this reply. You are not, my dear, to wonder or complain: you may wish for yourself, but your wishes can have no effect upon another. You may become lovely by the efficacy of the fountain, but that you shall be loved is by no means

a certain consequence; for you cannot confer upon another either discernment or felicity that happiness which you must derive from theirs, it is not in my power to regulate or follow.

Floretta was for some time so dejected by this limitation of the fountain's power, that she thought it unworthy of her visit, but being on some occasion startled by her mother's authority, she went to the fountain, and drank at the altar fountain in her spirit to do her own way.

She drank so immoderately, and admonished her of her danger; but she and her mother gave such sweetness to the water, that she could not prevail upon herself to stop at the fountain in punishment, she fastened the cup to her hand.

When she came home every thought was contempt, and every action was rebellion. She had drunk it to herself a spirit to resist, but could not give her mother a disposition to yield, the old lady asserted her right to govern, and, though she was often foiled by the impetuosity of her daughter, she supplied by pertinacity what she wanted in violence. At last the house was agitated to tumult by the planks of the daughter and opposition of the mother.

In time, Floretta was convinced that spirit had only made her a capricious term of art, and that her own ways ended in error, perplexity and disgrace, she perceived that the violence of mind which to a man may sometimes procure awe and obedience, produce to a woman nothing but detestation. She therefore went back, and by a huge draught from the fount, though the water was very bitter, replaced herself under her mother's care, and quitted her spirit and her own way.

Floretta's fortune was moderate, and her desires were not larger, till her mother took her to spend a summer at one of the places which wealth and idleness frequent, under pretence of drinking the water. She was now no longer a perfect beauty, and therefore conversation in her presence took its course as in other company, of lions were fixed, told and observations made without reserve. Here Floretta first learned the importance of money. When she saw a woman of mean air and empty talk draw the attention of the place, she always discovered upon enquiry that she had so many thousands to her fortune.

She soon perceived that where these golden goddesses appeared, neither birth, nor elegance, nor civility had any power of attraction, that every art of entertainment was devoted to them, and that the great and the wise courted their regard.

The desire after wealth was raised yet higher by her mother, who was always telling her how much neglect she suffered for want of fortune, and what distinctions if she had but a fortune her good qualities would obtain. Her narrative of the day was always, that Floretta walked in the morning, but was not spoken to because she had a small fortune, and that Floretta danced at the ball better than any of them, but nobody minded her for want of a fortune.

This want, in which all other wants appeared to be included, Floretta was resolved to endure no longer, and came home flattering her imagination in secret with the riches which she was now about to obtain.

On the day after her return she walked out alone to meet Lady Lalnet, and went with her to the fountain. Riches did not taste so sweet as either beauty or spirit, and therefore she was not immoderate in her draught.

When they returned from the cavern, Lalnet gave her word to a Fairy that attended her, with an order to conduct Floretta to the Black Pock.

The way was not long, and they soon came to the mouth of a mine in which there was a hidden treasure, guarded by an earthy Fairy deformed and shaggy, who opposed the entrance of Floretta till he recognized the wand of the Lady of the Mountain. Here Floretta saw vast heaps of gold and silver and gems, gathered and deposited in former ages, and entrusted to the guard of the fairies of the earth. The little Fairy delivered the orders of her mistress, and the fairy lieutenant promised to obey them.

Floretta, wearied with her walk, and pleased with her success, went home to rest, and when she waked in the morning, first opened her eyes upon a cabinet of jewels, and looking into her drawers and boxes, found them filled with gold.

Floretta was now as fine as the finest. She was the first to adopt any expensive fashion, to subscribe to any pompous entertainment, to encourage any foreign artist, or engage in any frolic of which the cost was to make the pleasure.

She was on a sudden the favourite of every place. Report made her wealth twice greater than it really was, and wherever she came, all was attention, reverence and obedience. The ladies who had formerly slighted her, or by whom she had been formerly cared, gratified her pride by open flattery and private murmurs. She sometimes overheard them railing at each other, and wondering whence some people came, or how their expense was so great. This excited her to heighten it.

of her dress, to increase the number of her retinue, and to make such propositions of costly schemes, that her rivals were forced to desert from contest.

But she now began to find that the tricks which can be played with money will seldom bear to be repeated, that admiration is a short-lived passion, and that the pleasure of expense is gone when wonder and envy are no more excited. She found that respect was an empty form, and that all those who crowded round her were drawn to her by vanity or interest.

It was however pleasant to be able on any terms to elevate and to mortify, to raise hopes and fears; and she would still have continued to be rich, had not the ambition of her mother contrived to marry her to a Lord, whom she despised as ignorant, and abhorred as profligate. Her mother persisted in her importunity, and Floretta having now lost the spirit of resistance, had no other resource than to divest herself of her fairy fortune.

She implored the assistance of Liline, who praised her resolution. She drank cheerfully from the fainty fountain, and found the waters not extremely bitter. When she returned she went to bed, and in the morning perceived that all her riches had been conveyed away she knew not how, except a few ornamental jewels, which Liline had ordered to be carried back as a reward for her dig- nity of mind.

She was now almost weary of visiting the fountain, and solaced herself with such amusements as every day happened to produce. At last there arose in her imagination a strong desire to become a wit.

The pleasures with which this new character appeared to term were so numerous and so great, that she was impatient to enjoy them, and rising before the sun, hastened to the place where she knew that her fairy patroness was always to be found. Liline was willing to conduct her, but could now scarcely restrain her from leading the way but by telling her, that if she went first the Fairies of the cavern would refuse her passage.

They came in time to the fountain, and Floretta took the golden cup into her hand, she filled it and drank, and again she filled it, for wit was sweeter than riches, spirit, or beauty.

As she returned she felt new successions of imagery rise in her mind, and whatever her fancy offered to her imagination, assumed a new form, and connected itself with things to which it seemed before to have no relation.

All the appearances about her were changed, but the novelties substituted were not more desirable. She now saw that al-

most every thing was wrong, without often seeing how it could be better; and frequently imputed to the imperfection of art those failures which were caused by the limitation of nature.

Wherever she went, she breathed nothing but censure and reformation. If she visited her friends, she quarrelled with the situation, of their houses, the disposition of their gardens, the direction of their walks, and the termination of their views. It was vain to shew her fine furniture, for she was always ready to tell how it might be finer, or to conduct her through spacious apartments, for her thoughts were full of nobler fabrics, of airy palaces and Hesperian gardens. She admired nothing and praised but little.

Her conversation was generally thought peculiar. If she received flatteries, she seldom repaid them; for she set no value upon vulgar praise. She could not bear a long story without hurrying the speaker on to the conclusion; and obtruded the mirth of her companions, for she rarely took notice of a good jest, and never laughed except when she was delighted.

This behaviour made her unwelcome wherever she went; nor did her speculation upon human manners much contribute to forward her reputation. She now saw the disproportion between language and sentiment, between passion and exclamation; she discovered the defects of every passion, and the uncertainty of every conclusion; she knew the malignity of friendship, the avarice of liberality, the anxiety of content, and the cowardice of temerity.

To see all this was pleasant, but the greatest of all pleasures was to shew it. To laugh was something, but it was much more to make others laugh. As every deformity of character made a strong impression upon her, she could not always forbear to transmit it to others, as she hated false appearances she thought it her duty to detect them, till, between wantonness and virtue, scarce any that she knew escaped without some wounds by the shafts of ridicule; not that her merriment was always the consequence of total contempt, for she often honoured virtue where she laughed at affectation.

For these practices, and who can wonder, the cry was raised against her from every quarter, and to hunt her down was generally determined. Every eye was watching for a fault, and every tongue was busy to supply its share of defamation. With the most unpolished purity of mind, she was captured as too free of favour, because she was not afraid to talk with men. With generous sensibility of every human excellence, she was thought cold or envious, because she would not scatter praise with undistinguishing profusion: With ten talents that agonized at real misery,

she was charged with delight in the pain of others, when she would not console with those whom she knew to counterfeit affliction. She denied false appearances of kindness and of pity, and was therefore avoided as an enemy to society. As she seldom commended or censured but with some limitations and exceptions, the world condemned her as indifferent to the good and bad, and because she was often doubtful where others were confident, she was charged with laxity of principles, while her days were distracted and her rest broken by mixtures of honour and principles of morality.

Report had now made her so formidable, that all flattered and all shunned her. If a lover gave a ball to his mistress and her friends, it was stipulated that Floretta should not be invited. If she entered a public room the ladies curried, and shrank away, for there was no such thing as speaking, but Floretta would find something to criticize. If a girl was more sprightly than her aunt, she was threatened that in a little time she would be like Floretta. Visits were very diligently paid when Floretta was known not to be at home; and no mother trusted her daughter to herself without a caution, if she should meet Floretta to leave the company as soon as she could.

With all this Floretta made sport at first, but in time grew weary of general hostility. She would have been content with a few friends, but no friendship was durable, it was the fashion to desert her, and with the fashion what fidelity will contend? She could have easily amused herself in solitude, but that she thought it mean to quit the field to treachery and folly.

Persecution at length tired her constancy, and she implored Lilnet to rid her of her wit. Lilnet complied, and walked up the mountain, but was often forced to stop and wait for her follower. When they came to the stony fountain, Floretta filled a small cup and slowly brought it to her lips, but the water was insupportably bitter. She tasted it, and dashed it to the ground, diluting the bitterness at the fountain of alabaster, and re-

solved to keep her wit with all its consequences.

Being now a wit for life, she surveyed the various conditions of mankind with such superiority of sentiment, that she looked few distinctions to be envied or desired, and therefore did not very soon make another visit to the fountain. At length being alarmed by sickness, she resolved to drink length of life from the golden cup. She returned elated and secure, for though the longevity acquired was indeterminate, she considered death as far distant, and therefore suffered it not to intrude upon her pleasures.

But length of life included not perpetual health. She felt herself continually decaying, and saw the world fading about her. The delights of her early days would delight no longer, and however widely she extended her view, no new pleasure could be found; her friends, her enemies, her admirers, her rivals, dropped one by one into the grave, and with those who succeeded them she had no new community of joys and stake of competition.

By this time she began to doubt whether old age were not dangerous to virtue, whether pain would not produce peevishness, and peevishness impair benevolence. She thought that the spectacle of life might be too long continued, and the pleasures which were often seen might rise to self-abhorrence, that resolution might be sapped by time, and let the virtue sink, which had been raised up by it, not without a hint, supported, and that it was vain to delay the hour which must come at last, and must come at a time of less preparation and greater necessity.

These thoughts led her to Lilnet, whom she accompanied to the stony fountain, where, after a short combat with herself, she drank the bitter water. She walked back to the favourite bush pensive and silent, and now, said she, accept my thanks for the last benefit that Floretta can receive. Lady Lilnet dropped a tear, impressed upon her lips the final kiss, and resigned her, as she resigned herself, to the course of Nature.

An ACCOUNT of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

(Concluded from Vol. 21 page 231)

HIS office of Assessor to the Metallic College he was neither ambitious of, nor solicited, although he was before that period well informed in certain sciences, by which he was capable of throwing much light on the art of managing mines. It was also a matter of facility for him to acquire what knowledge he was still deficient in respecting it, and such as the sciences of Mathematics and Physics were the subjects that took up

most of his time at that period; and these are the fundamental bases of Metallurgy. He was not a man who was content with knowing the theory of a thing, without joining the practical part to it; it was not sufficient for him to be exercised in his chemical laboratory, to have an exact knowledge of the situation of the Mines in Sweden, of the structures, machines, and the manner of using them, in the necessary work going forward

forward in Mines; and therefore he undertook a second journey into foreign countries, to examine their Mines, see the manner of working, and all that concerned them, particularly those of Saxony and Hartz: of all these nothing escaped his observing eye.

During his stay at Brunswick, he acquired the particular notice and favour of the Duke Louis Rudolph, who defrayed all his expences during his stay there, and at his departure, made him a present of a Medal of his in Gold, and one in Silver. He published,

1. *Prodromus principiorum Naturalium, sive novorum tertium, Obviam & Physicam experimentalem geometricè explicandi.*
2. *Nova observata & inventa circa Ferrum & Ignem, præcipue naturam Ignis Elementarium, una cum novis Gamini inventionibus.*
3. *Methodus novâ inveniendi Longitudines locorum, terræ marique ope Lunæ.*
4. *Modus construendi receptacula navalia, vulgo in Suedois, Dockbygnadder.*
5. *Nova constructio apparatus Aquatici.*
6. *Modus explorandi ditates Navigiorum.*

All these Tracts were printed at Amsterdam: the year 1721, and reprinted in 1727.

7. *Miscellanea observata circa res Naturales, præsertim Mineralia, legem, & Montium structura.*

Three parts of this work were printed at Leipsick, and the fourth at Hamburg in 1722. Who is the man, if we except Linnaeus, who has been able to draw such considerable advantages from a journey of one year and a half? for he returned in 1722 to his country and friends, who received him with the greatest pleasure.

Swedenborg did not remain idle the following years, for he so equally divided his time between the duties of his office, as Metallic Assessor to the Royal College, and his study, that he finished in 1733 his grand work intitled, OPERA PHILOSOPHICA ET MINERALIA, and had it printed under his own direction in 1734, part at Dresden, and part at Leipsick; in which year he also went to inspect the Mines of Austria and Hungary. This work is divided into three vols. folio: the title of the first is *Principia rerum Naturalium sive novorum tertium, Phænomena Naturæ elementaris philosophicè explicandi.* The second, *Regnum subterraneum sive Minerale de Ferro;* and the third, *Regnum subterraneum sive Minerale de Cupro, & Urano;* all of them wrote with great strength of judgment, and ornamented with places to facilitate the comprehension of the text.

The Academic Consistory or Assembly, and the Society of Sciences at Upsal, were sensible of his great abilities, a considerable time before this; for to evince the sense they had of him, the Consistory had re-

quested of him, to solicit the place of Professor of the Sublime and Abstracted Mathematics, that Nils Celsius was before in the possession of; and that, as the Consistory said, for the advantage of youth, and ornament to the academy. Swedenborg expressed his thanks for their intention; but did not accept this honourable offer, on the most just intentions. The Society of Sciences at Upsal had enrolled him in the number of their members from the year 1729.

Strangers were not backward in their expression of a sense of his merit. The Academy of St. Petersburg sent him his Diploma of Association, as a Correspondent, on the 17th of December 1734. Christian Wolff, and many other learned strangers, were forward to form a literary correspondence with him, and consulted him on the most difficult things and subjects that could be treated of. Those who were appointed at Leipsick to the care of the edition of the *Acta Eruditorum*, and to adjoin to it an impartial Analysis of the Works of the Learned, found in those of Swedenborg a rich harvest to ornament their collection with.

This work of Swedenborg's has lost nothing of its value by length of time; the Authors of the estimable and magnificent description of Arts and Trades which are carried on at Paris, found the second part of Swedenborg's work, which is wrote on iron and the preparation of steel, that abounds with so much good sense, and is as well arranged, of so much importance, that they translated and inserted the whole in their collection of the best things wrote on these subjects.

In the like degree that Swedenborg in his continual contemplations on the Work of Creation acquired fresh knowledge respecting it, he discovered a like degree relating to the Supreme Being, and found further occasions to celebrate the Author and Creator of Nature.

Since the year 1737 he made eight different voyages into foreign parts, particularly England and Holland: from that year he began to visit France and Italy; and this voyage lasted till the year 1740. His principal object was that of printing his new Treatises, evincing the soundness of his genius, and which I cannot consider without the greatest astonishment. Besides a great number of Treatises, and amongst them his great work which I have spoken of before, he was the Author of the following Treatises:

1. *Prodromus Philosophicæ ratiocinantis de Infinito, de causa Creativæ, & de Mechanismo Operationis Animæ & Corporis,* printed at Dresden in 1733.
2. *Oeconomia Regni Animalis,* in two parts; the first printed at Amsterdam in the year 1740, and the second in 1741.

3. *Regnum Animale*, in three parts; the two first printed at the Hague in 1744, and the third in London in 1746.
4. *De Cultu & Amore Dei*. London, 1745.
5. *Arcana Caelestia*, in 8 vols. 4to. which were given in different years from 1745 to 1756.
6. *De Ultimo Judicio, & Babylonia destructa*. London, 1756.
7. *De Caelo & Inferno, ex Auditibus & Visis*. London, 1753.
8. *De Equo albo de quo in Apocalypsi*. London, 1758.
9. *De Telluris in Mundo nostro Salari*. London, 1758.
10. *De Nova Hierosolyma*. London, 1758.
11. *De Virtute Sapientiae de Amore Coniugali*. Amsterdam, 1758.
12. *Sapientia Angelica de Divino Amore & Divina Sapientia*. Amsterdam, 1763.
13. *Doctrina Novae Hierosolymae de Domino*. Amsterdam, 1763.
14. *Doctrina Vitae pro Nova Hierosolyma*. Amsterdam, 1763.
15. *Continuatio de Ultimo Judicio, & de Mundo Spirituali*. Amsterdam, 1763.
16. *Sapientia Angelica de Divina Providentia*. Amsterdam, 1764.
17. *Apocalypsis Revelata*. Amsterdam, 1763.
18. *Summaria Expositio Doctrinae Novae Ecclesiae*. Amsterdam, 1769.
19. *De Commercio Animae & Corporis*. Amsterdam, 1769.
20. *Vera Christiana Religio, seu Universalis Theologia Novae Ecclesiae*. Amsterdam, 1777.

The needful application that the works mentioned in the above list required, not allowing him to continue the necessary functions of his office as Assessor beyond the year 1747, he gave up his place, and obtained in the same year a discharge from the King, who gave him at the same time the two requests he had inserted in his petition for admission; the first of which was, to retain a moiety of his appointment to the place of Assessor during his life; and the second, that the above favour should be granted him without any derogation of title and rank: this permission of enjoying the benefits of the place after dissolution, is a mark of the greatest favour. He was of a lively turn, and agreeable in company. As a suitable recreation after his assiduous studies, he sought the agreeable advantages that the company and conversation of men of sense afforded him, by whom he was always surrounded, and very much respected. He had the method either to lengthen or silence, by an agreeable, yet sensible turn of argument, an indifferent and sometimes too bold curiosity that is often thrusting itself into serious matters. He was

attentive, zealous, and faithful in the discharge of the employments he had the care of. Whenever a vacancy of office suitable to his own talents happened, he never presented himself as a candidate to fill it; and if he was advanced to honorable posts, it was not through his seeking them, for he was always content in his station. When other callings did not permit him to discharge the functions of his office, he preferred requesting his dismissal to staying in it and not performing his duty, and was contented with retaining the title after having enjoyed the place thirty-one years. He assisted as a Member of the House of Nobles, during several Diets, and his behaviour was such that none could reproach him with any misconduct.

Swedenborg was never married. If he did not however engage in the marriage tie, it was not through a coldness or indifference to the sex, for he esteemed the company and discourse of an agreeable and lively woman as an estimable recreation; but his great and profound studies afforded him a pleasing tranquillity both day and night; and therefore he was often solitary but never sad. He enjoyed so good a state of health, that he was scarce ever indisposed. Always happy in himself, he in all circumstances maintained the peace of his soul, and led a life happy in the supreme degree, even unto the moment that Nature demanded her due. He was attacked with an apoplexy in London on the 24th of December 1773, and died in the most serene manner on the 29th of March following, being eighty-five years of age, rich in the honourable testimonies of remembrance that he left behind him, satisfied with the kind of life this world afforded, and the state of change he was about to enter into.

Of our Author's works several have been translated. 1st, A Theosophic Lucubration on the Nature of Influx as it respects the Communication and Operations of Soul and Body, 4to. 1770. This is a curious performance, and discovers good sense and learning in the writer; at the same time he appears to be a visionary and enthusiast. To satisfy our reader of the truth of this assertion, it will be sufficient to give the following extract from the present performance: "After this lucubration was finished, I prayed that the Lord would please to grant me an interview with the disciples of Aristotle, with those of Descartes, also with those of Leibnitz, to the end that I might hear from them their tenets concerning the communication and operation of the soul and body; and in answer to my prayer, nine persons presented themselves to my view, three in each class, and ranged themselves in order; the Aristotelians in-

wards my left hand, the Cartesians towards my right, and the Leibnitzians behind them; and through the intermediate spaces at a great distance off appeared three men as if crowned with laurel, whom I knew by an influxile perception to be the three founders of those sects: Behind Leibnitz, stood one who had hold on the skirts of his garment, and I was told that he was Wolfius. These nine men at their first interview, behaved courtzously to one another, but on the appearance of a Spirit from beneath, with a torch in his right hand, which he waved before their faces, they immediately commenced enemies, three against three, for they became inflamed with the zeal of disputation. The Aristotelians who were of the schoolmen, began the debate, saying, Who does not perceive that influx proceeds from outward objects, through the senses into the soul, and that as plainly as a man is seen to pass into a room at the door, are consequently that ideas are excited in the soul by the laws of such influx? Do not numberless instances demonstrate that the bodily senses are the only inlets to the soul, and sufficiently establish the doctrine of physical influx? To this the Cartesians, who hitherto stood with their fingers upon their eyebrows in a musing posture, replied as follow: What delusion is here! and how do you reason from fallacious appearances only! Shew, if you can, what else causes the tongue and Lips to speak but thought, or the hands to work but the will; now thought and will proceed from the soul, and not from the body; and hence likewise it is that the eyes see, the ears hear, and the rest of the corporeal organs discharge their respective functions. From these and many more convincing proofs, every one that has a grain of intellectual knowledge, may know of a truth, that influx proceeds not from matter to spirit, but contrariwise, and therefore we call it by the name of *spiritual influx*, and sometimes by that of occasional influx. After this, the three who were followers of

Leibnitz cried out and said, We have heard and compared the arguments on both sides, and find that each has both its advantage and disadvantage; and being asked how they would compound the difference? they answered, By leaving ~~to~~ all influx from the soul to the body, and from the body to the soul, and by maintaining a joint consent and instantaneous operation of both together, which a celebrated author has properly distinguished by the name of *Pre-established Harmony*. A spirit, it is said, afterwards appeared waving a torch behind them; on which their ideas became confused, and they all acknowledged their ignorance. They agreed to decide the dispute by lots; three lots were accordingly put into a receiver: the person appointed to be the drawer, drew out that on which was written *spiritual influx*. They concluded to abide by this; and an angel appeared who assured them, that the lot came not by hand of chance, but by a divine direction." The reader will make his own reflections on this wonderful narrative.

2d. The Doctrine of Life for the New Jerusalem; from the Commandments of the Decalogue. Translated from the Latin, 4to. 1775.

3d. A Treatise concerning Heaven and Hell; containing a Relation of many wonderful things therein, as heard and seen by the Author, the Honorable Emanuel Swedenborg, of the Senatorial Order of Nobles in the Kingdom of Sweden. Now first translated from the original Latin, 4to. 1778.

4th. The Heavenly Doctrine of the New Jerusalem. Translated from the Latin of the Honorable Emanuel Swedenborg, of the Senatorial Order of the Nobles in the Kingdom of Sweden, 8vo. 1780.

5th. A Treatise concerning the New Jerusalem, and its Heavenly Doctrine, as revealed from Heaven. To which are prefixed, some Observations concerning the New Heaven, and the New Earth, 8vo. 1786.

Having in Vol. IX. p. 228. 307. presented our Readers with an Abstract of the very extraordinary MEMOIRS of a person assuming the name of COUNT CAGLIOSTRO, as published by himself; and which Memoirs were at that time pronounced by M. DEMORANDE, Editor of the *Courier de L'Europe*, to be founded in imposture and falsehood, and that the Writers real name was BALSAMO; We think it our duty to lay before them the proofs which that Gentleman's indefatigable industry and perseverance have since enabled him to procure in confirmation of his assertions; and which develop a scene of ruse and artifice not more curious perhaps than it is unparalleled, except by the celebrated PSALMANAZAR'S *History of Formosa*.

ANECDOTES of COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

THE following information has been obtained by several respectable persons, concerning the family and behaviour of the Balmanazar Capistrano in his youth; on which account we think proper to give it to our readers.

DECLARATION of the SIEUR BERNARD, Master of Languages at Palermo.

"I the subscriber declare, that the Chief Magistrate of Sicily having presented me the copy of a letter dated Nov. 2, 1786, addressed to M. Fontaine, Commissary, in

which were several anecdotes of the famous Count Cagliostro; and upon being asked if I had written that letter, I answered, that I had collected these anecdotes from Antonio Bracconieri, uncle of Jos. Balsamo, called by himself Count Cagliostro, and that I sent them to Naples: and having read in the Leyden Gazette that the Cominissary Fontaine had a process, &c. in his hands, which made it suspicious that Balsamo was no other than Cagliostro, and that this pretended Count Cagliostro had laid imputations on many respectable persons, by their names and offices; I thought it my duty to address these anecdotes to M. Fontaine, without signing my name however, being desirous only of serving my country, and preventing others from further impositions by this impostor.—In consequence of which I have made this declaration at Palermo.

(Signed) BERNARD."

March 9, 1787.

Report, which the Sieur GUGINO, Advocate Fiscal of the Court of Palermo, sent in form of a letter to the Viceroy of Sicily, March 10, 1787, respecting the truth of the facts attested in the letter preceding.

Most Excellent Sir,

"HAVING paid my usual exact attention, at the instance of your Excellency, to clear up every part of the anecdotes of the Count Cagliostro, contained in the letters written from Palermo and addressed to Mr. Fontaine, and herewith sent to you, I submit to you the following Report.

"The author of these two letters, dated June and November 1786, is a Mr. Bernard, Master of Languages, at Palermo, who was made known to me by M. Bracconieri, mentioned in these letters. Having asked the said Mr. Bernard if he had written these two letters, he answered, yes, and confirmed them by the declaration above.

"All that he says, was told him by A. Bracconieri, Clerk in the house of Sieur Francois Aubert and Co. and uncle of Joseph Balsamo of Palermo, to demonstrate that the pretended Count Cagliostro was the same person with his nephew, is true; for having demanded of the said A. Bracconieri the same thing, he not only confirmed all that he said to Bernard, but added several other circumstances of note, which prove that Balsamo conceals himself under the feigned name of Count Cagliostro. I have made him write and sign his original deposition, which I now send your Excellency, with the Memoir printed at Paris by the said Cagliostro

"By all which Bracconieri affirms, I have found that Joseph Balsamo, son of Peter Balsamo and Felice Bracconieri, was

"tised the 8th of June 1743, in the Cathedral church of this city, having obtained an extract of this signed by the grand Chaplain, and the Coadjutor of the sacra-
"ments."

"As in the above act of baptism, I see that the child had been held by Jos. Brasi, by the procurement of Vincenzo Cagliostro, I examined the act of procurement, and found it in the minutes of the Notary Antonio Romolino.

"From these letters and public acts, there is a consistent result, and all the circumstances concur to prove, that the pretended C. Cagliostro is Joseph Balsamo, of Palermo, &c. &c.

"Mr. Bernard gave me an account besides, that having asked a Messinian, if there was any family of Cagliostro at Messina, he said that he knew two of that name Ant. Bracconieri has also assured me, that a sister of his mother, aunt of Joseph Balsamo, had married a person named Joseph Cagliostro, and that it is this affinity which has made Joseph Balsamo assume the title of Count Cagliostro.

"This opinion is supported by the two public acts of the baptism and the procurement, &c. &c.

"The age of Cagliostro, mentioned in his memoir, and his having said that he was in Sicily, Malta, Naples, and Rome, and had traversed the greatest part of Europe, are all circumstances corresponding with the account of Antonio Bracconieri concerning his nephew Joseph Balsamo.

"Matthew Navarthy, a German, and jeweller at Palermo, saw the portrait of Cagliostro in the hands of Baron Irobia, and says that he had a long face and a large nose, which agrees with the description of Bracconieri.

(Signed)

JOSEPH MARIE GUGINO,
Advocate Fiscal."

Deposition of ANTONIO BRACCONIERI, uncle by the mother's side of JOSEPH BALSAMO, called CAGLIOSTRO, dated Palermo in Sicily, March 9, 1787.

JOSEPH BALSAMO is the son of one of my sisters called Felicia, wife of Peter Balsamo, living at Palermo; by whom she has two children only; the one a girl, now a widow, called Mary Ann Capurrammo; and the other the said Joseph, born the 2d of June 1743; baptized in the Cathedral: his godfather was John Baptist Bononi, a Genoese, established at Palermo.

A few months after the birth of the said Joseph, his father died suddenly; his sister was then two years of age. They were both

received into the care of their grandfather D. Joseph Bracconieri, my father, who considered them as his own children; and particularly Joseph, who was given all the education necessary to enable him to become the support of his widowed mother and his sister.

My father died in 1754; Balfamo remained under the care of his mother, who endeavoured to make him a religious, and made him wear the habit of the Brothers of Charity. After the necessary preparations, he was sent to Caltagirone to become a novice.

But having no taste for a religious life, he became desirous of renouncing his habit. His mother, seeing him one day in a secular dress, and at the same time not wishing to lose him, but only to feel some chastisement, sent him to the P. P. Capuchins, to be confined in their convent. As he became troublesome to these religious they would not keep him, but drove him out. His turn for disobedience increased, and his relations were forced to abandon him.

Being under no controul from his friends and at liberty, he contrived to persuade a gold smith, named Vincent Marano, that he would discover a treasure to him, provided he would advance a certain sum of money to purchase some valuable drugs to form a composition for the discovery of the said treasure. Marano having procured him the money, he fled to Calabria, where he was stripped by some of his accomplices, and obliged to go to Rome: he married in that city a young person named Lorenza, daughter of a man of wealth, a copper-founder. He stopped but a little while here, where, however, he was protected by a cardinal, and went to France with his wife.

In this state of affairs, from the time Balfamo left Palermo, his relations had no intelligence of him for several years. As I was at Naples in 1773, upon business, I walked out one day after dinner to the Royal Palace, and happened to see a barber of Palermo, named David Larocca, whom I knew. Having asked him whence he came, he told me he had arrived a few days ago at Naples, and that he had been travelling in Russia, England, Spain, France, and all over Italy. Being excited by curiosity, I asked him, if he ever met in his travels with my nephew? He pretended he did not know him; but at last, willing to surprise me, he engaged me to accompany him, and conducted me to a theatre opposite the Royal Theatre. I was astonished on entering it to see Balfamo presented to me. I was just going to chide Lorenza for furnishing me, when Balfamo told me, he had engaged him on his service as

valet de chambre. After mutual compliments, Balfamo begged to wait till he brought me his wife Lorenza. In half an hour after he returned with his wife, in a handsome equipage, with servants, and conducted me to see a house which he had hired that very day.

Astonished at his magnificence, and still more at hearing him called the *Marquis de Pellegrini*, I became reserved, and would not accept of the offer he made me to lodge in his house; but on his confiding to me the idea he had of going to Palermo, provided he could obtain from the King a general pardon, that he might return into his native country, and endeavour to live quietly and honestly, I requested the protection of the Prince of Butera, who had the goodness to give me a letter in his own hand to his son the Prince of Pietra Persia, that he might assist Balfamo with his influence and interest. On obtaining this letter I set out for Palermo with Balfamo and his wife, both of whom I lodged with myself.

Here they remained seventeen days, after which Balfamo, tired of the good advice I daily gave him, without any ceremony, or acquainting me, went to another house, which he hired, in order to be at full liberty and under no dependance upon me.

Marano at my desire did not trouble him while he was in my house, but when he saw him abroad he made a complaint to the President Airaldi, who seized and imprisoned Balfamo. The Prince of Pietra Persia being desirous of honouring the recommendation of his father, went to the President and got Balfamo released, on condition that in 24 hours he would leave Palermo. Balfamo agreed to the condition, and embarked on board a vessel for Malta with his wife; and after staying there a few days embarked for Italy.

Since this period I heard nothing of Balfamo, nor desired to know any thing of such a character: it was told me besides, that Balfamo complained of me as being concerned with Marano in putting him in prison, because he had left my house without my consent.

In 1785, the French Gazettes announced that there was at Paris some affairs going on, in which was mentioned this Count Cagliostro, who was shut up in the Bastille; and being desirous for the reasons already given to know if this Count Cagliostro was Joseph Balfamo, I wrote to a merchant at Paris to procure me the book which gave a history of his life. This merchant answered, that the little work had hardly appeared when it was withdrawn; that it was full of fables, insulence, and written by an enemy of Count Cagliostro.

Cagliostro. I substitute to you for it a Memoir, where he is defended against the imputations laid upon him, and which is very interesting, because it contains a detail of his life, and his detention in the Bastile."

My friend at Paris sent me this Memoir, and I gave it to my brother, requesting him to translate it into Italian. I will add, finally, that having remarked in this Memoir, that Count Cagliostro calls his wife Serafina Feliciani, although the name of Balsamo's wife was Lorenza, I suppose that he has made use of the name of one of his aunts, and that of his mother; because the wife of D. Malter Bracconieri, my brother, and uncle to Balsamo, was named *Serafina*, and her mother *Felicia*, from which he must have taken by adoption the two names *Serafina Feliciani*.

So far for the illustration of truth;—I conclude,

1. That Joseph Balsamo was born at Palermo, June 2, 1743, and baptised at the cathedral.

2. That he is the son of Peter Balsamo.
3. That his mother, a widow, is still living, poor, and deaf for some years past, and that her name is Felicia.

4. That her sister, widow of the late J. Baptist Capigiammino, is still living, and called Mary Ann.

5. The nearest relations of Balsamo at Palermo, are the said Malter Bracconieri, my brother, and myself, Antony Bracconieri.

Balsamo is of the middle size, lively eyes, black hair and eye-brows; broad face, brown complexion, with a large and round nose.

Dona Lorenza, his wife, is handsome, with delicate features, fair complexion, blue eyes, brown hair, broad visage, a small aquiline nose, and a middle stature.

This is the whole which I have deposed, and which I confirm by my signature.

(Signed)

ANTONY BRACCONIERI.

Palermo.

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE.

(Continued from Vol. XI. page 341.)

LETTER IX.

To ———, Esq.

I HAVE received, my dear friend, your kind answer to my letter. And you must know that it was just such an one as I wished to receive from you; nay, it was just such an one as I expected that you would write to me. I should have been disappointed if it had been in any other form or shape of friendship. But understand me, if you please; I should have been disappointed for your sake, and not for my own: for though I am charmed that you should have made me those unreserved offers of friendship which are so gracious in you, I am almost as much pleased that my Exchequer is in that state of sufficiency as not to require them.

I have made my bargain for rebuilding my parsonage, and settled all arrangements, with all parties concerned, in a manner more to my satisfaction than I could have expected. I was rather in haste to settle this account, that there might be no risque of leaving my wife and Lydia a dilapidation for their fortune: for I have no reason to believe that the * of * would be more kind to them, when friendless and unprotected, than they had been to the husband of the one and the father of the other, who, when he was a poor Curate, had pride enough to despise their Reverences, and wit enough to make others

laugh at them. But may God forgive them, as I do! Amen.

I wrote to Hall on account of my disaster; and his answer bid me find out a conceit on the occasion, and comfort myself with it. Tully, the Orator, the Politician, the Philosopher, the Moralist, the Consul, &c. &c. &c. adopted, as he candidly tells every one who reads his works, this mode of consolation, when he lost his daughter; and if we may believe him, with success. Now this same Tully, you must know, was like my father; I mean Mr. Shandy, of Shandy Hall, who was as well pleased with a misfortune that gave him an opportunity of displaying his eloquence, as with a blessing that obliged him to hold his tongue. So that these great men were fond of conceits, I mean their own; so I will tell you a story of a *Conceit*, not of Cicero's, nor of my father's, but of the Lord of Grassy.

You must know then, that this same friend of mine, and, I may add, of your's also, in a moment of lazy pride, took it into his head that he would have a town chariot, to have his feet by day, and to carry him to Ranelagh in the evening. For this purpose, after consulting a coachmaker, he had allotted one hundred and forty pounds; and he wrote me word of it. On my arrival in town, about three months after this communication, I found a card of invitation from Lord Spencer to

to dine with him on the following Sunday; and I had no sooner read it, than Hall's fine crane-neck'd chariot came bounding, as it were, upon my recollection; so I sallied forth to ask him how he did, and to borrow his carriage, that I might pay my visit in pomp as *Pontificibus*. I found him at home, made a friendly enquiry or two, and told him of the little arrangement I had formed; when he replied, with one of his cynical smiles, that his mortification was in the extreme, for that his chariot was gone post to Scotland. I stared, and he laughed—not at me, but at his own *coarct*—and you shall have it, such as it is.

I must inform you then, that at the moment when the coach-maker was receiving his last instructions, he himself received a letter; which letter acquainted him, that his son, who was quite tired at Edinburgh, had got into a terrible hot fit, to get out of the consequences of which, demanded almost the precise sum that had been destined for the chariot. So that the *hundred and forty pounds*, which had been set apart to build a chariot in London, were employed to repair broken windows, broken lamps, and broken heads, in Edinburgh; and shall comfort himself with the conceit that his *chariot* was gone *post* to Scotland. So much for comforts and comforts,—and happy is it for us when we can, by any means, convert ourselves into comfort. I could say more upon this matter, but my paper is almost filled, and I have only space to express a wish, that your life may never want any of these petty helps to make it as happy as if I greatly mistake not, it could be honourable. Let me see you soon; and, in the mean time, and at all times, may God be with you.

Your's, most affectionately,
L. STERNE.

L E T T E R X.

To _____, Esq.

Coventry, Wednesday night.

I SEND you, my dear friend, as you request it, the epitaph which I mentioned in my last epistle to you. I write it from recollection; and though it may not contain the precise expression, it will certainly presents the sentiment of the original composition—and that is of the most consequence. I remember well it came from the heart, for I most sincerely loved the amiable person, whose virtues deserved a better inscription, and, according to a very common course of things, found a worse. But here it is—

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly show
An idle scene of fabricated woe:—

The sweet companion and the friend sincere
And no mechanic arts to force the tear.

In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine;
'Twill flow eternal o'er an hoarse like mine;
'Twill flow while gentle goodness has one
friend,

Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Hall liked it, I remember—and Hall always knows what ought to be liked, and in certain humours, will be candid upon these sentimental subjects, and acknowledge that he feels them. He is an excellent scholar and a good critic; but his judgment has more severity than it ought to have, and his taste less delicacy than it should possess. He has, also, great humanity, but, somehow or other, there is so often such a mixture of judgment in it, that there are many who will not believe he has a single temple of it in his composition. Nay, I am acquainted with several who cannot be persuaded but that he is a very notable, hard-hearted man, which I, who have known him long and known him well, assure you he is not. He may not always possess the grace of charity, but he feels the reality of it, and continually performs benevolent actions; though not always, I must confess, in a benevolent manner. And here is the grief of the business. He will do a kindness with a frown, or a joke, or a smile; when, perhaps, a tear, or a grave countenance at least, would better become him. But this is his way; it is the language of his character; and though one might wish it to be otherwise, yet I cannot tell what right any of us have to put a severe sentence upon it, for no other reason in the world but because our own failings are of a different complexion. And to much for all that.

I am preparing to prance it for a week or two days at Scarborough. If you pass your autumn at Mulgrave-hall, take that place in your way, and I will accompany you on your visit, and then to Crayke Castle, and so home; and then to London—whither God knows where—but it shall be where it pleases him: this is to be said, however, and it would be well for the best of us if it were thought and considered as often as it was said. But to it is, that the lips and the heart, which ought never to be asunder, are sometimes wandering at different corners of the earth. Mine at least are in the closest conjunction, when I offer you my most affectionate regard. So good night, and may the visages of a good friend attend you.

Most truly your's,

L. STERNE.

L E T T E R XI.

To _____, Esq.

Scarborough.

I SHALL not reply, my dear friend, to all the kind things you thank and say of me.—I

craft, indeed, that I deserve some of them; and I am well pleased to find that you think I deserve them all.—But however that may be, I desire you to cherish those benevolent sentiments which you have so warmly expressed in the paper before me, both for your own sake, and that of the person who is the subject of them.

Your commands in general should be obeyed without reflection—but in this particular instance, a rare gleam of prudence has shone across me, and I beg leave to reflect a few moments on the subject—and were I to take wisdom upon me, and reflect for a few days, the result, I am sure, would be, that I should not obey your commands at all.

The giving advice, my good friend, is the most thoughtless generosity in the world—because, in the first place, it costs you nothing; and, in the next, it is just such a thing as the person to whom you present it will think that he does not want. This, you see, is my way of reasoning; but I believe, from my heart, that it will apply too well to the subject between us.

There are such things in the world as *wrong heads* and *right heads*—and *wrong hearts* and *right hearts*.—Now, for myself, and speaking under the influence of my own particular feelings, I would rather be of the *right* or *rightly* side, with all their blunders, errors, and infirmities; but if I want a business to be done, or a plan to be executed, give me *wrong heads*, if there is only *right hearts* into the bargain, so much the better—but is upon the former that I must rely—and whether the latter be right or wrong, is not a matter of absolute consideration. This is not, my dear friend, quite orthodox, according to your system; but as you proceed, every day will tend to entreat the propriety of this opinion to your own.

Now I am rather disposed to think, without leaning to the uncharitable side of the question, that poor ——— is of the *Wrong-head* family.—I know ——— heart,—and I am sure his present scrap arises from the good disposition of it. Nevertheless, though I think myself a dab at giving good counsel in such cases as his, I cannot bring myself to prefer be on the occasion.—It is impossible to do it, without informing him of the nature of his disease, which is neither more nor less than absolute wrong-headedness; and were I to do it, he would exhibit another symptom of his disorder, by throwing my prescription out of the window, and perhaps threatening the same mischief to the physician himself.

If you have influence sufficient to induce him to apply to me, I will most readily exert my best for him; and I can then do the

bitter business, and give the *wrong-headed* man with a good grace.—Here then we will, if you please, let the matter rest for the present.

I write in haste and on my pillow, that you may, as soon as possible, be acquainted with my sentiments in a matter wherein you have a greater dependence upon me, than I fear the event will justify.—So good morning, and God bless you,

I received a letter yesterday from poor dear Lydia—it is an amiable mad-cap—and God bless her also. Once more adieu.

Yours, &c.

L. S.

LETTER XII.

Squrborough, August 29, 1765.

YOU refine too much, my dear friend, you do indeed. Your reasoning is ingenious, and produces a neat, pretty, plausible train of argument, that would make a figure in a company of female philosophers; but, if committed to paper, would be pardonable only when written on the skin of some *pidonite Dulinea*. You run into divisions, when a simple modulation would answer better; that is, would produce more pleasing effects both in yourself and the sentimental spirit which you might wish to please.

Opinion, my dear fellow, somehow or other, rules all mankind, and not like a kind matter, or, which would be more congenial, a gentle mistress, but like a tyrant, whose will is power, and whose gratification is servitude.—Opinion leads us by the ears, the eyes—and, I had almost said, by the nose. It warps our understandings, confounds our judgments, dissipates experience, and turns our passions to its purpose. In short, it becomes the government of our lives, and usurps the place of reason, which it has kicked out of office.—This is among the strange truths which cannot be explained by that soothing description which time will display to your experience hereafter, with ten times the credit which would accompany any present endeavours of mine to the same purpose.

If you would know more of the matter, and can bring yourself to risk the opinion, which, by the bye, I do not advise you to do, ask ——— why he submits, with such a placid subterfuge, to the little wench who lives with him? You know, and all his friends know, that he has but *half*, not half the enjoyments of life, through the fear of her vengeance, whatever it may be. He has fortune, understanding, and courage:—he loves society, and adds greatly to the pleasure of it—and yet how often does he leave it half enjoyed! Nay, to come more home to the business, how often has he left our pleasant

placid classical meetings, before they have arisen to their usual glory, in order to humiliate this little piece of disgrace, whom he has had the resolution to send back to the banks of the Wye, where the fifty pounds a year he might give her would make her queen of the village!—We pity poor A—, we argue with him, we wonder at him—do we not?—But in this we deceive ourselves.—for the wisest and best of us are governed by some little dirty drab of an opinion, whose governance is equally disgraceful, and much more injurious—as it will, perhaps, give a colour to the whole current of our lives. A mistress, with all her arts and fascinations, may, in time, be got rid of, but opinion, once rooted, becomes a part of ourselves—it lives and dies with us.

It must be acknowledged, that I have been rather ferocious this fine morning, but you know how and where to apply what has been written, and I leave the whole to your practice, if you think proper; and if you do not—but what have I to do with *ifs*?—It is an exceptionable monosyllable, and I fling it from me.

B— is here, and tells me that he has left you continually driving between Lon-

don and Richmond. What Beauty of the Hill has enchanted you there? Or what Swan of the silver Thames are you dying for?—I take it very ill of you that you never favour me with a single communication concerning your *Derosibus*, or your *Delias*: I protest most seriously that I will never write to you again, till you give me an history of your chains; and who it is has bound you at present on the river's bank—tell me who the Naisid is?

M^r. F—, the Apostolic F—, as Lady — calls him, in his way to —, hinted to me something serious. He talked of a marriage—to which I replied, God forbid!—but do not, I pray, be angry with my exclamation; for it was neither a thoughtless or a peevish one, but an impulse of that sincere regard which you more than deserve from me.—With your dispositions, and in your situation, I hardly think there is a woman in the kingdom who would be an happy match for you; and if you think proper to ask me, I will, hereafter, tell you why:—at present I shall content myself with telling you, that I am most cordially your's,

L. STERNE

P O E T R Y.

On the PERFORMANCE of MACBETH.

Written in 1773.

[Eight Kings appear, and pass in a der over the stage Banquo the last]

OLD Quin, ere fate suppress'd his labring breath,

In studied accents grumbled out Macbeth.

Next Gaultick came, whose utterance truth imprint,

Whil'd ev'ry look the tyrant's guilt confess.

Then the cold Sheridan half froze the part,

Yet what he lost by nature, sav'd by art.

Then now advanc'd tow'rd Broom-wood,

Her performance the scenes he understood.

Others next to Fois shap'd his march,

His words were puny guns, his actions

stark.

Enough Holman—but pass his errors o'er,

Her blame the man's no more.

Then heavy Kols drag'd the trag' crown,

Her head and neck kept his meaning down,

Her throats were on the murder's

mask,

Whil'd of his tongue lightn'd the horrid talk.

Her black lips like guilt's feeling froze to

streak,

Her weary wife's nal drench'd his iron cheer,

Her kings his fancied triumphs pit,

LINES, on entering LADY WALLACE'S Study, her Ladyship being absent. By MIS. YEARSLEY, the Postess of BRISTOL.

HERE Meditation sits with pensive look,
Mourning her votary's absence with a sigh,

Now views the lazy pen, and useless book,
While Emma wand'ring tracks the wishing eye

"Return," the studious Poet with anguish cries,

"My charms are solemn, fit for souls like thine;

Th' ungenial bosom I can never prize,
But O, thou'rt form'd for rapture all divine!

"Hem will I and thy spirit soaring strain,
When on thy numbers all thy soul shall float;

And when soft Love shall teach thee to proclaim,

My viewless fit dows shall prolong the note.

"They to fond thought shall hang the pleasing part,

Bidding thee ne'er regret the long-fled hour,
But seize the present that floats on as fast,

Nor trust the future's bright delusive pow'r.

"Return my Emma, Yearsley mourns with me,
She longs to hear thy sentiment refin'd;
Ah! let her breathe the congenial sighs with thee,

On the SNOW-DROP.

HAIL, lovely flower, sweet messenger of Spring.

Welcome, fair Snow-drop, to our vernal plains!
Emblem of spotless innocence and peace!
See with what bashful modesty she blooms,
And droops her head, unconscious of her charms.

Why, lovely flower, art thou forbid to bloom
Upon the bosoms of the British fair?
Art thou deserted for the worthless tribes,
That flaunt in grandeur on the gay parade?
Cold nipping frost, that thou canst well endure,
Without one stain upon thy spotless leaves,
Would in an instant wither all their charms,
And blend their boasted beauties with the dust.
So Merit lives neglected by the Great,
The scorn of Fortune, the contempt of Fools,
Yet bears the strokes of adverse Fate unhurt;
While flattery and presumptuous Eloquence
Feeds on the smiles and favours of a Court.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN!

A DIRGE.

By Mr. Burns.

WHEN chill November's furly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening as I wander'd forth,
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wander'st thou?"
Began the reverend sage:

"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woe,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, woe to me, to moan
The miseries of Man.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proof,
That Man was made to mourn!

"O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate passions take the sway,
Licentious passions burn;
Which selfish force gives Nature's law,
That Man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;

Vol. XII,

Man than is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right;
But see him on the verge of death,
With care and sorrows worn,
Thou age and want, O ill-match'd pair!
Shew Man was made to mourn!

"A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
Behold what crows in eve y land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven in our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And Man, whose heav'n erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

"See yonder poor, over-labour'd wight,
So subject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's Law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has Man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But O, a blest relief to those
That weary-labour mourn!

S T A N D E R S

To B E L L A

SWEET girl! on thee the varying year
Its every gift bestows:
Thy cheeks, thy lips, from Spring derive
The beauties of the Rose.

The summer's sun more lustre boasts,
Refracted from your eyes;
And Autumn in thy breast has plac'd
A double Park's prize.
To stamp perfection on thy charms,
Old Winter's store is brought;
The whiteness of his snow he gives,
And spreads it where it ought.

To H Y L L A.
WHILST shady groves and murm'ring
streams
Engage Hyell's care;
I with myself some fragrant flower,
To deck my charmer's hair.
And when Sol's radiant beams can make
The gentle wind carest,
I long to be a zephyr chang'd,
To winton in her breast.

VERSES TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.
I.
ENRAPTUR'D bail'd from thy harmonious
lyre,
Tun'd by Apollo's hand, the numbers flow
With all the warmth of true poetic fire;
In ev'ry line succeeding beauties glow.

II.
Where nervous thought by elegance refin'd,
(That breathes the purest spirit of the Nine)
Sustains and fuses with Harmony combin'd,
United in thy verse conspicuous shine.

III.
Where bold Invention's brightest ray
Illume thee, & thy magic pencil shews;
And Hymn's buoyant Fancy, ever gay,
On thy bliss'd Muse her powerful aid bestows.

IV.
Stretch'd on her wing, through the æther-
rial skies
With rapid flight thy daring genius soars
(Follow'd in van by Wonder's gazing eyes)
To Pindus height, and climes unknown ex-
plores.

V.
Intranc'd within her visionary bowers,
(Where airy shapes and forms celest'ial broog)
Poetic dreams beguile the happy hours,
And with their influence inspire thy song.

VI.
Thou (while the spheres in tuneful con-
cert move,
And charm the ravish'd ear with sounds divine)
The sister muses of the sacred grove
Around thy holy altar burning laurelswine.

VII.
Thus plac'd by Muses on her throne sub-
lime,
Thou shalt Eternity to blast thy fame;
That will outlive the power of mould'ring
Time,
And distant ages echo Hayley's name.

VIII.

Forgive the theme my infant muse aspires,
And smile complacent on these feeble lays;
Where (tho' thy worth a nobler strain re-
quires)
The admiring heart an unseign'd tribute pays.
P. B—o.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MISS
LANGHAM.

WHAT'S human life? A visionary state,
Checker'd with sufferings, pre-ordain'd
by Fate.
Ah! what is death! A sure release from
pain,
The Hero's triumph, and the Christian's
gum
Thou cease to mourn that Juliana sleeps;
Remembrance her fair image sacred keeps.
Of polish'd form, and manners high refin'd,
A brilliant genius, and an active mind;
A heart inclin'd to every virtuous end,
A dutious daughter, tender sister, friend;
Like an exotic in this changing clime,
She bloom'd and faded in the hour of prime:
Heaven saw the conflict, and secur'd the
prize,
So fix'd her station in her native skies!

ANN MURRY

L A P L A N D S O N G.

By Sir M W RIDLEY.

THE snows are dissolving on Torne's rude
side,
And the ice of Lulhea flows down the dark
tides!
Thy dark streams, O Lulhea! flow freely
away,
And the frow-drop unfolds her pale beau-
ties to day.
Remote, the keen terrors of winter retire,
Where the North's dancing streamers re-
lucate their fire,
Where the sun's genial beams swell the bud
on the tree,
And herald aunts forth her wild warblings
in the glades.
The rein deer, unharnes'd, in freedom shall
play,
And safe't over Odon's steep precipice stray;
The wolf to the forests' recesses shall fly,
And howl to the moon, as she glides thro'
the sky.
Then haste, my fair Lhea! ah! haste to thy
gulf!
And pass the sweet season in rapture and
love;
In youth let our bosoms with extacy glow,
For the winter of life ne'er a transport can
know.

Newcastle, Jan 9, 1787.

P O E T R Y.

On FRIENDSHIP.

By a LADY.

FRRIENDSHIP, thou balm to every bleed-
ing wound,
Sweet social power, but seldom art thou found;
Yet oft like a phenomenon appears,
To soothe pale grief, and stop her gushing
tears.

Yet rests not here, but like refreshing showers,
Where'er it goes, the healing balsam pours;
And learns the smiling infant's lisping tongue,
To bless the donor as he goes along.

Friendship! extensive virtue of the mind,
For ever lovely, and for ever kind;
The greatest comfort we can taste below,
Without thee, life's a cheerless scene of woe.
But Flattery oft assumes fair Friendship's
name,
And dwells alone with Folly, Wealth and
Fame.

But when Distress appears the phantom flies,
And from the ruin'd mansion turns her eyes.
If Fortune flies, and Friendship still remains,
It soothes our woes, and mitigates our pains;
Her bounty wafts us to some blissful shore,
Where Pain and Misery are beheld no more.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

SEE where the rosy-footed Spring
Dances forth in trim array,
Blithe as an Eastern bridal Queen,
To wed the lamp of day.

And see! where rising nature homage
pays,
And all her breathing incense pours
along;

The softest gales, the shrillest warblers
lays,

The streams sweet murmur, and the
poets song,

All, all are thine! Earth, Air, and Sea,
and Sky;

All wake for thee, fair Spring, their sweetest
minstrelsy.

II.

I too the gentle influence feel,
And join the rapt'rous choral song,
And touch the lyre, as soft I feel
Oh Cam! —thy banks along

There on those banks no myrtle breathes
perfume.

No rose unfolds its blushing beauties
there,

No tulip there displays its gaudy bloom,
No stately lily decks the bright parterre;

Enclos'd within the garden's bright do-
main,

There all in Eastern pride still hold their
golden reign.

III.

Yet Nature o'er the ~~land~~ ~~scattered~~
Scatters wild beauties bright and gay,
And up the Spring, a numerous train,
As fair and sweet as they.

To me the violet has a bilmy sweet,
To me the kingcup scatters golden hues,
Ev'n in the primrose simple beauties move,
Ev'n the meek daisy can instruct the
muse:

Mid fields in silent wonder she can stand,
And ev'n in field-flowers trace a master's
matchless hand.

IV.

And see! the sportive sun-beams play,
Dancing on the crisped stream;
While thousand insects, light and gay,
Swift o'er the surface skim.

Nor does in vain the stately cygnet sail,
Nor roving bees buzz on the flowery
brink,

Nor fishes down the silver current steal,
Nor little songsters on the margin drink,
And playful eel their glossy pinions ply,
While with their feather'd mates they ver-
nal gambols try.

V.

Oh Spring! — I love thy gentle reign! —
Yet I could leave thee, gentle
Spring,

If so His wisdom might ordain,
Who reigns, thy smiling King.

Yes, all thy clouds and skies of silver hues,
Thy meads, and vales, soft gales, and
glossy bloom,

I'd leave them all, to friendly to the muse,
Should but thy Sov'reign say, Behold!
I come.

And shatter'd too might sleep this feeble
lyre,

Might I but hear, and view, and join th' im-
mortal choir.

VI.

What tho' I love thee, Spring, thou art fair
Yet there's a brighter Spring above
Gay laughs the Sun the living year
And all is light and love.

There gales immortal Socrates' breath
around,

There shine fair smiling fruits and gol-
den flowers.

Cherish'd, luxuriant on the laughing ground
With Heaven's best dews, and pu-
ambrosial flowers.

There happy spirits rest, their conquest won
And from heavenly trees a new
withering crown.

AN ODE TO HEALTH.

By Mr. WEBB.

Imitated from the Greek of Athenæus.

FIRST-BORN of Heaven! for without thee

Blest HEALTH, the Gods themselves wou'd be

Oppress'd by Immortality!

Come then, thou best of blessings! come,

And make my humble roof thy home,

Propitious come, and shed a ray

Of gladness on my setting day.

For if there be in wealth & charm,

If joys the parent's bosom warm,

Whate'er the good, to thee 'tis given

To perfect ev'ry boon of Heaven.

If diadems the fancy please,

Thy hand must make them sit with ease:

Lost without thee were *Cupid's* wiles,

And *Venus* owes thee half her smiles.

Whate'er we hope, whate'er endure,

Thou giv'st the enjoyment, or the cure;

Where'er thou spread'st thy balmy wing,

Ills vanish, blooming pleasures spring;

All wishes meet in thee alone,

For *Happiness* and HEALTH are one!

THE VISION.

By a YOUNG LADY.

I WAS on a summer eve the setting sun
 On and on the western sky his parting light,

When ere the sable reign of night begun,

A form majestic stood before my sight,

And thus she spoke—"Ambition is my name,

I bring a message from the Court of Fame."

Then said, she pointed to a glistening spire,

That elevated to eminence sublime;

"To that (the city'd) direct each fond desire;

That pile of glory scoras the hand of time;

For there the trumpet of immortal Fame

Shall to the world each glorious deed proclaim.

Mistaken mortal! leave this hurblé vale,

For sake these bowers of indolence and ease,

To welcome ambrosial fragrance scents the gale,
 And Fancy forms ten thousand scenes to please.

Then mount my wing (the radiant Goddess crown'd)

With me explore the regions of the skies."

The pleasing scene charm'd my raptur'd ears;

My eager eyes the blissful scenes survey;

Attend'd to her words, devoid of fear,

Nor knew the perils of the dapperous way.

Then, to an heavenly form, divinely bright,

Descends from Heaven before my glistening sight.

At her divine approach the fair disguise

Which flattering Ambition long had wore,

Fell from her form! Away the fury flies,

And in an instant was beheld no more.

Astonishment and terror fill'd my breast,

When by the angelic guide I was address'd:

"My name is Virtue, and the Child of Heaven:

I came to save thee from Ambition's snare;

To teach poor erring mortals I was given,

And guide their steps from ruin and despair."

This said, the blooming Seraph took her flight:

Her beauties vanish'd in the shades of night.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

By WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.
 of the Temple.

I

WHAT Nature, alas! has denied

To the delicate growth of our isle,

Art has in a measure supplied,

And Winter is deck'd with a smile.

See, *Mary*, what beauties I bring

From the shelter of that sunny shed,

Where the flow'rs have the charms of the

Spring,

Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

II.

'Tis a bower of *Arcadian* sweets, &

Where *Flora* is still in her prime,

A fortress to which she retreats,

From the cruel assaults of the clime.

While earth wears a mantle of snow,

These pinks are as fresh and as gay

As the fairest and sweetest that blow

On the beautiful bosom of *May*.

III.

See how they have safely surviv'd

The frowns of a sky so severe—

Such *Mary's* true love, that has liv'd

Through many a turbulent year.

The charms of the late blowing rose

Seems grac'd with a velvet hue,

And the winter of sorrow best shows

The stuth of a friend—such as you.

L I N E S

On observing some Names of little Note recorded in the BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

By the SAME.

O! if fond attempt to give a deathless hit

To names ignoble, born to be forgot!

In vain recorded in historic page,

They court the notice of the future age;

Those twinkling may lustrés of the land

Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand;

Letæan gulphs receive them as they fall,

And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,

Has burnt to under a stale last year's news,

The

P O E T R Y.

The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
There goes my Lady, and there goes the
Squire ;
There goes the Parson, ah illustrious spark !
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the
Clerk !

LINES written by the late KING of
PRUSSIA, on the different Effects of
TOO-MUCH and NOTHING.

“ By sound Reason we’re all taught,
“ Too-much of ANY THING is good for
NOTHING.”

TOO MUCH rest our genius dulls,
Too much love disturbs the brain,
Too much learning makes us fools,
Too much business gives us pain.
Too much physic makes us worse,
From too much cunning cheating grows,
Too much vigour is a curse,
From too much saving avarice flows.
Too much courage makes us rash,
From too much riches trouble springs.
Too great honours are but trash,
Too much pleasure sickness brings.
By too much confidence we lose,
From too much wit what mischief rises ;
Too much freedom’s an abuse,
Too much good-nature is not wise.
Too much politeness is a thrall ;
Yet all these things we blessings call.
But if we rightly will attend,
On NOTHING all our ills depend.
Nothing holds aloft the scales,
And o’er ev’ry thing prevails ;
Nothing makes us dangers dare ;
Nothing makes us oft despair .
On nothing all our efforts vain,
For nothing oft our bosoms burn ;
War from nothing springs ; and, Love,
All thy joys a nothing prove.

The DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

By Mr. FRENCH, an American Poet.

THIS antique dome the mould’ring tooth
of Time
Now level with the dust has almost laid,
Yet ere ’tis gone, I fix my humble rhymes
On these low runs, that his years have
made.

Behold the unsozial hearth!—where once
the fire
Blaz’d high, and check’d the wintry tra-
visiter’s mass ;
See the weak roof, that abler props requires,
Admits the chilling winds, and swifs de-
scending snows.

Here, to forget the labours of the day,
No more the swains at plough and harrow
pair ;

But wandering flocks assume the well-
known way,

To shun the rigors of the midnight air.

In yonder chamber, half to ruin gone,
Once stood the ancient housewife’s curtain’d
bed —

Timely the prudent matron has withdrawn,
And each domestic comfort with her fled.

The trees, the flowers, that her own hand
had rear’d,

The plants, the vines, that were so ver-
dant seen ;

The trees, the flowers, the vines have disap-
pear’d,

And every plant has vanish’d from the
green.

So sits in tears, on wide *Campania’s* plain,
The ancient Mistress of a world enslav’d,
That triumph’d o’er the land, subdu’d the
man,

And Time himself in the wild transport
brav’d.

So sits in tears, on *Palestina’s* shore,
The *Hebrew* town of splendor once divine ;
Her Kings, her Lords, her triumphs are no
more,
Slain are her priests, and ruin’d every
shrine.

Once in the bounds of this sequester’d room,
Perhaps some Swain nocturnal courtship
made,
Perhaps some *Sherlock* mus’d amidst the
gloom,
Since Love and Death for ever seek the
shade !

Perhaps some miser, doom’d to discontent,
Here counted o’er the heaps acquir’d with
pain ;
He to the dust—his gold on traffic sent,
Shall never disgrace the mould’ring walls
again.

Nor shall the glow-worm sopping, sun-damp
bred,
Seek, at the evening hour, this wretched
dome ;
Time has reduc’d the fabric to a heap,
Scarce fit to be the wandering beggar’s
home.

And none but I its piteous tale recount—
None, none, but I, o’er the cold stone
mound,
Sent by the Muse—(the Muse, perhaps, and
I speak)
To shed her latest tears upon its silent urn.

P O E T R Y.

THE PRAYER OF ORPHUS.

By Mr RRENFAU.

SAD Monarch of the World below,
Stein guardian of the dreary shade,
Through thy unlovely realms I go,
To seek a captive thou hast made.
O'er Stygian waters I have pass'd,
Contemning Jere's unjust decree,
And re-herd thy blissful Court at last,
Iq find my l' t' *L'nydce*!

Of all the Nymphs to deck'd and dress'd,
Like *Venus* of the starry tram,—
She was the loveliest and the best,
The pride and glory of the plain!
Oh! free from thy despotic sway
This Nymph of Heav'n-descended charms,
Too soon she came this dusky way—
Restore thy captive to my arms!

As by a stream's fair verdant side
In myrtle shade she rovd along,
A serpent stung her blooming brude,
This brightest of the sem detuning!
The venom besting thro her veins,
Forbid the firez my blood to flow,—
And thus she left the *I q'rim* plains
For these dejected groves below.

Even thou my't' p'ity my fall pain,
Smile Love, with sweet serenity,
I loved the soul we thus receive,
And in *L'nydce* was flow,—
But *L'nydce* is the home of fire—
I then ye stou't h' unwelcome light,—
Madness and Love in you cont'nd
To seize her to the shades of Night!

Her's, I pray to my request,
The vaquid Nymph, for whom I
must,

Must in *Paradise* chambers rest,
And never t' my arms return—
Take *Ophelia* too—h' warm desire
Can ne'er be quell'd by your decree!—
In life or death he must admire—
He must adore *L'nydce*.

S O N G.

INVOCATION TO CUPID.

Written by Mr. BIRCH

Set to Musick by M. SILEVENS.

I.

LET *Venus* from the heavenly sphere,
Let wine the gay inspire,
His foster numbers now engage,
To *Cupid* strike the Lyre!

II.

Hum of immortal birth I sing,
Fair *Venus*' beautiful boy!
Who run'd Apollo's favorite string,
And wak'd the world to joy.

III.

With burnish'd bow and venom'd spear,
Olympu owns his sway;
Who caus'd the mighty Thund'rer there
To fight his hours away.

IV.

In vain we strive *Neopow*'s to fly,
Too sure he aim his dart;
He revels in the brightest eye—
And warms the coldest heart.

V.

O! could those eyes my numbers move,
To comfort as they wound;
My whitest kid, than *God* or *Love*!
Should on thy shrine be bound!

VI.

O! quit the throne of *Flavia*'s eye,
Or *Flavia*'s heart subdue,
Or grant at least the power to fly,
Where *Flavia* can't pursue.

T I M E.

R O N D E A U.

By the S A M E.

TIME like the wing'd courier flies,
When you h'ul pleasures round us roll;
But ah! how faint, how slow he is,
When grief or pain obscures the soul.

No silken cords of love can bind,
Nor wealthy br be intice he fly;
Nor can the me with wretched find
To urge his cruel cold delay

The sons of pleasure never heed
The moments which their transports crown;
Too late perceive the traitor's speed,
And wonder where their joys are flown.
Da Capo.

The sons of woe, with sighs and tears,
With cease tedious minute gone,
Unmov'd the sulc'nt rant hears,
Nor mends his pace, but flambers on.
Da Capo.

INVOCATION TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

I.

UNRIVAL'D songstress of the grove,
Sweet nightingale, renew thy lay,
Where'er the gentle *Laura* roves,
Be thou companion of her way.

II.

The sweetest melodies prepare,
To charm her polish'd tuneful ear,
To sooth her tender bosom's care,
And wake the sadly-pleas'd tear.

III.

And when reclin'd beneath thy thorn,
With thine her thrilling strains combine,
O may she never sing forlorn,
Nor mourn for luckless love like thine!

THLAE

THEATRICAL JOURNAL

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, in CHARACTER,

Spoken by Young SESTINI,
On the opening the THEATRE ROYAL
in the HAY MARKET, May 16, 1787

Written by G. COLMAN

MFERRY's my temper—*Andrew* is my
name
Who has not heard of *McFerry Andrew*' fame?
Or race in *Smithfield* boxed high re-
nown,
But silenced there, and by the law put
down,
It is but lately we return'd to town.
In exile, at rude wakes and country fairs,
From carts or bairns, or booths, we look'd
our wars,
But now shall back to *London*, and we'll pass,
Once more in town we mount on the parade
My genius has her's eyes at *Dunbar*'s,
The *Great Gander* if my *Sure* retain,
And I'll ever it's *exemplar* of
Here in *the* *the* *the* *the* *the* *the*
Here that I said, and at the *Summer*
round
At even tide no penny trumpet sound,
"Ladies walk not yet going to begin"
"Rare entertainment! Gentlemen walk
Next morning too, to make wife *Criticks*
wiers,
Our Bills shall tell' never Advertiser,
"Of birds of laughter, high't approbation,
"In und'ring applause, and shouts of ac-
clamation,
"The House is crowded, that you scarce
could sit,
"O' flowing boxes, gallies red pit'
"While every lady who the Play-house
Is humbly begg'd to send *me* for
places."
Such are our arts—and though in crowd
Criticks laugh
Much is the force of pull and perch
Worth, sterling worth for ever more gain,
Yet every *Merit*, *Andrew* has
A reign, though short, that his *the* purpose
fits,
Who turns and shifts, and loves upon his
wits
In *Physic*, *Mountebanks* still rise to view,
At once *grave Doctors*, *drill Mock Doctors*
too,
Some *Andrew* still in *Lawyer's gown* de-
ceives,
And some *Jack-Puddings* roar in pudding
sleeves!
Yet from the stage we first deriv'd our
birth,
And still the Stage acknowledges our worth,

My genius hits our Leader to a title
Partial perhaps, because, like him, *the*
Singing impatiently has spent his'd hours,
Boldly he takes the field with half his pow'r at
From France he brings a mode that saves
much trouble,
For there, it seems, great Play'rs have catch'd
their doubt's
With *royals* now he opens the campaign:
His mighty Chiefs will fight at *Dunbar*'s,
Like *Brobdignags* at *Covent Garden* Street,
And view from high—our realm of *Lithpold*.
Yet shall our noble troops, with zeal and spir-
it,
Mile up by ardour, what they want in merit
Some your old soldiers are, some new re-
cruits,
Who of their labors bring you the first-fruits:
And if beneath this day they feel no loss,
They'll fight, perhaps,—North East of
Charing Cross

[On the opening of the Theatre, on 7th May, 1787,
the first seven lines were omitted, and the Address
was less flowery]

Just as the Ocean of *Dramatic* strife,
Will to live and struggle hard for life,
By this we rise and sink, by drowning
men,
Just paper our heads up, and plung'd down
again
Let now the *Winter* waves at length
be rid,
If it is, *each* returning tide
we will hope on *Summer* seas to glide!
Safe in our *recess* at, while a *proportion*
of pale
We'll *renew* the *zeal* fills our little sail
Just as the *ROYALTY* *THEATRE* after a
few months opened again with a species
of entertainment, which if less agreeable to
the public than the *Dem*, may probably
be more useful than the *Law*. It
was first address'd by Mr. Palmer, a
traveller in *Italy*, called *The Birth-Day*, or
the Arcadian Contest, and a *Pantomime*,
entitled *Robinson's* *Crisis*, or *the* *the* *the* *the* *the* *the*
the *the*, with our *allusions* and *occu-*
asional *variations*, have been repeated ever
since with some success, as again to *revive*
the spirit of opposition to the continuing the
Theatre open. The result will probably be
a determination in *Westminster Hall*, if not
in *Parliament*.

7. A new Comedy called *The Country*
Attorney was performed for the first time
at the Haymarket Theatre, the characters of
which were thus represented:
Sterling, (the Attorney) Mr. Bentley.
Indiscreet, — — — Mr. Brown.
Worldly, — — — Mr. Aiken.
Conceited, — — — Mr. Johnson.

Lepd

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

Lord Milla-
more, Sir Wil-
ful Wayward,
Volatile,
Frederick,
Lucy,
Arabella Gren-
ville,
And Lady Rus-
tic,

Mr. R. Palmer.
 Mr. Kemble.
 Mr. Bannister, jun.
 Mrs. Bulkeley.
 Miss Brangin.
 Miss Woolery.
 Miss Farren.

This Comedy is the production of Mr. Cumberland, author of the *West-Indian*, and other pieces.

The story is briefly this.

Sir Wilful Wayward is set against his son Frederick, and has chosen Mr. Worldly for his son-in-law, whose spouse being rather more anxious to pursue her personal pleasures, than to do the duties of a wife, consults self-gratification solely. Worldly, on the other hand, keeps steadily to his interest, and watches all opportunities to further it. Lady Rustic, the young and beautiful wife of Sir John Rustic, an old sot in the country, whom she has left at home, is a visitor at the house of the Worldlys, where she meets Lord Milla-mour, the common admirer of new faces, but who becomes a convert to her charms. Frederick has privately wedded Arabella Grenville, and the play opens with a quarrel between him and Volatile, on account of the latter's having blabbed his marriage to his father, though he had not discovered the name of the lady. Early in the piece Mr. Sterling, an honest, and nobly disinterested *Country Attorney*, arrives in town with the news that Sir John Rustic is no more, and that after leaving his lady, whom he had married for love without any fortune, a comfortable jointure, he has constituted Arabella his heiress, and earnestly recommended an union between Frederick Wayward and Arabella, in order to unite two worthy minds, as well as to join a couple of contiguous estates. Sir Wilful is greatly hurt at hearing this latter circumstance, and the Worldlys are thrown into the utmost confusion by the whole of the news. As Volatile had got into a scrape with Frederick by telling of his marriage, he is resolved to redeem his character by resisting his propensity to let the secret fully forth, and therefore, in an interview with the Baronet, declares, that his son is married to Lady Harriet Homely, an old maiden, neighbour of Sir Wilful. This information fires the father with additional rage; and he forbids his son, on any pretext, to introduce his wife into his presence. In the mean time, Volatile has contrived that Sir Wilful should see Arabella, who enraptures him with her beauty, her good sense, her modest demeanour, and her virtuous excellencies.—The effect of her charms adds to his mortification, by reflecting that his son has, by a previous marriage, put it out of his power to fulfil the purpose of Sir John Rustic; but he

feels some comfort in the idea that he has happily disposed of his daughter, and determines to disinherit his son and make Worldly his heir. This gleam of hope is, however, dissipated by his daughter's desiring a private interview, in which she describes the true character of her husband, and paints him in striking colours as a domestic tyrant, and a man wholly destitute of either principles or honour. Worldly finds that such a discovery has been made, and writes his wife a letter in order to bring about a reconciliation; but upon hearing from the maid, the tendency of the conversation between her mistress and Sir Wilful, recalls his letter, and by a mistake of the maid gets possession of a *bullet-doux* from Mrs. Worldly to Col. Dormant her gallant. This proving that they are equally profligate, mutual safety dictates a reconciliation, and the quarrel is made up. At length, however, an *celebre foment* takes place, and Sir Wilful is overwhelmed with joy on discovering that his son has married the heiress.

This is one of those hasty productions by which Mr. Cumberland has been gradually writing down his reputation, ever since the appearance of the *West-Indian*. It had no novelty, and but little to commend either in character, humour, or wit; though it possessed some merit in the easy, and in a few places appropriate, dialogue. It was represented with great excellence by the actors, but was so coldly received by the audience as to be laid aside after four performances. A Prologue by the author was spoken by Mr. Bensley, and an Epilogue by Mr. Colman, by Miss Farren.

19. *Venice Preserved* was performed at the Hay-market, for the benefit of Mr. Browne; *Belvidera* by Miss Eccles. This *Lady*, who on this occasion appeared the first time in London, is from York, and has acquired considerable fame in the country. She possesses a good stage figure, and a powerful voice, the plaintive notes of which are extremely affecting. Her countenance is striking and expressive, though her features want that predominant share of softness and regularity that constitutes what is deemed beauty. On the whole, she acquitted herself very creditably, and promises to be an acquisition to the stage.

P R O L O G U E

ON OPENING THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, at MARGATE,
JUNE 27, 1782.

Written by MILES F. ANDREWS, Esq.

TO you, kind Patrons of this infant pile,
Whole generous eddies taught our Sopes
to smile;

By whose protecting hands this song we rear,
 To Nature sacred, and to Genius dear.
 Soon as these echoing walls resounding found
 The grateful warblings of the Muse around,
 Glad we record the praise that's justly due,
 And our first votive strains are given to you
 Nor deem it rash if humbly we essay
 To paint the plaudits of our future day;
 To show how ev'ry laurel we obtain,
 Will in your scolding bosom bloom again:
 Each rising plant, which hither here brought
 forth,
 May give the promise of maturing worth;
 On these propitious boards first held to view,
 Shall owe its fortune and its fame to you
 Nor less the harvest of those fruits you'll
 share,
 Whose cultur'd produce speaks the guardian
 care,
 Nor that with us you pass the casual day,
 And wear the unimportant time away
 Our weak endeavours, and our feeble
 powers,
 May help to sweeten your domestic hours.
 Here as we picture hapless Juliet's doom,
 And mark the horrors of her early tomb,
 Your youthful daughters from that tale of
 woe,
 Shall learn to dread the pangs themselves
 may know;
 Shall strive to combat 'gainst that tyrant
 Love,
 Nor look for nuptial bliss till you approve.
 The deep distress that wrings the soul of
 Lear,
 Shall raise that loveliest gem, the filial tear
 Then, when our little evening talk is o'er,
 And each one seeks his hospitable door,
 Still as you sit around your social board,
 With neatness deck'd, with frugal plenty
 stor'd,
 Your prattling children, more reflective
 grown,
 Will sip the story'd sorrows we have
 shewn;
 And while to their young minds again you
 bring
 The poignant sorrows of the good old King,
 Touch'd to the heart, the sympathizing band
 With streaming eyes will dew their parent's
 hand,
 And in each truckling drop unerring prove,
 The soft effusions of their dutiful love;
 While rising Edgars in your boys you see,
 And clasp a young Cordelia on your knee,
 Oh may you still enjoy, while long you
 live,
 These dearest transports which the Muse
 can give!
 May this fair town, where Health, with ro-
 seate charms,
 Woods pile Dissale to her refreshing arms,
 From whole kind wave life's choicest blef-
 sing flows,
 Itself feel every comfort it bestows.

Spoken on Wednesday, July 1st, 1800,
 at the Theatre Royal in London.

Written by Mr. HICKCROFT.

IN times long past, a Goddess, sweet
 young,
 Forth from the bosom of Old Ocean sprung,
 Her form more beautiful, far more fair her
 form,
 Than her's whom poets sea-burn'd Venus
 name,
 Not from light foam, unseemly, did she
 rise,
 But stately abodes, where buried lies,
 In many a sapphire cave and coral bed,
 All that o'erwhelming waters keep con-
 ceal'd.
 Bedeck'd with agate, pearls and gems, she
 came—
 Mankind to bless—and Commerce was her
 name.
 Nor Wealth alone, but Wisdom with her
 rose,
 And all that philosophic Science knows;
 While ev'ry art throng'd after in her train,
 Bless'd in her presence, happy in her reign;
 So boundless were her gifts, her views so
 vast
 So much all human hopes her pow'r sur-
 pass'd,
 The bleak black rocks, and rugged naked
 shoals,
 Lash'd by the raging surge, that ceaseless
 roars,
 Were chang'd, wh'er'er she came, in Fate's
 despite,
 To cities fair, and gardens of delight!
 And nations, mighty while they own'd her
 sway,
 By her forsaken, fell to sad decay!
 Rich in her bounties, Albion, Queen of
 Isles
 And this, her fairest mart, enjoy her smiles:
 Her ships, deep-freighted, here she daily
 brings,
 No wind that blows but some rich cargo
 brings,
 From pole to pole her ready cruisers run,
 Couling the Zodiac swifter than the sun;
 Sucking profusely, o'er these wealthy
 plains,
 The choicest products that the world con-
 tains!
 The Goddess here, adorned with honours
 bright,
 Delights to dwell—
 So may she still delight in our fair town:
 Fix her abode, till she be no more;
 Where Commerce, with her Muse, have
 appear'd,
 Sure to be found the rewards that she bestows;

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

The Drama long,
 With wit, and winking long,
 High praise, and in a sportive mask,
 By Mirth effecting Wisdom's noblest task,
 Has here met that applause past ages shew,
 And learn'd and polish'd people must be-
 flow.

For me, call'd hither by your friendly
 voice,
 Conscious how much I'm honour'd in your
 choice —

Feeling the attitude that way is due,
 I purport one sole object to pursue—
 Your pleasure—Should I fail, impute it
 still

To want of faculties, but not of will.
 Of all the hopes which yet my heart retains,
 Not one more near it fits—more potent
 reigns—

Than when, some few months hence I'm
 warn'd away,

To hear you, friends and patrons, kindly say
 I've acted (as I ought to bid adieu)
 Worthy the place I fill'd—and worthy
 You!

The OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WEAVER,

IN THE CHARACTER OF A SUSSEX CLOWN,
 At the Opening of the Theatre at BRIGHT-
 HEMINGTON.

Written by — ALLEN, Esq. of Lewes.

[*Entering he beckons.*]

HIP! Measter, come, the gentlefolks are
 a ring

What, will these women never cease their
 prating!

Measter, I know, has got a world to say,
 A hugeous debt of gratitude to pay
 For heaps of kindness he receiv'd last year;
 But why the dickens don't the man appear?

[*(Goes to the side) one card returns*]

Tho' a Fox, he's so plagny modest, he can't
 move:

He says, if you his best intent approve,
 Tho' small his merit, yet to please he'll try,
 The rest he knows—your goodness will sup-
 ply;

His tongue denies the thanks his heart con-
 ceals,

And what he cannot speak, he says, he

So here I'll say—Downright's my plan,
 To say, if you'll say, if HONEST MAN

Strikes, or not, both men and maids be-

But times are scarce, and we're rarely men-
 tion'd

Oh! how modestly is plebs now,
 Let my place wit, and I'll show you how.

I lov'd a wealthy squire, a nobleman's kcer,
 A p'nt, rather, simple soul as you've seen;

His wife, true London-mould, a high-flown
 dame,

One, I believe, the Devil could not tame;
 Scornful and proud, she jeer'd each simple
 clown

With fine new-fangled words she brought
 from town:

She'd sigh and rave, and cry with fancied
 grief,

For which a Colonel was the best relief:
 He'd strut and swear, O, twas a gallant
 show!

His head was like a furze bush topt with
 snow.

Loering and orling they'd together sit;
 The folk in London call it TIT A-TIT.

But I was such a bashful oat, dye see,
 That I could scarce bring in the gear for ter,
 Tho'gh will'ng much to gain my Lady's fa-
 vour,

And before strangers shew my best beha-
 viour;

At last I ventur'd, though half dead with
 fear,

The tea-board in my hand, the kettle here;

[*Pointing to his finger.*]

I made my bow, but, sad mishap to tell,
 My foot in th' carpet hitch'd, and down I fell.

Mishap ne'er comes alone—for, in my fall,
 Away went kettle, china, board, and all.

Madam squalls, the dog barks, the Colonel
 roars,

And poor Pilgullie was kick'd out of doors.
 But here, where still the brighter virtues
 reign,

The bashful man shall never see in vain,
 Sound your applauses, then, with British spirit,
 To modest worth that's join'd, like yours,
 with merit.

P R O L O G U E

Delivered at the Manchester Theatre, March
 26, 1787, on the Revival of the New Way
 to pay Old Debts

DRAMATIC traders, every taste to fit,
 Imp'd French sentiment and High Dutch
 wit,

While we, our staple-poetry decry'd,
 Urge to our loss the literary trade;

To-night we give, attempting a reverse,
 A chosen sample of old English verse;

Proud to out-do, in strength and lasting
 show,

The gaudiest hue that foreign arts bestow.
 And here, where female genius oft displays
 The *pur si* moral and the *chaste* phrase;

While tedious scenes of Pantomimic art
 Awake the feelings and amend the heart;

When active Luu's some high achievement
 tries,

And "black and bold" Fate's fiercest frown
 decess,

Melts

Melts with a thump, or scurries with a tumble,
 While o'er his head the wooden thunders
 rattle;
 Forgive the zeal that to your view conveys
 The praise and monuments of elder days.
 Tho' here no Princes strut with Beffam-
 ars,
 No lover whimpers, and no tygant—swears;
 Or rabble, when the hero 'c in no more,
 Breaks up the plot—by breaking up the door;

Yet well you may be sure
 Honoring nature's art, while
 The just distinction
 And the use of things down of ancient times
 In hand and whiskers scarce methinks
 The awful ghost of English Poetry;
 I see his eyes inflamed with noble rage,
 Draw up the curtain—let him treat
 Rage.

AN ACCOUNT OF THREE VOLCANOS in the MOON

By WILLIAM HERSCHEL, L. L. D. F. R. S.

[Read before the ROYAL SOCIETY, April 26, 1787.]

IT will be necessary to say a few words by way of introduction to the account I have to give of some appearances upon the moon, which I perceived the 19th and 20th of this month. The phenomena of nature, especially those that fall under the inspection of the astronomer, are to be viewed not only with the usual attention to facts as they occur, but with the eye of reason and experience. In this we are however not allowed to depart from plain appearances, though their origin and signification should be indicated by the most characterizing features. Thus when we see on the surface of the moon, a great number of elevations, from half a mile to a mile and a half in height, we are strictly entitled to call them mountains, but when we attend to their particular shape, in which many of them resemble the craters of our volcanos, and thence to conjecture, that they owe their origin to the same cause which has modelled many of these, we may be said to see by analogy, or with the eye of reason. Now, in this latter case, though it may be convenient, in speaking of phenomena, to use expressions that can only be justified by reasoning upon the facts themselves, it will certainly be the fairest way not to neglect a full description of them, that it may appear to others how far we have been authorized to use the mental eye. This being premised, I may safely proceed to give my observations,

April 19 1787, 10 h. 36 min sidereal time.

I perceived three volcanos in different places of the dark part of the new-moon. Two of them are either nearly extinct, or otherwise in a state of going to break out, which perhaps may be decided next lunation. The third shews an actual eruption of fire, or luminous matter. I measured the distance of one crater from the northern limb of the moon, and found it 3^d 57th sec. 3. Its light is much brighter than the nucleus of the comet which M. Maccaria discovered at Padua the 24th of this month.

April 20, 1787, 10 h. 2 min sidereal time.

The volcano burns with greater violence than last night. I believe its diameter exceeds that of the Georgian planet, by comparing it with that of the Georgian planet. As Jupiter was near its hand, I turned the telescope to his third satellite, and estimated the diameter of the burning part of the volcano to be equal to at least twice that of the satellite. Hence we may compute that the shining or burning matter must be at least three miles in diameter. It is of an irregular round figure, and very sharply delineated on the edges. The other two volcanos are much farther towards the centre of the moon, and resemble large petty satellite nebulae. They are gradually much brighter in the middle, but no well-defined luminous spot can be discerned in them. These three spots are plainly to be distinguished from the rest of the marks upon the moon; for the reflection of the sun's rays from the earth is, in its present situation, sufficiently bright, with a ten-foot reflector, to shew the moon's spots, even the darkest of them; nor did I perceive any similar phenomena last lunation, though I then viewed the same places with the same instrument.

The appearance of what I have called the actual fire or eruption of a volcano, exactly resembled a small piece of burning char-coal, when it is covered by a very thin coat of white ashes, which frequently subsides, when it has been some time heated, and it had a degree of brightness, about as strong with which such a coal would be seen to glow in faint day-light.

All the adjacent parts of the volcano mountain seemed to be illuminated by the eruption, and were consequently more obscure as they lay at a greater distance from the crater.

This eruption is the same which I saw on the 19th of this month in the year 1783, an account of which, with other remarkable particulars relating to the volcano mountain.

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more than in the moon, shall take an opportunity of communicating to the Society. It differed, however, considerably in magnitude and brightness; for the volcano of the year 1783, though much brighter than that which is now burning, was not nearly so large in the dimensions of its eruption the

former seen in the telescope resembled a star of the fourth magnitude as it appears to the natural eye, this, on the contrary, shews a visible disk of luminous matter, very different from the sparkling brightness of star-light.

WILLIAM HERSCHEL *

"*Slough, near Windsor, 4, 11 21, 1787*"

EXTRACT from the REPORT of the COMMITTEE of the HOUSE of COMMONS, appointed to inquire into the RETURNS made by the OVERSEERS OF THE POOR, relative to the STATE of the POOR.

THAT your Committee have, in pursuance of the directions of the House, inspected and considered the said returns, and observe, that they have been made from all the parishes and townships to which the acts and schedules were sent pursuant to the directions of the said acts, amounting in the whole to near thirteen thousand except from some particular parishes and townships.

And your Committee have reason to believe, that many of those which now appear to be defective will be corrected by the ownership of the parishes, some of which have actually been made.

Your Committee consider that the Poors of the rapid increase of their expenses in 1776, and the present year, have been a consequence of the abolition of what the

expenses were in the year 1776, when returns of a like nature were procured that the medium annual increase of expenses in nine years, beginning at Easter 1766, and ending at Easter 1765, amounts to 474 4/8 5/10d.

Your Committee further beg leave to observe, that they have great hopes some plan will be formed when the returns have been considered, for the future care and more economical regulation of the poor, which may considerably reduce the general expense of the poor, and that some provisions will be made in such regulations, which may greatly lessen the county expenses, and also considerably reduce, if not totally put an end to officers charges respecting entertainments and law business, &c.

* The Situation of a letter written by M. GIBBON, Member of the Göttingen Society, to M. DE LA MEHERRIE, containing a more circumstantial account of Mr. Herschel's discovery of three volcanos in the moon.

SIR,

"MR. Herschel has lately discovered of the greatest consequence, of which I have had the opportunity to be an eye witness. He has observed last month, one or two days after the new moon, in the dark part of it three luminous points — Two of these points were near each other, and then they grew so weak. The third, which he judged to be about three English miles in diameter, exhibited a much stronger and a redder light. Thus he compared to a burning coal covered with ashes. These points he immediately conceived to be burning volcanos, the two first being either nearly extinguished or beginning to burn, and the third a fire of actual eruption.

Mr. Herschel desired to communicate this discovery to the Royal Society; and the philosophers in this matter impatiently waited for the next new moon, which would necessarily confirm the observation, because one eruption could not probably continue above a month, and consequently the phenomena would be entirely different, if Mr. Herschel's conjecture was well-founded.

Friday last, the 18th, the first day of the new moon, several philosophical gentlemen attended Mr. Herschel at his house in the country, but the weather was so cloudy to permit any observation. The next day I did myself the honour to visit him with two of my friends. Fortunately the sky was perfectly clear. After having examined, during two hours, the enlightened part of the moon, by means of Mr. Herschel's astonishing instruments, of which it is impossible to form an adequate idea without having seen them, we directed the telescope to the dark part of this lumina, and the conjecture of this great astronomer was instantly confirmed. The two first-mentioned luminous points had totally disappeared, and the fire of the other was become pale and weak. The diameter of its crater was increased to about six miles. Next month it will probably be entirely invisible.

This discovery of volcanos in the moon is a proof that the matter of which it is composed is similar to that of our earth, and also proves the existence of a lunar atmosphere, which some philosophers have doubted. The science of astronomy is therefore infinitely indebted to the skill of Mr. Herschel.

This phenomenon was also seen by Count Bruhl, M. Cavendish, M. Aubert, &c."

ABSTRACT

ABSTRACT of the OVERSEERS' RETURNS.

ENGLAND.

Names of Counties.	Money raised by A. Ass. in 1776, for the year ending the last return made to Parliament			Net Expenses for the Poor in 1776, taken from the Returns then made to Parliament (being the last return made to Parliament)		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Bedford	22	16	8	6	16	66
Berks	6	16	1	4	36	18
Bucks	28	39	15	3	31	16
Cambridge	2	5	1	7	18	11
Chesler	40	17	11	11	29	14
Cornwall	31	11	8	—	22	00
Cumberland	12	16	11	8	8	09
Derby	24	04	11	3	17	11
D. von	8	12	13	4	6	81
Dorset	35	315	1	9	24	538
Durham	22	1	—	2	14	19
Essex	10	068	5	8	74	67
Gloucester	7	208	7	5	53	812
Hertford	13	178	—	8	13	392
Huntingd n	13	503	1	7	7	059
Kent	116	177	1	11	8	151
Leic. Per	8	95	13	2	5	220
Leicester	5	148	11	11	21	34
Lincoln	4	8	1	3	31	8
Middlesex	103	11	10	2	80	26
Monmouth	6	449	11	1	39	061
W. of Middlesex	5	11	1	8	44	969
Northampton	101	2	3	1	5	5
Northampton	49	0	8	10	3	2
Northumb. & C.	21	765	13	3	14	638
Nottingham	21	461	4	8	11	833
Oxford	40	116	2	4	28	750
Rutland	3	750	0	0	2	644
Salop	36	116	5	6	22	316
Somerset	76	946	5	8	5	171
Southampton	68	822	1	8	4	48
Stafford	45	215	14	—	3	1

Suffolk	1	1	1	1	1	1
Surrey	20	79	6	—	—	—
Suffex	79	471	4	11	—	—
Warwick	67	772	17	6	21	070
Westmoreland	5	042	7	9	2	834
Wills	67	127	—	11	54	021
Worcester	38	307	16	—	26	757
York E. R.	16	090	16	9	11	036
North do.	23	077	—	9	12	616
West do.	7	07	11	5	52	688

W A L E S.

Anglesey	1	218	—	11	—	169
Brecon	4	673	12	1	2	407
Cardigan	2	617	2	8	1	084
Cardarvan	6	7	14	10	2	548
Cardarvon	1	797	13	7	47	17
Denbigh	11	48	17	—	5	364
Flint	8	310	1	5	4	023
G. of Merioneth	1	351	9	8	6	210
Merioneth	2	76	13	11	1	046
Morg. every	9	827	11	1	5	508
Pembroke	5	79	3	7	3	049
Radnor	4	351	15	2	1	254

T O T A L.

England	2,215,77	2	5	1,496,329	6	3
Wales	69,12	16	9	33,650	13	10
Total	2,284,894	8	11	1,529,978	—	3

Total sum raised in England and Wales for the poor in 1784 ———— £ 1,185,189
 Ditto 1783 ———— £ 1,132,488
 The accumulation for the years 1783, 1784, and 1785, annually raised for the poor in England and Wales 2,002,208
 From this sum, deduct the total of the net expenses, in 1776 £. (as given above) 1,529,780
 And the CLEARANCE of the poor in 1785, (that is, in only one year) will be found to be 474,428

SENTENCE passed by the Court of KING'S BENCH, on Tuesday, June 26, (on the Prosecution of the Countess of STRATHMORE) against ANDREW R. BOWEN, Esq. EDWARD LUCAS, MARK P. O. S. T., CHARLES CHAPMAN, WILLIAM PUGH, JOHN BIGHLEY, HENRY LOWRNE, and THOMAS BOWEN.

Mr. Justice Buller gave notice, that the Court were going to give judgment against the defendants.
 He stated the nature of the offence, which was, that they had conspired falsely to imprison the Countess of Strathmore, for the purpose of preventing the Ecclesiastical Court from proceeding in a suit instituted by her Ladyship against Andrew Robinson Bowen. He then stated the evidence given upon the trial of the information, the charge to the Jury, and their verdict, which was guilty against all the defendants.

His Lordship then entered into a comment upon that part of the evidence which affected Edward Lucas. This man, he observed, was a young officer, who had insinuated himself into the good opinion of Lady Strathmore, and in the presence of protesting her, who received money from his hands for that purpose; but the probability was, he contrived the whole plot against her.
 Mr. Estlin, who was Counsel for the defendants, requested the opinion of the Court on this point, whether the court

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the affidavits they had produced in aggravation of the offence, before the defendants' Counsel produced their affidavits in extenuation.

After a long contest the Court ruled that the affidavits in extenuation should be first read.

Mr. Eschine then proceeded to argue and state facts in extenuation of judgment. He insisted on the delicacy of his own situation. The Court, he knew, came with temper to pronounce sentence, and the defendants came to throw themselves on their mercy.

Had it been proper he could have shewn upon trial, that Mr. Bowes did not intend the imprisonment of Lady Strathmore, but to remove her from a conspiracy entered into against the happiness of both; his motives were good, but the means he took were illegal.

He urged that the evidence of conspiracy against Bourne was slight and doubtful for it did not appear that Mr. Bowes had communicated his intentions to him, nor one overt act had been proved against him, so that he could be only charged with a misdemeanour. The most that could be inferred against him was, that he abetted Mr. Bowes but where did he get him? In the county of Durham, where he is a free man, with full title. He asked the Court, if not a free man, Medley by a person legally a Dutchman, could be liable for what was done in Medley? If that is the case, it would be a violation of the law.

He then urged that Bourne was but a servant of Mr. Bowes. In the Court was a list of the names of the confidence men, or of those who were trusted they would be bold in their service upon a man, whose family might have it he was confined.

Prevost, he observed was in a similar situation with Bourne, but Mr. Bowes was in a situation of regular delinquency.

In extenuation of his offence he would produce affidavits of facts, which could never have come forward but for the necessity of the case. Mr. Bowes, in vindication of his honour, was forced to appear before the tribunal of the public. He was obliged to do this, his motive he admitted, was that his conduct, which had been construed into cruelty, was not against a modest woman. The power of a husband, he argued, was decided, when a wife brought shame or dishonour upon him, and he had a right to bring her back to that condition, which in the first contract between husband and wife the law gave him over her.

He then proceeded to state the substance of several affidavits in the Court rejected them, on this ground, that the conduct of Lady Strathmore, in whatever light it might appear, could not mitigate the

offence of Mr. Bowes, in attempting to prevent the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court.

Many affidavits relative to the evidence produced on the trial were then read, and related in general very strongly to corroborate the assertions made by the Counsel. They consisted chiefly of vindications on the part of Mr. Bowes;—of the innocence of the other defendants as being totally unacquainted with his intentions,—assertions of the same on the part of the defendants themselves,—and accounts of the cheerful conduct of her Ladyship on her road to Stratham Castle. The affidavit of Mr. Bowes stated in strong terms the dangers to which the Countess was exposed in the hands of Mrs. Morgan, her Attorney Mr. Barrett, and the rest of that party, and concluded with expressing his hope, when the questions were regarded, he might have cause to regard this sentence as a *virtual acquittal* by that Court. After this

Mr. Eschine said in favour of Peacock, that he bore a good character, and was not present when Lady Strathmore was taken away.

It was produced in evidence, that Mr. Bowes had told him he had been robbed by Lady Strathmore to the amount of £2000 and he travelled to recover them.

Messrs. Chawbray and Fielding followed Mr. Eschine, urging the points he had argued, and were answered by

Mr. Mangin and Mr. Jay. The former argued, that Lady Strathmore's character was neither in issue nor in evidence, and therefore should not have been brought forward, and as she had not been produced upon the trial against Mr. Bowes, it was unnecessary to attack her in this stage of the trial. In respect to Bourne and Prevost, he argued that no servant was found to injure a third person in the service of his master. If Mr. Bowes wanted to reclaim his wife, why not treat her in the Ecclesiastical Court? Why not prove in that Court, that he was not the adulterer and cruel husband he was charged to be? If the punishment was a severe one in this case, there could be no necessity hereafter for women

to be like Bowes might have an interest. It was argued he had no interest in her death. It was his interest in her life she preserved. He did every thing to her except putting her to death.

Mr. Law urged, that as it appeared Lucas had suborned Cummins to make a false oath, for the purpose of taking Lady Strathmore's servants into custody, and had communicated with Bowes, the latter should suffer an infamous punishment, but the former being careless to infamy, he hoped the Court would put him to the experience of corporal pain.

Mr. Justice Ashurst, who pronounced the judgment, supplied the verdict of the Jury as being right in law and fact, reprobated the

the offence as the most atrocious in its species that had ever come before the Court, and after expatiating on the offences of the several defendants, pronounced the following sentences —

That Mr Bowes should pay a fine of 300l. to the King, be committed to the Marshalsea of the Court for three years, be bound to keep the peace for fourteen years, himself in a recognizance of 10,000l and two sureties of 5000l each, and remain in prison till he paid the fine.

That Lucas should pay a fine of 50l to the King, and be committed to Newgate for three years, and till he paid the fine.

That Peacock should pay a fine of 50l to

the King, and be committed to the Marshalsea of the Court.

Mark Pritchard — To be committed to the prison of one year in his Majesty's goal of Newgate.

And Henry Bourne, — To pay a fine of 50l and to be confined in the King's Bench prison for six months.

An application was made in behalf of Lucas, to whom, it was said, it may be dangerous to go to Newgate, as many prisoners who had been apprehended by him were now confined in that prison. The Judge desired that a memorial might be presented, which would be received for consideration.

ACCOUNT of the TRIAL of Dr JOHN FILLIOT *, on MONDAY, JULY 16, 1782, at the OLD BAILLY for wilfully and maliciously firing a Pistol, loaded with Powder and Ball, at Miss BOYDELL, Niece to Mr Alderman BOYDELL, with an Intent to kill her.

MR. Garrow Counsel for the prosecution, stated the case to the Jury in an exceedingly delicate yet terse manner in the course of which he made some severe remarks on the conduct of Mr Justice Hyde, before whom the Defendant was examined, for suffering the brace of his pistols and in the prisoner's pocket to be taken from his office, which would prevent to material a part of the evidence from being produced to the Court. After concluding an elegant harangue, the first witness called was

Mr Nicol bookbinder in the Strand who stated, that on the 9th of the present month, he was accompanying Miss Boydell from Pall mall to Wimpole street, about half past one o'clock, in passing along Princes street, Leicester square the Lady at that time being hold of his left arm, he was suddenly surprised with the report of a pistol or pistols, — that he felt the explosion operate loudly on the side of his face. Immediately turning round, he observed the prisoner discharge them, and said, 'Are you the villain that fired?' The prisoner replied it was him, at that time holding the pistols in his right hand, and being much agitated. The prisoner was immediately seized. On searching him, a brace of pistols were found in his coat pocket, tied firmly together, like those he had attempted to kill the Lady with, and loaded with ball up to the muzzle. — In his way to the Magistrates, he said he was happy he had sent her before him, and whilst in the office seemed to be perfectly satisfied with what he had done. On a person coming to, and saying she had seen the lady, who was much better than could be expected, he exclaimed, 'What! is she not dead?' and clapped his hands together, with strong marks of disappointment, and burst forth in a torrent of abusive language against the Lady and Mr Alderman Boydell.

James Butler servant to Mr Brand the Surgeon, was passing along Princes-street, and

noticed the prisoner stepping very fast after Mr Nicol and Miss Boydell. When he came quite close to them, he observed the flash of the pistol very near the Lady: he directly came up to them, the prisoner dropped the pistols, which the witness took up; both were empty, one pin down, the other half-cocked (the pistols were produced in Court). The prisoner said, he was ready to die, and wished for a person would stick the other pistols and blow his brains out, and added, that he had wrote several letters to the Alderman, that he intended to take away Miss Boydell's life, and expressed a desire in them that the Alderman would have him seized to prevent it, and said, he had purchased the pistols more than a 00 months for that purpose. The prisoner did not attempt to escape after he had fired.

Thomas Griffith, a shoe maker in Princes street, corroborated the first two witness, and said the prisoner expressed much surprise that Mr Boydell had not been taken up to ease the mind, to prevent the mischief he had now completed, and that he purchased on a pair of pistols to shoot Miss Boydell, and intended to make away with himself afterwards. He said he had had the pistols a month or more in his possession for those purposes but as he had confessed, that he could not retain them exactly the length of time.

Mr Nicol was a man called, and stated, that from the discharge, Miss Boydell's gown had received a large black mark, and that her stays, which were stiffened with whalebone, were indented in two places.

Thomas Askew, a surgeon, examined the personal injury the Lady had sustained — She appeared much bruised just below the right shoulder bone, and had received two contusions, which after some time swelled and turned black.

Miss Boydell's maid produced the Ladies' dress, which she wore at the time of the attempt on her life. Her white muslin cloak

* For Memoirs of whom see his Magazine for July 1782.

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...chief were considerably burnt, and a large black mark on the back of the gown, apparently caused by gunpowder.

Mr. Newton, an apothecary, stated, that Miss Buxdell, in the effects of the attempt, could not with safety to her health attend.

John Willbrial, a denier to Miss Buxdell's brother, said, that he knew the prisoner well—that he lodged and boarded in his house at Westminster, by the name of Cordeu, for the space of six months.—He did not think there was a secret intimacy between the prisoner, who he now understood had another name, and the Buxdell family. Here the evidence for the prosecution closed.

Mr. Silvester, the Doctor's counsel, through the whole trial endeavoured to impress the Court and Jury with the idea that the prisoner was insane, to establish which, he called Dr. Simmons, Physician to St. Luke's Hospital, who said, he had known him more than ten years, and that during at least several years of that period he had considered him as insane. He had been led to this opinion by the change he had observed in the disposition and manner of the prisoner, who from being one of the mildest and most obedient men he had ever known, had become extremely irascible and passionate. Dr. Simmons mentioned in a letter he had received from the prisoner in the month of January last, on the night of the execution, and which contained a charge that he had desired to commit in the ideas he had formed of his duty. This it was said by the doctor to be the letter, in which he had given the following account of his feelings, and which he had presented to the Recorder, but which in the passage of it, and which Dr. Simmons produced in Court, it appeared that the words of the prisoner had been altered, and that the alterations were such as to destroy the force of the original meaning.

...and as the light of the sun is not to be eternally, consequently, may easily be considered to be the most blessed of all things, whose system, to it is a passage the Recorder objected, that if an extravagant hypothesis were to be adduced as a proof in law, the same proof might be held good with respect to Mr. de Balfon and Dr. Burret, and he desired Dr. Simmons to tell the Court what he thought of the theories of these philosophers, but the Doctor begged to be excused from saying any thing on those subjects, adding,

that he had formed his opinion of Dr. Elliot's insanity not merely from this letter, but from a great variety of circumstances which he had observed in his conversation and conduct for two or three years, and which had convinced him that the unfortunate man had for a considerable time past laboured under a deranged state of mind.

Mr. O'Donnell, apothecary in Carnaby-street, and who succeeded Dr. Elliot in his business, was the next witness called. He said he had known him about two years and a half, and that during the whole of that time he had considered him as insane. That he was violent and passionate in the extreme without reason, oftentimes in high and extravagant spirits, and at others, desponding and melancholy. Mr. O'Donnell said, he had often mentioned his opinion of him to different friends, and had told them he was fearful that Dr. Elliot might one day or other be confined.

Mr. and Mrs. Randle, with whom the Doctor had lodged for about a year past, and about whom the witnesses both agreed that they had known him for a great part of his life.

Mrs. Vaughan, of St. James's Street, So. at whose door the prisoner had been lodged, appeared to prove that the prisoner had been confined, and that she could not believe the prisoner contained any Her Majesty's offence.

After the evidence had been recorded to the jury, the Recorder proceeded to the jury to say that he had no subject of the prisoner, and that he should be satisfied, that the prisoner's arms were loaded with ball.—(One of the jury interposed, saying he did not think in this case they were.)—The Recorder replied, if they were all of that opinion, it would be needless for him to proceed any further.—The jury then consulted together, and in a few minutes returned a verdict, guilty, saying that they were of that opinion.

The Court ordered them they must find him guilty according to the Act of Parliament, and only just him.—The jury immediately acquiesced. Several persons in the Court began to clap their hands. With some delay the Court being crowded) silence was obtained, when the Recorder said there was still a little time for exhortation, for the unhappy prisoner was doubtless extremely guilty, and almost accounted by the jury on this indictment he would certainly detain him for the rest of his life.

He was accordingly taken back to Newgate, where he perished in refusing food, and died there, Jan. 22, 1787. The Coroner's Inquest, which afterwards sat on the body, brought in the verdict, *as if by the visitation of God.*

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MAY 31.

THE favorite oratorio of the Messiah was performed at Westminster-Abbey

This day, at one o'clock, the celebrated Lunardi repeated an experiment he has often made on the Thames to ascertain the merits of a machine to save persons from drowning. The machine is in the form of a canoe, but very small, and is fastened round the trunk of the body by the most easy and expeditious contrivance. It is formed to carry a little provision, or to serve as a trunk for clothes, when not used in difficult seas.

Lunardi, accoutred with this machine, and covered with oil skin for decency, plunged into the Thames at Battersea bridge, from whence he was followed among a crowd of curious spectators, to Fulham bridge, which was crowded. He landed at Chiswick.

The superiority of the machine to the cork jacket seems to us to arise principally from its convex bottom, by means of which the person relying on it, is always preserved with his head upwards. In the use of the jacket, if by accident or violence the head is turned downward, the jacket ensures destruction.

June 2. This day being Montem at the college at Iton, then Majesty, the Princess Royal, and several of the Royal Family, with a numerous concourse of nobility and gentry, went with the procession of the scholars from the college to Salt-hill, where their Majesties made very handsome presents to the Salt-Bearers. The whole collection amounted to upwards of 6000 and was for the emolument of Mr. Ellison, as Captain.

The King issued a proclamation for the encouragement of piety and virtue, and for the preventing and punishing of vice, profaneness and immorality.

Sandilands, the famous Peckham gardener, has been apprehended at the Dike of Bucklaugh's feat, at Dalkeith, seven miles from Edinburgh.

The remains of the largest person ever known in the kingdom of Ireland, it is said since the days of Phil. Macoul, the famous Irish giant, were lately interred in the church-yard of Roseneil in the Queen's county. The coffin, with its contents, weighed forty-six stone, which wants but six stone of six hundred. It was borne on a very long bier by 30 strong men, who were relieved at intervals. The name of this extraordinary person is said to have been Roger Byrne, who lived at or near Boiros, in Ossifry, and is reported to have died of no other

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disease but a suffocation, occasioned by an extremity of fat, that stopped the play of the lungs, and put a period to his life, in the 54th year of his age. He was seven stone heavier than the noted Bright of Malden, who weighed 38 stone nine pounds, and whose waistcoat included seven large men.

The third performance at Westminster-Abbey was this day—a miscellaneous concert.

As far as a single circumstance could add a movement to the mind under such a religious impression, it was that of Lord North being led out by his eldest daughter. His Lordship seemed greatly enraptured, and from the large green bandage before his eyes, we fear his sight is totally lost. He was preceded by Lady North, which at once presented a mingled view of domestic affliction, and the instability of human greatness.

The following scale of the average duration of animal life is collected from Linnæus, Buffon, and other celebrated writers on Natural History.

	years	years	
A hare will live	10	A horse from 20 to 30	
A cat	10	Swine	25
A goat	8	A peacock	25
An ass	30	A pigeon	8
A sheep	10	A turtle dove	25
A ram	15	A partridge	25
A dog, from 14 to 20		A raven	10
A bull	10	An eagle	100
An ox (a curious fact),	20		

Of the roose, the following may be depended upon as a fact—There is a family now living in Hife, who are able to ascertain at a glance had been kept in the family 20 years—they know it must be still older, but they fix this particular period, as being able to prove it incontestably.

3. The mail-coach for Dover, by encountering another coach in the night, through the carelessness or precipitancy of the driver, was upset about five miles beyond Dartford, by which unfortunate accident Sir George Monck, Bart of Gerard Bromley, who was passenger, had his neck dislocated, and was otherwise so much bruised, that he died next day.

The following worth should be set down, be it to whose honour it may. Before Mr. Pitt came into office, the bill for stationary wages to the House of Commons was four thousand pounds annually. The bill is now five hundred—The charge on the same account to the Treasury, was five thousand pounds—it is now twelve hundred—This is a small difference, but it is the difference

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betwixt the former Ministers and the present.

4. Lord George Gordon appeared at Guildhall, London, in the Court of King's Bench, and applied to Mr. Justice Buller, stating, That as the charges brought against him were very voluminous, and as both causes were appointed to be tried on Wednesday next, it would be very difficult and embarrassing for him to answer both on the same day: that the first having occupied his attention for several months, he was prepared to meet it, but that was not his case as to the second; he hoped therefore, that he should have the indulgence of the Court, in appointing it for another day. The Judge refused to make any alteration in the arrangement of causes. Lord George then mentioned some literal errors in the record of the first: the Judge observed, that if they were material, it could be proper only at the time of trial to discuss them; Lord George Gordon then withdrew, being in about twenty minutes returned, and directed the attention of the Judge a second time; he complained of the conduct of those who were concerned in the prosecution, alleging that they were well aware of his being less able, at present, to defend the second than the first; they had therefore inverted the order of setting them down, by which the first was now made last. The Judge observed, that the setting down of causes is entirely dependant on the will and choice of the Attorney or Solicitor concerned for the prosecution; that consequently no alteration could take place; Lord George Gordon then applied to the Counsel for the prosecution, and with some warmth reprobated on the impropriety, which, he said, was visible in the conduct of some persons on the part of the prosecution; but he was interrupted by the Judge, who saying that no further altercation should be heard, he thereon withdrew.

5. The oration of the Messiah* was performed a second time, at Westminster-Abbey, he desire, being the fourth day's meeting of this astonishing band of 600 performers.

An Account of the Receipts and Disbursements of the Musical Performances in Westminster-Abbey, 1787.

Receipts by sale of 681 tickets at one guinea each	10301	11	0
His Majesty's gracious donation	420	0	0
Taken at the rehearsals	2725	16	0
By sale of books	295	6	0
	13741	13	0
By selling in three years from money kept in hand for contingent expenses.	300	0	0
	£. 14042	13	0

DISBURSEMENTS.

To the band	4141	17	6
To Mr. Wyatt, for scaffolding, &c.	939	17	6
To printing bills, &c.	244	3	6
To bill stickers	44	8	0
To advertising in morning and evening papers	300	17	6
To advertising rehearsals in town and country papers, and printing books for rehearsals and performances.	299	17	6
To advertising performances in the Courier de L'Europe, and country papers.	89	12	6
To engraving and printing tickets	62	12	6
To the use of the organ	115	0	0
To Mr. Ashley, for providing 1200 music books, and other incidental expenses	161	7	8
To music porters, bills, and for the use of the room in Tottenham-street, for private rehearsals	127	3	0
To the office at the St. Alban's Tavern, clerks, attendance, and other expenses during the sale of tickets	123	13	6
To the High Constable of Westminster, and assistants, constables from Bow-street, and door-keepers	203	3	0
Sundry small bills	62	14	0
Gratuities	163	0	0
To the Royal Society of Musicians	3900	0	0
To St George's Hospital	1400	0	0
To the Westminster Infirmary	1400	0	0
To loss by light gold	19	11	3
Balance in the Treasurer's hands to answer contingencies	243	17	0
	£. 14042	13	0

*By order of the Directors,

JOHN ASHLEY,
WILLIAM JONES.

6. The Prince of Wales's physicians delivered a declaration in writing, for the perusal of the Prince's friends, which stated, "That his Highness had had a good night, and was much better in the morning, than he had been for some time." Two days afterwards, he was pronounced out of danger, and the following day took an airing in his carriage.

The following inscription, engraven on a copper-plate, inclosed in a leaden case, is deposited under the first stone of Salford gaol.

On the 22d of May,

MDCCCLXXXVII,

And in the 27th Year of the Reign of
GEORGE III.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

King of Great-Britain, France, and Ireland,

T H I S

GAOL AND PENITENTIARY-HOUSE,
(At the Expence of the Hundred of Salford
in the County Palatine of Lancaster)

Was begun to be Erected; and the first
Stone laid by

THOMAS BUTTERWORTH BAILEY :

And that there may remain a Pottery

A M O N U M E N T

Of the Affection and Gratitude of this Country,
To the most excellent Person,

Who hath so fully proved the Wisdom and
Humanity

Of separate and solitary Confinement of Of-
fenders,

This Prison is inscribed with the Name of

J O H N H O W A R D.

The Jenny, Martin, is arrived in the Clyde from Charlestown, South-Carolina, by which we have an Act of the Legislature of that province enacting, that all debts due by bonds, bills, &c. shall be paid by *installments in four years*, the first payment to commence in March 1788. the second in March 1789, the third in March 1790, and the fourth in March 1791, and are not recoverable in any other way; so that the creditors are thus most unjustly kept out of their money, and all trade and credit is at an end.

Was determined by the Lord Chancellor, at Lincoln's Inn Hall, a question between the Six Clerks and the Clerks in Court, concerning the payment of fees by the latter. It has long been a custom for the Clerks in Court not to pay up the fees to their respective Six Clerks till they themselves received them from their clients. The Six Clerks having demanded to receive the fees immediately, the dispute was first referred to the Master of the Rolls, who decided in their favour; and his decision is now confirmed by the Lord Chancellor.

7. A cause was heard in the Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, in which *Monf. Des Enfants*, a collector of pictures, was plaintiff, and *Monf. Vandergucht*, defendant. The contest was respecting a picture which the latter had sold to the former for 600*l.* as the genuine production of *Poussin*. Some doubts, however, arising, whether this was really from the pencil of that master, *Monf. Des Enfants* brought the present action for the amount of the price which he had given. After a long hearing, in the course of which *Mr. Gainsborough*, *Mr. West*, *Mr. Gopley*, and upwards of twenty other artists connoisseurs were examined, a verdict was given for the plaintiff.—The opinions, however, were so various and contradictory, that *banst* Jack Lee could not but exclaim with *Sterne*, “of all the cants that are canted in this canting

world, there is none so tormenting as the cant of criticism.”—A French gentleman, who was examined on the part of the plaintiff, excited some laughter, by declaring it as his opinion, that the *Virgin* was injured, as she was now much bigger than when he had seen her in France.

8. A fire broke out at the shop of *Mr. Prentice*, cabinet-maker, in Wild-court, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, which communicating to the shop of *Mr. Pafe*, army-taylor, and from thence to *Mr. Jarns's* printing-office in the same place, all those extensive buildings, with the warehouses of *Mess. Doddsley, Longman, &c.* in which were deposited an immense quantity of books, were entirely consumed.

9. The elegant villa of *Claremont*, once the property of *Lord Clive*, was sold by auction, on Saturday last, for 18,900 guineas.

10. About three in the morning a duel was fought between the *Chevalier La Bd.* an officer in the French service, and *Capt. S.* of the 11th regiment of foot. The ground measured was five paces, and the first shot that was fired by *Mr. S.* took place on the *Chevalier's* breast, but was fortunately prevented from penetrating by the intervention of his coat button; on which he fired his pistol in the air: the seconds interposed, and the combatants parted friends.—The expression for which *Capt. S.* called out the *Chevalier* was to this effect, That the English army had more *phlegm* than *spirit*.

14. *Andrew Robinson Bowes, Esq.* and his adherents were to have been brought up to the Court of King's Bench to receive judgment, but none of the parties appearing excepting *Henry Bourne, Mr. Bowes's* steward, judgment was postponed, and *capias* ordered to be immediately issued against the rest. The prosecution against *Mr. Thomas Bowes* the Attorney, we hear, is dropt; and *Henry Bourne* (as has also since him *Lucas* the constable) was ordered into custody till the other parties can be found.

The same day *Lord George Gordon* was also to have received judgment in the Court of King's Bench in consequence of his late conviction upon information filed against him by his Majesty's Attorney-General; but not appearing, a *capias* was ordered to be immediately issued to take up his Lordship. *Mr. Wilkins*, the printer of the libel, was ordered into custody, and judgment postponed against him.

16. *Andrew Robinson Stanes Bowes, Esq.* and *Peacock*, appeared in the Court of King's Bench to receive judgment. Several affidavits in aggravation having been read, time was given *Mr. Bowes* to answer them, and he

and Peacock were ordered into the custody of the Marshal of the Court.

The humane and philanthropic Mr. Howard is now in Dublin, examining the different prisons.

Mr. Howard having refused, with that disinterestedness which marks his character, to have a monument raised for him, the subscribers for that purpose at Glasgow have ordered the money to be applied towards building the infirmary in that city.

15. The United States of America have in Congress assembled passed a resolution, recommending it to the different States to repeal all their laws, now in force, which are inconsistent with the Treaty of Peace between the United States of America and the King of Great-Britain.

At Boston, in America, to add to other troubles, from which they have hardly emerged, they have had a fire, in which upwards of 200 houses were consumed, and many people lost their all.

The exact state of the Royal Navy, as it stood on the Admiralty books on the 4th inst. is 140 ships of the line, 18 of 50 guns, 139 frigates, and 123 sloops; besides which there are now building 16 ships of the line, 1 of fifty guns, and 4 frigates.

Orders have been issued by Government for the immediate equipment of a small squadron of observation, consisting of the Gauges and Edgar of 74 guns each, Ardent of 64, together with three others of 64 guns each, and several frigates; Commodore Levison Gower, who is appointed to the command, has orders to proceed to sea the moment the ships are ready. The destination of this fleet is not positively known.

A very capital ship is under repair at the King's yard at Deptford, for the intended voyage to the Society Islands for the purpose of transporting the bread-fruit-trees to the West-Indies. A large space is prepared between the docks to receive the trees with their native soil. A room is also to be fitted up for an astronomer, who will go out under the patronage of his Majesty, to make observations on the Comet that is expected to appear in the year 1788.

By a letter from Whitehaven we are informed, that the weather, during the fore part of the last week, was the most severe of any ever known at this season, in the memory of the oldest person living. On Thursday morning, there was a considerable fall of snow in many parts of that country. Skiddow, and the neighbouring mountains, remained clad with it the greatest part of the day, and exhibited an appearance perhaps never seen at the same time with the verdure which filled the adjoining vales.

Accounts from Paris bring intelligence, that on the 5th inst. between the hours of

ten in the morning and two in the afternoon, the Countess of La Motte escaped from her place of confinement, as the gaolers and sifters of Salpetriere report; but it is more probable that this prisoner was sent for, to be conducted to a more decent place, in order to realize the demands of a number of people of rank, who solicited a change of dwelling for this unfortunate female.

16. Arrived at Portsmouth, from Gibraltar, Sir George Augustus Elliot. On his coming on shore he was saluted with the guns of the several batteries, and honoured with every testimony of public gratitude.

19. At a Court of Aldermen held at Guildhall, Lord Sydney's letter to the Lord-Mayor, concerning the Proclamation issued by his Majesty, directing the strict execution of the laws which have been made, and are still in force, against the profanation of the Lord's-day, drunkennels, swearing, and cursing, and other disorderly practices, was read, and the Court came to the following resolutions:—
“That his Majesty's Proclamation be printed, and stuck up in the most conspicuous parts of the city, under the direction of the Marshals—That the Court will use their utmost endeavours to enforce the same, and a committee of Aldermen was appointed to consider what further steps can be taken thereon, and for protecting the lives and properties of his Majesty's subjects.”

The Court granted a pension of 100l. for the support of the widow of the late Sir Bernard Turner.

The Magistrates acting in and for the county of Middlesex, have also taken his Majesty's Proclamation into their serious consideration; and as the opening of houses for public entertainments not duly licensed is among the disorderly practices adverted to by his Majesty, they declared their determination to discountenance all places of that description; and, conceiving that *Mr. Pinner's Royalty-Theatre* falls within the number of unlicensed play-houses, (no number of magistrates having authority to license a theatre for plays) they determined to oppose the performance of stage plays therein, as a nuisance peculiarly mischievous in that part of the metropolis.

20. A General Court of Proprietors was held at the India-House in Leadenhall-street, for the purpose of declaring a stock-dividend, from Christmas 1786, to Midsummer 1787, which on motion was agreed to; the dividend to be at the rate of 8l. per cent. per annum.

21. Alice Lawrence was examined at the Guildhall, for selling near the Stock-Exchange a counterfeit Gazette-Extraordinary, purporting as if published by authority, dated St. James's, and setting forth that a body of French troops, consisting of 20,000 infantry and

21,000 cavalry, with field-pieces, under the command of Count de Vaux, were on their march for Holland; but upon inquiry it was found to be a mere fabrication to have an effect on the funds, which effect was completely answered, as stocks immediately fell one per cent. and but for the discovery would probably have continued rapidly to fall.

A fire broke out in the house of Mr. Whealey, paper-stainer, in Aldersgate-street. Mrs. Whealey perished in the flames. Her maid-servant was in bed with her, and upon finding the house on fire, endeavoured to awake her, but was unable: She then got out of the window of the second floor, and suspended herself by her hands, till they were scorched, and she then fell into the street.— She is in St. Bartholomew's hospital, and there is but little hopes of her recovery. A youth, apprentice to Mr. Whealey, by falling from the garret-window, was so bruised, that he died the next morning. A child about three years old is missing. Mr. Whealey is upon a journey. Three small houses behind Mr. Whealey's, and an adjoining one in front, were consumed.

23. The Princesses Royal, Augusta, and Mary, are all ill of the measles, but not dangerously.

25. Sunday being Midsummer-day, a Common-hall was held this day at Guildhall, for the election of Sheriffs and other officers for the year ensuing, when William Farrington, Esq. citizen and cordwainer, and James Fenn, Esq. citizen and skinner, were elected sheriffs.

27. Being the last day of the term, Mr. Attorney-General prayed that judgment might be passed upon Wilkins the printer, who had been convicted of printing the Newgate Libel, written by Lord George Gordon. Mr. Justice Ashurst sentenced him to two years imprisonment in Newgate. Lord George Gordon to avoid his sentence has absconded.

Mr. Lunardi made another experiment of his new invention for preserving persons from drowning. He launched himself at Westminster-bridge, and passed down the river, through Black-friars, and also London-bridge, at nearly the time of low-water.

28. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales went, in his usual state, from Carlton-house, and was present, for the first time since his late severe illness, at the Levee at St. James's.

The golden bow and arrow are now the reigning ornament of the ladies in all polite circles; whether they are meant as emblems of those presented by *Pemphig*, that the suitors might try their strength, or are only intended to signify that love is in their bosoms,—they best can answer.

30. One of the messengers who arrived on Friday at the Secretary of State's office from Holland, brings an account that Lord George Gordon landed there on Thursday last night

while he was at the water-side. His Lordship has been since ordered by the Directors of Amsterdam to quit the country directly, and he accordingly returned again to England on or about the 24th of July.

An arrest has been published by his Most Christian Majesty, in pursuance of the late Treaty of Navigation and Commerce between Great-Britain and France, which declares, "All the ports, countries, dominions, towns, places, and rivers, of his said Most Christian Majesty in Europe," to be henceforth open to the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, resident in Great-Britain and Ireland, conformably to the 5th article of the late Treaty.

By the mail from France, advices are received of a hurricane at the Mauritius, which has been more destructive in its consequences than any which has happened for many years past. Property belonging to the subjects of France was insured in London, on the ships lost, to the amount of 250,000*l.* which will be a very heavy loss to the underwriters at Lloyd's Coffee-house.

The present Greenland season has proved the most disastrous one the adventurers in that fishery have experienced for many years. By accounts already received it appears, that fourteen ships have perished in the ice; and there is too much reason to fear that more have been lost, of which no information has yet been obtained.

An official letter has lately been stuck up in the Royal Exchange Coffee-house in Dublin, informing the merchants of that city that the goods of Ireland will be admitted into Portugal on the same footing as those of Great-Britain, on the additional duties on wines, cork, lemons and oranges of the growth of Portugal, being taken off.

A few days ago came on in the Ecclesiastical Court, before the Bishop of London, a cause, wherein a Miss Hale, who had about fifteen years ago applied to the Commons, and got a licence for marriage to a Mr. Cook, making an affidavit that she was of age, and at the same time she was a minor; the court made an order, that the marriage was illegal, and declared that Mr. Cook was a bachelor, and Miss Hale a spinster.

The case of the King against Thompson, which was decided last week in the Court of King's Bench, is of much importance to farmers, and gentlemen resident in the country. The defendant was prosecuted on the game act. It was urged in his defence, that the affidavit merely stated, "That he kept a gun in his possession for the purpose of killing game," without mentioning particulars, or specifying what kind of game was meant. Justice Grose, at first, doubted whether this loose and general charge should be admitted; but after a consultation with the other judges, and a reference to the several precedents, the affidavit was held to be sufficient. The

The following humorous circumstance may be depended upon as a fact.—A waterman, whose name is Holmes, and who has acquired some property, to show his disgust against our rulers, and the accumulation of taxes, has hit upon a singular expedient. He has disposed of a small freehold which he possessed in the vicinity of the Thames, and purchased a west country barge, in which, with his wife and a large family of children, he resides in the most comfortable manner. He thus prides himself on eluding all the taxes, and changes his situation as the weather, or other circumstances, makes this or that situation more agreeable.—He at present is moored off York-buildings, where the neatness of his floating habitation, the respectable appearance of his wife and children, and the facetious character of the man himself, attract no small number of curious visitors.

There is at present living in Charles street, Westminster, a young man, about seventeen years of age, who was born without either legs or arms; and, what is very extraordinary, he is esteemed, by professors of the greatest ability, to be a perfect adept in the art of miniature painting, several of his productions being sold at a high price. His want of those external essentials is accounted for by the following remarkable circumstance:—About seven or eight months previous to this young man's birth, his mother being confined to her bed with sickness, was alarmed by the intelligence of her child, about three years old, being drowned in a pond near the house in which she at that time resided, and getting hastily out of bed, the unhappy woman plunged into the water, dragging up to her knees and elbows in search of the infant, who by this time was discovered to be safe and well, having only strayed a little from home. The consequence of the mother's sudden fright was, that the offspring of her subsequent travail experienced a deprivation of his limbs.

JULY 2. A very shocking accident happened to a number of passengers going from Bangor to Beaumaris; thirty-two persons had embarked, from the above place, in an open boat, which foundered within a little way of the latter place, when twenty-six were unfortunately drowned.

The journeymen carpenters and joiners in and about the metropolis, to the number of 4000, left their different jobs. They demand 1l. 1s. for six days, or 1l. 4s. 6d. for seven days, that is from 5 to 7.

3. On the 1st of May his Royal Highness Prince William Henry made his public landing at Grenada, under a discharge of the artillery to the fort, and was received upon the wharf by his Honour the President, the members of the Council and Assembly (who

had been called together on purpose by Proclamation), and the principal gentlemen of the Island. From thence he was conducted through a street lined by the 45th regiment, under the command of Major Daly, to the place appointed for his reception; where he received the joint address of both branches of the Legislature. His Royal Highness afterwards proceeded to the Council Chamber, and partook of an elegant entertainment. In the evening the inhabitants of every rank testified the sensation they felt by illuminations, bonfires, and other demonstrations of joy.

6. The following thirteen prisoners were executed on the scaffold opposite the debtors door, Newgate; William Wilson, James Thompson, alias Robinson, alias Robertson, James Brown, Benjamin Gregson, John Deane, Samuel Toomey, William Ellicott, Christopher Cousins, Daniel Brown, James Thomas, John Lawson, and James Cunningham.

The Directors of the East-India Company have lately made an alteration in the uniforms of the commanders and officers of their ships, which will entirely prevent them from being mistaken for those of his Majesty's naval officers:

A commander's dress suit is to be—blue coat, without lapels—with a light gold embroidery—crimson waistcoat, and blue breeches—yellow buttons, with the company's crest, engraved. Undress—blue coat—without lapels or embroidery—crimson waistcoat—blue breeches, and yellow buttons, with crest.

The officers are to wear blue coats, without lapels—crimson waistcoats—blue breeches, and yellow buttons.

7. A gentleman, led by curiosity, has made, with success, the following discoveries in tanning:—

He tanned goat-skins and calf-skins for book-binding, and hides, in the warm ooze wherein artichokes were boiled, as effectually as if tanned with white galls, or the bark of the willow.

The shoe leaf, boiled to a decoction in water, wherein barley was steeped for malting, he found equally successful in penetrating skins with the vegetable matter necessary to render them serviceable.

And in the experiment he made on the root of the flag, or yellow Iris, he found it answer all the purposes of the best white gall, which is far superior in strength and beauty of effect to the best of all the barks.

Some of these skins are stained red, yellow and blue, and they answered nearly as well as the Morocco, and little inferior to the Lisbon leather.

13. This afternoon, about a quarter before six, Mr Bacon, clerk in the Salt office, was struck dead by a flash of lightning, at his house very near the Palace, Lambeth. It seems, at the beginning of the storm he was drinking tea with his wife, the back windows of the one pair of stairs to the fourth having been open all day, he went up for the purpose of shutting them, and on the action of lifting up his right arm, received the stroke, which tore his coat eight inches in length and four in breadth, from whence it entered his right side nearly to his heart, went through his body, and out at the left hip, and down his left leg to his buckle (which melted), and tore the upper leather of his shoe from the sole. His right leg being at that foot was also struck dead, after which, the lightning penetrated the window and floor of the second pair of stairs, and made its way into the first parlour, where it tore the window in a single minute, and went off with a noise louder than any piece of ordnance.

14. Providence full to have owed his death to a window, placed to prevent the flames from being into the house, which about a quarter past seven, after the lightning for the instant that he was shutting the window he received a shock of fire from the barrel of the gun, which he accidentally touched, and was immediately struck dead. The violence of the fire was sufficient to burn out his intestines, and made his body a most shocking object.

15. Mr Bwes' Grand Jurment against the Countess of Strathmore, for perjury, came on to be tried at Guildhall, London, before a special jury, by appointment of the Court, when no person appearing in support of the prosecution, her Ladyship was acquitted.

16. Mr Bannister, son of the Faculty Theatre, Willoughby street, was appointed by some of the trustees of the theatre, in consequence of an information exhibited against him as a rogue, swindler, stiller, and a rascal, and for having acted and sung in various immoral entertainments exhibited at the Theatre Royal, to the amount of 1,000l. was offered, but the Justice refused to accept of it, unless Mr Bannister would engage never to appear again on that stage; thus Mr. Bannister refused to comply with, and he was accordingly committed to prison. In a very short time afterwards, three justices of the same district accepted of his bail, and Mr. Bannister was liberated in time to appear in the entertainments of that evening.

17. The Stock Exchange has not exhibited for these many years, such a scene as took

place there this day, on the festival of St. Michael's. There were no less than 1,000 persons present, and the value of the shares which were sold amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

18. This morning, about one o'clock, as Dr. Smith, of Bridge Street, Black-frith, was returning from Leicester fields, through Longning row, in a hackney-coach, he was attacked by two footpad, who opened both doors of the coach, and presenting each a pistol at the Doctor, with oaths and imprecations demanded his money. The Doctor took four guineas out of his pocket, and asked them to which he should give the money? Upon which they both demanded it. The Doctor then seized the pistol of one of them, and jumping out of the coach, knocked him down. The other coming to the assistance of his companion, was also knocked down by the Doctor, who immediately seized the watch, when they were pursued, and one of them (after snatching his pistol at the watchman) was taken, and secured in St. Martin's Watch House.

19. This morning about half past two o'clock a fire broke out at Mr Worboys', jeweller, near Finsbury Lane, Fleet Street, which consumed the house, and greatly damaged the houses of Messrs. Kimpson, linen draper, and M. Sawyer, stickmaker, adjoining to it. Mr Worboys perished in the flame, but a boy, who was the only person with him in the house, fortunately escaped.

On the 11th of the month Mr Worboys' body was found very much mangled.

Copies of His Majesty's Proclamation to the Lord High Steward, touching the King's Proclamation for the Suppression of Vice and Immorality.

" Sir, Whitehall, June 23.
" In consequence of the deprecatory which have been concerted in every part of the kingdom, and which have of late been carried to such a degree, as to be every day a disgrace to a civilized nation, his Majesty has thought it expedient again to issue his royal proclamation, declaring the strict execution of the laws which have been made, and requiring you to see that the proclamation on this subject, drunkenness, swearing and gaming, and other disorderly practices

" I transmit you herewith six copies of the said proclamation; and I am commanded to signify to you his Majesty's pleasure, that you do take the most early opportunity of convening the Magistrates within your county, and enjoining them, in the strongest terms, to pursue the most effectual methods for putting the laws into execution, and for encouraging all officers and persons to exert their utmost diligence in the several stations, for

for the prevention of such dangerous offences.

The inattention which seems of late to have been shewn in the granting licences to public houses, and other houses, and other places of entertainment, without paying the least regard to their situation, or even the characters of the persons who undertake their management, is, amongst others, a matter which requires an immediate consideration, not only for remedying the evil upon future occasions, but for diminishing the number of those public-houses which do not evidently

appear to be calculated for public utility and convenience.

"I am persuaded that I need not call upon you for your active assistance in the pursuit of measures so evidently calculated for the public good, as you must be convinced that the exertions of all persons in authority are now become absolutely and indispensably necessary, even for the preservation of the lives and properties of his Majesty's subjects.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
SYDNEY."

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Petersburgh, May 8.

THE Empress is at present engaged in a project of a very mighty and grand nature. It is to form three great canals. The first is designed to unite the Caspian and White Seas together, by means of a junction of the South and north rivers called Kilmis. The second canal is to unite the Black and Caspian Seas together, by means of the rivers Wyreg and Hofcha, which communicate with the lake of Onega and the White Lake. The third object is to unite the Baltic and Black Seas together, by a double canal, in White Russia, which will open a communication between Cherson, Petersburgh and Riga. This double canal, if executed, will make one of the most useful and memorable enterprises in the reign of the Empress.

Letters from Brussels, dated June the 6th, mention, that the Province of Brabant and the whole Austrian Flanders were in the greatest fermentation and uproar, by reason of the delays of the Emperor's categorical answer, on their representations of refusing his new laws and edicts. The States had ordered that all the troops quartered in that Province were neither to leave or change their garrisons without their particular orders and consent, and prohibited the inhabitants, upon penalty of death, from providing them with any provisions or ammunition. They had also settled their own Commissioners to provide them with the necessaries of life and their pay. They prepared themselves to stand on the defensive (if his Majesty did not accept their propositions), and had already provisions and ammunition for 20,000 men ready in that town. A subscription of 2000 volunteers of their own townsmen and youth and an army of 40,000 men are nearly ready to assemble. They had also arrested the chest of religion, of all ecclesiastical revenues provided from the suppression, and

all the Emperor's public revenues and taxes. How these bold steps will end will be soon decided, the people in general being prepared rather to die, than submit to slavery. What most provoked them is not only the reformation in Church and State, but the new and enormous tax of 40 per cent. upon all property and industry. In short, they refuse to obey any of the edicts, or suffer any reformation in their laws, &c.

Brussels, June 26 Then Royal Highnesses received early this morning a messenger from Vienna, with the ratification of the Count Kaunitz, first Minister of the foreign department, signed in the name of the Emperor, of that which was agreed and signed between our States and Governors the 30th of May last. A few minutes after his arrival then Royal Highnesses came into the Balcony of their Palace, and waved their handkerchiefs to demonstrate their joy to the people, and to announce to them this good news, which was answered with loud applause. This sudden change may perhaps make this country one of the most flourishing in Europe for the future.

The States of Holland have issued a declaration, dated the 30th of July, whereby they pledge themselves to guard and maintain, for ever, the wives, children, and heirs, of all burghers who may be killed or wounded in defence of that province.

They have likewise issued orders, that no persons who ever shall sing songs in their streets, or do any act against the House of Orange, on pain of being severely punished. *Authentic Account of the Capture of the Princess of ORANGE.*

The Secret Commissioners of the States of Holland, who reside at Woerden* were informed about one o'clock on the 28th of June, that a number of houses had been privately placed as relays on the road to Gouda,

* Woerden is a fortified town on the boundary that divides the province of Holland from the province of Utrecht.

and intending to do so, that something extraordinary was intended, they resolved to send Lieutenant Marks, with a detachment of 25 men of the regiment of Hesse-Philipp-stal, (who had already given a faithful proof of their duty, in abandoning their Chief, the Baron Van Spaan, when he deserted) to take post at a place called le Boerenpas, at a small distance from Haestrecht, with orders to watch all that passed, to stop all those suspected of any hostile design against the province, and to inform the States of Holland immediately of every event that happened. At half past five the Commissaries received advice, that the Princess of Orange, accompanied by Messrs. Randwyck and Bentinck, and the Baroness of Wassenaar, her Lady in waiting, having appeared near Haestrecht, coming from Nimeguen, after being informed of the orders given for the security of the Province, had been conducted by the military detachment to a place named Goerj-verwelle-Stuis, where they then remained. The Commissaries immediately waited on the Princess, and represented to her, "That the Commission had not power to be indifferent to the unexpected appearance which her Royal Highness had judged proper to make in Holland, after having been so long absent from the province; and that at a time, when the Prince, her spouse, was posted at the head of a number of troops near the town of Utrecht, whilst all the country was in tumult. That one of the articles of their instructions being to authorize them to prevent all projects, public or secret, that the enemies of that Province and of its allies attempted to excite, and to oppose and render them abortive—they were obliged to ask her Highness, what were her views which she wished to execute in that Province?" Her Highness answered, "That in the unfortunate situation which the country was in, she was come to Holland, in order to effect a mode of reconciliation; that immediately after her arrival at the Maison du Bois, (the House in the Wood, at the Hague) she had intended to acquaint the Counsellor Van Bleiswick with it, and that, for this reason, she had kept her journey as secret as possible." The Commissaries replied, "That this same situation, which her Highness had described, forced them to interrupt, at present, her journey, until they were informed of the intentions of their Noble and Great Mightinesses, the States of Holland, on the subject;"—proposing at the same time to her Highness, to go and stay at Schoonhoven, offering to give her a guard of such troops as she might herself

choose to escort her person, agreeable to her rank, and to secure her against insults. The Princess accepted the offer, and two of the Commissaries had the honour to accompany her to Schoonhoven, under an escort of a detachment of cavalry.

Hague, July 1. The day before yesterday an extraordinary assembly of the States-General was held, on account of their having received advice that morning that her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange, who was expected at her house of Bois (called Oranjestal), had been stopped at Haestrecht, three miles from the town of Gouda, by a detachment of auxiliary burgeses.

Letter from her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange to the Pensionary of Holland.

"The most ardent wishes of my heart, at this moment of danger and alarm to the Republic, (the Prince being hindered from coming himself) to contribute by my intervention, if any way possible, to prevent a civil war which is threatened, and compose the present differences upon the principles of the established constitution, were the only motives of my journey towards the Hague, which I flatter myself would have remained a secret, until my arrival at the house of Oranjestal, from whence I would have immediately communicated my design to their Noble and Grand Mightinesses, as well as to the States-General. I never could have believed that I should see this salutary arm disembark before I was enabled to use and employ my best efforts for this purpose. You will be informed by this time how I am prevented from continuing my journey; nevertheless trust this delay will not totally defeat the object in view; and I have thought proper to make you acquainted with the real motives of my journey into Holland, requesting you to communicate them to the Noble and Grand Powers. I am, &c.

(Signed) WILHELMINA."

Schoonhoven, June 28, 1787.

Letter from the Prince Stadtholder to the States-General on the Princess of Orange having been made prisoner.

"High and Mighty Lords, We have this instant received certain intelligence, that her Royal Highness, our dear Consort, was stopped in her way from Nimeguen to the Hague, near the town of Schoonhoven, by a party of burghers and military, and brought back to that town, and there detained in the name of the Committee of the States of Holland. We need not represent to you how sensibly we are hurt at such an act of violence against an illustrious personage so nearly and dearly allied to Us. Your High Mightinesses will easily imagine that we cannot but feel for such an indignity offered to our House, and to the person

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person of a Royal Princess; and we expect that your High Mightinesses will take such immediate measures, as may liberate her Royal Highness from her detention.

"We also expect that your High Mightinesses, who cannot but be concerned for the honour of us, our Royal Consort, and our children, will obtain an immediate satisfaction to be made for the indignity offered to her Royal Highness, our Consort; as it cannot be expected that the Royal House, to which our Consort and us are to nearly allied, will pass over such an act of violence unnoticed. We, remain &c.

WILLIAM, Prince of Orange."

Their Noble and Great Mightinesses having deliberated on this extraordinary, unexpected, and disagreeable affair, approved the conduct of their Commissioners; and it was generally remarked in the assembly, "That after the public declaration which the Prince of Orange lately made of his sentiments, relative to the Sovereign Assembly of the Provinces, and in the midst of the means, put in force on his part, as well to debauch the troops in the pay, as to excite disturbances in the military and populace, of which he gave another recent example at Helvoetsluys, they could not think the sudden appearance of the Princes of Orange in Holland, without having acquainted the States of her intentions, otherwise than dangerous; especially as she had declared to the Commissioners, it was to effect a reconciliation, but if that had really been her intentions, she ought to have informed the Government, that the people might have been apprized to receive her properly. The States came to no decisive resolution further on the subject.

Hague, July 10. In the evening of Thursday last, his Serene Highness the Prince of Orange secretly marched a detachment of his troops, and by a coup de main surprised the fortified town of Wyck. He has placed a garrison of 1000 men in the place, and is now strengthening the fortifications.

As soon as Wyck was taken, Middelburgh and Zeeland immediately declared for the Stadtholder. Wyck is situated 24 miles from Amsterdam, and so great was the consternation in that city, that the country adjacent was laid under water.

Memorial presented to the Noble and Grand Power, their Lords of the States of Holland and West Frisland, by his Excellency M. Le Baron de Thulemeyer, Envoy Extraordinary of his Majesty the King of Prussia.

"Noble, Great, and Mighty Lords,

"His Majesty could not but hear, with

great concern, of the step taken against the person of his august sister, who was induced to go to the Hague with the most salutary intentions. Her Royal Highness was detained in her journey, surrounded with guards, and even armed men were placed in her apartments.

"It is by the express order of his Prussian Majesty, that the under-signed, his Envoy Extraordinary, has the honour to address your Noble and Great Powers, to insist, in the most earnest and firm manner, on satisfaction for this injury, and on the punishment of those who committed it. He wants to inform the King, his master, of the effects which this representation shall produce in the Sovereign Assembly of Holland. His Majesty will, by the result of the determination of your Noble and Great Powers on this subject, know how far they value his friendship and good-will.

(Signed) DE THULEMIYER

Hague, July 10, 1757.

Leid, July 20. The hopes of the province of Holland in the King of France have not been disappointed, M. de Verac having on the 18th delivered to the Greffier of their High Mightinesses the following memorial:

"The King, being informed that the States of the province of Holland had proposed to their High Mightinesses to have recourse to his Majesty as a mediator for conciliating the differences which subsist between the Members of the Republic, is sensible of this mark of their confidence, and orders his Ambassador to declare, that he not only accepts of the office of Mediator, but will use his best endeavours to re-establish peace in the Republic, and harmony among the different members of the Union; and his Majesty takes this occasion of expressing his sincere concern for the troubles which exist in the United Province, and of recalling to their attention what must be the consequences if they are not readily put an end to: to attain which salutary purpose, it is necessary their High Mightinesses should take instant and efficacious measures to put a stop to the hostile proceedings of several of the Provinces, which will not only prevent a civil war, but facilitate the reconciliation which it is so desirable should be effected. This advice of his Majesty is dictated by the sincere friendship he has for the Republic, the interest he feels for its preservation and prosperity, and the particular affection he bears to each member of its constitution.

(Signed)

LE MARQUIS DE VERAC."

TRANSLATION

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TRANSLATION of the *Edict published by the
EMPEROR of Vienna, July 3, 1787.*
From the EMPEROR and KING.

Most Reverend and Reverend Fathers in God,
Noble, Dear, and Well-beloved,

My Chancellor of State has presented me your remonstrances dated the 22d of June last, and I wish, in answer to its contents, to acquaint you, by these presents, that it never was my intention to overturn the constitution of my Provinces in Flanders, and that all the instructions with which I have charged my Government-General, have invariably tended, and without even the shadow of any personal interest, to the advantage of my faithful subjects in the Low Countries, at the same time, that I would not deprive the body of the nation of any of their ancient rights, privileges, and liberties enjoyed by them. Every step I have taken ought to convince you of the truth of this assertion, if you yet remain willing to render them the justice which is their due.

I occupied myself on some reforms in the administration of justice, only at the instance of numerous and repeated request that we made me, praying to obtain a shorter and less difficult mode of proceedings in law; and the superintendants appointed in consequence, had no other aim, than to see that the laws were put in force, and that those who were amenable to them should pay them proper regard.

I regard to many ancient privileges, I only wish to reform, at the desire of those concerned, the abuses that were become hurtful, and which had crept in by the lapse of time, contrary to the intent of their original purposes.

Far then from foreseeing any opposition, and especially one so criminal and bold, I expected that the States of my Provinces in Flanders would have entered on the new

regulations with as much alacrity as gratitudes; and I still am willing, as a kind guardian, and as a man who knows how to commiserate the ill advised, and who wishes to forgive, to attribute what has yet been done, and what you have dared to do, to a misinterpretation of my intentions, made and spread abroad by persons more attached to their private interest than to the general good, and who have no estate to lose.

Be it as it may, it is my pleasure that the execution of the new ordinance, in question should remain for the present suspended, and when their Royal Highnesses, my Lieutenants, and Governors General, agreeable to the intentions which I have lately communicated to them, shall be assembled at Vienna with the Deputies of the different States, to represent before me their grievances aloud, and to learn my intentions, which they will always find calculated on the principles of the strictest justice, and tending solely to the benefit of my subjects, we will then agree on some regulations to be made for the general good, according to the established laws of the land.

But if, contrary to every intent, this last token of my goodness towards you should be disregarded, inasmuch as you shall refuse to come and lay before me your complaints, your fears, your doubts, and to listen to me with confidence, and that you continue your shameful excesses and unpardonable proceedings, then you will draw on yourselves all the unhappy consequences which must result from them, and which I pray God may never come to pass.

To the Right Rev and Rev. Fathers
in God, Noble, Dear, and Well-
beloved. My God preserve you
in his gracious favour.

(Signed) **JOSEPH.**
(Counter-signed) **A. G. DE LEDERER.**

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY-LANE.

- June.
1. THE Plain Dealer—The Deserter.
 2. Macbeth—The First Foot.
 4. The Tempest—The Humourist.
 5. The Heiress—Harlequin's Invasion.
 6. The Jealous Wife—Double Disguise.
 7. Every Man in his Humour—Irish Widow.
 8. The Chances—The Quaker.
 9. Venice Preserv'd—The First Floor.

COVENT GARDEN.

- June.
1. Midnight Hour—Nina—Bonds without Judgment.
 2. Merry Wives of Windsor—Love and War.
 4. The Duenna—Bonds without Judgment.

5. Jahn Shore—Love in a Camp.
6. Midnight Hour—Nina—Bonds without Judgment.
7. Such Things Are—Robins.
8. Midnight Hour—Poor Soldier—Cheats of Scapin.
9. Ditto—Nina—Devil to Pay.
11. Cymon—Devil upon Two Sticks.
12. Midnight Hour—Nina—Bonds without Judgment.
13. The Man of the World—Midnight Hour.
15. Midnight Hour—Nina—Love a-la-Mode.

HAY-MARKET.

- June.
11. I'll tell You What—Harvest Home.
 13. The Spanish Barber—Polly Honeycomb.
 14. English Merchant—Agreeable Surprise.
 16. Summer.

PREFERMENTS—MARRIAGES.

16. Summer Amusement—Polly Honeycomb
 18. Separate Maintenance—Agreeable Surprise.
 20. I'll tell You What!—Harvest Home.
 20. Two to One—A Mogul Tale.
 21. The Young Quaker—Peeping Tom.
 22. Disbanded Officer—Virgin Home-ick'd.
 23. Two Connexioners—Agreeable Surprise.
 25. The Son-in-Law—Peeping Tom.
 26. The Young Quaker—The Romp.
 27. The Suicide—Agreeable Surprise.
 28. The Jealous Wife—The Son-in-Law.
 29. Summer Amusement—The Romp.
 30. Separate Maintenance—Peeping Tom.
 ROYALTY THEATRE.
 June 20. As You like It—Miss in her Teens

PREFERMENTS, JULY 1787.

HENRY Partridge, of the Middle-Temple, Foster Bower, of the Inner-Temple, and Edward Law, of the Inner-Temple, Esqrs. to be of his Majesty's Council learned in the Law.

Matthew Robert Anson, Esq. to be Ulster of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, vice Robert Quarme, Esq. dec.

William Kenne, Esq. Sergeant at Law, to be Recorder of Westown and corporation of Seaford, Sussex.

James Winton, Esq. Barrister at Law, to be Recorder of the Borough of Endport, vice James Kirkpatrick, Esq. dec.

James Fitzgerald, Esq. to the office and place of his Majesty's Tenth Serjeant at Law in Ireland.

The Hon. Capt. Parkley, to the command of the Magnificent of 74 guns.

The Hon. and Rev. Wm. Anson, A. B. to the Deanery of Down Cathedral.

Major H. Burrell, of the 14th reg. of foot, to be Governour of Calcutta-cattle.

Samuel Worrall, jun. Esq. to be Town-Clerk of Bristol.

Mr. Robert Hindmarsh, to be printer extraordinary to the Prince of Wales.

Major-General Patrick Town, to be Colonel of the 45th reg. of foot, in the room of Lieutenant-General Skene, dec.

5th reg. of dragoons. Lieutenant General Robert Cuninghame to be Colonel, vice Sir Joseph Yorke, K. B. promoted.

33rd reg. of foot. Major-General George Scott, to be colonel, vice Lieutenant-General Scott, promoted.

William Fawcett, Esq. from the 3d regiment of foot-guards, to be Adjutant-General in the 10th, vice Pigott, exchanged.

Sir George Baker, Bart. to be Physician in Ordinary to his Majesty.

Dr. Richard Warren and Dr. Robert Halliday to be Physicians in Ordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Sir George Augustus Elliott, K. B. created Lord Heathfield, Baron Heathfield of Galloway, and his office, his Majesty's Royal Licence to bear as an honorable augmentation to his family arms of Elliott of Straths, the arms of Gibraltar, in consideration of his eminent services.

Dr. John Mayo, fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, to be physician to the Foundling-Hospital, vice Sir William Watson, dec.

Mr. Broughton, to be King's Messenger, vice Mr. Winton, dec.

Samuel Swaine, Esq. Upholder in Moorfields, to be Alderman of Bishopsgate-ward, vice James Townsend, Esq. dec.

Matthew Bloxam, Esq. Stationer, to be joint Sheriff of London, with the late elected James Fenn, Esq. vice Mr. Fanningdon, who has been excused, from insufficiency of wealth.

Anthony Merry, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul at Madrid.

Francis Cooke, Esq. to be Cashier of the Navy, vice John Cooke, Esq. resigned.

Mr. Charles Blake, of Billiter-square, to be Surgeon of St. Bartholemew's Hospital, vice Percival Pott, Esq. resigned.

Charles Poole, Esq. Alderman of Hull, to be Commissioner of Hawkers and Pedlars, vice Percival Beaumont, Esq. deceased.

MARRIAGES, JULY 1787.

LATILY at Ludworth, Suffolk, Edward Pemberton, Esq. captain in the first regiment of foot, to Miss Yaldwyn, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Mr. John Yaldwyn, of Blackdown.

Captain Whitehead, in the Strats-trade, to Miss Walker, only daughter of the late Mr. Walker, of Hounditch.

William Richardson, Esq. of Oxford-street, to Miss Smith, daughter of the late Benjamin Smith, esq. of his Majesty's Kitchen.

Colonel Goreham to Mrs. Hunter, widow of — Hunter, Esq.

At Chiswell, near Liverpool, William Evans Jones, esq. to Miss Ashton, daughter of Nicholas Ashton, Esq. of Woolton.

MARRIAGES.

At the Countess-dowager of Hopetoun's, in Edinburgh, John Rutherford, Esq. of Edgerston, to Miss Leslie, only daughter of the Hon. Major-general Leslie.

Mr. Wootton Isaacson, of Mildenhall, near Newmarket, to Miss Prick, of Wickham-brooke.

At Hatfield Broad Oak, Mr. Joseph Matthews, of High Easter, to Miss Nicholas.

At Plymouth, R. E. Remmett, M. D. to Miss Carver, eldest daughter of the late R. Carver, Esq. of that place.

Mr. Thomas Seddon, upholster, to Miss Mary Pollard, of Mitcham.

Lieutenant Gretton, of the West-Essex militia, to Miss Johnston, of Messing.

George Martin, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Miss Broom, only daughter of Harvey Broom, Esq. of Norton, Northamptonshire, eldest son and heir of the late Esq. of Forty-hill, Leicestershire.

— Grimes, Esq. of Cleveland-row, to the Hon. Miss Hart, of the Queen's palace.

Rev. Benjamin Davies, D. D. to Miss Fuller of Ilington, niece to Geo. Brough, Esq. late Treasurer of Guy's Hospital.

The Rev. Frederick-William Bomberg, Rector of Surpion-Mollet, and chaplain and private secretary to the Prince of Wales, to Miss Maria Floyer, of Bath.

The Rev. David James, Pastor of the congregation of Protestant Dissenters at Newbury, to Miss Mianey, heiress of the late Mr. Maundy, of Crown-court, Cheap-side, with a considerable fortune.

James Forbes, Esq. of Stanmore, to Miss Gaylard, of Stratton-place.

At the Abbey-church, Bath, Geo. Scott, Esq. of Paddington; and on the 16th inst. he and his Lady were found dead.

William Egerton, Esq. of Tatton-park, Cheshire, to Miss Armytage, eldest daughter of the late Sir George Armytage, Bart. of Kettleby, Yorkshire.

At Romsey, John Harrington, Esq. son of Dr. Harrington, of Bath, to Miss Susan Way, daughter of the late Mr. Way, a Justice at Sherborne.

Mr. George Wren Legrand, tower at Hampstead, to Miss Lydia White, of Newgate-street.

Mr. Edward Bocket, of New Bridge-street, to Miss Folgham, daughter of Mr. Folgham, cabinet-maker, in Fleet-street.

Mr. Garland, late Harlequin at Covent-Garden-Theatre, to Miss Rley, of Mile-End.

At Stepney, Mr. John Butch, head gardener to the Empress of Russia, to Mrs. Applegarth, widow of Captain Applegarth, of the Europa East Indiaman.

At Painswick, Mr. William Page, clothier, of Pudding-stone, to Miss Mill, of Rudge.

Rev. Joseph Lodington, M. A. Proctor of Lincoln, to Miss Smith, of Spinksbury.

At Haddington, Edward Place, Esq. to Lady Anne Gordon, daughter to the Earl of Aberdeen.

Henry Halfey, of Heuley Park, Surrey, to Miss Glover, of Albemarle-street.

At Screveton, Francis Dawson, Esq. of York, to Miss Thoroton, daughter of Thomas Thoroton, Esq. of Screveton, Nottinghamshire.

At Bath, Thomas Williams, Esq. of Cheston, Monmouthshire, to Miss Harford, of Bath.

At Mary-le-bone church, Charles Gregory, Esq. Captain of the Manx East Indiaman, to Miss Macaulay, daughter and heiress of the late Dr. Geo. Macaulay, and of the female historian of England.

William Sandby, sen. Esq. of the Strand, banker, to Miss Fellows, of Walton-upon-Thames, his third wife.

At Tottenham, by the Bishop of Durham, Richard Boucher, rector of Bright Walton, Berks, and one of his Lordship's chaplains, to Miss Coney, daughter of Brickwell Coney, Esq.

Mr. James Robinson, bookseller, of Paternoster-row, to Miss Blackburn of Hackney.

At Norwich, Rev. Mr. John Jennings, to Miss Lincoln, of the same place.

Rev. Mr. Edwards, rector of Ongar, Essex, to Miss Venn, of Dover.

Capt. William Hunt, of the garrison of Plymouth, to Miss Sarah Davis.

Richard Shawe, Esq. of Bridge-street, to Miss Croughton, of St. Swithun's-lane.

Captain Robert Anderson, of the Swallow East India packet, to Miss Cox, of Fenchurch-street.

George Ward, Esq. to Miss Frances Amy Birch, second sister of Robert Herend Bach, Esq. of St. Audries in Somersetshire.

At Thruik, Edward Buckle, of Sowerby-park, Esq. to Miss Frances Bentley, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Bentley, of Thruik.

Mr. Francis Dighton, Sadler, of Piccadilly, to Miss Margeret Elizabeth Bunning, eldest daughter of Mr. Bunning, an eminent buckle-maker in Shepherd-market.

Mr. Zomlin, of Devonshire-square, merchant, to Miss Allager, of Newington, Surrey.

At Cranford, Middlesex, Rev. William Moreton, of Lewes, Sussex, to Miss Louisa Board, second daughter of William Board, Esq. of Pax-hill.

Nathaniel Kibmere, Esq. of Charlotte-street, to Miss Richards.

Robert Wigram, Esq. of Crosby-square, to Miss Watts, of the Victualling-office.

At

At Stanmore, Mr. Jelly, surgeon, of Edgware, to Miss Mary Walford, of Stanmore.

At Walcot-church, Bath, Henry Ba well, Esq. of St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Miss Rye, of Rivers-street.

At Rougham, Mr. Ireland, of Staples-inn, to Miss Hand, of Rougham-hall, Norfolk.

Mr. Campbell, jun. of Carey-street, to Miss Keylock, of Hatton-garden.

At the chapel in the square, Bath, Edward Woods, Esq. of Hants, to Miss Lætitia Floyer, of New King-street, Bath.

Mr. James Winchlock, surgeon, of Ramsbury, Wilts, to Mrs. Kent, widow of the late William Kent, Esq. of Little Bedwih, Wilts.

At Strood church, near Rochester, Mr. Gideon Davie, second Clerk in Commissioner Proby's office, to Miss Morson, daughter of Captain Morson, of Strood.

William Evans James, Esq. to Miss Ashton, daughter of Nicholas Ashton, Esq. both of Liverpool.

The Right Hon. Lord Mulgrave to Miss Cholmley, daughter of Nathaniel Cholmley, Esq. of Howtham, Yorkshire.

At Haverfordwest, George Graves, Esq. to Miss Hunt, daughter of John Hunt, Esq. late Master of the Ceremonies at the Hotwells.

The Rev. Edward Newton Walter, of Crowcombe, to Miss Mary Axe, of Wood, near Stogumber.

The Rev. Thomas Woodroffe, B. D. Rector of Oakley, in Surrey, to Miss Catherine Barber, of Wandsworth.

Mr. James Backhouse, jun. banker in Darlington, to Miss Mary Deatman, of Thorne.

George Augustus Rogers, Esq. Secretary to the Ordnance Board, to Miss Hamme, daughter of Sir Benjamin Hammet.

James Dorant, Esq. of Wellhouse, Berks, to Miss Goddard, of Stirgroves, Hants.

S. C. Carne, Esq. of Sandon, Essex, to Miss M. Risch, second daughter of Frederick Risch, an Hambro' merchant.

The Rev. J. Barton, rector of Parkham, in Devon, to Miss Parr.

Samuel Compton Cox, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, to Miss Pott, daughter of Percival Pott, Esq. of Hammer-square.

The Rev. Martin Barry, to Miss Rooke,

sister of James Rooke, Esq. Member for Monmouthshire.

The Rev. Mr. R. Ravenhill, to Miss Hoey, daughter of the late Robert Hoey, Esq. of Wicklow in Ireland.

George Carter, Esq. Captain of the Stormont Indiaman, to Miss Windfor, of Chukford, Essex.

At Winterbourne, the Rev. D. Evans, (Author of the "Essay on the Gift of Tongues") to Miss Oliver, of Frenchay.

The Rev. Mr. Cox, vicar of Leeke Wootton, to Miss Clarke, of Birmingham.

The Rev. Mr. Cromleholme, rector of Sheerington, in Bucks, to Miss Draper, of Winchester.

At Penn, near Wolverhampton, Mr. Tho. Bagnall, aged 74, to Miss Bagley, aged 14.

Sir John Ramden, Bart. of Byram, Yorkshire, to the Hon. Louisa Susanna Ingram Shepherd, fifth daughter of the late Lord Viscount Irwin.

William Errington, Esq. of Chesters, in Northumberland, to Miss Eleanor O'Connor, daughter to Mr. Hugh O'Connor, merchant, of London.

Sir John W. S. Gardiner, Bart. of Tackley-park, Oxfordshire, to Miss Martha Newcombe, daughter of the late Dr. Newcombe, Dean of Rochester.

Lord Ballenden to Mrs. Sarah Cuming, a widow lady from Jamaica.

Sir John Swinburne, of Capheaton, in Northumberland, to Miss Emma-Elizabeth Bennett, of St. James's, Westminster.

Lieutenant Rankin, of the 44th regiment of foot, to Miss Merland.

John Griffiths, Esq. to Miss Price, eldest daughter of Hugh Price, Esq. of Anglesey.

Lately at Bengal, George Drake, Esq. son of the late Governor Drake, to Miss Charlotte Green, sister-in-law to Sir Digby Dent.

Griffin Wilton, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Miss Jouvencel, only daughter of the late Peter-Cauchet Jouvencel, Esq. of the Privy seal-office.

The Rev. Mr. Waters to Miss Walford, of Conisbrough.

William Wrightson, Esq. Member for Aylesbury, to Miss H. Haber, of Lower Grosvenor-street.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, JULY 1787.

MAY.

At Naples, George Tierney, esq.
At Hornsey, Samuel Good-
son, esq. of Fall-mall.

24. At Margate, Mr. Gribble, of Gloucester-street, Queen's-square.

Major George Henderson, late of the 13th regiment of foot.

23. Arthur

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

25. Arthur Heigham, esq. of Hutton, Norfolk, in the 81st year of his age.

At Tadcaster, Edward Whatmore, esq. of Marshwood, in the county of Wilts.

Mr. Gambier, brother to Admiral Gambier.

26. Mr. Charles Hodder, sen. of Tooley-street, Broker and Auctioneer.

27. Mr. Deputy Joseph Partridge, in Fen-church-street.

Sir Thomas Heathcote, bart. at Hursley, near Winchester.

28. John Sheridan, esq. Barrister at Law. The Rev. Mr. Woodgate, many years Minister of the meeting-house in Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street.

At Phoenix-park, near Dublin, the right hon. Lady Henrietta Gore.

At Helston, Cornwall, Mr. W. Rogers, one of the freemen of that borough under the old charter. One other only is now remaining.

29. At Hammermith, James Duke Bailey, esq.

The Rev. B. Newton, Rector of St. John's in Gloucester, of Sandhurst in the same county, and Chaplain to the Bishop of the diocese.

Lately in Gresse-street, Rathbone-place, lieutenant-colonel Edward Hicks, formerly of the 70th regiment.

30. Mr. Robert Reynolds, brother of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and formerly an eminent Ironmonger at Exeter.

Mr. Thoraton, King's-road, Chelsea.

Lately at Repton, near Derby, Francis Every, Gentleman, uncle to the late Sir Edward Every.

JULY 1. At Harrogate, Sir James Hunter Blair, of Dunkey, bart. late Member of Parliament, and Lord-Provost of Edinburgh.

James Hooper, esq. of Yeovil, in Somersetshire.

James Townsend, esq. Member for Calne, Wiltshire, and Alderman for Bishopgate ward, to which he was elected in 1769. In the same year he served the office of Sheriff, and that of Lord-Mayor in 1772.

The Rev. Mr. Butler, Rector of Chew-roke and Norton, in the county of Somerset.

2. Mrs. Isabella Chauncy, at Canterbury. George Conyers, esq. youngest son of the late John Conyers, Member for Essex.

Lately at Kilkullen in Ireland, Mr. Dennis Lynet, aged 101.

3. Alexander Forrester, esq. formerly an eminent Barrister at Law, aged 82. He published a volume of Reports, called "Cases," in the time of Lord Talbot.

Miss Harriet Brown, aged 18, second daughter of Mr. Brown, Wholesale Linen-draper, in Cheapside.

Mr. Hydon, Barge-builder, Bankside.

4. Sir Richard Jebb, bart. Physician to their Majesties, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family.

Mrs Deane, relict of Aulha Deane, esq. late of Reading, and eldest daughter of the late Dr. Merrick.

At Eckington, in Derbyshire, the Rev. John Coupland, Curate to the Rev. Christopher Alderson, Rector of that place.

At the Black Rock, near Dublin, Admiral Moore.

5. The Lady of Lord Chief Baron Eyre, formerly Miss Peacock.

Nathaniel Hancock, esq. formerly Commander of the Norfolk, in the East-India Company's service.

George Grant, esq. of Tulligorum, aged 85.

The Rev. Richard Scrope, D. D. Rector of Castle-Combe. He was the editor of one of the volumes of Lord Clarendon's *Papers*.

6. Captain Michael Shelley, aged 98.

John Mumford, esq. of Sutton-place, Kent.

Drewry Wake, esq. brother to the late Sir William Wake, bart. Member for Bedford.

7. Mr. Anthony Batger, Broker and Auctioneer, of Ratcliffe-highway.

At Bracondal, Norwich, Mrs. Moore, relict of the late Dr. Moore.

Lately at Schawby, near Briggs in Lincolnshire, the Rev. John Empton, Vicar of that place.

Lately at Warrington, the Rev. Joseph Blackburn, Rector of Darthberry in Cheshire.

Lately at Abergavenny, Philip Boeler, esq.

10. Mr. Kidwell, Attorney at Law, in St. George's-row, Tyburn.

Mr. John Sreaton, of Cateaton-street.

Lately the Rev. Jasper Selwyn, Vicar of Wheatenfield.

11. Nathaniel Read, esq. Sculptor, successor to Mr. Roubiliac.

John Macklin, esq. at Holland-house, Kensington.

13. At Hoor, in Sussex, Mr. Edward Fuller.

Mr. Pepperel, Attorney at Law, in Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn fields.

Mr. Ballert, formerly one of the band of Musicians at Drury Lane Theatre.

Mr. Thomas Simpson, Cumberland row, Kennington lane.

Mr. William Francis, at Start Hill, near Bishopstortford, aged 100.

14. Captain Keylock Ruden, many years in the Jamaica trade.

15. Mr. Daniel Hill, wax bleacher, at Barnes, in Surrey.

Mr. James Fisher, sen. attorney, of the Minorca.

Lately in Rivers street, Bath, Governor Danielian, in his 82d year.

Lately, Dr. William Irwine, professor of chemistry, and Materia Medica, at Glasgow.

16. Mr. Thorp, in Cockspur street, Charing Cross.

At Brounley, Mr. Ambrose Lloyd, merchant, in the City.

At Shrewsbury, Gen. Severne, Colonel of the 8th regiment, or King's Royal Irish Light Dragoons.

Thomas

Thomas Mytton, esq. of Shipton, Shropshire.

17. Mr. Thomas Richards, fishmonger, in St. John Street.

18. A Knolly, Oxfordshire, aged upwards of 70, the Lady Dowager Wenman.

21. At Heythorp, in Oxfordshire, in the 68th year of his age, George Talbot, Earl of Strawbury. His Lordship married Eliza-

beth, sister to the present Lord Dormer; and died without issue.

John Gay, esq. senior Alderman of the City of Norwich, and late receiver of the Stamp duties for the County of Norfolk.

22. In Newgate, Mr. Elliot, lately tried at the Old Bailey, for shooting at Miss Boydell. (See an account of him in our Magazine, for July 1782, p. 44.)

BANKRUPTS.

STEPHEN Clark, of Brewer-street, Westminster, cabinet-maker. Thomas Oldfield, of Newbury, Berks, draper. John Barker, of Brentwood, cutter. John Howell, of Cattle-street, Leaden-hill-fields, victualler. William Gardner, of Colchester, corn-chandler. Thomas Shawe, of Billing, Lancashire, woollen-draper. Abraham Gibson, and James Gibson, of Skircoat, Halifax, Yorkshire, dyers. John Peterwald, of Bath, tobacconist. Joseph Cane, of Manchester, suttlen-manufacturer. John Eagles, of Lewisham, brewer. Kennet Dixon, and William-Walter Viney, of Mintog-lane, merchants. Henry Holroyd, of Greenwich, hoop-bender. William Peacock, of Barnew, Suffolk, yarn-maker. John Constantine, of Settle, Yorkshire, cutter. Joseph Cooper, of St. Agnes le Clair, Middlesex, victualler. Charles Hendrie, of Lechlade, corn-dealer. William Chipchase, of Cuddeho-street, Durham, butcher. Daniel Winwood, of Halefowen, chape-maker. John Harris, of Worcester, grocer. William Kirk, of Lambeth Terrace, Surrey, painter. Charles Senels, of Fenchurch-street, upholster. Samuel Levy, of Gloucester, goldsmith. Edward Pasco, of Chichester, cabinet-maker. Charles Smith, of Bristol, mariner. Thomas Prouen, of Gloucester, wire-merchant. John Pearfall and Benjamin Pearfall, of London, hardwaremen. George Wadsworth, of Bechoies, Kirkburton, Yorkshire, clothier. Joseph Rann, jun. of Birmingham, butcher. Jacob Thompson, of Sunderland, master mariner. John Cox and Joseph Cox, of Newport, Dorsetshire, woollen-draper. William Cruikshank, of Coleman-street, iron-ware-maker. John Scribblehill, of Deyford, Kent, brazier. James Bossey, of D. piford, Kent, taylor. Richard Mangnall, and Richard Faulkner, both of Sheffield, Yorkshire, hardwaremen. Thomas Cannon, of Sheffield, and Thomas Hamilton, of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, cutlers. William Williams, of Liverpool, cow-keeper. George Palmer, of Bristol, woollen-draper. Thomas Days, of Gotwell-street, brewer. John Gafree, of Brick-lane, Spital-fields, silk and gauze-dresser. William Wollencroft and James Andrew, of Marchester, hatters. George Rapallin, of Petty-France, merchant. John Platt, of Market-Harborough, builder. Francis Woodhouse, of Devereux court,

Temple, coffeeman. Stephen Butler, of Brompton, Middlesex, wholesale perfumer. Shadrach Jones, of Bartholemew-close, merchant. George Wilkinson, of Leeds, mercer. Richard Gwaller, of Twickenham, clothier. Edward Parker, of Perthore, taylor. Edward Aldridge, of Bisley, Gloucestershire, draper. Tobias Atkins the elder, late of Helsing, in Cornwall, flay-maker. William Lowndes, of Norton in the Moors, Staffordshire, carrier. George Humphreys, of Bow-street, Covent-garden, watch-glass-manufacturer. Robert Fowarty and Joseph Gray, of Compton-street, hatter-manufacturers. Gabriel Bouffe Vanylaz, of Leicester-square, merchant. William Perhard and William Warner, of Greenwich, coal-merchants. Edward Barman, of Beverly, butcher. Thomas Brett, of Badwell Ash, Suffolk, butcher. William Webb, late of Horsebrook, Staffordshire, maltster. Isaac Cook, of Worcester, glover. Thomas Dempsey, of Liverpool, flour-seller. William Neale, of Liverpool, block-maker. Wm. Brown, of Threadneedle-street, stock and insurance broker. Samuel Thompton, of Greenwich, coal-merchant. Andrew Lane, of Ipsons, Staffordshire, grocer. Sail Barks Broughton, of Fillingham, Lincolnshire, jobber. Thomas Forsyth, of Honey-Lane Market, warehouseman. John Funnis, of Dover, Kent, grazier. Ralph Hotchkiss, of Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, linendraper. Samuel Nicolls, of St. Giles's, Middlesex, victualler. James Senels and William Daniel, of Fenchurch-street, upholsterers. Robert Haynes, of Bristol, druggist. James Chappell, jun. of Exeter, linendraper. Nathaniel Hobbs, of Parliament-street, linendraper. John Hamilton, of Southampton, shop-keeper. Samuel Durand, of Queen-street, Southwark, orice-weaver. James Webb, of New-street, Westminster, hardwareman. Henry Hammond, of Worcester, hop-merchant. John Shakeshaft and Hugh Stirrup, of Cateaton-street, linendrapers. Caleb Crookenden and Mich. Taylor, of Ithenor, Sussex, ship-builders. Wm. Phillips, of Walworth, hatter. Thomas Adams, of Holborn-edge, grocer. Jos. Scarratt, of Liverpool, oilman. Robert Heyland, of York, linen-draper. David Prichard, of Strewbury, mercer. Samuel Rogers, of Newport street, silk mercer.



European Magazine,

A N D

LONDON REVIEW;

For AUGUST, 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of PETER PINDAR, Esq. And 2. A VIEW of KINGSGATE, near MARGATE.]

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;

LETTERS FROM ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS, REQUESTING THEIR SERVICES TO BE USED FOR A pecuniary reward. To such Correspondents we shall observe, that it is a rule to take no other notice of anonymous offers than to mention, that the contributions of our friends are frequently too numerous for us to insert. To applications with the writers names we shall have no objection to be more explicit, if it is desired.

The remainder of Sir William Jones's *Life* is obliged to be postponed to our next. The *Portrait of Dr. Houlston* came too late to be engraved. It will be carefully kept until sent for.

To the Correspondent who complains of our omission of his *Sonnet*, we think it sufficient reason that it appeared in another Magazine of the same month. We do not desire any contributions on those terms.

The *Trial of Fashion and Taste* is too long for our Magazine.
S. Wise—Fidelis—Harriet Falconer—Thespis the Second—G. D.—M. M.—L.
—Musivum Amicus, and some others, which will be noticed in our next, are received.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Aug. 13, to Aug. 18 1787.

	Wheat					Rye					Barl.					Oats					Beans				
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.
London	5	8	5	4	1	0	1	3	3	3	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
COUNTIES INLAND.																									
Middlesex	5	10	0	0	3	3	2	8	4	0															
Surrey	6	2	3	4	0	0	2	6	4	7															
Hertsford	5	10	0	0	4	0	2	5	3	1															
Bedford	5	9	3	8	0	0	2	5	3	9															
Cambridge	5	7	3	3	0	0	2	1	3	4															
Huntingdon	5	6	0	0	0	0	2	0	3	4															
Northampton	5	7	3	1	3	5	2	3	3	9															
Rutland	6	4	0	0	3	10	0	0	0	0															
Leicester	5	11	3	5	3	8	2	3	4	4															
Nottingham	6	4	4	6	3	9	2	4	4	3															
Derby	6	8	0	0	0	0	2	6	0	0															
Stafford	5	8	0	0	0	0	2	10	4	4															
Salop	5	11	4	0	3	4	2	5	4	11															
Hereford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0															
Worcester	5	9	3	1	0	0	2	5	3	8															
Warwick	5	5	0	0	0	0	2	4	3	11															
Gloucester	5	4	0	0	2	7	2	0	4	3															
Wils	5	10	0	0	2	11	2	5	4	1															
Bucks	5	15	3	7	3	5	2	4	3	7															
Oxford	5	4	0	0	3	2	2	4	3	8															
Buck.	5	8	0	0	3	1	2	4	3	9															

QUANTITIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans
Essex	5 7 0	0 2	9 2	4 3	6
Suffolk	5 4 3	1 2	8 2	3 3	2
Norfolk	5 11 3	4 2	6 2	4 0	0
Lincoln	5 9 3	3 2	11 2	1 3	7
York	6 4 4	1 3	3 2	6 4	7
Durham	6 10 4	0 2	7 3	11	
Northumberl.	5 9 3	1 3	4 2	5 4	6
Cumberland	6 5 4	2 2	6 5	0	0
Westmorl.	6 1 4	3 3	5 2	9 0	0
Lancashire	6 3 0	0 0	0 2	6 4	8
Chestre	6 0 0	0 2	11 2	5 0	0
Moamouth	6 6 0	0 0	0 2	5 0	0
Somerset	6 1 4	0 3	8 2	5 4	3
Devon	6 1 0	0 2	11 1	9 0	0
Cornewall	6 7 0	0 3	7 1	8 0	0
Dorset	6 1 0	0 2	10 2	3 4	4
Hants	5 9 0	0 2	11 2	1 3	11
Suffex	6 0 0	0 0	0 2	4 0	0
Kent	5 3 0	0 3	0 2	4 3	3

WALES, Aug. 9, to Aug. 14, 1787.

North Wales	5 9 4	4 3	0 1	10 4	5
South Wales	5 5 4	4 2	11 1	7 4	9

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

JULY.		
BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
28—29	— 45 —	64 — S.
29—29	— 65 —	65 — S. S. W.
30—29	— 67 —	68 — S. S. W.
31—29	— 91 —	58 — W.
AUGUST.		
1—29	— 90 —	64 — S. S. W.
2—30	— 15 —	63 — W.
3—30	— 37 —	65 — W. N. W.
4—30	— 37 —	65 — N. N. W.
5—30	— 05 —	69 — S. S. E.
6—29	— 99 —	69 — N. N. W.
7—30	— 14 —	67 — S. S. W.
8—30	— 28 —	68 — E. S. E.
9—30	— 00 —	70 — E.
10—30	— 90 —	69 — W.
11—30	— 03 —	66 — W.
12—29	— 90 —	67 — W.
13—30	— 18 —	69 — W.
14—30	— 89 —	62 — W.
15—29	— 88 —	66 — W.
16—29	— 0 —	60 — W.

18—29	— 78 —	63 — W.
19—29	— 66 —	63 — S.
20—29	— 94 —	59 — N.
21—30	— 18 —	59 — N.
22—29	— 84 —	62 — N. W.
23—29	— 86 —	63 — N. W.
24—29	— 78 —	58 — W.
25—29	— 32 —	56 — W.
26—29	— 66 —	55 — W.
27—29	— 90 —	62 — N.

PRICE of STOCKS,

August 28, 1787.	
Bank Stock, 131 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	New S. S. Ann. —
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	India Stock, —
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 111 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 110 $\frac{1}{2}$	India Bonds, 79s. a 78s. pr.
3 per Cent. red. 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 73 $\frac{1}{2}$	New Navy and Vict. Bills —
3 per Cent. Conf. 73 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 73 $\frac{1}{2}$	Long Ann. 1778, —
3 per Cent. 1726, —	30 yrs. Ann. 1778, —
3 per Cent. 1751, —	Exchequer Bills, —
3 per Ct. Ind. An. —	Lottery Tickets 15l. 15s. 6d. a 16s.
	Pittes —

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,
For AUGUST, 1787.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
ANECDOTES of PETER PINDAR, Esq.

[With a PORTRAIT of HIM, from a Painting by ORIZ.]

THE lives of literary men are generally so little employed in the duties of the world, that their characters are perhaps more properly deducible from the nature of their compositions, than from any observations of their conduct. The present subject, however, of our biographic notice has mixed so much with mankind, and has been distinguished for such an extensive intercourse with the various conditions of human life, that nothing of the usual barren uniformity of literary pursuits is to be deemed descriptive of his career; though indeed it must be acknowledged, that all representations of it, not furnished by himself, must necessarily be considered as partial and inadequate. The imagination of the poet must undoubtedly be formed by Nature; but if he wishes to render his art efficacious, and raise the estimation of mankind, he must turn his eyes diligently upon the works of his great benefactors, and the operations of human life, that this Imagination may be stored with materials for her labours, and enabled to borrow illustrations from all that can give force and variety to her exertions. That the lively genius who at present engages our attention has been liberally gifted in point of imagination, and that his original capacity has been enriched by wide and persevering industry, the multiplicity of new conceptions and variety of allusions observable in his works, will abundantly testify. But as most of our readers are probably as well acquainted with his productions as ourselves, they may perhaps chuse to exercise their own judgments on this head, and require some Anecdotes respecting the life of a man who has by novelty of imagery, boldness of satire, and force of poetical genius, so much signalized himself at this period. We will readily lay before them all that we have been able to procure respecting the private life of this ex-

cellent man. We make such references to his works as may tend to justify the very high opinion we profess to entertain of his abilities.

The gentleman then who has figured in the Poetical World under the appellation of PETER PINDAR, in reality bears the name of W—L—T, and is descended from a respectable family in Devonshire. He was bred to the study of physic, and practised some time with success in Cornwall; but notwithstanding that he applied himself very seriously to his profession, a genius like his could not be restrained within the dull limits of formal business; he was therefore found frequently addressing the Ladies of Helicon. In this country he formed a connection with the late Sir William Trelawny, and followed his fortunes to Jamaica, of which Island he was made Governor during the Administration of Lord Shelburne. At this place we find the Doctor at the summit of medical elevation, by being appointed Physician General to the Island, enjoying and enjoyed by the lively inhabitants. If we do not mistake, the Doctor, during his residence in this Island, was induced to enter into the clerical function, on a prospect of important preferment; but being disappointed, he relinquished the profession of a divine before his departure for England, and has never since resumed it. This circumstance of his life we understand honest Peter has always been unwilling to acknowledge; but as impartial Biographers, we think it our duty to reveal it to our readers. On his return to England, he resumed and pursued his original profession for several years; but chusing, as it is said he often has wisely declared, rather to live happy on one guinea than miserable on ten, he quitted the gloomy chambers of sickness for the cheerful region of Parnassus. It is needless to observe what opportunity of penetrating into the character, and observing the weakness of human nature,

profession; and how far this might tend to assist him in his poetical pursuits. The Doctor's attachment to poetry, however, at last obtained such an ascendancy over him, that though his repute as a Physician was very high in his native county, and consequently productive of considerable emolument, he found it impossible to extinguish the poetic fervor; and as the confined sphere in which he moved in Cornwall could not afford sufficient material to exercise, or sufficient entertainment to gratify a genius like his, he entirely relinquished his medical profession, and commenced his literary career in a place more adapted to his powers, the ample field of the Metropolis. And here it must be observed, that the Doctor enjoyed an advantage seldom possessed by poets in general, for having some family inheritance of his own, large enough to supply all the decent comforts of life, he was under no necessity of courting the favour or submitting to the control of Booksellers; and was therefore enabled to give an unbiassed indulgence to the bent of his genius, which seems vehemently to have incited him to satire, in which he has certainly equaled the best writers this country has produced.

It now becomes to make such references to the works of this versatile author as may justify the high opinion we have declared of his genius; which indeed is of so Protean a kind, that it appears in almost every shape, and while the versatility of his satire excites our admiration, nor less perhaps immediately occurs of to vers different species, that it is hardly possible to suppose they were both the progeny of the same mind. In our respect we contend, however, there is a draw back on our partiality to this author, and that arises from the freedom in which he has suffered his Muse to indulge herself on the characters of a Great Personage, Kings are characters that should not to be lightly spotted with, for they are actually necessary to the peace and decorum of Society, such, besides the solid support of their laws, derives considerable strength from the reverence in which the first Magistrato of a country is held by the generality of the people. for however just the

censure, the character should be fit though to the credit of our author it be acknowledged, that his effusions more characterized by good-humour by the acrimonious severity which graces the lays of Churchill, and Letters of the elegant but virulent Junius. There is, however, one circumstance in the life of our author which, as it tends to the support of a beautiful art, deserves to be recorded. Let it then be mentioned, that to him is PAINTING indebted for OPUS. This great Artist was found by our author in the mines of Cornwall, where his genius first discovered itself in such rude efforts as might have passed unobserved by a less intelligent eye than that of the Doctor, who saw in its roughest shape the excellence which has since expanded into such importance.

As far as we have been able to trace the poetical career of our author, his works have appeared in the following order. His first production was an EPIGRAM TO THE KEVILWICKS, a composition of truly nonchalant and laughable satire. The next offspring of his Muse was LYRIC ODES TO THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS, which, with all their merit, we must confess, in some of the structures, are deficient in candour, and appear to flow more from a love of satire, than from a conviction of the demerits of the objects of his critical severity. We dare cite Mr. West as an instance, who, though far from a perfect punter, was entitled to more respect from our author. His next work was LYRIC ODES on the same subject, with the same severity and humour, and, we are afraid, with the same want of candour.

During the intervals of his Odeic effusions our author produced THE LOUISIAN, a Moral Heroic Poem, abounding in wit, humour, and strength, but at the same time defective in that respect which is subject to our Sovereign*. Peter should have recollected the old adage, that "truth is not to be spoken at all times." Our author's next performance was his EPIGRAM TO JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. The subject was undoubtedly far gone, and fully justified the use of his *juvenalian* severity. This

* The foundation of The Louisa was a discovery made by his Majesty one evening at supper of a few flies on his plate that had green peas on it. We have endeavoured to detect the object that created so much disgust. From the best information we find it to have been a hair from the human head; which PETER by a *l'entrepriente* converted into a LOUISE. Thus much happened in consequence of his Majesty's discovery, viz. the cooks, scullions, &c. &c. were forced to submit to the dreadful operation of shaving, to the number of fifty, and great was their displeasure thereat. This we can vouch for; but whether 'tis a proper subject for the poet's ridicule or not, is a question that may admit of some controversy.

for novelty of imagery, strength
 ure, and glow of poetry, may rank
 any production in our language.
 next labour of his pen was **BOZZY**
 o **PROZZI**, a just ridicule of vain and
 oriant biographers. After this appear-
ODE UPON ODE, in which Kings, Lau-
 te, Lords, Ladies, Knights, Fiddlers,
 and *Academics*, are treated with most
 unmerciful levity. To this succeed-
 ed **AN APOLOGICAL POSTSCRIPT**,
 nonically justifying the wanton ridicule
 of the preceding publication, and which
 indeed may be considered as a witty re-
 sponse of his satirical offence. The
 next work in order, as well as we can re-
 collect, was the *Scylla* of the
LOUSIAD, breathing the same spirit of

ridicule, replete with the same novelty of
 imagery and string of numbers. Pe-
 ter Pindar's last production is entitled
INSTRUCTIONS TO A CELEBRATED
LAUREAT, possessing a vein of homical
 wit and humour equal if not superior to
 any of his publication. Thus have we
 given a catalogue of the labours of our
 author, whose poetical versatility is such,
 that we find a difficulty where most to ad-
 mire him, whether he lashes with *Ju-
 venal*, sneers with *Suiff*, laughs with
Bulter, sighs with *Tullius*, or tells a
 tale with *bonaparte*.
 In a future *Magazine* it is intended to
 give extracts from this writer's various
 productions.

PANEGYRIC ON GLUTTONY,

IN IMITATION OF THE IMITATIONS OF ROUSSEAU

HOW long shall it be ere we learn to
 judge of the value of a man by the
 merit of his intellect or his conduct?
 How long must man—weak and miser-
 able man, wander through the wilds of
 prejudice, and rebel against the authority
 of sacred Truth? Not surely, nor till he
 ceases to consider fictions as realities—till he
 ceases to judge of virtues and of vices by
 their names. Then, and not till then, O
 Gluttony! divine Gluttony! offspring of
 Heaven, pure source of social bliss, shall
 thy name be reverenced, and in every na-
 tion a breast a temple be erected to thy
 praise!
 O happy London! seat of science, seat
 of civility!—your sages long first led
 the way—they first extended the limits
 of sentiment over another appetite, and
 man has gained another step in the scale
 of the creation. As it is as the super-
 iority of the mind over the body, of the
 delights of sentiment over the gratifica-
 tions of sense—so superior is thy plea-
 sure, O Gluttony, to the brutal enjoy-
 ments of the sensual savage and philoso-
 pher! Yes, I have said it—let us make off
 the delusions of sophistry and superstition,
 and boldly approach to that garden which
 we must respect even when we refuse to
 hearken to its voice, let us repeat, that
 it is the savage and pretended philosopher
 that is sensual, and that it is the Glutton
 that is pure, happy, and free. Shall I be
 believed? Perhaps not. What matters it?
 I care not if I am—I will not forget it
 or future fame—I despise the applause
 of my contemporaries and the approbation
 of posterity, how can I enjoy? What then
 do you thus expose yourself alone to the
 prejudice of learning and of ignorance of

the philosopher and the mechanic? Wise
 man! And can there be no object in my
 labours but the praise of such as thou?
 Alas! you want a soul—you know not
 virtue. If I were to tell you my motive,
 you could not comprehend it—I or thy
 votaries, O Virtue! only do I write, they
 will not need an explanation—their hearts
 will take that task from off my hands.
 How happy is it that Love is esteemed
 a refiner of the soul and an auxiliary to
 virtue, and that Gluttony has a very ap-
 petite that is better than Lust more to be
 prized than Love? No! I think the
 stomach more estimable than Gluttony?
 Certainly not. Why do we consider a
 man's mind a hog which digests because
 each indulges his appetites without care
 or discrimination? Give sentiment to a
 man, and he becomes a lover. Give
 sentiment to a pig, and our nation will
 glory in it. If Philosophy purges senti-
 ment from an appetite, will you add the
 enclosure it is in a man? If a man
 will not pay no attention to it, and
 the moment that it is he much ceases to call
 for no sustenance, why should it not be
 a virtue to tame as little upon an appetite
 of a better kind? Let us return our
 comparison.
 If the man who thinks of nothing is
 his cohabitant with the other sex, but the
 momentary fiction deserves to be likened
 to an ape, is not he who extends his
 thought to no farther than the mere appe-
 tite his hunger as well entitled to the
 appellation of a hog? This is for argu-
 ment.—Either give up love, or admit
 gluttony, forget your prejudice, and you
 will admit both. But let us consider this
 matter more closely. It is the best of
 man,

man, above other animals, that he can, by uniting reason and appetite, render the pleasures of sense both more delicate and more lasting. How are brutes in this respect? Debarred by their nature from the pure mental enjoyments of which we are capable, they are even inferior to us in the grosser,—the corporeal ones—they neither relish them so highly nor so long. How grateful then ought we to be to that Providence which has bestowed upon his creatures so infinite a portion of happiness? And yet we affect to hold his choicest blessings in contempt. O foolish wisdom! O ignorant knowledge! O credulous scepticism! O infatuated man! Listen, my brothers, listen no more to your proud teachers—they deceive you.—Alas, they deceive themselves!

Who that has known the pleasing pains—the tender solitudes of the soft passion, but knows how delightful those sensations are; but how diminished, how evanescent they seem, when compared with the important cares, the lively hopes, the amiable anxiety, which a feast so readily awakens in the breast of a true glutton. His sleeping and waking thoughts it equally employs. As the lover in his dreams sometimes presses his mistress in his arms; and enjoys, in imagination, the late but sweet reward of his constancy; so the glutton, when resigned to sleep, sees the tardy vessel that holds the object of his sighs, and to which the envious winds had so long refused an entrance to our shores, sailing in smooth majesty into the gladsome harbour. In haste he flies on board; soon his eager eye surveys the tub that contains his treasure. Instinct, unerring instinct tells him, it is his.—Panting, he takes the turtle in his arms, prints a thousand kisses on its hard shell, and, with uplifted eyes, pours out to Heaven his grateful prayers for its safe arrival.

How artful are the contrivances of inventive man to give a zest to his enjoyments! No lover prizes a mistress that is not coy, nor does any glutton a dish that is not rare. When the yielding maid protracts the happy moment, by the oaths of constancy with which she strives to bind her victor for ever in her chains, are

we not reminded of the chaplain upon the table? Alike, since they enhance the pleasure that is forgotten! To what perils will a glutton expose themselves? What labours will they not undergo to gain the object of their affections? What deeds of heroism will not each achieve?—What miraculous victories will they not obtain, even over the very appetites from which their sensual passions take their rise? Methinks I see a youth inspired with the true spirit of sentiment, resisting all the allurements of beauty, all the stimulations of sense, and preserving his fidelity against every attack. How easy too to fancy a London magistrate, whom some untoward chance has kept from home beyond his accustomed hour of dinner, and whose contentious bowels growl and gnaw for their food—cast a disdainful look on every rare that he passes—turning away his nostrils with contempt even from the grateful steams of the tavern, and suffering with undaunted courage the fierce gnawing in his entrails, rather than pall his appetite for his favourite dish. Need I mention the effects of this divine passion in bringing men into society, and supplying them with conversation to make that society agreeable; an advantage which it decidedly possesses over its kindred passion, love. But what shall we say when we reflect on its duration? Love, alas, decays as we increase in years, and quits us with the youthful appetite that gave it birth; but gluttony, constant faithful gluttony, grows rather than diminishes with age—and as if connected above every other passion with the spiritual part of our nature, it never quits us while the soul remains.

I now have done.—If I have convinced the world that gluttony is an useful, a natural, and an amiable passion, my time has not been mis-spent: but ere the earth return into chaos many generations must pass away; and though obstinacy and pride may still the voice of truth for a time, it must at length be heard, and when heard it will prevail.

AN ACCOUNT OF KINGSGATE, near MARGATE,

(With a View.)

KINGSGATE is in the vicinity of Margate, and received its name, as appears from an inscription over the portal, by order of Charles II. who landed here, with the Duke of York, in his passage from Dover to London on the 20th of June 1662. At this

place, situated on a small but pleasant bay, stands the delightful seat of the late Lord Holland, afterwards of the honourable Mr. Charles Fox, built on a very different plan from any other house in the kingdom; the whole being intended for an architect's

Thomas Wynn *,) to resemble an Italian villa; but more particularly that of Tully's Farm villa on the coast of the bay of Baux, near the city of Prizzoli, one of the most celebrated in the Roman state, upon the eve of the Augustan age, when all the polite arts were at the zenith of their glory. The saloon of Neptune and some other of the apartments are very fine. On the front of the house towards the sea, is a noble portico of the Doric order. The wings are faced with flint, of curious workmanship. Over each of the gateways that lead to them is a large antique basso relievo, of white marble; one of which is supposed to be an oration of Marcus Aurelius, and the other, though with no great certainty, to relate to the story of Ceres and Proserpine. The back front consists of several buildings, which exactly answer to each other on the opposite sides of the garden. The whole is connected with surprising convenience. Here are likewise a great number of a most marble columns, statues, busts, vases, &c. purchased in Italy at a very considerable expence. The curious ornaments of the ceiling of the great saloon were painted by Mr. Hakewill junior, in Broad street, Soho-square. The beautiful columns of Scagliola, in imitation of porphyry, were executed by Messrs. Bartoli and Richter, of Great Newport street, London, who have since finished those of the New Pantheon. The gardens are small but neat. At the upper end of the long walk, leading to the convent, is a beautiful column of black Kilkenny marble, raised to the memory of the late Countess of Kildare, and called Countess's Pillar, with this inscription

This Pillar
Is erected to the Honour of
Margaret of Kildare,
Countess of Eilshorough;
And also in memory too
of that most amiable Woman,
Who died at Naples, 1767.

Not is there greater singularity in the house, than in the several buildings erected on the adjacent grounds, which are for the most part intended to represent ruined edifices of antiquity. The design never fails to excite the wonder and frequently the censure of the spectators; though we may venture perhaps to assert the latter not so well founded as is generally imagined. To decide the point of superior taste between these and the structures which generally adorn the gardens of our nobility, may be no easy matter; and Lord Holland's were certainly less expensive, and more useful than most others. The materials are only flint and chalk, both of them on the spot, and to be had at no other expence than that of carriage: and the most considerable buildings, as the Convent, Castle, and Bead-house, contributed at once to the advan-

tage and entertainment of their proprietor. If you are going from the parish-church to King's-gate, you meet first with the Convent, designed to represent the remains of one of those ancient monasteries formerly so numerous in this kingdom. It consists of a noble gateway and porter's lodge, divided into two small and very handsome apartments. The adjoining stables contains five cells inhabited by several poor and industrious families. An ancient monument appears amidst the ruins of the chapel, on which rest two stone figures, whom you may imagine to have been two of the old Reguli of the kingdom of Kent. The Monument of Hickendown, or Field of Battle-axes is a building in the style of very remote antiquity, erected to commemorate a battle fought on this spot between the Danes and Anglo Saxons in the year 853. On a tablet is the following inscription:

D. M.
Danorum et Saxonum hic occursum
Dum de Solo Britannico
(Miles nihil a se alium parant)
Britanni perfide et crudeliter olim expulsi
Inter se dimicaverunt,
Hic de Holland
Pocit
Qui ducis regis hinc praefixus
Nobilis et hinc
Anno domini 853 eventu pugna
Et pugna hinc evenit hinc hinc
Omnium plurima
Qui sub hoc et utero tamulo hinc vicino
sunt sepulta

Countess's Pillar contains a round tower, quite in ruins, with a circular outwork in the manner of a bastion or fortification. It was designed by the architect for an ice-house but never applied to that purpose. The Castle is exactly in the same style of building with the castles raised by Edward I. in Wales, to secure the conquest of those wild and barren mountains. It serves the family for coach-house, stables, &c. The gate or passage to the sea, has the remains of a portulac, to prevent any sudden attack by privateers. The top of the Gothic arch serves as a line of communication between the north and south of a saluting platform of 24 pieces of cannon. On the side next the sea is inscribed in Saxon capitals, GOD BLESS BARTHELOMEW'S GATE. On that next the land inscription intimates, that whereas this gate was formerly called Bartholomew's Gate, it should now take the name of King's Gate, in honour of Charles II.

Omnis porta sui patroni Bartholomaei
Nunc regis iussu Regni Porta vocor
Hic excenderunt Car. II. R.
Et Ja. dux Brit. 30 Jun. 1683

The Bead-house has the appearance of a chapel dedicated to St. Peter, the patron of fishermen, and of the parish church. It has always

* Lately created Lord Newborough in Ireland.

been an house of entertainment, where you may be as well accommodated as in most houses upon the coast. The Temple of Neptune is a mixture of the ancient Roman and original Gothic architecture. The following inscriptions are on the pedestal which supports the statue of the deity to whom it is dedicated.

1.

Insula rotunda Tanatos quam circum unda
Fertils et munda nulli est in orbe secunda.

2.

Divo Nepteno
Insula Tanatos
Defensori

Ædium Witfieldensium
Præcipue tutori
Portæ Regiæ et terrarum
Circumjacentium
Patrono

Hanc Statuam

Prope ædes prædicta compertam

D. D. D. A^o. 1768.

H. de Holland

Jam senior tractusque.

3.

Thy Fisheries yield Food, thy Commerce
Wealth;

Thy Baths give Vigor, and thy Waters Health.

4.

Whitfield was safe, while Neptune kept his
door,

Neptune retir'd, and Whitfield is no more.

Arx Ruohum. The Isle of Thanet, in the old British language, was called Innis Ruohum, or Richborough Isle, from its situation near the port of Richborough, hence this tower had its name*. The outwork of flint, which surrounds the white tower, resembles the castles erected by Henry VIII. for the protection of the Kentish coast. Inscription on a tablet:

Arx Ruohum

Secundam Rev. & admodum ornatum
et eruditum virum Cornelium Willes

Tempore Principis Vortigeræ

Annum circiter MCCCLVJII

Ædificata.

Harley Tower, built in the style of Roman architecture in honour of Thomas Harley, Lord Mayor of London 1768.

On the cordon:

Magistratus indicat virum.

On the tablet:

This Tower is dedicated to the Honour of Thomas Harley, Lord Mayor of London, in the Year of our Lord 1768.

Iustum & tenacem propositi virum

Non civium ardor prava jubentium.

Mente quatit solida.

Whitfield Tower, in the full perfection of Gothic architecture, is very elegant; the beau-

* Sam. Danielm. Hist. col. 120. Others, as Mr. Lewis's Hist. of Thanet, p. 2. and Dr. Campbell, Political Survey, vol. i. p. 396, suppose Innis Ruohum to be the Isle in which Richborough formerly stood, and not Thanet, in which it never stood at all. Innis Ruohum, the Roman Isle, Innis Romanorum.

ty of its shaft was equalled by the ornaments which graced its summit, but were blown down by the wind the first winter after it was finished. On the tablet are the following lines:

This Tower built

On the highest Spot of this Island

Is dedicated

To the Memory of Robert Whitfield, Esq.

The Ornament and

(Under Thomas Wynn, Esq.)

The Adorner of Kinggate.

At this place there stands a public-house erected by Lord Holland, which had for its sign the head of Capt. Digby, and was formerly decorated with verses, partly by his Lordship and partly extracted from the Bath Guide. These are since rubbed out and defaced. The house serves for a place of entertainment for the visitors of Margate.

On the pile of buildings raised by Lord Holland, Mr. Gray, who visited this part of the country soon after their erection, wrote the following very severe verses, which have not been inserted in his works, for an inscription.

Old and abandon'd by my venial friend,

Here Holland forsook the pious resolution
To smuggle some few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice,

(Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighb'ring sand)

Here sea-gulls scream and cormorants rejoice,

And mariners, tho' shipwreck'd, dread to land.

Here reigns the blustering North and blighting East,

No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing,
Yet nature cannot furnish out the feast:

Art he invokes, new horrors still to bring.

Now mould'ring tines and battlements arise,

Arches and turrets nodding to their fall,

Unexpected palaces delude his eyes,

And mimic desolation covers all.

" Ah (said the fighting Peer) had ***** been
" true,

" Nor *****'s, *****'s friendship vain,

" Far other scenes than these had crown'd

" our view,

" And realiz'd the ruins that we feign.

" Purg'd by the sword, and beautify'd by

" fire,

" Then had we seen proud London's ha-

" ted walks;

" Owls might have hooted in St. Peter's

" choir,

" And foxes stunk and litter'd in St.

" Paul's.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
THE POETICAL EXHIBITION.

Nec tantum certandi cupidus quam preter amorem.

LUCRET.

IN the course of last summer, I spent a few weeks with a gentleman fond of literary pursuits. As he understands the value of his hours too well to make his residence in the country a time of indolence or of rustic intercourse, he had carried with him some of his younger friends, whose imaginations are warmed with Wit and Poetry, so as to produce lively and delightful images in their most studied conversation.

We fell into discourse, the evening after my arrival, on the present condition of English poetry, and the comparative merit of our later poets. I asserted that there was a prevailing deficiency in novelty of invention, and an imitation of sentiment; that our virtuosi were a sort of virtuosi in poetry, who had no eyes for the grand or beautiful to be seen, but confined their attention to the small and most trivial objects; thinking their trouble amply repaid by the discovery of a new streak in a flower, or a new spot in an insect. "It is true, added I, that we hear much of purity and clearness; but these, as well as some other properties, arise only from the icy nature of the composition. Nor can I admit very readily the perspicuity of some writers, whose verses are overshadowed by prolix and heavy commentaries, from the time of their birth, as if their sense was too mighty to be contained in one form of language, or then would be capable of such various meanings, that the reader must be led by a finger-post to the true one."

As soon as I had done speaking, a young Clergyman, from the neighbouring village, began in a mild and insinuating tone the defence of modern poetry. "You appear," said he, "to blame in our poets, as a matter of choice, that selection of subjects and that method of expression which are forced upon them by their situation. Consider with yourself how far the ancient writers have antedated us in poetry, and you will be obliged to confess that it is difficult to be original without being fantastic. And by what circumstance can we distinguish ourselves from the older writers of this country, more effectually than by correctness? They had perhaps more energy, but they had also more numerous faults. Their productions are sometimes enchanting, but frequently disgraced by their indecency. Add to this,

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that our poets are more comprehensive, and that our writer would only have followed the striking features, and left his beauties perfectly known, a modern poet is not merely with a finished hand, but with a complete figure."—"True," interrupted a gentleman on my right hand, "we have didactic pieces as full and regular as the Ready Reckoner; and this fault I was preparing to complain of, when it was mentioned as a beauty. Perhaps you will say, with Boileau's Critic, that you do not know why you yawn over them, but he is too modest a reader, who transfers the blame to himself from a tiresome poet. Only this relief may be derived from regularity, that the application of elevated language to the meaner parts of a work, has sometimes absolutely a ludicrous effect; and in this way I have been surprised by grave poems into a laugh."

Our debate was stopped in this place by a violent noise, which arose at the other end of the table, where they had been attempting to adjust the claims of certain authors, and which, though not quite so rough as the *crash of the ruins of Rome*, was sufficient to draw the attention of our host. The conversation became more general, and remarks and replies, characters and quotations, flew round the table. As our truth ran higher, I proposed that the authors in dispute should be represented in my friend's private theatre, the next evening, by their respective admirers. The scheme was relished as an agreeable frolic.

After the advocates for the several poets had declared which person they meant to represent, three Judges were elected; for they were limited to this number, that they might be impartial by a classical necessity. Our host, who is a scrupulous Antiquarian, shook the lots in a rusty helmet picked up from the field of Cambray, after making the proper libation; and the choice proved fortunate.

He who had undertaken one of the characters, at the joint request of the company, desired to be instructed by the Judges on what particulars he should be expected to found his imitation. "I apply," said he, "the doctrine of the Indian sages to poetry; for I perceive, in every modern writer at least, two different souls. one transfused

transfused from the model which he proposes to himself; the other his own, which he is more solicitous (though in vain) to quit than to improve: if I meet with Milton or Pope in one line, I always find the author popping up his head in the next. Now I suppose the Judges do not desire imitations of the original, but of the original manner; but it is a necessity that this be understood, otherwise I may appear to ridicule my author, while I am attempting to do him honour.

"I see the scope of your objection," replied Mañlius, the gravest of the triumvirate, softening his dignity into a smile; "but it appears to me very possible to exhibit the poetical character of each author without descending to burlesque. The most exact imitator must, in the course of a long work, betray particular habits of reasoning, or modes of description, which it is your business to seize. The verification is also a considerable object; for no one in this company is ignorant of the difference between the English verse of the last and present poetical age. After all, I have my doubts of the force of your distinction; for I recollect no poet, since Dr. Parrish, who has given entire translations as original pieces."

"That man would deserve more than forgiveness, cried Horatio, who should produce such impostures as Dr. Parrish's: to revive a forgotten mendant, and adorn it with the graces of eloquence and wit, is to surpass the original inventor. This may save his Hermit: I with his book-worm had led him a different chase from Beza's. Yet Parrish is every where graceful and easy, whether he borrows from another, or depends on his own fancy, the attractive charm of his manner never forsakes him. But in perusing some works, I experience the uncomfortable sensation which a dream gives us, when we place one step on firm ground, at the next are hurled down a precipice, and, suspended in the air, anxiously quest for solid support. Such a distance I am sensible of between the borrowed thought and the succeeding effort of the straining author.

— A vast vacuity! all unawares
Flushing his pennons van plumb down he drops!"

"Let me apply the old round-text copy here," interrupted my young Clergyman, "Example is better than precept: Horatio's imitation will presently convince us, that the contempt of the moderns is more justifiable than just."

On the following evening, the company assembled in the theatre, impatient for this new spectacle. The Judges were placed in the center-box, that our champions might be under no temptation to imitate Othello, when he turns his back on the Venetian Senate to address his defence to the pit. When all was prepared, the Sheriff's trumpets sounded a dolorous charge, and the first adventurer entered. He advanced irregularly, not knowing which foot to begin his step with, and stared about him so carelessly, that he tripped upon the edge of every board. He planted himself however undauntedly in the center of the stage, and fixing his eyes on the Judge opposite to him, broke forth into this declamation.

DESCRIPTION OF A COTTAGE.

SEE'ST thou where yonder column of white smoke
From the low chimney breaks, and playful
frisks,
Like striplings from coercive school set free?
Where the dark dunghill, hoastly object,
scents
Worse than a neigh, flung'er: yet like him
Its barrenness has its use to other men,
It sm'd to rear a serviceable crop.
There too the barn-door boasts its trophy'd hawk
(The rage of slaughter ev'n extends to clowns):
Some boy has robb'd the trunk. I smile to see,
Portentous sight!—a bird without a head.
Yet once at such a fight victorious Rome
'Midst all her pomp had trembled, and decreed
Well-roasted beeves to please her gutting gods.
'Tis pleasant, as I take my morning-walk,
To view the happy family at breakfast.
Then feast is milk, white nutriment and bland!
Thence sprout strong limbs, and joints of
matchless spring,
Unknown to gout—only the dame sips tea.
Why else do vapours seize her? ill-repell'd
By Lout, whom courtesie calls Doctor; stuff'd
His hut with labell'd notions, half mis-spelt.
Thus health, in ev'ry rank, is truck'd for pleasure;
And thus, in judging of our ends and nature,
We hope to truck our gold for health again.

The Judges owned that he had the knack of extracting morals from very common objects; but asked him, whether some of his observations were not so mean as to appear ludicrous. He replied, that every fact and appearance might be explained in four different ways, literally, morally, mystically, and allegorically; on which he was desired to make room for the next candidate.

This majestic person advanced in full dress, and made so many profound bows in reach-

ing

ing the front of the stage, that the company was heartily tired of his civilities. At last, stroking his chin, he reduced his features to a practised smile; he then placed one hand in his bosom, waved the other to display his brilliant, and coughing five times, he enunciated these lines.

ADDRESS TO FAME.

As soon as some mount the rill with ruffling
for

Entwines its playful, pleasurable course,
Thy ample waist, O Fame! my wishes grasp,
Thence to be driven by no marauding wasp.
Let sweet Philanthropy prevail at least,
To bind in clanking chains the bludgeon's heart,
And awful-smiling at the catiff's forecast,
Repeats his malice by the powers of speech.
Then shall my Muse her daring flag unfold,
Bright with the insect dye, and rough with
gold;

And while auspicious winds the blaze advance
To future times record my *esperance*;
Blest, if my bark amidst the whelming roar,
With favour'd sails shall double *Don Espair*.

Some of the country-ladies began to applaud, before the declaimer had finished; but they were checked by a signal from the Judges, who told him, that the weight and force of his rhyme were certainly great, though sometimes his lines terminated with insignificant words; but this was a trifling blemish, compared to the barbarism of rhyming to French phrases; that they perceived he was prodigal of imagery, and they suspected him to be fond of throwing his figures into stiff antitudes: they finished their remarks, by thanking him for producing so short a specimen, and by expressing their hopes that he had no commentary in his pocket.

The third candidate appeared with a scholar's gown and cap, attempting a smooth minuet-step; which lost its effect, partly by his awkwardness, and partly by the intolerable creaking of his shoes. To relieve himself, he sometimes fell into a common walk, for several paces together. He hung back after he first showed himself, till some of the Muses should introduce him; but as none of them appeared to countenance him, he took the arm of a gentleman in cut velvet, who minded his own strut too much to give him any material assistance, and who had nearly brought him down more than once, by running his sword and cane betwixt his legs. When the poet came in front, he knew himself into the Ciceronian attitude, and delivered the following lines.

COMPOSITION OF THUNDERING POWDER

WITH baleful terror shall the village-mouse
And snake for a thy mimic thunders shake?
O yet beware, ere thy audacious hand
Shed in the dust the shovel's ample shield
O'er the ingredients, which, when lit
Shall clean, down shall dash
The useful tool.
Dire shall be the, and dire the victim's lot.
An ancient shovel's to my soul most dear,
Nothing more dear; it is an ancient friend
Not to be lost. And yet perhaps thou mean'st
To bend the stubborn peasant to thy will;
And wily dost thou mean; for his tough soul
Shall sink subservient to thy magic lore.
For thus be gentle Pharmacy invok'd,
To grind, compound, and neat the drug in-
volve.

First, to the fleece from the dark prison cull'd
Of India's conqueror, join the golden flakes
Shed from the tresses of the mineral star;
That product next, which India's saline fields
In baleful plenty lend, whence war derives
His brazen thunders, and the pond'rous ball
Its missile force; whence, lastly, juicy beef
In grateful mess the roving sailor cheers.

Yet cautious use thy art; the female frame
May sink, by heinous wild combustion shock'd,
Hysterical; *the chimney may take fire*.
Use then thy own discretion; happiest he
Who rural elegance with freedom joins!

As soon as the acclamations produced by Horatio's verses had subsided, the Judges remark'd, that his composition was unintelligible. "For my explanation and defence," replied the candidate, "I shall only say in the words of a learned author, already quoted to this purpose by the most ingenious of possible travellers, *Fluss drin yalerick dirvullem praestad mirpish*." Here the gentleman in cut velvet advanced two steps, raised his cane perpendicularly to his nose, hanged thrice, turned his eyes first to the right and then to the left with great complacency, then half-shut them, and rising on tip-toe delivered himself as follows:

"The intention of Thundering Powder being to excite a violent explosion, the poet has treated of it in lofty and resounding verse. His feelings being highly agitated by his subject, he has left me nothing to do, but to explain the recipe, which under his management becomes a beautiful enigma. The proportions of the ingredients I think myself obliged to omit. Take then salt of tartar, sulphur, and antimony, and common nitre, and mix them into a powder; which, when properly managed, will produce all the desired effects. The poet's

human precepts, and his eulogium of liberty and a country-life, I may not be thought in a situation to commend, but my opinion of them is deducible from my tenacity in singling them out in presence of the honourable Judges.

Before the general praise of the poem and commentary were finished, the next candidate thrust in his head at one of the side-scenes, and enquired hastily with a broad accent, whether it was not time for him to appear. This singularity excited to much mirth, that there was a necessity for letting him come on immediately. He took possession of the stage without changing countenance, and prefacing his verses only by a very ungraceful bow, began thus:

**INVECTIVE AGAINST METAPHYSICIANS,
AND SELF CONGRATULATION OF THE
POET.**

YE quibbling sages, fam'd in Gothic cells,
From your perplexing track and endless maze
The Muse, deliver'd, seeks the flow'ry deils,
And cheerful crooks lovely Nature's praise.

Full sweet and pleasant are her summer-lays,
But had she went with you, still blank and dull,
In worthless labour had she pass'd her days,
With fahling lore to cheat Devotion's gull,
Obscure, nor then as now of blooming honors
full,

Then had our sceptics held their cause secure,
And counted wit and truth alike their own:
Nor Hume had shrunk, unable to endure
The smearing lashes on his shoulders thrown.

COLLOQUIAL TRIUMPHS.

I triumph in the ul distinguish'd gown,
When Wit perplex'd with puzzled fingers
drum

And hold the victor, proclaim'd my own,
When heau confounded end of p'ar hums,
Or from the straining chest hard-hawk'd up
laughter comes.

PANEGYRIC OF DR. J—N.

But stop, my mu'e; make ready with thy tears;
For mighty J—n pour the plaintive sigh,
Whose fame shall sound while Time pursues
his err.

He charg'd, like me, the Sceptic Powers among!

While all his virtues to my mem'ry throng,
My bitter soul all comfort does refuse!
And now I hear the evening's solemn gong,
Betwixt me and thee to shun the chilling dews;
But as I go I'll mourn—O weep apace, my
Muse!

The candidate good wiping his eyes, the Judges asked him, how the recollection of the loss of his friend should seize him so sensibly? to which he replied, that at the close of the second stanza he found his mind exhausted and he was tired of himself, and that it was his rule, to inter-

rupt a poem when he was weary of it, by an elegiac strain; after which the reader's feelings would admit nothing.

The dress of the next candidate set every body on the broad grin; for he appeared in the Roman sagum, with a Spanish hat and feather, and a huge rosary dangling from his neck. He began to read a long apology, which he held in his hand, to justify this inconsistency: but being desir'd to give a more agreeable specimen of his acquirements, he delivered himself with great modesty as follows.

THE COMMERCIAL TREATY.

FROM THE banks, and Gylfippo's walls,
The patriot with my wand ring step recalls;
But quick decays the momentary zeal,
I see the giddy land with pleasure reel.

While Art adorns the slope or turns the bust,
I see my Country's trophies sink in dust;
And all her glories nodding to the tale,
I send to the arms of yon' insidious Gaul.

Nor idly thirsting for nov'val do's,
I trace th' events of Lustana's shore;
A Briton still, I scorn'd her grandeur's scale,
And in her woes perus'd my country's tale.

And lo! that pride, to her and on e so dear,
Which baffled Philip's gold, and Louis' spear,
Which wrapt designing Charles in civil flames,
And sent to hooded priests their pious James,

That noble pride, by rav'nous trade depress'd,
Forsook its armistice throne, the English breast,
Ye rosy souls, who, as the minutes pass,
Behold their emblem bounding in the glass,

And form your warlike or your civil schemes,
As urg'd by Lisbon or Arabia's streams,*
Avert the hour when gout and France design
To triumph o'er our country in our wine!

Rejest the paly cup, ere yet your toe
The inborn British spirit's rage shall know;
Ere yet your sons, bedeck'd with Lyons' silk,
Shall sin in claret, and repent in milk.

The Judges accompanied the audience in applauding this egotistical patriot; tho' Manlius alleged that he affected too much of a foreign smoothness in his verses, and that he made a most licentious use of proper names which every school-boy must be pleas'd with. However, he concluded his remarks with the good-natured quotation, *Non ego paucis*, &c.

The next candidate entered with a large bagpipe under his arm, and a child's coral with bells jingling at his girdle. He performed a voluntary on the bagpipe, which occasioned the company to make divers wry faces. After finishing his strain he commenced these verses.

ADDRESS TO THE NYMPH OBSCURITY.

BLYTHE nymph, whose thim-yald waist
and frolic charms
Narrative Tuscans embraced high in glee,

* i. e. By Port, or Coffee.

When

When old Ferrara, gladden'd by thy voice,
With silver-sounding spells deceiv'd dull
hours,

Who blew't to brightest flame the latent fire
Of dear Marini; whom thy Fontaine shew'd
To courts and courtly circles, nothing loth;
Whom brilliant Bayle defended gainst the
frowns

And execrations of grave Belys fires;
To me, the last adorer, goddess, bring
Thy oddest smiles and thy quaintest mask

Wit shall conduct thee, and Desire shall
support thy steps. Humour shall adorn
thee with her choicest England, that no fair
flowers may, nor long, shade thy turns the
turning lute of tuneful eyes. With a
ha on by the frowns, will keep the fau-
ey contumelious rable distant far,

Beyond whatever S. Martins-line can show,
Whatever Scoppus* read, or Westrene
note,

Thy lute, thy stone, sweet nymph, I know,
And comment more, and more repeat; and
quite.

Thou art in fools
With moral rules
My pretid to guide my endeavour;
While you buy you may flush,
I care not to flush,

So smut and old stories for ever.

The candidate had scarcely finished his
specimen ere he was obliged to retreat from

the storm of huzzes, groans, and loud
laughter excited by his lines; and his
greater indignation and contempt fell
when a hint was conveyed to the judges,
that his intended to have passed off these ver-
ses as the production of a poet of the

name. The assembly consulted sub'ed, the Judges,
perceiving the lateness of the hour, thought
it best to dismiss the assembly, but as a
declaration of their sentiments was expect-
ed, after a short conference among them-
selves, which was not concluded without
smiles, Vanutulus rose to address the au-
dience

In attempting, Sir, to state my ideas
on this contest, I find myself, at the very
first blush of the question, totally incom-
petent to form a decided opinion. I ha-
ve of the competitors ought to say in the
address with which the Poets, *debonche*
conduct and complete their topics, but I
am free to say, that the subjects appropria-
te, have been, to a great, to various, that
added to their characteristic differences, they
keep me in perplexity. To follow a more stea-
dily light on the wavering shades of discer-
nment, it was proposed by us to treat of
the species of poetry in detail, but the ap-
proaching hour of conviviality frustrates
this intention. I shall therefore only add
with the learned Junotus, *Valite et plau-
dite. Culpinus recensu.*

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

LIFE and CHARACTER of the late D. HOULSTON.

DR THOMAS HOULSTON, the subject
of the following memoir, was born
at Liverpool, in the county of Lancashire,
November 26, 1746, of respectable pa-
rents now living. He had the advantage
of an excellent school education under two
of the most eminent teachers there and at
Manchester, and from their instructions he
did not fail to acquire a knowledge of the
Latin, Greek and French languages, very
suitable as the ground of his pursuits
in medicine. His genius and applica-
tion, even at this early period, were such
as gave reason to hope well of his future
attainments, and from the excellent lessons
and examples of his masters, he imbibed
those well-founded sentiments of virtue and
religion which accompanied him through
life.

In the autumn of the year 1764, having
previously acquired a knowledge of phar-
macy (an art not a little essential to the

physician) by an attendance of three years
continual, he went to London in order to
attend the different teachers and hospitals;
which he did with most exemplary dili-
gence and assiduity, profiting of their
and other opportunities of medical science, even
to the injury of his health.

At the end of the year 1766, though
then but just twenty years of age, he passed
over, by the advice of his friend Dr. George
Fordyce, to Leiden, with a view to obtain
the degree of doctor of physic, which, in
February 1767, was conferred on him, af-
ter a regular and candid examination by
the professors, who expressed themselves
in a laudatory manner in which he
had acquitted himself.

He continued to attend the lectures of the
several professors of that famous universi-
ty (Albinus sen and J. N. Van Roven, and
Allemand) and quitted it in August the
same year, to gain a farther insight into his

* Commentator on the *Præceptorum*.

† Author of the infamous book ascribed to Aloysia Digges.

profession at Vienna, to which Van Swieten and De Haen at that time gave celebrity and consequence. On his road thither he passed through Hanover, Göttingen, Cambrige, Leipzig, Dresden and Prague; at all which places he made some stay, visiting the collections of minerals, and such persons and things as were most deserving of notice, a practice which he uniformly adopted during the whole of his long tour.

He returned to Vienna in September, and naturally expressed himself in frequenting the medical schools and hospitals there about a year, during which, however, at the instigation of the Emperor and Empress in anti-phlogiston (Lect. Swieten and De Haen) he took some steps to introduce the doctrine. The first amongst the Austrians who had the smallest share by merit were the physicians, as appears from an article in the London Gazette of March 2, 1780.

Soon after the first attempts of this kind, he was detected in the inoculation of the young Prince and Princess Potemowski, children of the General Prince Andrew, by the late Stanislaus the reigning King of Poland; jointly with the physician and surgeon of the army. He resided with an illness in the children at Pöchlarn, a village in Vienna, during all the course of the disease, which, though not necessarily fatal, was not tolerably cured; and however the cure was very imperfect, the young Prince and Princess recovered in a few days, which, however, would not be sufficient to settle the concurrent opinion of the other children of the family been permitted to rise. On his return to Vienna, he had a long and free conversation with the Emperor on the subject of inoculation, in the presence of Dr. Linnæus, who had been engaged and sent by the Imperial Ambassador from London before Dr. Houshott's attempts to introduce inoculation at Vienna had taken place, and who, after he had quitted it, successfully inoculated the young branches of the August family.

During his residence at Vienna, Dr. Houshott made two excursions, the one to Presburg in Hungary, (from the same principle of curiosity that had induced him whilst in Holland, to visit, at different leisure-times, the principal cities, Amsterdam, the Hague, Utrecht, Rotterdam, &c.) the other to Lintz, the capital of Upper Austria, where he was invited to inoculate the children of two commanding officers of the British nation, General Prankett and

Count O'Donnell. The operation in these and some others who profited of the opportunity succeeded perfectly. Soon after his return to Vienna (the beginning of September 1786) he quitted that city, dissatisfied with the liberal sentiments of its medical professors. De Haen, who had vainly attempted both to practice and decry inoculation, offended that another should undertake it and succeed, from being friendly and communicative became shy and reserved, and Van Swieten, hurt that the honour of introducing that practice should be carried off by a young man, and an Englishman, from so many physicians greedy of fame as the improvers of medicine, refused his attentions to transpire, and to carry him beyond his usual province, whilst the interests of the medical profession, injured by envy and detraction, shared opportunities to prejudice the public opinion, by multiplying beyond probability the peculiar ailments he had received. It ought not to be concealed therefore that he was in a few instances, however, he was not to be considered the whole of his stay in the continent; though he frequently, and sometimes extensively, gave his assistance to those in want of it, amongst whom were some of title and fortune his own countrymen, to whose others his usual reply was, that he went abroad to get information, not money.

With this view he first pursued his journey through the mountains of Styria, Carinthia and Carniola, to Trieste, from whence he embarked for Venice. After a short stay there, he visited the great professor Morgagni, at Padua, and proceeded by Bologna to Florence, where he had an audience of the Grand Duke, in which he repeated what the Emperor had said, with a view to persuade the Prince to be inoculated, which (at the distance of time afterwards) he was by Dr. Ingenhousz.

Our traveller now proceeded to Rome, and afterwards to Naples, where he arrived in November, supposing to spend the winter there for the re-establishment of his health, which even at this early period was far from being good. In this city were many English travellers, whose society rendered a residence of six months very agreeable, if not very profitable, and here the Doctor entered into their parties, visiting their antiquities and natural curiosities which abound in that neighbourhood; and amongst the rest Vesuvius, in company with Sir William Hamilton, to whose beneficence it seems he was greatly indebted on these occasions. During this winter too, his humanity

Humanity was interested and called into action by a dreadful epidemic of the small-pox, which in a few weeks swept away above 6000 of the inhabitants of Naples. Shocked at such a mortality, of which he was an eye-witness, he wished here also to gain a footing for his favourite Inoculation. For this end he translated Baron Dimsdale's treatise into Italian, (though the permission for its publication was withheld some time after it was printed) and made a proposal to the Prime Minister, through Sir William Hamilton, to assist and instruct any of the Faculty there in this salutary practice, without desiring a reward. The Minister received it very politely, and answered it respectfully; though the accepting it was declined, on account of the King not having had the disease, and dreading the very name of it; so that nothing of that sort could be attempted.

In April 1769, Dr. Houlston returned to Rome, and was present at the con- vocation of the Pope (Ganganelli), of whom he had an audience. After spending the summer at that place, the extreme heats of which proved rather of service to his health, he proceeded to Leghorn, Genoa, Monaco, and Nice; where he passed the winter in a most mild and agreeable climate, to which many infirm persons from England yearly resort. In the spring 1770, he travelled the South of France to Montpellier, and remained six months at that University.

The small-pox raging here with great violence and destruction all the summer, gave him an opportunity of full introducing and maintaining the cool mode of treatment used in England. This, in great numbers of whom he had the care, was attended with a success exceeding all expectation, and was publicly and politely acknowledged at the University, *ex cathedra*, when he was present at a promotion; and the confidence it inspired procured him the means, a little before he left the place, of greatly promoting inoculation, which continued from that period to be practised with some freedom. In October he visited Paris, which however he quitted in June, on his return to England through Flanders. After a stay of not more than a month with his family he returned to Paris, where, at Christmas, he was attacked with a pleurisy, which had nearly proved fatal, and the consequences of which confined him to his bed three months, in a state which seemed to preclude every hope of his reco-

very, to which however the same resigned state of his mind very greatly contributed. In this unpromising situation, so weak that he could scarcely be thought capable of undertaking the journey, and furnished only with the wish of yielding up his last breath amidst his friends in his own country, he concluded to return to his native land, and arrived at Liverpool in June 1771. His health, contrary to expectation, gradually returned, and with it the desire of exercising in his native town the profession to the study of which he had devoted so much time and pains.

He was elected, in the beginning of the year 1774, Physician to the Public Hospital, to which he ever after shewed himself an uniform, active, and useful friend; and in which situation he constantly expressed great satisfaction, not as it might prove a means of promoting his reputation or profit, but as it furnished him with opportunities of relieving and serving his fellow-creatures, which he ever considered as the great business of life, and the best and most acceptable service we can render to the Creator of it.

In 1786, when, on account of the serious illness to which his health was reduced, he found himself no longer equal to the duties of this office, he resigned it, though not without regret; and those, who, from being more conversant with the business of that house, knew how essentially and zealously he served the community in a variety of ways, were so sensible of the loss it sustained.

For many years the increasing evil of our winters tended not to prove prejudicial to his health, which gradually became more and more precarious and infirm, till at length worn out with hectic fever and a variety of painful complaints, (the preservation of which he had never remarkably salutary, became uncomfortable and burthenome. Yet, though he looked forward with some apprehensions to the termination of it, he bore without murmuring or impatience the evils annexed to its continuance, and when worse than ordinary, appeared to be more than usually chearful and resigned.

About the close of the year 1782, an honorary diploma was conferred on him by the LITERARY and PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY of MANCHESTER; and in the spring of 1784, though under an alarming attack of his usual complaints, he busied himself in preparing for the press a *Treatise on Poisons*, which he at length completed. In the latter part of the year

1786, he became so exceedingly weak and infirm, that he was almost wholly prevented from appearing abroad, and at length obtained the release he had long looked for from a deplorable and painful existence. He died greatly and sensibly regretted on the 20th of ~~the~~ 1787; having, about three months before, received a farther mark of professional distinction from the PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

Thus terminated the life of a man who to a clear head and a good heart, united many excellent qualities of a social kind; and though it may seem a matter of wonder, tho' possess'd of such requisites, his medical practice was not so extensive as it appeared to be successful, we may account for it by observing, that he was a man better calculated perhaps to *serve* than to *please*; and the world is either little able to judge of, or takes little pains to enquire into, the *merits* of those who seek not to ingratiate themselves. Men are taken by appearances, or else follow the multitude. An indolent state of health, a constitution ill calculated for fatigue (and still less for excess) and a mode of thinking which placed the *summum bonum* in objects very different from what are generally pursued, led him rather to seek enjoyment in his own private reflections, and occasioned his shunning himself, perhaps more than was consistent with his interest, from society.

Though he rather avoided than sought the conversation of mixed companies, and seemed to love little which for its excitement, or popularity which made it difficult to be without it, if we consider that he had partaken of them so largely, and in such perfection, that, as he once said, he was like one "fatigued and cloyed with sweets." After seeing all that was curious and excellent in England, Germany, Italy, and France, and enjoying the society and intimacy of many of those most distinguished for their learning and genius, and whose conversation might be looked up to as models of wit, elegance and politeness, he very possibly concluded he could expect no higher gratification. Certain it is, however, that his good natural sense, joined to a polite address, and the remarkable facility with which he acquired the languages of the countries through which he passed, recom-

mended him to the notice, and secured him the regard of many persons of rank and consequence; but from the farther cultivation of this, he was deterred by the more confined limits, upon which the plan of his future life had been determined.

In his six years residence on the continent, he used to say, he had learnt two useful lessons: the one, to set the highest value on his own country, its constitution and religion; of the great and ~~the~~ superiority of which he was convinced, from having well known and considered those of others; not being led, as so many are, by prejudice to give a preference to their own and depreciate all others, but from a sound and rational conviction of their greater excellence. The following lines indeed, from a short poetical performance of his, shew his sentiments on this hasty decision, to which inconsiderate travellers, of our country in particular, are so prone—

"Our nation, prejudiced, with partial eyes
" Examine all, and even they know despise."

What he farther learned was to look upon rank and fortune in the light they deserve. From an intimate knowledge of many possessed of both, he saw clearly that however flattering might be the pursuit, they failed in the possession; so that, far from constituting happiness, they could barely be said to contribute to it.

To a conviction therefore that "happiness depends not upon wealth, or any external acquisitions," was probably owing that want of activity and exertion so necessary to a medical practitioner that would become popular, but which, in the instance before us, were declined. The practice of the arts which fill the purse of a Physician, he was persuaded, diminish the dignity of the medical character in the proportion; and this did not fail to have its due weight in the sentiments of Dr. Houlston; in whose general character, though occasions were not wanting for the exercise of intrepidity and forbearance, the exceptionable parts bore a very inconsiderable proportion to those in which charity, philanthropy, and a strict adherence to moral and religious duties were conspicuous.

ATOMS

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ATOMS of INFORMATION.

Junctarum discordia semina parat.

(Continued from page 11.)

DR. Johnson had planned a book on the model of Robinson Crusoe. Pomponius Gauricus, a learned Neapolitan, who had dabbled in Alchemy, Physiology, &c. suddenly disappeared in the year 1530, and was heard of no more. The supposed life of this man the Doctor had resolved to write. "I will," said he, "shipwreck my hero on an uninhabited Island, but will carry him up to the summit of San Pelegrini, the highest of the Appennines; where he shall be made his own biographer, passing his time among the Goat-herds, &c."

By Dr. Johnson's advice, the late Duke of Cumberland ordered a brass cannon to be fabricated on a new plan. Our artillery is usually comprised of, on account of its weight, and size. The Doctor was willing to think these defects might in some degree be obviated; first, by casting every gun out of a less quantity of metal than usual, and afterwards by hammering it into solidity. The experiment was tried, but set aside on account of the expence attending it.

Mr. Barcetti had made a French translation of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia; which Dr. Johnson put into his hand sheet by sheet, as fast as it was printed off: but the translator declaring his inability to render the first paragraph in a manner satisfactory to himself, the author dictated it as follows:—

"Mortels, vous qui prêtez l'oreille à la douce voix d'une imagination seduisante, et qui poursuivez les fantômes de l'espérance; vous qui attendez de l'accomplissement de la vie l'accomplissement des promesses que son printemps vous a faites, et qui croyez que demain vous donnera ce qui vous manque aujourd'hui; écoutez l'Histoire de Rasselas Prince d'Abyssinie."

Critical Observations on the Cavalier Paolo Alessandro Maffei's Notes on the Statues in Rome, sent in a letter from the Abbate Francesco Ficcardini, the Roman Antiquary, to Smart Lettaucullier, Esq. anno 1739.

No. VI. In the statue of the River Tyber, he has omitted the symbols carved

on the base, viz. old Father Tyber, and the city Lavinium, and the white Sow and Pigs, all mentioned by Virgil: he has omitted likewise the representation of the Ship drawn with ropes by men against the wind up the Tiber, from the Porta Ostia; in the same manner as it is used at this day.

No. VII. In the statue of the River Nile, he has omitted the sixteen children dispersed over the body, which were intended to denote the sixteen cubits to which that river rises in its encrease. He has omitted likewise the sculptures on the base; such as Egyptian vessels with their rudders ending in a piece of iron, which enters the mouths of the crocodiles; likewise sea-cows, hippopotamoes, and other water animals.

No. XVII. In his print of this statue, which has at bottom the ancient inscription PUDICITIA, he ought to have mentioned that the head is modern, and was copied by a scholar of Bernini, from a medal of the elder Faustina.

No. XVIII. This statue is of the Goddess Pudicitia, and not of Juno Mammas; as said by the Cavalier, being of a more exquisite workmanship than we meet with in her time.

No. XXI. This is not the statue of Cicero; the chin is modern, and the crease or wart on the cheek is what the great Cicero never had, as we learn from Plutarch; but one of his ancestors had it, who took his name from it. This statue is in the Consular habit, as many other unknown statues are.

No. XXII. The statue here called Virgil, is in the Consular habit, and Virgil never bore that office. But, farther, the head is modern, and was made by Giacomo Facelli, a scholar of Bernini.

No. XXV. The statue here called a Sybil, was designed for one of the people called by the Romans *Præfices*, who were hired to weep and mourn at the funerals of distinguished persons. This statue represents an old woman with large breasts, as mother of a family; whereas the Sybil described by Virgil is a young woman, and so we see her represented on a Consular medal of the family Manlia, and

likewise at No. 7. of the second volume of Gronovius's Collection of Roman Antiquities.

No. XXX. This statue in metal in the Villa Medici, which is here called Mars, is neither ancient, nor of that deity; but was made by Algardi, and designed for Coriolanus.

No. XLVIII. This group of Dirce tied to the bull with Zethus and Amphion, is not that spoken of by Phry, and said to be done by Grecian Artists, but is evidently of Roman workmanship, and not of the first rate.—Vide Ficcaroni's letter to Mr. Bernard.

No. LV. This statue is of Greek marble and excellent workmanship, and, by the arm being folded in the present, was perhaps designed for the Dea Eudicitia. The Cavalier has omitted telling us that the head is modern, and made by Bernini.

No. LXXX. The well-known young Faun, he calls a Satyr, forgetting that the Satyrs are always represented with the countenance and legs of a goat.

No. LXXXIV. This is a statue of Rome, and not of Pallas.

No. LXXXV. This statue is of Domitia, under the figure of the Dea Salus.

No. LXXXVIII. This is not the statue of Marcellus, whose silver medals shew quite a different countenance, but was designed for some Consul now unknown.

No. LXXXIX. This statue is of Titus Vespasian, and not Domitian, as is evident to any one conversant in their medals.

No. XCIII. This statue with a singular ornament on its head, is not of Agrippina, whose face is well known by her medals, but is an invention of Giacomo Fancelli the sculptor, who made all from the waist upwards.

No. XCIV. This statue cannot be a Bacchus, who is never represented with a tail and asses ears, but is an exquisite Greek Faun sleeping. The Cavalier should have noted that the thighs and legs are of stucco, made by Bernini, who would not venture to make them of marble, to join with Grecian workmanship.

No. CII. This statue of Apollo was presented to Louis XIV. by Cardinal Ottoboni.

No. CIII. This statue the Cavalier calls a Priestess of Bacchus, because she holds a vase ornamented with flowers and vine leaves; but the figure represents an

old woman holding an urn from whence issues a flame, and is undoubtedly intended for a Vestal holding the everlasting fire.

No. CIV. This cannot be a statue of Adrian, the countenance being different from all his medals, but in some degree resembles Caracalla; and the workmanship agrees better with his time than with the reign of Adrian, when sculpture was at its highest perfection.

No. CVII. This statue represents Juno, and not Sabina, whose face is well known by her medals.

No. CIX. This is the statue of Diana, as is evident by the symbols, and not of an Amazon, as the Cavalier calls it, who would be represented wanting one breast.

No. CX. The calling this statue, which stands in a hall belonging to the Palace Altieri, a Pescennius Niger, is somewhat extraordinary, since every beginner in the study of medals or busts, must know it to be designed for Septimius Severus.

No. CXI. This statue of Apollo was made by Bernini for Christina Queen of Sweden; and of the Nine Muses, six of the heads were made by the same famous sculptor. The Cavalier should have informed the public that these, together with all the statues and busts belonging to the said Queen's collection, are now at Madrid, having been sold to King Philip V. by the Duke Bracciano for 53,000 crowns.

No. CXXVI. This is evidently a Ri-trat, under the emblem of a Faun.

No. CXXVIII. This statue of — sitting, well known by the gem engraved of him and published by Orsini, is in the lower apartment of the Palace Spada. The Cavalier calls it a Seneca, not considering the difference of the countenance of this statue from the Seneca in the Villa Borghese, from that in the Villa Pamphili, and from the two busts which are now in the Capitol.

No. CXXX. The calling this the statue of Pyrrhus is an excusable error, it having been always the vulgar opinion. But it is in truth a statue of Mars with a manly beard, as he is often represented on the reverses of medals of Trajan and Antoninus Pius. Whereas every one knows that Pyrrhus, when he fought against the Romans, and was killed by a blow from a stone at a siege, was still but in the flower of his days.

No. CXXXI. This statue, which is in the Massimi Palace, with the ferinium

* The name is not legible in Ficcaroni's original Italian MS.

at the feet wretchedly expressed, is most evidently of Trajan.

No. CXXXVI. In speaking of this famous statue of young Hercules killing the Hydra, which was found in the Verospi gardens belonging formerly to Sallust, the Cavalier ought to have observed that the thighs, feet, and the whole Hydra, are the work of Bernini, and that, several years after, the ancient pieces belonging to it being found in the same gardens, they appeared very different from those invented by the said eminent sculptor, and were placed by the said statue in the court belonging to the Verospi palace in the Corso at Rome.

No. CXXXVIII. This statue, found not long since in the Villa Caffali, was broke in several pieces, and, in the barbarous ages, employed in building. It is here called a Bacchus, because there are grapes on the head; but the countenance plainly shews it to have been designed for an Atreus.

No. CXXXIX. The head of this statue is modern, and was made by Gubetto, a scholar of Bernini, who knew nothing of statues.

No. CXLIII. This is at present in the Capitol.

No. CXLIV. The Cavalier should have observed that an antique head, too small for the body, having been annexed to this statue; Mr. Coke (now Lord Leicester), having bought it, caused a modern head to be made to it.

No. CXLV. This statue was bought by the late King of Poland.

No. CXLVIII. These statues are well known to every man of learning to represent Isis and Osiris, though the Cavalier is pleased to stile them *Dii Avernici*,

[It may be necessary to subjoin, that these remarks of Ficcardi refer to the *Raccolta di Statue Antiche e Moderne, data in luce sotto i gloriosi auspici della Santità di N. S. Papa Clemente XI. da Domenico de Rossi, illustrata colle spozioni a ciascheduna immagine, di Paolo Maffei, &c.*—In Roma nella Stamperia alla Pace con privilegio del sommo Pont. e licenza de Superiori l'anno MDCCII. To this book the foregoing statues will always prove a valuable accompaniment.]

(To be continued occasionally.)

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following original Letter from Mr. GARRICK to the Secretary of the Customs, has never been printed. I think it is sufficiently characteristic of the agreeable Writer from whom it came; and deserves to be preserved.

I am Yours, &c.

C. D.

DEAR SIR,

NOT Rachael weeping for her children could shew more sorrow than Mrs. Garrick—not weeping for her children, she has none, nor indeed for her husband; thanks be to the humour of the times, she can be as philosophical upon that subject as her betters. What does she weep for then? Shall I dare tell you? It is—it is for the loss of a chintz bed and curtains.—The tale is short, and is as follows:—I have taken some pains to oblige the gentlemen of Calcutta, by sending them plays, scenes, and other services in my way; in return, they have sent me Madia, and poor Rachael the unfortunate chintz. She has had it four years, and upon making some alterations in our little place at Hampden, she intended to shew away with her prohibited present. She had prepared paper, chairs, &c. for this favourite token of India gratitude. But alas! all human felicity is frail. No care having been taken on my wife's part, and some treachery being

exercised against her, it was seized, thro' very bad, "by the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains, and then thrown amongst the common lumber."

If you have the least pity for a distressed female, any regard for her husband (for he has a sad time of it), or any witness the environs of Bushy Park made tolerably neat and clean, you may put your fingers and thumb to the business, and take the thorn out of Rachael's side.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours,

D. GARRICK.

TEXT.—"Forcathly power doth they look likell God, when mercy kations just."—*Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice*.

P E T I T I O N.

O Stanley, give ear to a husband's petition,
Whose wife well deserves her distressed
condition,

Regard thus of his and the law's prohibition.

If you knew what I suffer since she has been caught,
 (On the husband's poor head 'aver falls the wife's fault)
 You would lend a kind hand to the contraband jade,
 And screen her for once in her illicit trade.
 For true as 'tis said since the first Eve updid 'em,
 Frail woman will long for the fruit that's forbidden;
 And husbands are taught now-a-days, spight of struggles,
 Politely to pardon a wife, though she smuggles.

If their Honors, or you, when the fax go astray,
 Have sometimes inclin'd to go with them that way,
 We hope to her wishes you will not say nay.
 'Tis said that all judges this maxim do keep,
 Not their justice to tire, but at times let it sleep.
 If more by the Scriptures their Honors are mov'd,
 The over-much righteous are then disapprov'd.
 Thus true to the Gospel, and kind as they're wife,
 Let their mercy restore what their justice denies.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your last Magazine, under the article of "Atoms of Information," I find a criticism on my account of the Caliver, published in the History of Ancient Armour.— Permit me to observe, that your correspondent has both misquoted and misunderstood me (undefigedly I dare say); the first, in making me say that a caliver was lighter than a musquet or *harquebuse*; and the other, in collecting that such was my meaning. In my book I said, "the caliver was a lighter kind of musquet, with a match-lock, and was made to be fired without a

rest;" but not a word here of the *harquebuse*. His quotation from Sir John Smith tends only to prove that a *harquebuse* was lighter than a caliver; a position I have not contradicted. Had he said a caliver was heavier than a musquet, it might have gone some way towards making my illustration of the passage in Shakespeare groundless. As you inserted this structure on my work, I trust you will also insert my answer.— I am, Gentlemen, your's, &c.

FRA. GROSE.

London, July 23, 1787.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE late publications of Mr. Polwhele have, confessedly, very great poetical merit. In respect to verification or poetry they must rank with the first productions, yet have they blemishes. There is one I shall make the subject of this paper.

His propensity to introduce the names of living characters, attended, in general, with comments to their advantage, is very remarkable. I will not pretend to determine his motive for so doing. A decision of this nature might be erroneous. It little, perhaps, concerns the public, whether he was prompted by a disposition to flattery to praise his brother-authors, or whether he was led by a candid and ingenuous temper to praise, where he thought praise was due. At the same time, a few references to passages in his "English Orator," his "Pictures from Nature," and his "Elegiacs," where living personages are noticed, may not be altogether unacceptable.

In the "English Orator," the present Premier is drawn out of Copley's group of mortals into the glare of extravagant pa-

negyric. The author terms Copley *great artist*; but Copley's picture will not warrant the epithet. Besides, I would hint to this writer, that living characters are very improperly introduced into a didactic poem.

In "Pictures from Nature," (2d edit.) the 17th, 18th, and 19th Sonnets seem to be dedicated to flattery. For the first, Mr. Pratt's *Landscape in Verse* deserve little encomium. They are the offspring of a vitious fancy. Of the last adulatory sonnet I can say nothing, as I know nothing of the character. But for the sonnet on the historian of Manchester, I must own that the panegyric is as just as the verification is elegant.

In *Theocritus*, the following is the list of complimented personages:

Sir William Jones,	Mr. Colman,
The King,	Mr. Mason,
The Poet-Laureat,	Dr. Warton,
Angelica Kauffman,	Peter Pindar,
Mr. Swinburne,	Mr. Mickle,
Mr. Hayley,	Dr. Laisborne,
Mr. Harris,	Mr. Taker,

The encomium on Colman's translation

of Horace's Art of Poetry (p. 144.) is not supported by the specimen given. The original is badly rendered by Mr. Colman, the fine expression *exacuit* being entirely overlooked.

By these strictures I would convey a hint to Mr. Polwhele to be more cautious, in future, with respect to his opinions of

men and literature. They who inspect the encomiastic passages alluded to, will see the justice of the hint. Let me, however, assure the ingenious writer, that I by no means wish to detract from the general merit of his original or translated poetry, and that I am only

AN ADULATOR,

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

I KNOW not whether vehement invective or unqualified eulogy be most offensive to the mild genius of philologic criticism, but when either of these accompanies erroneous judgment, the fault is surely aggravated to a high degree.

The editor of a late edition of Gray's Poems, after much arbitrary censure of the judgment and genius of Dr. S. Johnson, observes, that *no man has ever exceeded in sublimity his Lives on Shakespeare*

- " Each change of many colour'd life he drew ;
- " Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new.
- " Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
- " And panting Time toil'd after him in vain."

If dramatic poetry be an *imitation of human actions and character*, the first of these lines contains the signal, and perhaps peculiar praise of Shakespeare, though poetically exaggerated. The first part of the second line is hyperbolic, since there still remain many real modifications of manners unattempted by this poet; the latter part is confessedly true. But surely a dramatic writer merits little commendation, for deserting his province to represent things which have no prototype in nature. Shakespeare, however, is here made to do it with very unbecoming indignation. He "spurns the reign of Existence," and adds insult to desertion. The universe of things is no subject of contumely.

The last line is not very perfect, but it may be discovered that its design is to celebrate Shakespeare (*tumulo ore*) for concerning the unity of time. Without observing whether this unity be necessary or adventitious, we cannot but remark, that there is very little praise due to him who violates rules whereof it is probable he had no knowledge, and which, if he had known them, he would have found much more easy to violate than obey.— The sublime attempted in the expression of this praise, degenerates into the profane, inasmuch as a ludicrous image can abate its character: for what else is presented to our fancy than a corpulent, clumsy fellow *panting* in the pursuit of one who is leaner and more active?

Of eulogy it is required, that it contain an individual and appropriate encomium. In this, then, the example before us is eminently deficient: for if we except the first line, we shall find nothing in it that is not as applicable to the tottering and extravagant writers of Gothic romance, as to the renowned poet whom it purports to celebrate.

My apology for these observations is, that from all authority there is an appeal to reason: and to that I am disposed to appeal from the authority of Doctor Johnson, whose critical opinions generally I reverence, and from that of the editor of Gray, whose erroneous dogmas disturb my tranquility.

SECURIOR.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

FRAGMENTS BY LEO, No. XII.

HINTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE SPELLING OF PROPER NAMES; AND ON THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF THAT OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE various pronunciation of different nations, and even of our home counties, not only makes it difficult to spell but to articulate, in many instances, proper names. By long familiarity with the sound, the most harsh and uncouth names lose their

He is not the only editor who admires these lines—They have found distinguished favor with Mr. John Bell, Bookseller, for he has prefixed them as a motto to his late elegant edition of Shakespeare.

stanness and oddity in our ears; and what at the first hearing appears coarse and barbarous, by use becomes as if natural to us, and the want of dignity passes unperceived. So just is the observation of Milton, who, speaking of his Treatise on Divorce, which he named *Tetrachordus*, supposes a detractor to say,

—“ Bless us! what a word on
 “ A title-page is this! —
 —“ Why, it is hard to say, than Gordon,
 “ Colkinto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp:
 “ *Those rugged names to our like mouths*
 “ *grow slack,*
 “ That would have made *Quintilian stare*
 “ and gasp.”

But though long use will familiarise the most rugged and uncouth names to our ears, many of the Irish and Scotch who migrate to this country, seeming impatient of the delay, soften and alter their names to bring them nearer to the English pronunciation. It was a lucky thought when *Macmill* the vintner changed his name to *Almack*. Nor was David *Mahlob*, the poet, less happy, who on old Dennis's nicknaming him *Moloch*, on account of his profanity, wisely changed his name to *Mallet*; an event which Johnson has recorded in the first editions of his *folio dictionary**. In imitation therefore of these illustrious examples, I would advise every barbarous named Scotchman or Irishman to meliorate his appellation, which he thinks it convenient for him to stile in England. Among other advantages which from such change will accrue to the individual, it is no inconsiderable one, that in the times of party rage and vulgar prejudice run mad, it will save him many of the galling shafts of ridicule; and elections have often been endangered by a wicked play upon a name, and many a tradesman has lost customers by the same means. Though some of them are palatable, the whole family of the *Macks* are somewhat obnoxious to English ears; and to such as are pained of the harshness of them, I certainly would recommend a change. The strongly aspirated *k* of the Irish and Scotch renders many of their names extremely difficult to Englishmen, who, whether the owners will or will not, alter them in their pronunciation. The *ch* and *gh* of our sister kingdoms are also pronounced by them as the single aspirated *k*; but by Englishmen the first is turned into *k*, and the *gh* into *for ph*, or omitted entirely.

For example, the Scotch name *Cochrane*, with the *ch* aspirated a *k*, is in England *Cockrane*; and *Macklaughlin*, with the *gh* also aspirated as *h*, becomes *Macklahlin*. Many of the Scotch and Irish names by only dropping the *Mack* become at once harmonious, and lose all their harshness. Thus *Mackmillan* becomes *Milian*, *Mackray* *Ray*, and *Mackmurray* *Murray*, with many others. We have heard of an Irish girl named *Mackduggon*, who having had an illegitimate child in the country, was removed by her friends, who were people of credit, to Dublin; where being recognized by some of her townsmen, they called her *Maid again*, which she improved into *Mudgion*. And it would be lucky for some of the harsher *Macks*, such as *Mackinty*, *Mackrabbie*, *Mackgillywranh*, &c. &c. if they could be as happy as Miss *Mackduggon* in improving their names. Besides the *Macks*, many other names have been *Anglified* with success. The harsh name *Strang*, with the addition of an unpronounced letter, becomes *Strange*, and *Gaggie* may easily be softened into *Gage*.

However trifling it may appear to some, the sound of a name is often of more importance than dull gravity may imagine. Many a school-boy who has had the misfortune of an awkward name, has been sadly tormented by his schoolfellows on that very account; and we have heard of a Frenchman, who always in his prayers gave thanks to the Almighty, that his name was liable to no pun. But while we would correct the harsh names of the Scotch and Irish, and condemn their broad aspiration of the *k*, it must be acknowledged that many of our common English names are not only harsh, but have also great vulgarity. *Pepper*, *jalt*, *mustard*, *veal*, *hog*, *pigeon*, *duck*, *drake*, *lamb*, *fox*, with an endless *et cetera*, and *all the colours of the rainbow*, are all proper names in this country, so apt to censure the unfortunate *Macks*. And if to our English ears the full and broad aspiration of the Irish and Scotch *k* seems so disagreeable, let it be remembered that that noble and admired language the Spanish abounds much more in such aspiration. To a plain Englishman who knows nothing of the Spanish, it will appear strange when he is told that the name of the renowned *Don Quixote*, which he pronounces *Quickso*, is by the Spaniards pronounced *Keenotee*, strongly aspirating the *k*; for not only the *x*, but

* “ALIAS, adv. a Latin word signifying *otherwise*; often used in the trials of criminals, whose danger has obliged them to change their names: as, *Moloch*, alias *Mallet*, i. e. otherwise *Mallet*.”

also the *jod* or *j*, is in that admired, though extremely guttural language, pronounced as the aspirated *h*.

Before and during the reign of Elizabeth, and even so late as the times of the first Charles, the orthography of the English language was so ill settled, that in the best authors of those days, it is no uncommon thing to find the same word spelled differently in the same page. Nor did proper names escape this neglect of a standard rule, many of our most ancient families having altered the spelling of their names almost every generation.

Much has been argued on the most proper way of spelling the name of our immortal bard *Shakespeare*; and when it was thought that his own hand-writing would for ever decide the dispute, behold, it was found that he himself had spelled it differently. And now every author seems to write it according to his own caprice; and hence we have *Shaksper*, *Shakiper*, *Shakpeare*, &c. &c. sounds and orthography disagreeable both to the ear and the eye. But in this state of uncertainty might it not be recommended, that we should advert to the origin of the name? Whatever therefore was the spelling in Shakespeare's days, it is self-evident that that family name was originally compounded of the verb *shake*, and the noun *spear*, a warlike weapon, and most pro-

bably, like the names of many of our most ancient families, it was given on the event of some particular exploit. *Shakspear* is also a family name, and no doubt had its origin in the same manner as above suggested; but who would pronounce it *Shakspear*? Disregarding therefore the unsettled orthography of Shakespeare's days, let us adhere to the verb and the noun of which his name is formed, only retaining that ill-understood, and elegantly softening letter, the final *e*, by which the name will preserve at least a feature of its antiquity no way disagreeable to the eye or the ear. Were this hint, founded on the origin of the name, adopted, our ears would be no longer disgusted by the harsh sound of *Shak*, or our eyes with the barbarous and obsolete orthography of *sper* or *sphere* for *spear*; and as Englishmen of the present age would have pronounced the name on its origin, let us pronounce and write it in a manner analogous to the present state of our language, and which will preserve the original meaning; and then never more shall the barbarous *Shak* or *sper* turn into discord, or disfigure the smooth and elegant name of SHAKESPEARE.

ERRATUM.—In the last *Fragment of Leo*, Vol. XI. p. 220, line 24, second column, in place of *request* read *situation*.

Mr. BARETTI'S RELATION of his RUPTURE with Dr. JOHNSON.

IT is well known that Omai, the native of Otaheite, learnt to play at Chess whilst he was in London. As his proficiency in this game was the cause of Mr. Baretti's dropping the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, after having cultivated it above thirty years, the relation of it, in Mr. Baretti's own words, is here inserted, extracted from his *Talondron*.

"My story may be a lesson to eager mortals to mistrust the duration of any worldly enjoyment, as even the best cemented friendship, which I consider as the most precious of earthly blessings, is but a precarious one, and subject, like all the rest, to be blasted away in an unexpected moment, by the capriciousness of chance, and by some one of those trifling weaknesses, unaccountably engrafted even in the noblest minds that ever shewed to what a pitch human nature may be elevated. About thirteen months before Dr. Johnson went the way of all flesh, my visits to him grew to be much less frequent than they used to be, on account of my gout and other infirmities, which permitted not

my going very often from Edward-street, Cavendish-square, to Bolt-court, Fleet-street, as it had been the case in my better days: yet once or twice every month I never failed to go to him, and he was always glad to see the oldest friend he had in the world, which, since Mr. Garrick's death, was the consolation he honoured me with, and constantly requested me to see him as often as I could.

"One day, and, alas! it was the last time I saw him, I called on him, not without some anxiety, as I had heard that he had been very ill; but found him to well as to be in very high spirits, of which he soon made me aware, because, the conversation happening to turn about Otaheite, he recollected that Omai had once conquered me at Chess; a subject, on which, whenever chance brought it about, he never failed to rib me most unmercifully, and make himself mighty merry with.

"This time, more than he had ever done before, he pushed his banter on at such a rate that at last he chased me, and

made me so angry, that, not being able to put a stop to it, I snatched up my hat and stick, and quitted him in a most cholerick mood. The skilful translator of Tasso, who was a witness to that ridiculous scene, may tell whether the Doctor's obtrusive merriment deserved approbation or blame: but such was Johnson, that, whatever was the matter in hand, if he was in the humour, he would carry it as far as he could; nor was he much in the habit, even with much higher folks than myself, to refrain from sallies which, not seldom, would carry him farther than he intended. Vexed at his having given

me cause to be angry, and at my own anger too, I was not in haste to see him again; and he heard from more than one, that my resentment continued. Finding, at last, or supposing that I might not call on him any more, he requested a respectable friend to tell me that he would be glad to see me as soon as possible: but his message was delivered me while making ready to go into Sussex, where I staid a month longer: and it was on my leaving Sussex, that the newspapers apprised me my friend was no more, and England had lost, possibly the greatest of her literary ornaments."

T H E
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
A N D
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L .

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

Notes on the State of Virginia. Written by Thomas Jefferson. Illustrated with a Map, including the States of Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. 8vo. 6s. Stockdale.

IN an advertisement prefixed to this elaborate collection of transatlantic "Notes," we are told that they were written in Virginia in the year 1781, and somewhat corrected and enlarged in the winter of 1782, in answer to Queries proposed to the author by a *foreigner of distinction*, then residing in America.—"The subjects," says Mr. Jefferson, "are all treated imperfectly; some scarcely touched on. To apologise for this, by developing the circumstances of the *time* and *place* of their composition, would be to *open wounds which have already bled enough*. To these circumstances some of their imperfections may with truth be ascribed; the great mass to the *want of information* and *want of talents* in the writer. He had a few copies printed, which he gave among his friends: and a translation of them has been lately published in France, but with such alterations as the press in that country rendered necessary. They are now offered to the public in their original form and language."

Such is the apology which our author is pleased to make in the year 1787, for the publication of a work confessedly penned in 1781 and 1782. It may fairly be asked, however, why, if unqualified to discuss the

points proposed for his consideration *then* he should appear before the public confessing his disability for the task *now*?—If he *wanted information*, why pretend to write, if he *wanted talents*, why presume to *publish* his observations? There may be modesty, and there may be truth, in the acknowledgment; but Mr. Jefferson should be informed that it is a kind of modesty, which, whether true or false, has no tendency but to render an author ridiculous or contemptible.—The *want of TALENTS*, being a want proceeding from nature, is perhaps irremediable; but when we hear an author complain that he *wanted information*, we cannot help suspecting the *origo mali* to be, that he also *wanted INDUSTRY*.

Without meaning to direct these remarks with their full force to the gentleman before us, though he has certainly exposed himself to the stigma of them, let us proceed to enquire analytically into the general merits and demerits of his performance.

The work commences very properly with a description of the limits and boundaries of the State of Virginia; which, from the account given by our author, appears to be one *chick-larger* than the islands

islands of Great-Britain and Ireland, reckoning them at 88,357 square miles. We have also a recapitulation of the several grants from which those limits and boundaries resulted.

After this general delineation of the country, our author takes a view of the rivers; the geography of which, as he justly remarks, may be better understood from an inspection of a map than from any description in writing. He also particularly notices how far they are severally navigable; and, in answer to his *foreign querist*, observes—what we should have supposed all the world knew before—that Virginia has no ports, no communications with the sea, but what she enjoys through her rivers and creeks.

In his description of the mountains, one circumstance worthy of notice is mentioned, namely, that, unlike those of other regions, “they are not *solitary and scattered*, confusedly over the face of the country; but commence at about 150 miles from the sea-coast, and are disposed in ridges one behind another, running nearly parallel with the sea-coast.” Mention is also made of a substance supposed to be *pumice*, found floating on the Mississippi, which “has induced a *conjecture*, that there is a volcano on some of its waters.” This *conjecture of others*, Mr. Jefferson combats with a *conjecture of his own*. No volcano has ever yet been known at such a distance from the sea, *ergo*, according to Mr. Jefferson, we must rather *suppose* that this floating substance has been *erroneously* deemed pumice.

Leaving this *supposition* about the said floating substance to float upon the minds of readers more learned in the theory of volcanos than our author seems, or than we pretend to be, we now follow him to the cascades and caverns. Of the former he mentions none but the Falling Spring in Augusta, which is indeed the only remarkable cascade in Virginia; nor is he much more copious in describing the latter, the famous Madison's Cave excepted; of which to a brief, but to us seemingly a faithful account, he has annexed an “*eye-draught*,” on a scale of 50 feet to the inch, shewing by arrows where it descends or ascends.

With our author continuing to descend

* Beside the plants and flowers mentioned by our author, there are, as he observes, an infinitude of others; for an enumeration and scientific description of which we are referred to *the Flora Virginica* of the great botanist of America, Dr. Clayton, published by Gronovius at Leyden, in 1762. From Mr. Jefferson we learn, that this accurate observer was a native and resident of Virginia; passed a long life in exploring and describing its plants; and is supposed to have *enlarged the botanical catalogue as much as almost any man who has lived.*

ourselves, we accompany him from the caverns to the mines, and to a general view not only of the mineral, but of the vegetable and animal productions of the country. Under these several heads—*all*, it is to be observed, comprised as an answer to one query from his friend the “*Foreigner of Distinction*”—we find remarks more pertinent—to us at least more satisfactory—than any that have occurred in the preceding pages.—Of *gold*—but, be it remembered, we are *under ground* at present—of gold, he says, he recollects but *one* instance of its being found in Virginia. That the bowels of the earth, however, abound in *lead*, and even in *black lead*, he gives ample testimony. That they contain *copper* also, and that the inhabitants know to what use *copper* should be turned, he also shews. Of the *pit coal*—a production from the earth of far more consequence to mankind than *copper*, or *lead*, or *gold*, he makes most honourable mention; but of *precious stones*—scarce, alas! as *gold itself*—never did he hear of *one* being found in the country—an *emerald* excepted. Of the marble and the limestone, the stone fit for the chissel, the millstone, and the slate-stone, he gives a description in all their varieties; nor does he omit to mention—what, we hope, it will be long before Virginia will have occasion to use—her GUN-FLINTS. Of the various earths, and of the sources of nitre and common salt, we likewise have a brief, and, as usual, a flattering account.

Our author proceeds next to an enumeration of the medicinal springs, of which with truth he observes—what, without a deviation from truth, we cannot deny to be the characteristic of our own medicinal springs—that “some of them are indubitably efficacious, while others seem to owe their reputation as much to *fancy*, and change of *air* and *regimen*, as to their *real virtues*.”

We are next presented with a list of such native trees, plants, fruits, &c. as the author thought most worthy to attract notice, as being 1. Medicinal, 2. Eliculent, 3. Ornamental, or 4. Useful for fabrication; with an addition of the Linnæan to the popular names, from an apprehension that the latter might not convey precise information to a foreigner*.

Of the animals of the country, particularly the quadrupeds, our author, directing himself of his usual unsatisfactory brevity, expatiates somewhat at large. He seems even to be in a degree animated by that spirit of scientific research which has immortalised the names of Linnæus and Buffon. It is the less necessary, however, to follow him through all the meanders of philosophical discussion to which the subject immediately before us might lead, as he differs in no essential points from those illustrious Naturalists, and renders his account chiefly interesting by an annexed Comparative View of the Quadrupeds of Europe and of America in three tables. From this view, Buffon, we think, must in one or two instances stand corrected.

In treating of Man, as his character is to be found among the *Aborigines* of America, combating, and sometimes successfully, combating the theory of Buffon, our author has particularly impressed us with the sentiments contained in the following passage; nor will we withhold them from our readers.

Before we condemn the Indians of this continent as wanting genius, we must consider that letters have not yet been introduced among them. Were we to compare them in their present state with the Europeans North of the Alps, when the Romans and arts first crossed those mountains, the comparison would be unequal, because, at that time, those parts of Europe were swarming with numbers; because numbers produce emulation, and multiply the chances of improvement, and one improvement begets another. Yet I may safely ask, How many good poets, how many able mathematicians, how many great inventors in arts or sciences, had Europe North of the Alps then produced? And it was sixteen centuries after this before a Newton could be formed. I do not mean

to deny, that there are varieties in the race of man, distinguished by their powers both of body and mind. I believe there are, as I see to be the case in the races of other animals. I only mean to suggest a doubt, whether the bulk and faculties of animals depend on the side of the Atlantic on which their food happens to grow, or which furnishes the elements of which they are compounded? whether nature has exhibited herself as a Cis or Trans Atlantic partisan? I am induced to suspect, there has been more eloquence than sound reasoning displayed in support of this theory; that it is one of those cases where the judgment has been seduced by a glowing pen: and whilst I render every tribute of honor and esteem to the celebrated Zoologist, who has added, and is still adding, many precious things to the treasures of science, I must doubt whether in this instance he has not cherished error also, by lending her for a moment his vivid imagination and bewitching language.

So far the Count de Buffon has carried this new theory of the tendency of nature to *beautify* her productions on this side the Atlantic. Its application to the race of whites, transplanted from Europe, remained for the Abbé Raynal. 'On doit être étonné (he says) que l'Amérique n'ait pas encore produit un bon poète, un habile mathématicien, un homme de génie dans un seul art, ou une seule science.' 7 Hist. Philos. p. 92. ed. Maethelot 1774. 'America has not yet produced one good poet.' When we shall have existed as a people as long as the Greeks did before they produced a Homer, the Romans a Virgil, the French a Racine and Voltaire, the English a Shakespeare and Milton, should this reproach be still true, we will enquire from what unfriendly cause it has proceeded, that the other countries of Europe and quarters of the earth shall not have inscribed any name in the roll of poets. But neither has America produced one able

* 'As much as almost' is an odd expression; but he who looks into Mr. Jefferson's book in the hope of finding an elegance of phraseology or an accuracy of diction, will own at last that he has looked in vain.

* *Belshazzar*.—What an expression!—It may be an elegant one in Virginia, and even perfectly intelligible; but for our part, all we can do is, to *guess* at its meaning.—For shame, Mr. Jefferson!—Why, after trampling upon the honour of our country, and representing it as little better than a land of barbarism—why, we say, perpetually trample also upon the very grammar of our language, and make that appear as Gothic as, from your description, our manners are rude?—Freedly, good sir, will we forgive all your attacks, impotent as they are illiberal, upon our *national character*; but for the future, spare—O spare, we beseech you, our *mother-tongue*!

† "Has the world as yet," says Mr. Jefferson, "produced more than two poets, acknowledged to be such by all nations? An Englishman, only, reads Milton with delight, an Italian Tasso, a Frenchman the *Henriade*, a Portuguese Camoens: but Homer and Virgil have been the rapine of every age and nation: they are read with enthusiasm in their originals by those who can read the original, and in translations by those who cannot."

mathematician,

mathematician, one man of genius in a single art or a single science.' In war we have produced a Washington, whose memory will be adored while liberty shall have vicaries, whose name will triumph over time, and will in future ages assume its just station among the most celebrated worthies of the world, when that wretched philosophy shall be forgotten which would have arranged him among the degeneracies of nature. In physics we have produced a Franklin, than whom no one of the present age has made more important discoveries, nor has enriched philosophy with more, or more ingenious solutions of the phenomena of nature. We have supposed Mr. Rittenhouse second to no astronomer living: that in genius he must be the first, because he is self-taught. As an artist he has exhibited as great a proof of mechanical genius as the world has ever produced. He has not indeed made a world; but he has by imitation approached nearer its Maker than any man who has lived from the creation to this day*. A man philosophy and war, in government, in oratory, in painting, in the plastic art, we might shew that America, though but a child of yesterday, has already given hopeful proofs of genius, as well of the nobler kinds which arouse the best feelings of man, which call him into action, which subvert his freedom, and conduct him to happiness, as of the subordinate, which serve to amuse him only. We therefore suppose, that this reproach is as unjust as it is unkind; and that of the geniuses which adorn the present age, America contributes its full share. For comparing it with those countries, where genius is most cultivated, where are the most excellent models for art, and scaffolds for the attainment of science, as France and

England for instance, we calculate thus. The United States contain three millions of inhabitants; France twenty millions; and the British islands ten. We produce a Washington, a Franklin, a Rittenhouse. France then should have half a dozen in each of these lines, and Great-Britain half that number, equally eminent. It may be true, that France has: we are but just becoming acquainted with her, and our acquaintance so far gives us high ideas of the genius of her inhabitants. It would be injuring too many of them to name particularly a Voltaire, a Buffon, the congregation of Encyclopedists, the Abbé Raynal himself, &c. &c. We therefore have reason to believe she can produce her full quota of genius. The present war having so long cut off all communication with Great-Britain, we are not able to make a fair estimate of the state of science in that country. The spirit in which the wages war is the only sample before our eyes, and that does not seem the legitimate offspring either of science or of civilization. The sun of her glory is fast descending to the horizon. Her philosophy has crossed the Channel, her freedom the Atlantic, and herself seems passing to that awful dissolution, whose issue is not given human foresight to scan †.

Such cant as that with which Mr. Jefferson has here treated us at the close, might have been admirably calculated to charm the gaping throng of America, when, first intoxicated with ideas of INDEPENDENCE, she proudly hoisted her *Thirteen Stripes*. With those stripes woe-tornly has she already suffered herself to be scourged. In the midst of her humiliations, then, let her not, through the mouths of her political zealots, *continue*

* "There are various ways of keeping truth out of sight. Mr. Rittenhouse's model of the planetary system has the vulgar appellation of an Orrery; and the quadrant invented by Godfrey, an American also, and with the aid of which the European nations traverse the globe, is called Halley's quadrant."

† "In a later edition of the Abbé Raynal's work, he has withdrawn his censure from that part of the new world inhabited by the Federal-Americans, but has left it still on the other parts. North America has always been more accessible to strangers than South. If he was mistaken then as to the former, he may be so as to the latter. The glimmerings which reach us from South America enable us only to see that its inhabitants are held under the accumulated pressure of slavery, superstition, and ignorance. Whenever they shall be able to rise under this weight, and to shew themselves to the rest of the world, they will probably shew they are like the rest of the world. We have not yet sufficient evidence that there are more lakes and fogs in South America than in other parts of the earth. As little do we know what would be their operation on the mind of man. That country has been visited by Spaniards and Portuguese chiefly, and almost exclusively. These, going from a country of the old world remarkably dry in its soil and climate, fancied there were more lakes and fogs in South America than in Europe. An inhabitant of Ireland, Sweden, or Finland, would have formed the contrary opinion. Had South America then been discovered and seated by a people from a sunny country, it would probably have been represented as much drier than the old world. A patient pursuit of facts, and cautious combination and comparison of them, is the drudgery to which man is subjected by his Maker, if he wishes to attain sure knowledge."

to be insolent. Mr. Jefferson, whatever his pretensions may be as a patriot, has no merit to plead as a prophet. Be it known to him, and to his countrymen—be it known to the world—that the sun of Great Britain's glory, far from "descending to the horizon," was never more resplendent than at the present moment. If her philosophy has crossed the Channel, she rejoices—it is impossible for philosophy

to travel too far; but many years, we apprehend, must elapse before one spark of her genuine freedom will be found to have crossed the Atlantic.

In our next, leaving our haughty American in the undisturbed enjoyment of his patriotic reveries, we propose to clothe our remarks on his present motley performance.

Paulina; or the Russian Daughter. A Poem. In Two Books. By Robert Merry, Esq. 4to. 3s. sewed. Robson.

WE hardly recollect an event more adapted in all its circumstances to excite the passions of pity and horror, than that which forms the basis of the poem before us, and which, to the eternal disgrace of human nature, literally happened in Russia some years ago. The particulars of the story Mr. Merry published in the London papers in September 1783; and now, summoning to his aid all the powers of poetical imagery and pathos, he charms, while he pains us, with a detail of it in verse—verse, which, highly animated as well as harmonious, would not, upon the whole, disgrace the first poet of the age.

The piece commences with a picturesque description of the proud, but terrific mansion of Paulina's father; a stern, savage grandee of Russia, who, disappointed in his views of ambition, has renounced the world, and, in the midst of his enmity to mankind, become a perfect tyrant to his daughter. Paulina, on the contrary, unworthy of having such a parent, is delineated in all the colours that can give charms to personal beauty, and to mental accomplishment. One evening, walking in pensive gloom upon the terrace, she listens, and hears the voice—the plaintive, desponding voice of Alexis; a youth of a noble family in Moscow, who loves, and is secretly loved by Paulina; but who, unhappily, is one of the principal objects of her father's brutal hatred. Their raptures at this unexpected interview are not to be told—they pass description; but, as fortune would have it, just as Alexis has obtained from Paulina a promise that the next night she will quit her paternal abode, and consent to become his

bride, a dreadful storm arises, in which, as the poet beautifully describes the commencement of it,

Confusion reigns, and Terror's monster form

Stalks in the uproar of the coming storm;

His arrowy fleet the Genus of the Pole

Shoots furious forth, and mutt ring * thunders

roll,

* While with red glance his eye-balls flash around,

And the broad lustre glows upon the ground.

Alarmed at the tempest, alarmed too for the safety of her lover, thus exposed without shelter to its fury, Paulina desires him to climb the terrace, and conceal himself in her apartments, which are at a considerable distance from those of her father. In this situation, soon is their happiness disturbed, soon is their fancied security dispelled, by the sound of a foot which fatally announces the approach of the father. The only asylum that offers itself from his rage is a chest, in which Alexis has barely time to be enclosed before the arrival of the haughty tyrant; of whose ferocious character the poet, on this occasion, gives an admirable picture.

At the departure of her father, Paulina flies to the chest, opens it, and finds Alexis a lifeless corpse. Nothing can surpass the description our poet gives of the grief, the horror, and phrenzy with which she is seized at the sight of her dead lover.

She saw the rose grown livid on his cheek,
Yet strove with tone familiar still to speak;
Nay would she think it true, but ask'd him
why
So cold his hand, and so unmov'd his eye?

* In this animated passage, we cannot help objecting to the rolling of the "muttering thunders."—*Muttering* is an epithet too feeble to apply to thunder—such thunder especially presents itself to the imagination from the grand and awful description given of the scene in the preceding and subsequent lines.

Said that the bitter tempest now was o'er,
Her father gone, and he need sleep no more,

Again,

And is, she cried, that noble spirit fled?
O let me also join the sacred dead!
Then sudden sunk to momentary rest,
Cold on her dear Alexis' colder breast.
Alas! ~~returning~~ sense awak'd her care
To deeper horrors of sublime despair;
To dire perfection of excessive pain,
To weep, to pray, to think, to feel in vain.
One while she melts, then stiffens into stone,
Now mingles laughter with her rui'nic
moan.

At length, restored to reason, she flies to the porter, entrusts him with her secret, and conjures him privately to inter the corpse. Avarice and beastly lust, with a countenance as hideous as a mind polluted, are represented as the characteristics of this wretch; who terrifies Paulina with the dread of her father's indignation, and promises concealment on no condition but that of her yielding to his

embraces. The monster, having thus gained her to his will, renders her next the tool of his avarice; to gratify which, (still threatening her with the rage of an implacable father) he prostitutes her to his associates, not less brutal than himself. One night, however, animated by fury and despair, she seizes the moment of their intoxication, and heroically sacrifices them to her violated honour.

Thus terminates the shocking story of Paulina's sufferings; and thus (after a solemn address to Heaven, invoking pardon for her involuntary crimes) terminates also the poem, which, though frequently unequal in point of composition, reflects its final honour on the muse of Mr. Marry.

Our readers will not be displeas'd to hear, that after the above bloody catastrophe Paulina was honour'd with the protection of the Empress of Russia, and placed by her in a convent; where, if we are not misinformed, she still remains.

Fables; Ancient and Modern; after the Manner of Isa Fontaine. By William Wallbeck. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Debrutt.

"Fools admire, but men of sense approve."

SO said Pope, and so say we, without meaning to offend Mr. Wallbeck, or to dub him a fool. Certain it is, however, that not contented with *admiring* the immortal French fabulist he has adopted for his model, he seems absolutely to *worship* him as "the God of his idolatry."

For the gratification of his poetical ambition, happy were it if from the fervid enthusiasm of this *idolatry* he had caught one spark of the fire that animated his *idol*; and as a proof how much our poet is a stranger to that simple, but correct turn of expression, that acuteness, or rather—to define it in a word, with which there is nothing synonymous in our own language—that *naivete* which peculiarly distinguishes the character of Fontaine, we shall present our readers with one of the least exceptionable, because one of the most concise, fables in the work, which the author styles

THE WOLF'S REMONSTRANCE.

A Wolf pass'd by a shepherd's cot,
Just as a sheep's head smoking hot,
Tongue, brains, and all was put on table,
"Ye two-legg'd animals! (says he),
Is't fit ye should find fault with me,

Who are yourselves so culpable!"

When at your feasts ye dine, or sup,
Ye eat whole geese and chickens up:

Oft' have I caught you in the fact.

Nay;—and I tell you to your face,
Goody, I heard you once say grace.—

For shame!—What,—glory in the act?

If I—a hungry wolf, alack!

Now and then take a little smack

Of kid, or calf, or lamb, or mutton;—

Some cur the neighbourhood alarms;

And ye against me take up arms,

Because,—forsooth, I am a glutton."

As inconsistent men sow'd'st men:

Yet just we think ourselves, as wise,

Keen enough others' faults to ken,

Against our own we shut our eyes.

* In transcribing this specimen of our author's ability to tread in the path of Fontaine, we mark, as we proceed, the expressions that chiefly strike us as being defective in grammar, in elegance, or in harmony.—In the present instance, we find "culpable" a rhyme to "table."—*Fit us out!*—*Fit out!*, Mr. Wallbeck!—This will never do.

A good-natured, good-natured, moralising, kind of wolf this (setting his natural ferocity aside) had he been in any degree that kind of whimsical and capricious "GENIUS" which our

is pleased to style *himself*, we tremble to think what might have become of the poor shepherd, his *goss*, and his *smoking* sheep's head.

The Platonic Marriage. A Novel. In a Series of Letters. By Mrs. Cartwright. 12mo. 3 vols. 9s. Walter, Hookham, &c.

WHAT will the world come to—the world, we mean, of LETTERS? or rather, what *would* it come to, were it at the mercy of the multitudinous tribe of lady-authors, who—claiming to themselves already an almost exclusive privilege to the mighty provinces of the DRAMA and NOVEL—seem determined to deluge us with their *novels*—their ridiculous, sentimental nonsense. We love the LADIES, and we are disposed to admire *their works*, whether produced by the pen of IMAGINATION or by the pencil of INDUSTRY; but seldom (truth to tell) have we yet known a female, who, enamoured once of the *ideal* glories recurring from the *journey*, turned not afterwards to stoop to the drudgery of the *letter*, and who had not, in fact, *disqualified* herself for it.

All this, however, be it known, is without the smallest personal reference to Mrs. Cartwright; who, for aught we know, may be capable of wielding with equal dexterity both the pen and the needle. It is somewhat singular, however, that the plot of her "Platonic Marriage" should hinge upon, and terminate in, the comical union of a noble lord with his GRAND-MOTHER—his grand-mother, at least, IN LAW.

In our Review for April, while we seriously rebuked, we could not help ridiculing the *wild* imagination of a

"Young Lady," who, in her "Lucinda Osborn," brought a venerable gentleman to the very verge of the matrimonial bed with *his own daughter*. Though there be no *consanguinity* in the parties Mrs. Cartwright has contrived to bring to *either*, and to render *happy* within the *pair* of the church (after Plato, and Plato's doctrines had lost that influence with the lady which they never should have possessed) there yet is an indecency in the marriage: the grand-diskoverer for the death of his grand-father, merely to *enjoy his wife*—notwithstanding the canonical inter-diction which says, "a man shall not marry his grand-mother," nor even—what is equally *crude*—"marry his grand-father's wife." But in such critical codes, is not a *dis-solution* from such *dis-solutions*, *tabernacles* commendations not only admissible, but laudable?—Ask Mrs. Cartwright, we quadruple cautions, and she will boldly tell you, IT IS.

In general, we are disposed to admit that women are endowed with sentiments of virtuous delicacy in a degree much superior to man. To illustrate those sentiments, however, they have sometimes recourse to very *odd experiments*. Such at least is our opinion, with the story of the "Platonic Marriage" before us, and with that of "Lucinda Osborn" yet fresh upon our memory.

NINA, or the Madness of Love: a Comedy in Two Acts, Translated from the French by the Author of MARY, or the Coarcted Ruffian. 2vo. 1s. Elliot.

NINA, in her present *distress*, suits to the Hon. Mrs. Hobart for a patroness; and we know not where she could have looked for a more amiable one. The story of this unfortunate maid—to much of it as is connected with the beautiful little drama before us—is admitted by the author to be no fiction, but an anecdote from real life, to which no alteration has been made but what was necessary to adapt it for the stage. Indeed, the very *tragedy* of poor Nina's sufferings (to us whether they are magnified or real it matters not, while they appear natural,

and in, at least, the *parab of truth*) is sufficient to excite a glow of virtuous sensibility in the coldest and most dissolute bosom.—What, then, must be our feelings when we behold those sufferings brought into dramatic action by the skill of a poet, who—desiring to court applause by the wretched means of *stage-trick* and *pointless* *manipulation*—seems to have all the powers of *pathos* at his command.

The circumstances that gave birth to the piece are not less simple than they are affecting; and thus in the preface we

we introduced to the sorrows of the forlorn, the frantic Nina — "At a village in the neighbourhood of Rouenne in Normandy," says the author, "Nina contrives to find her Germeuil, to whom, with the consent of her parents, she had promised her hand. Previous to the celebration of their intended nuptials, he was summoned to Paris. On the day fixed for his return, Nina repaired to the spot appointed for their interview; but, instead of her lover, found the melancholy tidings* of his untimely fate — Germeuil was no more. Nina, unable to sustain this awful stroke of Providence, lost her senses. In vain his friendship united efforts with those of time to soothe her sorrows or recal her reason. Nina still expects with anxiety the return of

Germeuil, and each revolving day visits the spot appointed for their interview.

In the drama, to mitigate the horrors of the scene, and prevent it from soaring into downright tragedy, Germeuil is represented to be still alive, but in his return, there is an *adroit* mystic, and in the consequent recovery of Nina from her phrenzy, there is a *precipitation*, which, as passing the bounds of probability and nature, *should*, and with a little management *might*, have been so happily prevented as to render the conduct of the piece faultless. With all its blemishes, however, we have not, for a considerable time* past, seen a dramatic import from Paris of more intrinsic merit than the little *comédie larmoyante* of Nina.

The Riddle. By the late unhappy George Robert Fitzgerald, Esq]. With Notes, by W. Bingley, formerly of London, Bookseller. 4to. 1s. Jamieson.

WE are sorry that this same "W. Bingley, formerly of London, Bookseller," is not a bookseller of London still; or, at least, that he does not know how to employ his time better than in publishing, with stupid notes of his own, a most indecent riddle, which had with far more propriety been finally committed to the grave with the wretched author of it.

We repeat the epulet *in libentibus* for though Mr. Bingley tells us, that "the *secret* bears a name as delicate as any in the English language," yet he must excuse us if we tell *him*, that it also bears a name expressive of an idea at which modesty revolts. So enamoured, however, is our *learned* Editor and Annotator of this very idea, as mystically compressed in the "*arch entendre double*" before us, that he scruples not, *virtuously* doublets as

well as *patronically*, to offer a premium of "not less than five guineas for the most apposite poetical interpretation of, or answer to it."

Listen then to this invitation, ye *prostituted* Sons of the Muses! ye *half-starved* votaries of Apollo — listen to it, we say, for to one or other of your unprincipled tribe, the means of obtaining many a good *dinner* are now allotted from the purse of the *public spirited* W. Bingley; who, in his *editorial* capacity, seems to care so little about *money*, that the paltry sum of five guineas he thinks hardly sufficient to reward those *republican* powers of genius by which a *satisfactory* answer may be given to what a child would call his *riddle-merris* — to what a woman of virtue would *blush* to understand — to what, in fine, ought never to be even mentioned but in the *chamber of a brothel*.

Elfrida; or, Paternal Ambition. A Novel. By a Lady. 12mo. 3 vols. 9s. Johnson.

OLD Bentley, the famous philologist, used to say, that of all the curses with which a poor author could possibly be visited, that of superintending the operations of the press, and exempting his works from the errors of neglect or ignorance, was the most intolerable. But Bentley lived not to be a *Reviewer*, nor did it ever fall to his lot to *sit in judgment upon novels*

and romances. — Were he alive now, then, how would he pity us, who, in the discharge of our monthly duty, are obliged, *per se* out *nefas*, to wade through the absurdity and nonsense of the novels — the *myriads* of novels — that daily come forth, in defiance of criticism, and in perfect despite of genius.

On the fair author of Elfrida, destitute

* No portion of the praise we bestow on the author of Nina is due to the translator, whose diction is frequently beneath criticism. — To find tidings! — What an expression! — We are really shocked to see the head of poor *Prisidan* receive so merciless a blow.

† For Anecdotes of this celebrated criminal, and of his fellow-sufferer, Brecknock, see Vol. IX. p. 387.

at the is of genius, criticism would be wasted. In very elegant language the May tells us a long story about two antiquated virgins, whose supreme pleasure is, in breaking off every marriage which happens to be concerning in their neighbourhood, and in ridiculing those that have been made, while they are themselves dying, but *dying in vain*, for every pretty fellow they see;—about a father who is so cruel as to give his daughter's hand to a man she hates, while the dear faithful youth of her affections is ready to hang,

shoot, or drown himself, from pure despair; about a husband, who—shame upon him!—is so fashionably dissipated as to treat with neglect an amiable wife, to ruin his fortune by gaming, and to be under the necessity at length of renouncing his country, to evade the clutches of the bailiffs;—about—But let us stop. "*About it, and about it,*" Goddess of Dulness, we have already had enough; and to those who wish ~~to read~~ either of or about Elfrida, we recommend a perusal, if a perusal be possible, of the work itself.

Olivia: or, the Deserted Bride. 12mo. 3 vols. 9s. Lane.

OLIVIA and Elfrida may change titles. incidents of the one, we find little deviation from the incidents of the other. They are both equally insipid; and, what we confess rather surprises us, in the

The Miscellaneous Works of Charles Colignon, M. D. late Professor of Anatomy in the University of Cambridge. 4to. 11. 1s. White.

THE old adages *Potta nascitur non fit*, and *Non omnia possumus omnes*, are not the less true because they are *trite* and to be heard from the mouth of every school-boy. In his *professional* capacity, Dr. Colignon merited and obtained much praise;—praise, however, which, leading him to court the phantom *universal fame*, has literally left him with *little fame at all*.

Of a man so eminent, however, as to have filled with honour the professorial chair of anatomy in the University of Cambridge, it may not be improper to note a few particulars.

In his posthumous works now before us, (most of which have appeared before) we find, 1. "The Duellist; a Fragment; in Three Parts;—2. Miscellaneous Reflections on several Passages in classical and historical Writers, connected with, and derived from, the Structure of the Body; together with a few Observations on Physiology;—3. The Character of Eudoxus;" a Dialogue; with the Beauties of the Turkish Spy;—4. *Tyrolinicum Anatum*; or, an Introduction to Anatomy;—5. An Inquiry into the Structure of the Human Body, relative to its supposed Influence on the Morals of Mankind;—6. *Determinatio Medica, utrum periculis sit in salutem viventium, apertio cadaverum morbo extinctorum*; a College Exercise;—7. *Medicina Politica*; or, Reflections on the Art of Physic, as inseparably

connected with the Prosperity of a State;—8. Moral and Medical Dialogues;—9. Explanatory Remarks on the great Utility of Hospitals for the Sick and Poor;—10. Alphonso; or, the Hermit: a Poem;—11. Happiness; an Epistle to a Friend;—12. Messiah; a sacred Poem."

With such *sacred* poems as the Messiah of Colignon may the God of Verse never suffer us to be visited again!—But having thus enumerated the titles of the pieces that fill the pages of this heterogeneous volume, our readers will not be displeas'd to be inform'd of a few particulars of the author's life.

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

THIS gentleman was the son of Mr. Paul Colignon, a native of Hesse Cassel. He was born in London, January 30, 1725, educated at Bury School, and afterwards admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1743. After a short residence there, he visited France and Holland, spent some time at Leyden and London, and finished his medical studies at Edinburgh. On his return to Cambridge, in 1748, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Physic, and was elected Professor of Anatomy in 1753. In 1754, he was created Doctor of Physic. In 1779, he was appointed Deputy Regius Professor of Physic; and in 1783, Professor of Medicine in Downing College. He died October 1, 1785.

* For which the reader is referred to Vol. III. p. 293.

(Concluded from Page 408)

IN our last Number we gave an abstract of so much of this very judicious work as related to the antient state of the Land Revenue, traced by Mr. St. John from the Conqueror down to his present Majesty; we shall now proceed to give a statement of its present value, together with Mr. St. John's ideas of the most probable mode of improving the management and collection of it.

The Land Revenue of the Crown is two-fold, in actual possession or in expectation. Of the first, there are five classes. 1st. Demisable estates producing an annual rent, and with fines of renewal: 2d. Fee-farm rents: 3d. Honors, manors, and hundreds, not leased but under the care of stewards. 4th. Lands in immediate occupation of the Crown for the convenience of his Majesty or the public service. and 5th. The estate and interest of the Crown in forests and waste lands. Of the second, or lands in expectation, there are three classes. 1st. Lands reverting to the Crown for want of heirs: 2d. By forfeiture: and 3d. By limitation of remainders to the Crown.

Of the first class of Land Revenue in possession, it appears that the demisable estates producing an annual rent, and with fines of renewal, consist of about 130 manors, containing 52,000 acres of arable, meadow, and pasture land, about 1,800 houses in London and Westminster, and about 450 houses, mills, and cottages, in the country parts of England, exclusive of houses demised with manors and farms; and that the fines paid to the Crown on granting or renewing leases of those estates, amount on an average to about 7,500*l.* per annum, and the yearly reserved rents for the same to about 13,000*l.* per annum; so that the demised landed property of the Crown produces on an average something more than 20,000*l.* per ann. It appears likewise, that the fines paid in ten years, from 1771 to 1780 inclusive, amounted to 76,308*l.* 14*s.* or about 7,630*l.* per annum; and that the yearly rents on those lands have increased beyond the former rents 2,492*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* per ann. It appears lastly, that since the passing the Civil List Act by Queen Anne, estates to the amount of 20,000*l.* per annum, have, under the authority of Parliament, been alienated from the Crown.

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The second article of Land Revenue is fee-farm and other rents lock. A fee-farm rent is a perpetual rent, reserved from an estate granted in fee. The fee-farm rents of the Crown amount nominally to 24,000*l.* per annum, but really to not more than 6,000*l.* per annum, the other 17,000*l.* being granted away in rent charges, or lost in arrears.

The third article of Land Revenue in possession consists of honors, manors, hundreds, and other hereditaments, not in lease but under the care of stewards, appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or by letters patent; but this is an unproductive article, the salaries of the stewards amounting to more than the revenue produced. The fourth article is lands retained in his Majesty's hands, either for his own convenience, as palaces and parks; or for public service, as castles, forts, dock-yards, public offices, &c. The King's palaces are Westminster palace, containing the Houses of Parliament and Courts of Law; Whitehall, St. James's, Windsor-Castle, Hampton-Court, Kensington, Kew, Greenwich, and New-Market palaces; the King's house at Winchester, Carlton-house, Somerset-house, the Mews, the Queen's palace, and the Queen's palace at Windsor. The King's parks are, St. James's, Hyde park, Windsor park, Hampton-Court park, Bushy park, Richmond park, Sheen park, Greenwich park, and Bagshot park. The fifth and last, and which may probably be hereafter the most important and productive article, is the forest and other waste lands in England and Wales.

Having thus described the estates in possession, it remains to speak of those in reversion or expectation, which are either escheats, forfeitures, or remainders. Escheats are where lands fall to the Crown for default of heirs, but this is now a very rare contingency, as it seldom happens that estates are left unimproved by will, or unclaimed by any heir at law. Forfeiture is equally uncommon, the internal peace and tranquillity with which this country has now for many years been blessed, occasioning it to occur very seldom: and lastly, as escheats and forfeitures are uncommon events, it still less frequently happens, that the Crown succeeds to lands by the third species of

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state in expectancy, remainder.—Remainder takes place by the mere act of vesting to some conveyance, whereby it is settled that the lands shall go to the Crown after an estate tail, or some other particular estate which is carved out of the fee. To conclude this head,

The gross amount of the rents, as charged before the Auditors of the Land Revenue, is £. 36,720 7 1
 Pines for renewals on an average per ann. 7,700 0 0

£. 44,420 7 1

Rent charges granted away and arrears, — £. 14,530 10 10
 Land tax, — 3,505 12 7
 Pensions and salaries chargeable on the Land Revenue, — 8,554 8 11
 Fees of office, and incidental expence of collecting it, — 3,999 13 3

£. 33,590 5 7

Gross amount of the Land Revenue, — 44,420 7 1
 Expence to be deducted, 33,590 5 7
 Nett produce annually, £. 10,830 1 6

Thus much of the present state of the Land Revenue, and the expence of collection. Mr. St. John next gives a detail of the mode of obtaining leases or grants from the Crown, and of the number of offices, with the particular duty of each; all tending to shew, that from the great extent of the Crown Lands, together with their being dispersed through so many counties, the expence falls infinitely heavier on the public than the collection of an estate of equal value could possibly on an individual. He then hastens to the great business of his work, the probable modes of improving the Land Revenue, and this naturally introduces the question relative to inclosing the waste lands.

The magnitude of the object sufficiently appears from a list of twelve forests in England, and twenty in Wales, now in the actual possession of the Crown; together with sixty six others, in which the rights of the Crown have been either totally given up, or exchanged for a small pecuniary sum. In many of these the soil is rich by nature; in others, capable of being rendered fruitful by enclosure,

without any other great expence. Some of the largest forests, from their vicinity to the metropolis, might be more easily cultivated, and are besides more valuable on that account. Whatever share might be allotted to the Crown, it would probably amount to a great estate in land. In 1770, on the enclosure of Knareborough forest, the share of the Crown was one tenth; in 1777. two-fifths of Enfield were allotted on a similar occasion. The sum total of the lands of England and Wales are computed at 39,000,000 of acres, of which the forests, parks, and commons, are supposed to constitute 3,000,000 — Of these 3,000,000 the part belonging to the Crown is in any event so great, as that the tenth of it would be by no means an inconsiderable accession to the royal revenue. Mr. St. John proves very forcibly, that admitting all the arguments against enclosures in general, they do not apply to this particular case, of great tracts of land, mere wastes, boggy moors, cold heaths, marshy fens, and barren mountains.—

“Whenever these are capable of improvement, by being divided and fenced, drained and manured, it is so much clear gain to the proprietors and the public.— No doubt can be raised on the utility of a measure which occasions the production of an additional quantity of provisions; riches and population must increase together with the means of sustenance; families will multiply, where there is plenty of food; and where more is raised than is sufficient for domestic consumption, foreign markets will be found for the encouragement of exportation. The cultivation of this country is very inferior to what it might be, though superior to that of most other nations. Many circumstances concur to render this country peculiarly capable of improvement; the variety of its soil, the industrious and enterprising disposition of its inhabitants, the civil liberty which it enjoys, its commerce, its extent of coast, its inland convenience for carriage, both by roads, navigable rivers, and canals; all conspire to facilitate the progress of agriculture. What then are the obstacles which impede the course of this great salutary work, the cultivation of our forests and wastes?”

The first objection, which goes merely to the practicability of the scheme, is the want of an adequate capital. But this is obviated, by considering the infinite number of shares into which the new-inclosed lands will naturally be divided, in compensation for the rights of common to all the parishes interested in the premises.—

What

What inducement, Mr. St. John with great justice asks, can be stronger to a farmer to lay out a part of his capital, than the prospect of acquiring a solid, permanent property in land, in lieu of an undefined and precarious right of common? What countryman possessed of a few hundred pounds, but would employ them in purchasing a lot of ground contiguous to his habitation at a moderate price, rather than incur the trouble and risque of putting them out to interest, or getting some one to purchase for him in the stocks?—

All the antecedent expences, which could not fairly light on the individuals, as surveys, the charge of an act of parliament, the appointment of commissioners, these are proposed to be defrayed by a sale of part of the king's allotment. The next objection is, that bringing so much land to market, would lower the price of that species of property. But this sinking of the value of land, though ostensibly formidable, on examination will prove directly otherwise. Did it proceed from the country being exhausted, from a want of people, stock, or industry to cultivate, or from an inability to dispose of the produce, it were indeed a public calamity; but the nation is no loser by the sinking of the money price of land, when the fall in the price of the commodity proceeds only from there being an extraordinary plenty of it. The last and weightiest objection to the measure is its supposed unpopularity. It must be admitted that the enclosure of the waste-lands may probably meet with much discountenance from some great lords, who may consult the gratification of their own pleasures, fancy, or pride, more than the public benefit. The amusements of the chace which the forests afford, and the beautiful scenes which they adorn the country, cannot be compensated by an allotment of land to those whose great estates need no addition; the patronage also which many great men possess in the forests, and the power of conferring favors which they derive from offices, increases their influence in the country; and provincial politics, particularly in respect to elections, may interfere, and induce those whose interest is at stake, to use every means of frustrating any attempt to enclose the forests. Such persons might easily foment the jealousies of the people; all novelties in the modification of property and the extinction of ancient rights create suspicion. The prejudices of the people, their passions, their propensity to ill-temperance, might soon be worked upon, and their minds inflamed to the us-

ter exclusion of poor reasoning and speculation; which a desperate and desperate mob of ruffians and vagabonds, who live by depredation, surround the borders, and are ever at hand to break out into open insurrection. To obviate this, Mr. St. John proposes to begin, not by a law comprehensive of all forests and chaces; but by an act for one forest, the enclosure of which is most obviously beneficial; or at least if any general law be past, to make it open to exceptions, where from particular circumstances the general reasoning does not apply: and this general law should not be peremptory to direct the inclosure and division, but rather enabling than compulsive; holding out encouragements, laying down some general rules, giving powers to facilitate the plan, and drawing an outline to pave the way for the particular acts respecting the several forests. If some proceeding of this sort be devised, and nothing violent or hasty attempted; if the operation be carried on gradually, and the pulse of the country first felt; no sudden commotions are to be apprehended: when the consent of the principal landholders is obtained, the foundation of the plan is laid on a solid basis; when the work is once begun, it is half finished.

One very cogent argument, independent of all others, for the enclosing the waste-lands, is, the operation of the *Nul-lum tempus* bill; for the title of the subject against the Crown, being now secured by the same limitation of time as would bar a writ of right in the case of any other adverse possession, it behoves the Crown to take every precaution against illegal intrusions and encroachments; and none can be more effectual than the enclosure and division of the forests: no other remedy will suffice to prevent the gradual consumption of the king's soil in wastes and forests by the usurpations of the borderers. As to encroachments already made, and very many have been, in lands held in virtue of offices, which continuing in the same families for generations are claimed as private property, in such too much prudence and delicacy cannot be preserved; private property is ever sacred, and the jealousies which concern it are to be respected. But above all things, let the Crown and gentry concur in favoring the claims, and furthering the wishes of the poorer sort; always leaning to their side in doubtful points, and in the distribution of shares filling up their measures with an overflowing hand; so shall the undertaking be supported by the influence of the great and the blessings of the poor,

poverty be changed into affluence, the cottager will become a little farmer, the wilderness and the desert will be converted into rich pastures and fertile fields, the borders and confines of the forests will cease to be a nursery for the county-gadis, the trespasser will no longer prey on the venison, and those woods, formerly the haunts of robbers and the scene of violence and rapine, will be converted into the asylum and receptacle of honest industry.

The next question is the mode of disposing of the lands, by enclosure brought into cultivation, and what or whether any particular regulation should be made in favor of any one species of agriculture: but this Mr. St. John very properly thinks is, with very few exceptions, best left to the will and judgment of the proprietor. Those who are most interested will be best able to decide on the qualities of the soil, and the means of disposing of its produce, which will be the more easy, the less it is complicated by laws of encouragement. In general, however, he thinks, that it is more for the national interest of England to employ its land in the breeding and feeding of cattle, than in the produce of corn, which indeed appears from a computation quoted from Davenant, where the acres of England and Wales occupied by pasture and meadows are 12,000,000, while those of arable do not amount to more than 9,000,000, or in a proportion of three to four. One species of cultivation, however, on the present occasion may with great propriety be particularly required. If the enclosure of the forests should deprive the royal navy of one principal resource for the supply of timber, it might be provided, that a certain portion of the country enclosed should be appropriated to the growth of timber, and destined to the use of the navy.

In regard to the mode of disposing of the king's allotments, there are various opinions; but in Mr. St. John's judgment, the most eligible is to raise money by granting long leases for 99 years, which are worth in half a year's purchase of being as valuable as a fee simple. The reason is, that the Crown being a permanent body, and to the perpetuity of its existence, at the end of a century the lands would probably be much improved, and a great profit to be granted out at a greater price. The chief reason for this mode is the disposition to strip the Crown of its ancient revenues, or to support any measure which tends at all to dissolve any bond of

connexion between the king and his people.—So much for the enclosure and disposal of the forests and waste-lands.

As to the sale of the demisable lands, fee farm rents, manors, honors, &c. opinions are much divided. Those who argue against the sale say, that this is an increasing estate, that many rents now merely nominal will on the fall of the present leases be converted into very considerable ones; that some branches of this part of the land revenue are of such a nature as to render a sale of them impossible, as *schekets*, forfeitures, royal mines, *maxima incrementa*, which as being mere contingencies cannot be valued, that if this revenue be disposed of, many charges on it must be defrayed by some other fund, and finally, that as it is all in lease, it would be in fact but selling a reversion, of all sales the most unprofitable, and this reversionary estate, which can last but for the life of his present Majesty, not to commence till the expiration of leases, a great majority of which are at present more valuable than any single life. Such are the arguments on one side. On the other it is advanced, that the present landed estate of the Crown is too petty an annexation to the royal dignity, and fitter for the management of a few industrious individuals than of the great officers of the Treasury, that the Crown lands being too widely dispersed, are enormously chargeable, by the consequent multiplication of officers, that from this disposition arises a very great confusion, in addition to the expense, that if, as asserted, the Land Revenue be an increasing estate, it will bear the higher price, as to the contingencies, they may be valued and sold as they accrue; and finally, that the expenses now chargeable on the Land Revenue may be defrayed from the fund raised by the sale.

Another mode to which Mr. St. John appears most to incline, is, neither at once to make a general sale, nor yet to retain the Land Revenue in its present state, but first to introduce the strictest economy in the management, and to appoint commissioners by act of parliament, who might sell the demisable estates as the present leases expired, by which the disadvantage of selling a reversion is avoided; and he asserts that the increase of value in the estates now demised, would, on the expiration of the present leases, amount to at least 100,000 a year.

Such is this very sensible treatise, to which are annexed several authentic papers, containing different proposals for the improvement of the Land Revenue since the days of James the first, Mr. St. John's style

style is plain and perspicuous, and his work at the present time may be particularly useful. It is almost ludicrous to mention it, but we confess ourselves to have been much struck by the curious felicity of the quotations prefixed to each chapter. To the Introduction the motto is, "*Laudato ingentia ruvi, exiguum colitur*," as the chapter on the origin and sources of the Land Revenue, "*Pandere res alta terra, et calque nertas*:" to the accessions and alienations from the reve-

nue, "*Quis rursus...*"
cadere, et quicque sua...
 the present state, "*Pides...*"
que domine redem:" of the manage-
 ment, "*Non, h male nunc et...*"
era." and lastly, to the projects for the
 improvement of the land revenue:
 "*Præter narrata petenti*
 "*Responde, quibus amissas reparare*
queam res
 "*Artibus atque modis*?"

History of Mexico, collected from Spanish and Mexican Historians, &c. Translated from the Italian of L. Abbe De Francesco Savio Clavigero. By Charles Cullen. Edq. 2 vols. 4to. 2l. 2s. Robinson. 1767.

(Continued from Page 18)

IN our last Number we gave our opinion of the merits of the Abbe Clavigero's History, which such gentlemen as we found necessary to support that of mine, we shall now present the reader with such extracts as tend to give us a true idea of the laws, manners, and customs of the Mexicans, the only part of the work from which, in our judgment, any instruction or amusement can be derived.

Their marriages were accompanied with the following ceremonies. "With respect to the marriages of the Mexicans, although in them, as well as in all their customs, superstition had a great share, nothing, however, attended them which was repugnant to decency or honour. Any marriage between persons related in the first degree of consanguinity or alliance, was strictly forbid, not only by the laws of Mexico, but also by the laws of Michuacan, unless it was between cousins. The parents were the persons who settled all marriages, and none were ever executed without their consent. When a son arrived to an age capable of bearing the charges of that state, which in men was from the age of twenty to twenty-two years, and in women from sixteen to eighteen, a suitable and proper wife was singled out for him; but before the union was concluded on, the diviners were consulted, who, after having considered the birth day of the youth, and of the young girl intended for his bride, decided on the happiness or unhappiness of the match. If from the combination of signs attending their births, they pronounced the alliance unpropitious, that young maid was abandoned, and another sought. If, on the contrary, they predicted happiness to the

couple, the young girl was demanded of her parents by certain women among them called *Cuicatlaxque*, or solicitors, who were the most elderly and respectable amongst the kindred of the youth. These women went the first time at midnight to the house of the damsel, carried a present to her parents, and demanded her of them in a humble and respectful style. The first demand was, according to the custom of that nation, infallibly refused, however advantageous and desirable the marriage might appear to the parents, who gave some plausible reasons for their refusal. After a few days were past, those women returned to repeat their demand, using prayers and arguments also, in order to obtain their request, giving an account of the rank and fortune of the youth, and of what he would make the dowry of his wife, and also gaining information of that which she could bring to the match on her part. The parents replied to this second request that it was necessary to consult their relations and connections, and to find out the inclination of their daughter, before they could come to any resolution. The female solicitors returned no more, and the parents themselves conveyed, by means of their women of the hundred, a decisive answer to the party.

A favourable answer being at last obtained, and a day appointed for the nuptials, the parents, after exhorting their daughters to fidelity and obedience to her husband, and to such a conduct in life as would do honour to her family, conducted her with a numerous company and music, to the house of her father-in-law; if noble, she was carried in a litter. The bridegroom, and the father and mother-in-law, received her at the gate.

of the house, with four torches borne by four women. At meeting, the bride and bridegroom reciprocally offered incense to each other; then the bridegroom taking the bride by the hand, led her into the hall, or chamber which was prepared for the nuptials. They both sat down upon a new and curiously wrought mat, which was spread in the middle of the chamber, and close to the fire which was kept lighted. Then a priest tied a point of the *huapilli*, or gown of the bride, with the *trimalli*, or mantle of the bridegroom, and in this ceremony the matrimonial contract chiefly consisted. The wife now made some turns round the fire, and then returning to her mat, she, along with her husband, offered copal to their gods, and exchanged presents with each other. The repast followed next. The married pair sat upon the mat, giving mouthfuls to each other alternately and to the guests in their places. When those who had been invited were become exhilarated with wine, which was freely drunk on such occasions, they went out to dance in the yard of the house, while the married pair remained in the chamber, from which, during four days, they never stirred, except to obey the calls of nature, or to go to the oratory at midnight to burn incense to the idols, and to make oblations of eatables. They passed these four days in prayer and fasting, dressed in new habits, and adorned with certain ensigns of the gods of their devotion, without proceeding to any act of less decency, fearing that otherwise the punishment of heaven would fall upon them. Their beds on these nights were two mats of rushes, covered with small sheets, with certain feathers, and a gem of *Chalchibuitl* in the middle of them. At the four corners of the bed green canes and spines of the aloe were laid, with which they were to draw blood from their tongues and their ears in honour of their gods. The priests were the persons who adjusted the bed to sanctify the marriage; but we know nothing of the mystery of the canes, the feathers, and the gem. Until the fourth night the marriage was not consummated; they believed it would have proved unfruitful, if they had anticipated the period of consummation. The morning after they bathed themselves and put on new dresses, and those who had been invited, adorned their heads with white, their hands and feet with red feathers. The ceremony was concluded by making

presents of dresses to the guests, which were proportioned to the circumstances of the married pair, and on that same day they carried to the temple the mats, sheets, canes, and the eatables which had been presented to the idols."

Their mode of conveying intelligence was uncommonly expeditious: "The couriers whom the Mexicans frequently employed, made use of different ensigns according to the nature of the intelligence, or affair with which they were charged. If it was the news of the Mexicans having lost a battle, the courier wore his hair loose and disordered, and, without speaking a word to any person, went straight to the palace, where, kneeling before the king, he related what had happened. If it was the news of a victory which had been obtained by the arms of Mexico, he had his hair tied with a coloured string, and his body girt with a white cotton cloth, in his left hand a shield, and in his right a sword, which he brandished as if he had been in the act of engagement; expressing by such gestures his glad tidings, and singing the glorious actions of the ancient Mexicans, while the people, overjoyed at seeing him, led him with many congratulations to the royal palace.

"In order that news might be more speedily conveyed, there were upon all the highways of the kingdom certain little towers, about six miles distant from each other, where couriers were always waiting in readiness to set out with dispatches. As soon as the first courier was sent off, he ran as swiftly as he could to the first stage, or little tower, where he communicated to another his intelligence, and delivered to him the paintings which represented the news, or the affair which was the subject of his embassy. The second courier posted without delay to the next stage, or little tower; and thus by a continued and uninterrupted speed of consequence, intelligence was carried so rapidly from place to place, that sometimes, according to the affirmations made by several authors, it reached the distance of three hundred miles in one day. It was by this means that fresh fish were daily brought to Montezuma II. from the gulf of Mexico, which is at least upwards of two hundred miles distant from the capital. These couriers were exercised in running from their childhood; and in order to encourage them in this exercise, the priests, under whose discipline

plains they were trained, frequently bestowed rewards on those who were victors in a race."

Their laws are some of them in the true spirit of equity, but many more are capriciously local.

"A traitor to the king or the state was torn in pieces, and his relations who were party to the treason, and did not discover it, were deprived of their liberty.

"Whoever dared in war, or at any time of public rejoicing, to make use of the badges of the kings of Mexico, of Acotihuacan, or Tacuba, or of those of the Chhuacoatl, was punished with death, and his goods confiscated.

"Whoever maltreated an ambassador, minister, or courier belonging to the king, suffered death, but ambassadors and couriers were forbidden on their part to leave the high road, under pain of losing their privilege.

"The punishment of death was inflicted also on those officers who occasioned any sedition among the people, or those who carried off, or changed the boundaries placed in the fields by public authority, and likewise on judges who gave sentence that was unjust, or contrary to the law, or made an unjust report or any cause to the king, or a person in a strife, or allowed themselves to be corrupted by bribes.

"He who in war committed any loss upon the enemy, though he was the order of his chief, or attacked him before the final battle was given, or committed treachery, or violated the proclamation published to the army, was infamously beheaded.

"He who at market altered the measures established by the magistrates, was guilty of felony, and was put to death without delay in the same place.

"A murderer forfeited his own life for his crime, even although the person murdered was but a slave.

"He who seduced his wife, although he caught her in adultery, suffered death, because, according to them, he usurped the authority of the magistrate, whose province it was to take cognizance of misdeeds, and punish evil doers.

"The priest, who, during the time that he was dedicated to the service of the temple, abused any free woman, was deprived of the priesthood and banished.

"If any of the young men, or young women, who were educating in the semi-

naries, were guilty of immorality, they were liable to a severe punishment, and even to full death, according to the report of some authors. But, on the other hand, there was no punishment whatever prescribed for simple fornication, although the evil tendency of an excess of this kind was not unknown to them; and fathers frequently admonished their children to beware of it. They burned the hair of a bawd in the market-place with pine torches, and smeared her head with the resin of the same wood. The more respectable periods were to whom she served in this capacity, to much the greater was the punishment.

"According to the laws, the man who dressed himself like a woman, or the woman who dressed herself like a man, was hanged.

"The thief of things of small value met with no punishment, excepting that of being obliged to restore what he had stolen, if the things were of great value, he was made the slave of the person whom he had robbed. If the thing stolen did not really exist, nor the robber had any real estate which could pay his robbery, he was stoned to death. If he had fifteen gold orans, after being conducted through the streets of the city, he was sacrificed at the festival which the priests call in honour of their god Xipe. He who stole a certain number of chickens, or a quantity of corn, or other things of small value, or a piece of the owner of that field, by every winter he was permitted to take of his maize, or other fruit-bearing trees, which were planted by the side of the highway, as much as was sufficient to satisfy immediate hunger.

"He who robbed in the market, was immediately put to death by the Lascinado, in the market place.

"He also was condemned to death, who in the army robbed a soldier of his arms or badge.

"Whoever, by force, or a stratagem, carried away a woman, or a child, or another person, or a thing, to testify that he was a slave, or a slave, one half of what was appropriated to the support of the child, and the other half was paid to the purchaser, that he might set the child at liberty. What ever number of persons were concerned in the crime, all of them were liable to the same punishment.

"For the first punishment of lewdness,

and to the loss of his goods, was every person liable who sold the possessions of another, which he only had in farm.

“Guardians who did not give a good account of the estates of their wards, were hanged without pardon.

“The same punishment was inflicted on sons who squandered their patrimony in vices; for they said it was a great crime not to set a higher value on the labours of their fathers.

“He who practised sorcery was sacrificed to the gods.

“Drunkenness in youth was a capital offence; young men were put to death by the bastinado in prison, and young women were stoned to death. In men advanced in years, although it was not made capital, it was punished with severity. If he was a nobleman, he was stripped of his office and his rank, and rendered infamous; if a plebeian, they shaved him (a punishment very sensibly felt by them), and demolished his house, saying, that he who could voluntarily bereave himself of his senses, was not worthy of a habitation amongst men. This law did not forbid conviviality at nuptials, or at any other times of festivity; on such occasions it being lawful, in private houses, to drink more than usual; nor did the law affect old men of seventy years, who, on account of their age, were allowed to drink as much as they pleased; which appears represented in the forty-third painting of the collection made by Mendoza.

“He who told a lie to the particular prejudice of another, had a part of his lip cut off, and sometimes his ears.”

As the Abbe has endeavoured by little and little to slice away the character of Doctor Robertson, we shall conclude our strictures by submitting to our readers the different accounts given by them respectively, of the repulse of the Spaniards in a very desperate attack on the City of Mexico; from which the merits of each writer as an Historian, may be tolerably well ascertained.

“On the day fixed for the general assault, says the Abbe, Cortes marched with twenty-five horses, with all his infantry, and more than an hundred thousand allies. His brigantines, with more than three thousand canoes, formed the two wings of his army on both sides of the road. He entered the city without opposition, and quickly divided his army into three parts, that they might each, by three different roads, arrive at the same time in the

square of the market. The command of the first division was given to Julian Alderete, treasurer to the king, who was the person that had most earnestly pressed Cortes to undertake this expedition; and he was ordered to proceed through the principal and largest road with seventy Spaniards, seven horses, and twenty thousand allies. Of the other two roads, which led from the great road of Tlacopan to the square of the market, the least confined was assigned to the captains Andrea de Tapia, and George Alvarado, brother of P. de Alvarado, with eighty Spaniards, and upwards of ten thousand allies; and the narrowest and most difficult the general charged himself with, having one hundred soldiers, and the body of the auxiliary troops, leaving the cavalry and artillery in the entry to each road. The parties entered all at one time, and engaged courageously. In the beginning the Mexicans made some resistance, but afterwards feigning cowardice, they retreated, abandoning the ditch to the Spaniards, in order that, allured by the hopes of victory, they might run themselves into greater dangers. Some Spaniards pushed forward to the streets near to the square of the market, unwarily leaving behind them a broad ditch badly filled up, and when they were most ardently advancing, and striving who should first enter into that square, they heard the formidable sound of the horn of the god Painalton, which was blown by the priests in cases of public and pressing necessity, to excite the people to arms. Immediately such a multitude of Mexicans assembled, and poured with such fury upon the Spaniards and allies, that they threw them into confusion, and compelled them to return precipitately back towards the ditch, which was apparently filled up with saggots, and other light materials; but when they attempted to pass, it sunk with the weight and violence of the multitude.—Here the sharpest conflict and greatest peril of the fugitives happened; for being unable at the same time to defend themselves and pass by swimming, they were wounded and taken by the Mexicans. Cortes, who with the usual diligence of a good general, had advanced to the ditch when his defeated troops arrived there, endeavoured to stop their flight by his cries, that their disorder and confusion might not increase the slaughter made of them by the enemy; but words are not capable of restraining the flight of a disordered multitude, to whom fear adds wings. Pierced with vexation at the disasters of his people,

ple: and regardless of his own personal danger, he approached to the ditch to save all those he could. Some were got out disarmed, some wounded, and some almost drowned. He at last put them into some order to proceed towards the camp, he himself remaining behind with from twelve to twenty men to guard their rear; but they had hardly began to march, when he found himself in a narrow pass surrounded by the enemy. That day would certainly have been his last, in spite of the extraordinary bravery with which he defended himself, and with his life all hopes would have fled of the conquest of Mexico, if the Mexicans, instead of wishing to kill him, which was frequently in their power, had not eagerly strove to take him alive, to honour their gods with the sacrifice of so illustrious a victim. They had already seized him, and were leading him off for this purpose, when his people, apprised of his being a prisoner, came speedily to relieve him. Cortes owed his life and his liberty to a soldier of his guard, called Christoval de Olca, a man of infinite courage and great dexterity in arms, who, upon another occasion, had rescued him from similar danger, and upon this saved him at the risk of his own life, by cutting off with one stroke of his sword, the arm of that Mexican who had taken him. Cortes was indebted in like manner for his liberty to the prince D. C. Ixhuchitl, and to a brave Tlascalan, named Temacatzin."

The following is Dr. Robertson's account.

"Guatimozin instantly discerned the consequence of the error which the Spaniards had committed (the neglecting to fill up the ditches in order to secure a retreat) and with admirable presence of mind prepared to take advantage of it. He commanded the troops posted in the front to slacken their efforts, in order to allure the Spaniards to push forward, while he dispatched a large body of chosen warriors through different streets, some by land and others by water, towards the great breach in the causeway which had been left open. On a signal which he gave, the priests in the great temple struck the great drum consecrated to the god of war. No sooner did the Mexicans hear its doleful, solemn sound, calculated to inspire them with contempt of death and enthusiastic ardor, than they rushed upon the enemy with frantic rage. The Spaniards unable

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to renew their hopes on any other way, began to retire at first leisurely, and with a good countenance; but as the enemy pressed on, and their own impatience to escape increased, the terror and confusion became so general, that when they arrived at the gap in the causeway, Spaniards and Tlascalans, horsemen and infantry, plunged in promiscuously; while the Mexicans rushed upon them fiercely from every side, their light canoes carrying them through shoals which the brigantines could not approach. In vain did Cortes attempt to stop and rally his flying troops; fear rendered them regardless of his intreaties or commands. Finding all his endeavours to renew the combat fruitless, his next care was to save some of those who had thrown themselves into the water; but while thus employed with more attention to their situation than his own, six Mexican captains suddenly laid hold of him, and were hurrying him off in triumph; and though two of his officers rescued him at the expence of their own lives, he received several dangerous wounds before he could break loose.—Above sixty Spaniards perished in the rout; and what rendered the disaster more afflictive, forty of these fell alive into the hands of an enemy never known to show mercy to a captive.

"The approach of night, though it delivered the dejected Spaniards from the attacks of the enemy, ushered in what was hardly less grievous, the noise of their barbarous triumph, and of the horrid festival with which they celebrated their victory. Every quarter of the city was illuminated; the great temple shone with such peculiar splendor, that the Spaniards could plainly see the people in motion, and the priests busy in hastening the preparations for the death of the prisoners. Through the gloom they fancied that they discerned their companions by the whiteness of their skins, as they were stripped naked, and compelled to dance before the image of the God to whom they were to be offered. They heard the shrieks of those who were sacrificed, and thought they could distinguish each unhappy victim by the well-known sound of his voice. Imagination added to what they really saw or heard, and augmented its horror. The most unfeeling melted into tears of compassion, and the stoutest heart trembled at the dreadful spectacle which they beheld.—"

Vol. II. p. 112.

A History

A History of the Campaigns of 1760 and 1781, in the Southern Provinces of North America. By Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton. 4to. Cadell.

FROM the *military* reputation of the author of this diffuse and undigested performance, and from the active, however unsuccessful, share he had in the inglorious Campaigns of which he has here undertaken to give "a history," we were led to expect much; and are sorry to add, that though we have found little, we should at this moment be better pleased to have found less.—In the facts produced by the Colonel there is neither novelty nor arrangement*, unless when, entering into details of *his own services*, he takes an opportunity of commenting (and with no small freedom he *does* comment) on those of others, particularly the Lords Cornwallis and Rawdon,—the one, it is to be remembered, his *commander* in chief, the other, his superior in command; and neither of them surely his inferior either in military bravery, or in military skill.

But if on these grounds we object to the History itself, more reason have we still to censure the *period* adopted for ushering it into the world. There does not seem to be an observation in the work, which, admitting it to be in its utmost latitude *just*, must not have impressed the mind of the Colonel with much more force at the era when the transaction to which it refers happened, than it possibly can now.

Why, then, from the year 1781 postpone the publication of his History till the year 1787? It required little trouble in

the *compilation*; nor does it appear that much has been bestowed in the *composition*. Instead of *six years* we scruple not to affirm that *six weeks* might have amply sufficed for *both*.

Of the *causes* of this delay, *Rumour*, with her many tongues, talks variously; and while by the generality of readers it is confessed, that the work, if to be published at all, should have made its appearance before Lord Cornwallis—again employed in the service of his country—had embarked for a clime far more distant than that of North America; by not a few it is roundly asserted, that Colonel Tarleton would never have put pen to paper on the subject before us, had he not been disappointed in the expectation of *accompanying his Lordship upon that service*.

Be this as it may, we perfectly coincide in the opinion which seems universally to prevail, that the Colonel—to whom all praise is certainly due as a gallant officer—has by no means acted a *manly* part † in publishing (so soon after his absence, when so many opportunities had occurred during his presence) insinuations tending to undermine the professional fame of a nobleman, whose talents and whose virtues will probably be remembered with admiration, when (after all the proofs he has yet exhibited) the very name of Tarleton shall be no more.

Nosologia Methodica Oculorum, or a Treatise on the Diseases of the Eyes; selected and translated from the Latin of Francis Boissier de Sauvages. By George Wallis, M. D. 8vo. Robinsons.

THE medical world is certainly under no small obligation to Dr. Wallis for the present very judicious selection

from, and accurate translation of, the celebrated *Nosology* of Sauvages; and, so far are we from being displeas'd with

* The work is, in truth, little more than a compilation of the *official* letters of the British Officers both in the sea and land service, and of those of the American and French Commanders;—letters, which have years ago appeared in all the public prints, both foreign and domestic, and which, to readers in general, are now not less "stale, flat, and unprofitable" than the contents of an old Almanack.—It is not, indeed, for every great warrior to be a great author. The *professions* are totally distinct; nor is Col. Tarleton the only military gentleman of the present day who has sullied the laurels he had acquired by his *sword*, while attempting to acquire fresh laurels by his *pen*. The wreath of Apollo and the wreath of Mars are seldom found to encircle the same brow; and the Colonel may console himself with this further reflection, that it is no more possible for every commander to be a *Julius Cæsar*, than it is for every poet to be a *Shakspeare*.

† *But* he tries, as the poet says, that

— "a Briton's *robust* crown

Is ne'er to beat an enemy *when down*,"

how ignominious must it be to let off arrows at him, *when his back is turned*!

b. n.

then, even when he deviates from the system of his author, that in several instances, particularly when he classes the disorders of the eyes according to their respective seats, we think his alterations essential improvements.

In pursuance of this arrangement, Dr. Wallis presents us with, 1. Diseases of the eye-lashes, and eye-lids—2. Diseases of the angles of the eye—3. Diseases of the conjunctive membrane—4. Diseases of the corneal tunic—5. Diseases of the chambers of the eye—6. Diseases of the uvea, and its membranes—7. Diseases of the crystalline lens, and its capsule—8. Diseases of the vitreous humour—9. Diseases of the retina—10. Diseases of the choroidal membrane—11. Diseases of the bulb of the eye—12. Diseases of the optic nerves—13. Diseases of the muscles of the eyes—14. Diseases of the fat, and cellular membrane in the inferior part of the eye, and the orbit itself.

Of the performance before us it is small additional recommendation, that it contains opinions of other eminent medical and chirurgical practitioners beside Sauvages, illustrated with several pertinent remarks of the translator himself; and yet the system of Sauvages being founded on mathematical principles, we think it would have been better if to those principles he had adhered more closely; nor suffered us particularly to regret his omission of the ingenious problems of his author, calculated to determine the convexity and convexity of glasses, fitted to given degrees of short and long sightedness—Upon the whole, however, as a treatise of practical utility to gentlemen who mean to make the diseases of the eye the particular object of their study, we know not a work entitled to more praise than the Nosology of Sauvages, is now presented in an abridged state by Dr. Wallis.

An Account of the Effects of Swinging, employed as a Remedy in the Pulmonary Consumption and Heftic Fever. With an Introductory Letter to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. President of the Royal Society. By James Carmichael Smyth, M. D. J. R. S. Physician Extraordinary to his Majesty. 8vo. Johnson.

IN the pamphlet before us, Dr. Smyth makes several concessions, but opposite and scientific remarks on the different opinions that have prevailed, and that, more or less, prevail still, concerning the salutary effects of sailing, as a remedy in the pulmonary consumption and heftic fever, so far as that remedy has any affinity with the one he wishes to introduce swinging in such cases, instead of sailing.

Certain it is, indeed, that, ever since the days, comparatively recent, of Dr.

Galichius and Dr. Russel, the conjectures formed with respect to the true cause of the benefits imputed to sea-voyages have been not a contradictory as they have been numerous; some authors having ascribed them to the salutary influence of the sea-air, and that of the *maris* of air, while others, not satisfied with the arguments adduced to support this hypothesis, have without scruple ascribed them to some more from a certain specific virtue communicated by the tar and rosin of the vessel. The pe-

* Of the comparative advantages of sailing and swinging, our author candidly gives the following opinion—"It is evident, at first sight," says he, "that sailing has the superiority over swinging in this particular, that the motion is continued night and day, both when we sleep and when we wake; and that besides this permanency of motion, a change of climate may be obtained, and thus the patient, whilst he is pursuing one mode of relief, may obtain another, perhaps not less necessary to him. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that swinging has some advantages over sailing. It is a remedy within the reach of every one, rich or poor. The man, who, like the oak, is tied down to the soil which gave him birth, may as easily obtain it as he who can change his situation at pleasure, and become a citizen of any country. Neither is swinging attended with the risque or inconveniences of sea-voyages; no difficulty in procuring proper nourishment for the sick, no violent vomiting to combat; nor is the patient exposed to the noxious effects of sea-air, nor to the winter's cold; he can swing in his bed-chamber, if necessary, although the open air is, on many accounts, to be preferred. This mode of relief also may be employed at any period of the disease, or in any degree of weakness."

† The two most distinguished advocates, in modern times, for the salutary effects of sea-air. The last-mentioned gentleman was also not less zealous in maintaining the salubrity of sea-water.

of the *exercise* has likewise had its partisans, as being the cause of the salutary effects in question, and to these, and sundry other opinions that have been started on the subject, may be added the notion, more predominant still, perhaps, than any of them, that the benefits experienced from sailing arise merely from the sickness and vomiting usually produced by the motion of a ship at sea.

Of these different doctrines, the one which our author has combated most strenuously, and with most success, is that of the salubrity of sea air, as particularly enforced by Dr. Gilchrist and Dr. Russell. To that doctrine he not only opposes his own experience, collected during a residence of nine summers at Margate, where he found the sea-air constantly injurious to hectic and consumptive patients, and even to persons who had a propensity to such complaints, but the experience also of Dr. Knox at Scarborough, and of Luca Paves at Bithelmston, who had both observed the sea-air to be equally successful similar to those he had himself remarked.

To these authorities Dr. Smyth adds the authority of Dr. Cullen, a physician of Milan, from which it appears that the present practice in Italy is, to remove

consumptive patients to the interior parts of the country; and from these, and other facts adduced, the conclusion our author draws is, that "the opinions both of ancients and moderns, on this subject, have been rather the offspring of theory or fashion than the result of any fixed principle, or any accurate process of reasoning."

The like objection might be made of almost every other medical notion that has, in its turn, prevailed since the days of Hippocrates, and it will give us pleasure, if Dr. Smyth's opinion on the medical benefits to be derived from sailing (proving an exception to the general remark, and answering the various salutary intentions in which it is recommended) shall be found to stand the test of time and experience, independently of either *theory* or *fashion*.

Of those benefits our author gives us no contemptible idea in the cases of fourteen hectic or consumptive patients, in the Middlesex Hospital, during the summer of the year 1788, each tending to prove, that, by the motion of sailing, the frequency of the pulse is reduced, the febrile heat diminished, the expectoration promoted, and the coughing suspended or prevented.

A Philosophical and Medical Sketch of the Natural History of the Human Body and Mind. In which is displayed in Essay on the Difficulties of attaining Medical Knowledge, intended for the Information and Amusement of those who are, or are not, of the Medical Profession. Published for the Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath. By James Mitchell Adair, M. D. Member of the Royal Medical Society, and Fellow of the College of Physicians at Edinburgh. 8vo 4s. Dilly.

ON a former occasion*, our reader may remember our having hinted, that Dr. Adair was not, as we ventured to expect it, "medically orthodox," and in the work now before us, he is frequently, we apprehend, *physically, metaphysically, and even philosophically* heretic.

At it is general remark is not the Doctor's offence. He would not himself thank us, were we to produce him a surmise capable of laying down what had been said before him. Truth, he knows, is never to be ascertained by a servile adherence to common opinions, and, had there never been written possessor of ideas *freshly* their own, to this hour must all the temples of science, which it is in the intellectual powers of Man to investigate, remained in their native state of rude uncertainty.

"The proper study of mankind is Man."

On the authority of Bolingbroke, so said Pope, though not, we are of opinion, upon the very enlarged scale of philosophy adopted by our Author in his present "History of the Human Body and Mind," which, enlarged as it appears to be, is neither more nor less, when examined, than an illustration of—what every man feels, and what every man, free from infatuation, must daily acknowledge, as well as feel—the various subtil engines by which *nature* operates upon *mind*, and *mind* upon *nature*.

A subject of more curiosity, or of more importance, we know not in the whole circle of philosophical and medico-philosophical enquiry united. To discuss it in a satisfactory manner, however, in addition to the vivacity of *imagination* pos-

* See Vol IX p 124, where a short account is given of the author's last work, "Medical Cautions for the Consideration of Invalids."—Of this work, we are happy to see before us a *second edition*, not merely, however, because, as announced, it is "corrected and much enlarged," but because, like the present volume, it is published, for the benefit of one of the

ferred by Dr. Adair, a profusion of research, and an extent of observation are required; which, if not beyond his reach, seem too often, in the publication before us, to have been beneath his notice.

To please the ladies, and the gentlemen, who, lady-like, read but for amusement, and merely *pour passer le temps*—these seem to be the end and objects of the pages now under consideration; nor is the Doctor harshly to be censured for thus skimming over the surface of a subject, which, treated as it ought to be, would certainly have few charms to those fashionable readers, whom alone he seems ambitious to please.

The work is dedicated to Lord Kinraddie, to whose "taste for literature, and love of science," the author pays a very just compliment; and to whom he also expresses his acknowledgments for having not only honoured the M.S. with his approbation, but even condescended to suggest hints for its improvement.

"Great events proceed from little causes;" and here, of the truth of the remark we have a striking illustration. If in his *Treatise on Regimen* (the chief article of the "Medical Cautions" in which we presumed to doubt the soundness of our author's doctrines) he had, as by himself acknowledged, been "more intelligible;" or, as acknowledged by him also, been more clear and explicit in "the medical reasoning," the present Natural History of the Human Body and Mind would never, in all probability, have been called into existence.

But at this imperfection there is little cause to wonder, when we consider that even Dr. Arbuthnot, who, as our author modestly adds, "wrote upon regimen like himself, for general use," and, like him-

self, was obliged to insert into a series of medical reasoning, also (still observe, reader, like Dr. Adair himself) reduced to the necessity of telling the world, "in his second edition, that his readers complained, he was not always intelligible."

Dr. Arbuthnot, it seems, "did not," and Dr. Adair, we apprehend, cannot remove the objection. Be this as it may, when an author attempts to justify his being "not always intelligible," he ought to consider that he reduces himself to this predicament, either that he, though equipped with the power of expressing himself so as to be understood, is a man incomprehensibly wise, or that his readers—*proh! pudor!*—his readers are a set of beings incomprehensibly stupid.

With all the sophistry of all the schools upon earth, whether physical or metaphysical, this inference is undeniable, and in whatever degree it may touch the skirts of our author's literary mantle, himself, and not us, he has to blame.

Of the affected familiarity of his reasoning in the present work, (which, from what the author has acknowledged, the reader will perceive to be little more than a trite and diffusely explanatory of the former one) it would be unjust to complain. As already intimated, it consists, we will not say wholly, but in a very great measure, of arguments and elucidations of that fine-spun, gaudy texture to which few ladies will object, while the important business of the toilet is in agitation; and with which there are few gentlemen also who will not be pleased, while the operations, not less important, of the *friseur* are going forward.

(To be continued.)

The London Medical Journal for the Year 1787, Part the Second. 8vo. Johnson

THE great number of original facts and observations with which the Medical Faculty continue to be furnished through the channel of this work, add daily to its utility and importance. The Part now before us contains no less than fourteen papers, none of which have before seen the light. We shall as usual mention them in the order in which they stand.

1. An Account of the Means employed on board his Majesty's Sloop Weazel, to preserve the Health of the Crew, during a Voyage to Africa and the West-Indies; with a Reply to some Remarks lately published by M. Chauffier, Surgeon at Dijon, Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. Leonard Gillespie, Surgeon in the Navy, and late Assistant Surgeon to his Majesty's Naval Hospital at St. Lucia.

On rainy days, when the ship was at sea,

each seaman, on coming upon deck for his five hours watch, was ordered to strip to his drawers, in order to preserve his frock &c. dry, to put on when he should come off deck; he had then a dose of bark, in wine, administered to him, and the same was repeated when he was relieved; he then dipped himself in a tub of sea-water, rubbed himself dry, put on his dry frock, and went below.—The precaution of wetting with sea-water, after having been exposed to the heavy rains of hot climates, founded.—Mr. Gillespie observes—on the experience of the inhabitants of those countries, who dread, it seems, very much the ill effects of rain-water externally applied, and have learnt to obviate them by immersion in salt-water.

When the ship was at anchor, and was bound necessary on rainy days to

the people, by sending them in boats, by some salutary discipline was observed. Wine was served in lieu of spirits, as long as the stock lasted. The greatest care was used to preserve the births clean and well ventilated, scraping, washing with vinegar, and correcting the humidity between decks by means of fires, were practised. A sick berth was formed under the fore-castle, and care was taken to keep the sick separated from those in health.

Such are the outline of the means employed, and by these laudable exertions, it seems that the *Weazel*, with a complement of one hundred and twenty five men, sailed from England to the coast of Africa, and from thence to the *West-Indies*, with the loss of only one man, and at her arrival at *Antigua*, had not a single man on her list. As a contrast to this, the author mentions the sickness of another ship, the *Minerva*, on the same station, in which the same salutary precautions were not observed.

2. An Account of the Success with which the Method of cutting Part I. of the first Attention, has been accepted, in the radical Cure of the Hydrocele. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. Thomas Fomblin, Surgeon to the General Hospital at Birmingham.

The utility of the practice here recommended, seems to be sufficiently established by the facts related in this paper.

3. A Case of Mercuriation of the Leg. By Mr. Joseph Drummond, Surgeon, at Worcester, in Worcester-shire. Communicated in a Letter to Mr. Henry Clinch, Surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, and Reader of Anatomy, in London, read by him to Dr. Simmons.

In this case Nature was the Surgeon; and the circumstance is truly remarkable. A mortification extended, in the space of three weeks, from the great toe to within four inches of the patient's knee, where it stopped, and in ten days more a complete separation took place, the bones of the leg coming away entire, leaving a large cavity, which gradually filled up, forming as good a stump as when amputation is performed in the usual place below the knee.

4. Supplement to the Account of Mr. Hunter's Method of performing the Operation for the Pyiutical Aneurism, inserted in the seventh Volume of the London Medical Journal. Communicated in a second Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. Everett, Hunter, Surgeon, F. R. S.

This paper forms a valuable addition

to the former account, but it cannot well be understood without the engraving that accompanies it.

5. An Account of the good Effects of Mercury in a Disease apparently of the Lymphatic System, attended with nervous Symptoms. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. John Covey, Apothecary, at Wasingtote, Hampshire.

This case is curious, but it would be difficult to describe it satisfactorily in an abridgement.

6. A Letter to Dr. Simmons, F. R. S. from Mr. James Leay, one of the Surgeons of the General Infirmary at Leeds.

This letter is explanatory of a former paper by the same author, on amputation.

7. Some Remarks on the supposed Influence of the Moon in Fevers. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by James Lind, M. D. F. R. S. Physician at Windsor, and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh.

At the same time of the supposed influence of the moon in diseases, he has been lately received, in Bengal is a good letter. The attention of physicians and philosophers, we shall here insert the choice of Dr. Lind's letter on this subject.

"I see by the letter of Dr. Jackson, Physician at Stockton, published in the last part of the London Medical Journal for the present year, that there are others, besides the inhabitants of the lower part of Bengal, Dr. Balfour, &c. and myself, who have attributed the frequent attacks and returns of remittent and intermittent fevers, which happen in tropical countries about the times of the new and full moon, to the immediate influence of the moon.

"I confess I was once of this opinion, as you may see by my Inaugural Dissertation on the Miasm Fever, which raged at Bengal in 1762; but of this immediate influence I have, upon more mature consideration, long since doubted, and think that it ought rather to be imputed to the noxious vapours arising from the swamps, produced by the high tides which happen at the time of the full and change of the moon, and overflowing a great part of the country, leave it in a marshy state at low water, thereby occasioning the frequent attacks and relapses that occur at those periods. Thus I am induced to believe to be the true cause: first, because this lunar influence entirely ceases when the patient is removed but a few miles from the swamps that are left uncovered by the tide at low water; secondly, because intermittent fevers are not observed to follow lunar periods at many places within the tropics, even at Canton, (where there is a large river and great bays) by reason of the industrious Chi-

use

note keeping the river within its bounds. Intermittents there only follow the state of the weather, as it renders the country and rice grounds more or less marshy, or as the winds blow over dry country, or rice grounds that are covered with mud and slime; therefore,

what is called a lunar influence, or a malarial fever, is no where found, nor are the malarial and intermittent fevers any where found from muddy fens left by the ebbing of the sea.

(To be Continued.)

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE. (Continued from Page 51.)

LETTER XIII.

To ———, Esq.

I UNDERSTAND, from Mr. Phipps *, that you are absolutely engaged to pass the summer, or rather the autumn, with him at Mulgrave-hall; so that I now consider a previous visit to me as a matter on which I may depend, and to which, believe me, I look with real satisfaction.—We will while away a month or six weeks at my vicarage, in a manner which, I trust, will not be unpleasing or unprofitable to you.

However, in saying this, or rather writing it, I address myself to the excellence of your heart, which I cannot too much admire, and that cultivated understanding, of which I have the greatest hopes. I know the pleasures you will quit, and the societies you must sacrifice, to come and pass any part of the summer with me: but at the same time, I do not doubt of your visit,—and that a sudden *vis-à-vis* has its charms for you.

I remember a circumstance, which I shall never think of without the utmost pride in myself, and the most sincere affection for you;—but, beside that it flattered me in the highest degree, it proved that you possessed a source of sentiment, which, whatever may befall you in life, must preserve you in honour and happiness. With such a delicious quality, misfortune will never be able to bear you down; nor will folly, passion, or even vice, though they may for a time obscure or lessen the excellence of your character, possess the power of destroying it.

I allude to a little touch of sentiment that escaped you last winter, which, though I have mentioned it, with every possible eulogium, to others, again and again, I have never before hinted it, even to you. The moment, however, is now come, when my spirit urges me to speak of it, and I do it with those dispositions which are congenial to the subject, and, I trust, natural to myself.

You cannot absolutely have forgotten an evening visit which you paid me last January, in Bond-street, when I was ill in bed; nor ought it to escape your occasional reflection, that you sat by my bed-side the whole night, performing every act of the most friendly and pious attention. I then thought that the scare-crow Death was at my heels; nay, I thought the villain had got me by the throat, and I told you as much. However, it pleased Heaven that I should not be snatched from the world at that moment; though I spoke my

own honest opinion, when I vaticinated my destiny by expressing little hopes of getting to the winter's end.—I believe, my dear friend, said I, that I shall soon be off. I hope not, you replied, with a squeeze of my hand, and a sigh of your heart, which went to the very bottom of mine;—but, you were pleased to add, lest that should be the case, I hope you will do me the favour to let me be always with you, that I may have every atom of advantage and comfort your society will afford me, while Heaven permits it to last.

I spoke no reply, for I could not, but my heart made one then, and will continue to do so, till it is become a *clod of the valley*.

Hence it is that I do not doubt but you will quit the ring of pleasure without regret, to come and sit with me beneath my honey-tuckle, which is now flunting like a Ranelagh beauty, and accompany me in paying my neighbours' peevish evening visit. We can go to vespers with them, and return home to our cards and cream with more delicious sentiments, than all the pleasures of the world and the beauties thereof, in their vainest moments, will pretend to afford.

I am busy about another couple of volumes to amuse, and, as I hope, to instruct a giddy and a splenetic world; in which I solemnly declare I have no ambition to remain; but for the love I bear to such friends as you; and perhaps the vanity, which I am vain enough not to call an idle one, of adding a few more leaves to the wreath which I have been able to weave for my own little glory.

Come then, and let me read the pages to you as they fall from my pen; and be a *Menorah* to *Tiphtham*, as you have been to *Ferick*.—At all events, I am sure you can not come to York without coming to me; and I shall triumph completely over *Lady* ——— if I draw you for a month from the bright centre to which you are so naturally attracted. So God bless you, and believe me, with all-fidelity, to be
Yours, L. STERNE.

LETTER XIV.

I MEAN, my dear friend, that this epistle should meet you, and greet you, a day or two at least, before you leave town; and I wish it, from that spirit of miserable self-interest, which you know governs and directs me in all I do.—But lest you should not like this reason, I will give you another, and which may be nearer the truth; at least I hope so.

* The late Lord Mulgrave.

I want

I want very much to know whether B has arranged the matter with *Ichy* the banker, at Paris, about *Mis Sterne's* residence, as I ordered him. You must know that I suspect he has been dilatory, not from dishonesty, for I believe him to be as honest a poor creature as ever was cramped into the form he wears, but, perhaps, his exchequer might not be in a convenient state to answer my orders; and if so, I only beg to be informed of the truth, which as he does not answer my letters, he appears to be afraid to tell.

I have received a letter from Toulouse which does not comfort my spirits, and I have reason to apprehend from thence, that there is some neglect at the fountain-head of my treasury, which I must beg you to enquire into, and, if you see occasion, to correct, in order that the little rill of ways and means may not be interrupted between London and *London*, that is, between me and *Mis Sterne*, and my poor dear *Jenny*.

They write me word that they have drawn upon *Foley*, as I desired, who tell them he has no effects to answer the bill, but that, if they are in distress, he will accommodate them for my sake. This is very kind dealing, and I am rather proud of it,—but, in the mean time, there is an uncertainty which is very unpleasant—I mean to the poor woman, who are at such a distance, that a great deal of anxious suspense must be suffered before the mistake can be rectified.

Besides, ———, these things breed worry and questions, as well as suspicions, ———. My dear *L* has contented herself with a gentle complaint, but her next does not seem to diminish a volume of reproaches. Now the truth is, that I believe neither the one nor the other,—and had managed the matter for the supply of the wants, and the ridding myself of all future anxiety in the business, in as plain a manner as my hand-writing and spirit of calculation could make it. However, it has abated the ardour of my knight-errantry for the present, and thrown more than a sickly thought or two on my imagination.

I am prodigal of words, my dear friend, in a matter wherein a mere hint would be necessary for you to exert yourself. So do me the honour to see that it is absolutely done without a woman's cels, and if B ——— should hesitate the tythe of an instant,—do that for me, my friend, which I would do for you on a similar occasion. So God bless you. My heart will not suffer me to offer you an apology, because I know it will be grateful to you. Once more adieu!

Yours, L. STERN.

LETTER XV.

To ——— Esq.

YOU have hit my fancy most wonderfully in the account you have given me of *L* ———.

dy ———. The *Jess* character not only prevails, but absolutely predominates.—The *Mis* qualities are all secondary;—as to any *Cyprian* dispositions, I know nothing about them.

She certainly possesses a very good understanding, and is not without attainments; but both the one and the other derive all their consequence from her manners. She has somewhat of an imperious disposition, which would be either silently despised by some, or violently opposed by others, if they did not give a grace to it, that annihilates any unpleasant sensation that might attempt to rise in the breast of any bye-stander; or, which is better, bye-sitter, but this is not all, for it calls forth all that kind of respectful submission, which does not lessen us in our own opinion for having practised it.

I never in my life felt the merit of exterior decoration to much as in my conversations and communications with this *L* ———; and I really do not know any point in the present set of fashion where a young man might learn so much as in her drawing-room, or, without meeting any inebriated equivocate, her dressing-room.—It is really no common satisfaction to me to reflect that my youth had not a *dear* of such an instructor.

There is a time and circumstance of life, and that period and circumstance are now yours, when nothing but the easy society, and the tender friendships of an accomplished woman are wanting to render a character complete.—and without trying a word more than I think on the business, I cannot but express my satisfaction that you are in such hands, as will probably produce the very effect which to sincere a friend as myself ever had desired.

It has ever been a maxim with me, since I knew any thing of the world, that we are all of us much in want of a school-mistress at the finish, as we do at the commencement of our education.—And as you are so fortunate to have *L* ——— to teach you the *born-book* of high life, you will bid *taut* spell it and put it together, so as to become the charm of all society;—and you

love, what I so much wish you to love,—the attention to one and the neglect of the many, which, though there may be something amiable in the principle, is not adapted to the general intercourse of life.

L ——— might forward the business,—and *L* ———, I am sure, is ready to do it; so that in such a soil,—in such a season, and with such cultivation,—what has not partial friendship a right to expect? And now, what can I do better than leave you in such good and excellent company; and desire you, in return, to present my respectful compliments to them all,—and to receive yourself the most cordial regard

Of your very sincere and affectionate

L. STERN.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY

GENTLEMEN,

THE following narrative of a very extraordinary and providential escape will probably afford some entertainment to your readers, and therefore I offer it to you for insertion. The pamphlet from which it is taken was written and published about the year 1711; and, in my opinion at least, deserves to be preserved from oblivion. I am your humble servant,

FIDELIO.

NARRATIVE of the SUFFERINGS and PRESERVATION, and DELIVERANCE, of Captain JOHN DEAN, and Company; in the NOTTINGHAM Galley of LONDON, cast away on BOON-ISLAND, near NEW-ENGLAND, DECEMBER 11, 1710.

THE Nottingham Galley, of and from London, 120 tons, 10 guns, and 14 men, John Dean commander, having taken in cordage in England, and butter and cheese, &c. in Ireland, sailed for Boston in New-England, the 25th of September 1710. But meeting with contrary winds and bad weather, it was the beginning of December when first we made land to the eastward of Piscataqua, and haling southwardly for the Massachusetts-bay, under a hard gale of wind at north-east, accompanied with rain, hail and snow, having no observation for ten or twelve days, we on the eleventh handed all our sails, except our fore-sail, and main-top-sail double-reef, ordering one hand forward to look out. Between eight and nine, going forward myself, I saw the breakers a-head, whereupon I called out to put the helm hard a-starboard; but ere the ship could wear, we struck upon the east-end of the rock call'd Boon Island, four leagues to the eastward of Piscataqua.

The second or third sea heaved the ship a-long-side of it, running likewise so very high and the ship labouring so excessively, that we were not able to stand upon deck; and, notwithstanding it was not above thirty or forty yards, yet the weather was so thick and dark we could not see the rock, so that we were justly thrown into a consternation, at the sad prospect of immediately perishing in the sea. I presently called down all hands to the cabin, where we continued a few minutes, earnestly supplicating mercy; but knowing prayers without endeavours are vain, I ordered all up again to cut the masts by the board; but several sunk so under racks of conscience that they were not able to stir: however, we upon deck cut the weathermost shrouds, and the ship heeling towards the rock, the force of the sea soon broke the masts, so that they fell right towards the shore.

One of the men went out on the holtsprit, and returning, told me, he saw something black a-head, and would adventure to get on shore, accompanied with any other person upon which I desired some of the best swimmers (my mate and one more) to go with him, and if they recovered the rock, to give notice by their calls, and direct us to the most secure place. Remembering some money and papers that might be of use, also ammunition on

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brandy, &c. I next went down and opened the place in which they were; but the ship bulging, her decks opening, her back beams and beams giving way, so that the stern sunk almost under water, I was obliged to run forward to prevent immediate perishing, and having heard nothing of the men gone before, concluded them lost: yet notwithstanding, I was under a necessity to make the same venture upon the fore-mast, moving gradually forward betwixt every sea, till at last quitting it, I cast myself with all the strength I had towards the rock, and it being dead low water and the rock exceeding slippery, I could get no hold but tore my fingers, hands, and arms, in the most lamentable manner, every wash of the sea fetching me off again, so that it was with the utmost peril and difficulty that I got safe on shore at last; the rest of the men running the same hazard, yet through mercy we all escaped with our lives.

After endeavouring to discharge the salt-water, and creeping a little way up the rock, I heard the three men mentioned before, and by ten all met together; where with joyful hearts we returned humble thanks to Providence for our deliverance from so imminent a danger. We then endeavoured to gain shelter to the leeward of the rock, but found it so small and inconsiderable, that it would afford none (being but about an hundred yards long, and fifty broad); and so very craggy, that we could not walk to keep ourselves warm, the weather still continuing extreme cold, with snow and rain.

As soon as day-light appeared, I went towards the place where we came on shore not questioning but we should meet with provisions enough from the wreck for our support, but found only some pieces of the main and yards, amongst some old junk and cables entangled together, which the anchors had prevented from being carried away, and kept moving about the rock at some distance. Part of the ship's stores, with some pieces of plank and timber, old sails, canvas, &c. driven on shore, but nothing to eat, except some small pieces of cheese we picked up from among the rock-wood, in the whole to the quantity of three small cheeses.

We used our utmost endeavour to get fire having a steel and flint with us, also by a distil with a very swift motion; but having nothing

but what had been long water-soaked, we could not effect it.

At night we stowed one upon another, under our canvas, in the best manner possible, to keep each other warm; and the next day, the weather a little clearing and inclining to frost, I went out, and seeing the main-land, knew where we were, therefore encouraged my men with hopes of being discovered by fishing-shallops, &c. requiring them to go about, and fetch up what planks they could get, an alio carpenter, tool and stores, &c. in order to build a tent and a boat. The cook then complaining he was almost starved, and his countenance discovering his illness, I ordered him to remain with two or three more the frost had seized. About noon the men acquainted me that he was dead, so laid him in a convenient place for the sea to carry him away; none mentioning eating of him, though several with myself afterwards acknowledged they had thoughts of it.

As we had been there two or three days, the frost being very severe, and the weather extreme cold, it seized most of our hands and feet to such a degree, as to take away the sense of feeling, and render them almost useless, so benumbing and discoloring them as give us just reason to fear mutilations — We pulled off our shoes, and cut off our boots, but in getting off our stockings, many whose legs were blistered, pulled off skin and all, and some the nails of their toes; we wiped up our legs and feet as warm as we could in oakum and tallow.

We now began to build our tent in a triangular form, each angle about eight foot, covered with what sails and old cloths came on shore, having just room for all to lie down each on one side, so that none could turn except all turned, which was about every two hours upon notice given. We also fixed a staff to the top of our tent, upon which (in case of weather would permit) we hoisted a piece of cloth in the form of a flag, in order to discover ourselves to any vessels that might come near.

We began now to build our boat of plank and timber belonging to the wreck, our tools the blade of a cut-throat (made into a saw with our knife), a hammer and saw, no more let. Some nails we found in the crevices of the wreck, others we got from the flashing. We laid three planks flat for the bottom, and two up each side fixed to the string, and let into the bottom timbers with without piece at each end, into one breast of new Holland dock run. We fixed a keel out the stern of the boat. We worked the oak with a kumdi with a piece of plank in other places. We did not use any long pieces of canvas, as we secured with better manner. We found that the tent and the planks, which proved of use. We

fixed a short mast and square sail, with seven paddles to row, and another longer to steer; but our carpenter, who now should have been of most use to us, was (by reason of illness), scarce able to afford us either assistance or advice, and all the rest were so benumbed and feeble as not able to stir, except myself and two more, also the weather so extreme cold, that we could seldom stay out of the tent above two hours in the day, and some days do nothing at all.

When we had been there about a week without any manner of provisions, except the cheese before-mentioned and some beef-bones, which we eat, (first heating them to pieces), we saw three boats about five leagues from us, which may be easily imagined rejoiced us not a little, believing our deliverance was now come. I made all creep out of the tent, and hilloo together (so well as our strength would allow), making also all the signals we could; but alas, all in vain! they neither hearing nor otherwise discovering us: how ever, we received no small encouragement from the sight of them, they coming from south-west and the wind at north-east when we were cast away, gave us reason to conclude our distress might be known, by the wreck driving on shore, and to presume they were come out in search of us, and that they would duly do so when the weather would permit. Thus we flattered ourselves in hopes of deliverance, though in vain.

Just before we had finished our boat, Providence so ordered it, that the carpenter's axe was cast on the rock to us, whereby we were enabled to complete our work; but then we had scarce strength enough to get her into the water.

About the 21st (December) the boat just perfected, a fine day, and the water smoother than I had ever yet seen it since we came there, we consulted who should attempt getting her off shore. I offered myself as one to adventure, which they agreed because I was the strongest, and therefore fittest to undergo the extremities we might be reduced to. My mate assisted himself, and desiring to accompany me, I was allowed him with my brother, and four more, so committing our enterprise to Divine Providence, all that were able came out, and with much difficulty we got our poor patched-up boat to the water-side. The surf running very high, we were obliged to wade very deep to launch her, which being done, and myself and one more got into her, the swell of the sea heaved her along shore, and overset her upon us, (whereby we again narrowly escaped drowning) and staved our poor boat all to pieces, totally disappointing our enterprise, and destroying all our hopes at once.

And what still heightened our afflictions, and served to aggravate our miserable project

prospects, and render our deliverance less practicable, we left with our boat both our ax and hammer, which would have been of great use to us, if we should hereafter attempt to build a raft, yet had we reason to admire the goodness of God, in over-ruling our disappointment, for our safety, for that afternoon, the wind springing up it blew very hard, so that had we been at sea in the imitation of a boat, in all probability we must have perished, and the rest left behind had no better fate, because unable to help themselves.

We were now reduced to the most deplorable and melancholy circumstance imaginable, almost every man but myself weak to an extremity, and near starved with hunger and cold; their hands and feet frozen and mortified, with ulcers and deep ulcers in their legs (the very smell offensive to those of us who could creep into the air), and nothing to dress them with, but a piece of linnen that was cast on shore. No fire, and the weather extremely cold, our small stock of chests spoiled, and nothing to support our feeble bodies but rock-weed and a few mussels, scarce and difficult to get (it cost, not above two or three for each man a day), so that we had our miserable bodies perishing, and our poor distressed spirits overpowered, with the deplorable prospect of starvation, without any appearance of relief besides, to heighten (if possible) the aggravation, we had reason to apprehend, lest the approaching tempestade (if accompanied with high winds) should totally overflow us. How dismal such a circumstance must be, it is impossible to express, the pinching cold and hunger, extreme weakness and pain, ticks and labor of conscience (to many) and for-sight of certain and painful (but lingering) death, without any (even the most remote) views of deliverance. How heightened, how aggravated! is such misery! and yet, alas, such was our deplorable case, insomuch that the greater part of our company were ready to die with horror and despair, without the least hopes of escaping.

For my own part, I did my utmost to encourage myself, and exhort the rest to just in God, and patiently wait for his salvation; and Providence, a little to alleviate our distress, and encourage our faith, directed my mind to strike down a sea-gull, which he joyfully brought to me, and I equally divided every one a proportion; and (though raw, and scarce every one a mouthful) yet we received and eat it thankfully.

The last method of safety we could possibly propose, was, the fixing a raft that might carry two men; which was mightily urged by one of our men, a Swede, a stout brave fellow, but had since our distress lost both his feet by the frost. he frequently impor-

uned me to attempt our deliverance by sea, offering himself to accompany me, if I refused him, to go alone. After some debate thoughts and consideration, we resolved upon a raft, but found abundance of hour and difficulty in clearing the fore-junk (of which it was chiefly to be made) from the junk, by reason our working hands were so few and weak.

That done, we split the yard, and with the two parts made side-pieces, fixing others, and adding some of the lightest plank we could get, first spiking and afterwards seizing them firm in breadth. For suet we likewise fixed a mast, and of two hammocks that were drove on shore we made a sail, with a paddle for each man, and a spare one in case of necessity. This difficulty thus surmounted and brought to a period, he would frequently ask me whether I designed to accompany him, giving me also to understand that if I declined, there was another ready to embark the next day.

About this time we saw a sail come out of Pitchaquaque, about seven leagues to the westward. We again made all the signal we could, but the wind being at N. West, and the ship distant to the Eastward, was generally out of sight, without ever coming near us, which proved a very great mortification to our hopes, but the next day being moderate, and in the afternoon a small breeze set in from the east, also the last wholly finished, the two men were very solicitous to save it, and the mate strenuously opposed it, on account it was so late (being two in the afternoon); but they urging the light night, begged of me to have it done; to which at last I agreed, first committing the enterprise to God's blessing. They both got upon it, and the swell rolling very high, soon overfet them, as it did our boat. The Swede not minding it swam on shore, but the other (being no swimmer) continued some time under water; and as soon as he appeared, I caught hold of him and saved him; but he was so discouraged, that he was afraid to make a second attempt.

I desired the Swede to wait more favourable opportunity, but he continuing resolute, begged of me to go with him, or help him to turn the raft, and he would go himself alone.

At this time another man came down and offer'd to adventure; so getting upon the raft I launched them off, they desiring us to go to prayers, also to watch what became of them. I did so, and by sun-set judged them half way to the main, and that they might reach the shore by two in the morning; but I suppose they fell in with some breakers, or the violence of the sea overfet them, and they perished; for two days after, the raft

was found on shore, and one man dead about
a mile from it, with a paddle fastened to his
back; but the Swede, who was so very for-
ward to adventure, was never heard of more.

We upon the death of the dead, not knowing
what had befallen them, waited daily for dis-
coverance; and our expectations were the
more heightened by a smoke we saw in the
woods, two days after (the signal appointed
if they arrived safe); which continuing every
day, and being willing to believe it made out
our account, though we saw no appearance
of any thing towards our relief, yet we sup-
posed the delay was occasioned by their not
being able to procure a vessel so soon as we
desired; and this hope, under God, served to
bear up our spirits and support us more.

But still our great want was provisions,
having nothing to eat but rockweed and a
very few muskels; and the spring tide being
(thank God) safely over, we could scarce get
any at all. I have gone myself to other
persons being able) for several days at low water,
and could get no more than two or three ap-
piece, and have frequently been in danger of
losing my limbs and arms by putting them so
often in the water, which when got, my
stomach refused, and rather chose rockweed.

At our last coming we saw several seals upon
the rock, and supposing they might harbour
there in the night, I walked round it all
night, but could never get any thing; we
also saw a great many fowls, but they per-
ceiving us only there, would never come on
the rock to lodge, so that we caught none.

This disappointment was very grievous,
and served to increase our misery; but it
was more especially distressing to a brother I
had with me, and not a young gentleman,
who had never (that I am) born at sea,
or endured any severities before; but were
now reduced to the last extremities, having
no assistance but what they received from me.

Part of a green hide being brought up by
the sea, I sent to a piece of the main-
yard the men importuned me to bring it
to the tent, which being done we raised it
(small as it was) and wallowed it down.

About this time, I set the men to open
junk, and with the rope-ways (when the wa-
ter would permit) I pitched the tent in the
best manner my strength would allow, that
it might the better shelter us from extren-
sities of weather, and it proved of so much
service as to turn two or three furlongs,
and preserve us from the cold piercing winds,
which were always very severe upon us.

About the latter end of this month (viz.
December) our carpenter (a fat man, and
naturally of a dull, heavy, phlegmatick con-
stitution and disposition, aged about forty-
seven), who spun our first coming on shore

had been always very ill, and lost the use
of his feet, complained of an excessive
pain in his back, and stiffness in his neck,
being likewise almost choked with phlegm
(for want of strength to discharge it), so that
to our apprehension he drew near his end.
We prayed over him, and used our utmost
endeavours to be serviceable to him in his
last moments; he showed himself sensible
though speechless, and that night died. We
suffered the body to remain with us till morn-
ing, when I desired those who were best able
to remove it; creeping out myself, to see if
Providence had yet sent us any thing to satis-
fy our extremely craving appetites: before
noon returning, and not seeing the dead body
without, I asked why they had not removed
it? and received for answer they were not
all of them able whereupon taking a
rope to the body, I gave the utmost of my
assistance, and with some difficulty we got it
out of the tent. But the fatigue and confi-
deration of our misery together overcame
my spirits, that being ready to faint I crept
into the tent, and was no sooner got in there,
but (as the highest addition of trouble) the
men began to request of me the dead body
to eat, the better to support their lives.

This, of all I had met with, was the most
grievous and shocking to me, to see myself
and company, who came hither laden with
provisions but three weeks before, now re-
duced to such a deplorable circumstance, as
to have two of us absolutely starved to death,
other two we knew not what were become
of, and the rest of us at the last extremity,
and (though still living, yet) requiring to eat
the dead for support.

After abundance of mature thoughts and
contestation about the lawfulness or sinfulness
on the one hand, and absolute necessity on
the other; judgment, conscience, &c. were
obliged to submit to the more prevailing ar-
guments of our craving appetites; so that at
last we determined to satisfy our hunger,
and support our tired bodies with the carcass
in possession, in ordering his skin, head,
hands, feet, and bowels to be buried in the
sea, and the body to be quartered for con-
venience of drying and carriage, to which I
again received for answer, that they were
not all of them able, but expected I would
perform it for them a task very grievous,
and not readily complied with; but their in-
cessant prayers and entreaties at last prevailed,
and by night I had performed my labour.

I then cut part of the flesh into thin slices,
and washing it in salt-water, brought it to
the tent, and obliged the men to eat rock-
weed along with it, to serve instead of bread.

My mate and two others refused to eat
any that night, but next morning complied,
and

and earnestly desired to partake with the rest.

I found them all eat in abundance, and with the utmost greediness, so that I was constrained to carry the quarters farther from the tent, (quite out of their reach) lest they should prejudice themselves by overmuch eating, as also expend our small stock too soon.

I also limited each man to an equal proportion, that none might quarrel, or entertain hard thoughts of myself, or of one another, and I was the more obliged to this method, because I found (in a few days) that their natural dispositions changed, and that affectionate, peaceable temper they had all along hitherto discovered, turned into their eyes staring and looking wild, their countenances fierce and barbarous, and instead of obeying my commands (as they had invariably and readily done before) I found that I could say (even to my own advantage) and find no compliance, with harsh words and violent expressions, and that their quiet, submissive, and obedient disposition we had before enjoyed.

It is, therefore, with the design I proposed of setting out, I desired them to be careful to preserve the rest of the body, lest any of them should be able to get to it, and this being spent we be forced to feed upon the living, which we must certainly have done, had we still a few days longer.

But now the goodness of God began to appear, and our provisions were miraculously increased, by putting it into the hearts of the people on shore, where they were, to come out in favour of us, which they did the 2d of January, in the morning.

Just as I was creeping out of the tent, I saw a shark half way from shore, standing directly towards us, which may be easily imagined was lifeless in the dead. How great our joys and satisfactions were, at the prospect of so speedy and unexpected deliverance, no tongue is able to express, nor thought to conceive.

Our good and welcome friends came to an anchor to the South west, at about 100 furlongs distance (the swell not suffering them to come nearer), but their anchor coming home, obliged them to stand off till about noon, waiting for smoother water upon the flood. Mean time our passions were differently moved, our expectations of deliverance, and fears of misadventure, hurried our weak and perturbed spirits strangely.

I gave them in all sorts of our miseries in every respect, except the want of provisions (which I did not mention, lest I should not get them on shore, for fear of being constrained by the weather to carry with us), earnestly entreating them to attempt our im-

mediate deliverance; or at least (if possible) to furnish us with fire, which with the great hazard and difficulty they at last accomplished, by sending a small canoe with one man, who with abundance of labour got on shore.

After helping him up with his canoe, and securing nothing to eat, I asked him if he could give us fire. He answered in the affirmative, but was so affrighted (seeing me look so thin and meagre) that he could not by a first return me an answer, but recoiling himself, after several questions asked on both sides, he went with me to the tent, where he was surprised to see so many of us in so deplorable a condition.

On this was so wrought, and our looks were so ghastly and frightful, that it was really a very dismal prospect.

With some difficulty, I prevailed a fire, despite of the gale, to go on shore with the man on board, and then to send for the rest, one or two at a time, and as he was about to go, he was to come but that a storm suddenly drove us with such violence against the rocks, that it overtook us into the water, and I being very weak, took a great wound before I could recover myself, so that I had a very narrow escape from drowning.

The good man with very great difficulty got on board himself without me, designing to return the next day with better conveniences, if the weather would permit.

I was a very uncomfortable sight to see our worthy friends in the boat all up and down the shore, but when we saw that God, who orders all our affairs, had contrived (in his secret designs) for the best, and divine designs of preservation towards us, and that it was that appearance of providence, in the night the wind coming from the South west, blowing hard and bringing us on shore, our good friends lost their fears, and with extreme difficulty saved themselves, out, in all probability, had we been all on shore, we must have perished, not having the strength sufficient to help ourselves.

Immediately after their getting on shore, they sent an expedition to the South, in a sloop, where they had some provisions, and lay in waiting till the next day, as soon as the weather would allow, but to our great joy, and satisfaction of our provisions, the next day came out very stormy, so that we durst not go out, but the people on shore knew our condition, and would assist us as soon as possible, yet on this day we spent no fire, nor any certainty how long the weather might continue, but rendered our circumstances still miserable, though much alleviated by the fire, for now we could both warm ourselves and broil our meat.

The next day, our men, being the vehemently for flesh, I gave them a little more than usual, but not to their satisfaction; for they would certainly have eat up the whole in a week, had I not carefully watched them, desiring to share the rest next morning, if the weather continued bad. But it pleased God, that night the wind abated, and early next morning a shallop came for us, with my much-esteemed friend's Captain Long and Captain Purver, and three more men, who brought a large canoe, and in two hours time got us all on board, to their satisfaction, and our great comfort, being forced to carry almost all the men on their backs, from the tent to the canoe, and fetch us off by two or three at a time.

When we first came on board the shallop, each of us eat a bit of bread and drank a glass of rum, and most of us were extremely fatigued; but after we had cleaned our stomachs, and tasted warm nourishing food, we became so exceedingly hungry and ravenous, that had not our worthy friends supplied us (and I limit the quantity for about two or three days) we should certainly have destroyed ourselves with eating.

We had also two other vessels come off for our assistance, if there had been any necessity (so generous and charitable were the good people of New-England in our distress); but seeing us all on board, the shallops made the best of their way home again.

At eight at night we came on shore, where we were kindly entertained, myself and another at a private house (having credit sufficient to help us), all the rest at the charge of the Government, who took such care that the poor men knew not the least want of any thing their necessities called for, or the kind and generous gentlemen could furnish them with (the care, industry, and generosity of my much-honoured friend John Plasket, Esq. and Captain John Wentworth, in serving both myself and these poor men being particularly eminent); providing them a good surgeon and nurses till well, bearing the charge, and afterwards allowing each man sufficient clothing; behaving themselves on the whole, with so much freedom, generosity, and christian temper, as was no small addition to their other services, and rendered the whole worthy both of admiration and imitation; and likewise was of the last consequence to the poor men in their distresses.

Two days after we came on shore, my apprentice lost a great part of one foot, the rest still recovered their limbs, but not their perfect use; very few (beside myself) escaping without losing the benefit of fingers or toes, but though thank God all otherwise in perfect health; some losing one way and some another. My mate and two or three more are now in England at the publication hereof.

The M O R A L S of C H E S S,
By Dr. FRANKLIN.

THE game of Chess is not merely an idle amusement, several valuable qualities of the mind, useful in the course of human life, are to be acquired and strengthened by it, so as to become habits ready on all occasions; for life is a kind of chess, in which we have often points to gain, and competitors or adversaries to contend with, and in which there is a vast variety of good and ill events that are, in some degree, the effect of prudence, or of the want of it. By playing at Chess then we may learn,

1st For-sight, which looks a little into futurity, and considers the consequence that may attend an action; for it is continually recurring to the player, "If I move this piece, what will be the advantage or disadvantage of my new situation? What use can my adversary make of it, to annoy me? -- What other moves can I make to support it, and to defend myself from his attack?"

2d. Circumspection, which surveys the whole Chess-board, or scene of action; the relation of the several pieces, and their situations; the danger they are repeatedly exposed to; the several prohibitions of their attacking each other; the probabilities that the ad-

versary may make this or that move, and attack this or that piece; and what different means can be used to avoid the stroke, or turn its consequences against him.

3d. Caution, not to make our moves too hastily. This habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game; such as, if you touch a piece, you must move it somewhere; if you set it down, you must let it stand.

Therefore, it would be the better way to observe these rules, as the game becomes thereby more the image of human life, and particularly of war; in which, if you incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your enemy's leave to withdraw your troops, and place them more securely; but you must abide all the consequences of your rashness.

And lastly, we learn by Chess the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs; the habit of hoping for a favourable chance, and that of persevering in the search of resources. The game is so full of events, there is such a variety of turns in it, the fortune of it is so sudden to vicissitudes, and one so frequently

after contemplation, discovers the means of extricating one's self from a supposed insurmountable difficulty, that one is encouraged to continue the contest to the last, in hopes of victory from our skill; or, at least, from the negligence of our adversary. And whoever considers what in Chess he often sees instances of, that success is apt to produce presumption and consequent inattention, by which more is afterwards lost than was gained by the preceding advantage, while misfortunes produce more care and attention, by which the loss may be recovered, will learn not to be too much discouraged by any present success of his adversary, nor to despair of final good-fortune, upon every little check he receives in the pursuit of it.

1st. Therefore, if it is agreed to play according to the strict rules, then those rules are to be strictly observed by both parties; and should not be mislaid upon for one side, while deviated from by the other, for this is not equitable.

2d. If it is agreed not to observe the rules exactly, but one party demands indulgences, he should then be as willing to allow them to the other.

3d. No false move should even be made to extricate yourself out of a difficulty or to gain an advantage; for there can be no pleasure in playing with a man once detected in such unfair practice.

4th. If your adversary is long in playing, you ought not to hurry him, or express any uneasiness at his delay; not even by looking at your watch or taking up a book to read; you should not sing, nor whistle, nor make a tapping with your feet on the floor, or with your fingers on the table, nor do any thing that may distract his attention; for all these things displease, and they do not prove your skill in playing, but your craftiness, and your rudeness.

5th. You ought not to endeavour to amuse and deceive your adversary, by pretending to have made bad moves; and saying you have now lost the game, in order to make him secure and careless, and inattentive to your schemes; for this is fraud and deceit, not skill in the game of Chess.

6th. You must not, when you have gained a victory, use any triumphing or insulting expressions, nor show too much of the pleasure you feel; but endeavour to console your adversary, and make him less dissatisfied with himself by every kind and civil expression that may be used with truth; such as, you understand the game better than I, but you are a little inattentive, or you play too fast; or you had the best of the game, but something happened to divert your thoughts, and that turned it in my favour.

7th. If you are a spectator, while others play, observe the most perfect players; and if you give advice, you offend both the parties; him against whom you give it, because it may cause him to lose the game, and him in whose favour you give it, because, though it be good, and he follows it, he loses the pleasure he might have had, if you had permitted him to think till it occurred to himself. Even, after a move, or moves, you must not, by replacing the pieces, show how they might have been placed better; for that displeases, and might occasion disputes, or doubts about their situation.

All talking to the players lessens or diverts their attention, and is, therefore, unpleasing; nor should you give the least hint to either party by any kind of noise or motion; if you do, you are unworthy to be a spectator.

If you desire to exercise or show your judgment, do it in playing your own game, when you have an opportunity, not trifling or meddling with or counselling the play of others.

Lastly, if the game is not to be played rigorously, according to the rules above-mentioned, then moderate your desire of victory over your adversary, and be pleased with one over yourself.

Snatch not eagerly at every advantage offered by his unskilfulness or inattention; but point out to him kindly, that by such a move, he places or leaves a piece *en prise* unsupported; that by another, he will put his King into a dangerous situation, &c.

By this generous civility (so opposite to the unfrank above forbidden) you may happen indeed to lose the game, but you will win what is better, his esteem, his respect, and his affection; together with the silent approbation and the good-will of the spectators.

To this, the gentleman who favoured me with it, has added,

When a vanquished player is guilty of an untruth to cover his disgrace, as "I have not played so long; his method of opening the game confused me;—the men were of an unusual size," &c.; all such apologies (to call them no worse) must lower him in a wise person's eyes, both as a man, and as a chess-player; and who will not suspect that he, who shelters himself under such untruths in trifling matters, is no very sturdy moralist in things of greater consequence, where his fame or honour are at stake? A man of proper pride would scorn to account for his being beaten, by one of these excuses, even if it were true; because they all have so much the appearance, at the moment, of being untrue.

ANECDOTES OF THE DUKES OF ORMOND AND MARLBOROUGH.

From the "Supplement to the late Lord CHESTERFIELD'S Letters," just published.

THERE is no one creature so obscure, so low, or so poor, who may not, by the strange and unaccountable changes and vicissitudes of human affairs, somehow or other, and some time or other, become an useful friend, or a troublesome enemy, &c. the greatest and the richest. The late DUKE OF ORMOND was almost the weakest, but, at the same time, the best bred and most popular man in this Kingdom. His education in courts, and camps, joined to an easy, gentle nature, had given him that habitual civility, those engaging manners, and those mechanical attentions, that almost supplied the place of every talent he wanted; and he wanted almost every one. They procured him the love of all men, without the esteem of any. He was impeached after the death of Queen Anne, only because that, having been engaged in the same measures with those who were necessarily to be impeached, his impeachment, for form's sake, became necessary. But he was impeached without acrimony, and without the least intention that he should suffer, notwithstanding the party violence of those times. The question for his impeachment, in the House of Commons, was carried by many fewer votes than any other question of impeachment; and Earl Stanhope, then Mr. Stanhope, and Secretary of State, who impeached him, very soon after it occurred concluded his accommodation with the late King, to whom he was to have been presented the next day. But the late Bishop of Rochester, Atterbury, who thought that the Jacobite cause might succeed by losing the Duke of Ormond, went in all haste, and prevailed with the poor weak man to run away,

assuring him that he was only to be galled into a disgraceful submission, and not to be pardoned in consequence of it. When his subsequent attainer passed, it excited mobs and disturbances in town. He had not a personal enemy in the world, and had a thousand friends. All this was tingly owing to his natural desire of pleasing, and to the mechanical means that his education, not his parts, had given him of doing it.

The other instance is of the late DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, who studied the art of pleasing, because he well knew the importance of it; he enjoyed it and did it more than ever man did. He gained whoever he had a mind to gain; and he had a mind to gain every body, because he knew that every body was more or less worth gaining. Though his power, as Minister and General, made him many political and party enemies, it did not make him one personal one, and the very people who would gladly have displaced, disgraced, and perhaps attainted the Duke of Marlborough, at the same time personally loved Mr. Churchill, even though his private character was blemished by sordid avarice, the most unmitigated of all vices. He had wound up and turned his whole machine to please and engage. He had an imitable sweetness and gentleness in his countenance, a tenderness in his manner of speaking, a graceful dignity in every motion, and an universal and minute attention to the least things that could possibly please the least person. This was all art in him; art, of which he well knew and enjoyed the advantages; for no man had ever more interior ambition, pride, and avarice, than he had.

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

IF the Compiler of the European Magazine should send the following information may be acceptable to his readers, he will be welcome to it.

IN Italy, near Siena, there is a Lake called *San Fuippe*. It is a common practice there to procure canoes from intaglios, by the following simple method. They include in a sufficient trepient any intaglio, ancient or modern, and of any size. Then they place it under the water, that falls in a cascade. After three months, or so, they fetch the intaglio away, which by this time is filled up with a fine white earth. Turning the

intaglio downwards, and striking it gently on a table, a canoe drops from it quite neat and pretty, which is then put into a frame, as any other canoe artificially made. Would it not be worth the while to try, whether any natural or artificial cascade produces the same effect in England? The canoe thus gotten is sufficiently solid to bear handling; but must be handled gently, being rather brittle than otherwise, as you may well imagine.

RELATA REFERO.

No. 10, *Edinburgh*, at *Mary's*-*gate*.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The following curious Document, with which we have been favoured by a Gentleman who is just returned from a tour through the Austrian Netherlands, and on the attention of which our readers may depend, serves to account for the bigotry which still prevails in those countries, and for the slow progress of population there.

STATE of the RELIGIOUS HOUSES at GHENT, in July 1787.

	Male	Female	
			Number of Religious.
ABBAY of St. Peter, of the order of St. Benedict,	49	Abbey of Benedictines,	27
Abbey of Baudouin, of the order of Cisteraux,	41	English Benedictines,	27
Abbey of Waelechoot,	12	the order of Cisteraux,	26
Convent of Predicator,	51	Bilcke,	47
Recollects,	65	Haggen,	17
Carmelites,	40	Oostelo,	32
Augustines,	46	Doortelle,	25
Cyualms,	58	the order of St. Augustin,	21
Black-footed Carmelite,	47	Convent of Black Sisters, (de Swaete Suster)	26
Alexian Brethren, (de Broeders Alexianen)	21	St. John,	26
	437	Uitvlines,	24
		St. John,	9
		The Great Sisterhood, (het groot Beroef)	580
		The Little Sisterhood, (het klein Beggyn)	244
			1161

ON THE OCEAN.

By M^r M^r MERCIER.

THIS day, for the first time in my life, I have seen the ocean, where old Neptune of the ancients, who have depicted him armed with a trident wounds the sides of the earth—The image is certainly just; the ocean seems to be the despot of the globe. Notwithstanding this unknown strength that breaks the fury of its waves against the sands on the shore, it appears at certain intervals, it has impetuously surmounted its limits, the traces of which are still easy to be known—they are imprinted in the minds of men, the terror of ancient disasters, well founded by an uninterrupted tradition, and by visible traces of profound ruins and devastations, which are spread over the surface of the earth. At first sight, it appears dreadfully rent on all sides by the terrible element which preys upon, undermines, sweeps away several parts, and swallows up in its abyss, at different periods, more or less remote spaces of land which supported towns, and sometimes kingdoms. It is, in a manner, only a weak crust that covers the large shell or timber-work of the globe; it is torn to pieces by volcanoes like a weak roof, and from the crevices the fire has opened, torrents pour forth their inundations, and cause those enormous

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large breaches which dig hollows for gulphs and lakes, where the majestic foundations of mountains before refted, their sunken tops are transformed to islands, where a scanty verdure replaces the snow-capp'd summits. But it is the eye only that views ages as instant, that can reckon the sudden revolutions the globe has undergone. The equilibrium of water could not support itself on a moving theatre, perpetually hurried from west to east, and influenced besides by the motion of the heavenly bodies. As slow as ages, this motion has not escaped the modern sagacity of man. The earth has a visible tendency to rectify its axis, which has undoubtedly been disorder'd by some ancient revolution—the activity of all those great bodies surrounding and incessantly pressing upon it, must replace the ocean, and successively impel it billows over all the points they can cover. Can we, then, wonder if the proud elephant, who basks under the magnificent shades of Asia, has left his remains in the now-frozen deserts of Siberia?—Mountains exhibit petrified fish, and shells which preserve their colour and shades,—sandy deserts present us traces of maritime towns, in a word, whole

U

woods forests have been buried under strata of stone, which time has formed over their tops. All inform us, the ocean, as Sovereign, disposes of the earth as his dominion, over which he exerts as will his inevitable right. The hand of the bold Hollander, which has repelled the tyranny of the ocean, will not, alas! always be able to keep this furious despot within bounds. Oh! direful day, when its dikes will be levelled, when this magnificent, vigilant, laborious, wise, economical republic, will disappear from the face of the earth, when the billows will erase the most glorious monument of courage and industry! Avert this period, Divine Providence! But if the eternal law thou hast ordained cannot pass without the effect, at least suspend them, and delay this destructive irruption.

The physical laws have an unsurmountable force in their progression what extraordinary and rapid effect would not the immense collection of waters have, when the dissolving power, a power no less active, is joined to its mass of weight.

Can the ocean, which is always on a balance, remain in a stagnated inactivity? It must incessantly wither your city, and its greedy bosom seems to demand all the riches of the earth, the outlines of mountains also seem to tell us, Here flowed that fluid which girt us with an equal pressure. Every thing presents to our sight traces of the eternal combat of two rival elements, which yet we made to be united.

You have seen the devastation the ocean makes, let us turn our eyes to its good offices. The hand of mankind renders all climates tributary to each other for their respective gifts. Two distant worlds are blended together; — the waves seem to wash indiscriminately every coast, and roll on every shore, only to invite man to trust to their fluctuation, which will convey him in the twinkling of an eye to the opposite shore. — Again, contemplate the bold steamer, the astonishing work of the daring genius of man, the floating bridge, the vessel, the sounding line constructed in the port. At sight of this magnificent machine, we are astonished how they do not winter all the dangers that await them in this perilsome element, — yet they will conquer it, — they will subdue the waves that threaten to swallow them, and the wind that

threatens to dash them on the shoals; they will manage those destructive elements, the one by skilfully trimming their sails, the other by the ingenious shape of their machine. The Leviathan, organized by nature to dwell in the sea, does not seem to be more powerful in the ocean than this inanimate machine guided by the weak hand of man. He flies victorious over the deep in as much security as the chariot that rolls on the solid level land.

But what preparations are necessary before she is masted, rigged, and fit to go to sea! The flag is hoisted, how much knowledge is required to shape the course! Is there under heaven a more interesting sight, and that places the dignity of man in a finer point of view!

If the philosopher regrets feeling so superb a structure so frequently used for the purpose of covetousness, and to carry fetters to the most distant regions, let him remember man's meritorious accompanies his greatness. In order to console him, let him only fancy the vessel crowded with a number of public-spirited men, led by the desire of new discoveries, looking out for a new world and unknown regions, only to appreciate the influence of knowledge, that he see philosophers visiting a new people, surprised at the astonishing structure, and carrying to them the first fruits of the consolatory arts; bringing back in exchange new and singular ideas, which astonish our moral systems, and derange those with which we are most familiarized.

If, on a revision of the disasters occasioned by the active mass of the ocean, one was asked, how it happens so many scourges should be rained against the habitation of man, where he dwells but for an instant; how nature is subjected to those violent extremities which tend to the destruction of the ancient generation of her children; how the human species is still after those pending ravages, and how often they have been renewed from these ruins, finally, how an entire globe, peopled with twelve hundred millions of sensible thinking beings, depend on the brute action of the elements of which he is the sport. Pope will answer, *a tribute of vapors, a world destroyed, are equal to the eye that sees all* — Where does this globe fall? Into the hand that created it.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

TALE FROM BAKER'S CHRONICLE,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER, at the
ROYALTY THEATRE

Written by ARTHUR MUNFORD, Esq.

By a Trinitarian Monumental Stone,

Traced by their follower to this friendly
stone,

No more I dare, tho' in a righteous cause,
By far endeavour seek your kind applause:
My foes, for their own ends, respect the
Laws.

A right they claim, and they have us'd it long,
To deal in Foreign Farce, and False Song.

What

What thro' free Commerce now is given to all,
 'Tis theirs, they say, the market to possessall.
 Of all that Jonson or that Shakspeare wrote,
 Your ears must never hear a single note.
 Proudly they claim the Drama as their own,
 And Rowe and Southerne wait for them alone.
 From Otway's page should I a scene retail,
 One moral sentence sends me to a goal.
 Th' unequal war if I desist to wage,
 Each Morning Paper thunders forth their rage.
 Shall I with calmness the cause debate,
 Or rather, with your leave, a Tale relate?

In elder times, not in these days of glory,
 (From Baker's Chronicle I learn the story)
 To please the crowd, and make the village
 stare,

Three Booths were licens'd at a Country Fair.
 Whate'er they did, obtain'd applause from all,
 An English ballad, or Italian squall.
 At length an Actor—somewhat of a prig—
 Boasted the skill to imitate a Pig—
 He squeak'd, he grunted, loud the million
 roar,

What wondrous wit! *bravo! bravo!* exclaim'd
 An honest Countryman, who saw the deed,
 Give notice, he would sell as well succeed.
 He built a Booth, a Pig beneath his coat
 Squeak'd, as he pinch'd, with nature's ge-
 nune note

The Licens'd Managers began to huff;
 'Tis all unnatural,—what woful stuff!
 Who set with us, pursues a lib'ral art
 In a new Booth you must not touch the heart.
 Upon our stage you'll see a grand proceed on,
 A Lawyer, Officer, or Great Physician,
 From our Monopoly whoever flies,
 Commences rogue—begins to vizardize
 And tho' his medicine may be full the time,
 He turns a Mountebank, and damns his fame:
 Tho' at our Booth it may be lawful ware,
 It is a Faro Bank, if held elsewhere.
 The modest Swain, who heard each roaring
 throat,

Retain'd, yet kept his Pig beneath his coat
 Nature and truth were all he had in view
 He hop'd for better times, and straight with-
 drew.

August 4. *Inkle and Yarico* an Opera
 of three acts, by Mr. Colman, now is
 performed at the Haymarket. It is founded
 on the story contained in the 7th number
 of the Spectator. The characters are as fol-
 low.

Inkle	-	-	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Sir Christopher Curry,			Mr. Parsons.
Medium	-	-	Mr. Baddely.
Campley	-	-	Mr. Davies.
Mate	-	-	Mrs. Meadows.
Trudge	-	-	Mr. Edwin.
Yarico	-	-	Mrs. Kumble.
Narcissa	-	-	Mrs. Bannister.

Wowski
 George
 Mrs. Foster.

Inkle, the son of a capital merchant,
 The adored'st friend, who had been educated
 with the education of Narcissa, daughter of
 Sir Christopher Curry, Governor of Barbadoes,
 by the mutual concurrence of their pa-
 rents are proposed in marriage. On this hy-
 meneal Expedition, Inkle, his uncle Medium
 and Narcissa, with their respective suites,
 take passage. Driven by distress to a coast
 inhabited only by rude savages, Inkle with
 his man Trudge are unfortunately left be-
 hind the ship. A desire of safety against the
 attacks of the natives leads them to shelter
 in a cavern, where Yarico and Wowski are
 discovered asleep. Being awake, a general
 sympathy prevails through the whole; Inkle
 and Yarico become greatly enamour'd, and
 the feelings of Trudge and Wowski keep in
 unison. After some time passing in this con-
 dition, the faithful Yarico, ever watchful to
 promote the happiness of Inkle, having been
 previously instructed by him, at length dis-
 covers an English ship bound for Barbadoes.
 In this they embark for that destination;
 and there the conflict between gratitude and
 interest agitates the mind of Inkle, the lat-
 ter of which at length prevails, and he de-
 termines to dispose of Yarico as a slave, that
 there may be no impediment to his match
 with Narcissa. Trudge, more generous than
 his master, will not consent to part with his
 darling deliverer, and threatens to quit his ser-
 vice rather than dishonour his principles. In
 the same ship with Narcissa, Captain Cam-
 pley a passenger, at length forms an intima-
 cy that little inclines her to match with In-
 kle. But hearing that Inkle was arrived, and
 the young couple deciding an interruption of
 their project, he goes to Sir Christopher to
 solicit his consent, who, mistaking him for
 Inkle, of whose arrival he was advised, a
 scene of equivocal takes place, which ter-
 minates in the Baronet, under this mistaken
 view, giving consent to his daughter's imme-
 diate marriage. While the ceremony is per-
 forming the Baronet goes to the quay to cool
 himself, and is there scolded by Inkle to
 purchase a slave—Poor Yarico. Perceiving
 the drift of Inkle's intentions, he reproaches
 them with an honest indignation.—An ec-
 cident takes place between the Go-
 vernor and his new son-in-law, Captain
 Campley. Sir Christopher, struck with the
 generosity of the young soldier, pardons his
 daughter, Inkle acknowledges his principles
 had been polluted by the errors of education,
 and renouncing the narrow-minded system of
 profit and gain, bestows his hand on the
 Indian maid.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

9. *English Readings, an Interlude*, was performed at the Hay-market, for the benefit of Mr. Bamfield, jun. The story is substantially as follows:

The rage for *English Readings* is supposed to have reached a town at a great distance from London, where the neighbourhood are divided into two parties, headed by persons who are the most inveterate enemies to each other. Mr. Bootekin, a quoniam shoemaker, and Mrs. Poplin, a mantua-maker, from London, are the two contending sovereigns of the neighbourhood. Mrs. Poplin herself reads to her auditors, but Mr. Bootekin, whose literary acquirements are not so extensive, sends for his nephew Bob Bootekin from town, to be his representative on the occasion. Bob, vain of the applause he has received as a speaker at the disputing clubs, accepts Mrs. Poplin's challenge of reading with her. Wilnot, a young officer, who loves and is beloved by Charlotte Bootekin, the old man's daughter, conceives that the Readings shall be at the George Inn, and thus subjects the company to a information before the Justice, for an exhibition of their talents at a public-house. His scheme succeeds, the house is filled with all the county bumpkins within ten miles of the place, who the moment they hear of the danger to which they are liable of being taken before their Worship of the Quorum, make their escape with the utmost precipitation. The confusion which naturally occurs, gives Wilnot and Charlotte an opportunity of evading the watchful eye of old Bootekin, and effecting a private marriage. This is the general sketch of the piece, which, though

from being one act it has not room for a regular plot, teems with other incidents not before mentioned arising from the introduction of three whimsical characters;—Statley, a lofty and shallow pedant, who is Bootekin's friend—Dismal, Bootekin's servant, who is ever foreboding evil from every circumstance that happens; and Spatula, an ignorant apothecary, who is in love with Mrs. Poplin.

The piece was favourably received, and has been represented several times since.

10. *Thomas and Susan*, a musical entertainment, was performed for the first time at the Royalty Theatre.

13. *Don Juan*, a tragic-comic pantomime entertainment, was performed at the Royalty Theatre. Don Juan is a dumb they representation of the most striking incidents in Moliere's play of the same name, or *L'Épin de Pierre*, from whence Shadwell took his Tragedy of *The Libertine*. The plot turns upon a rejection of murder, and ends in the sudden seizure of Don Juan by Demons, who hurry him away to the dreadful regions of the infernals. The main business of this entertainment is not only serious but terrific, and Mr. Palmer supports the character with great ability. The music by Guick, was worthy of the composer.

17. *The Test of Love*, a musical farce, was performed for the first time at the Hay-Market, for Miss Farnes's benefit. This piece was a translation from the French, and was prefaced by a Prologue spoken by Mr. Bamfield, jun. It met with an ill reception from the audience, who concerned it before it was finished. It is said to be translated by a Mr. Robinson.

P O E T R Y.

S O N G

Translated from the GREEK,

By JOHN BAYNES, Esq.†

QUAFF with me the purple wine,
And in youthful pleasures join;

When we love the flowing fair,
Crown with me flowing hair;
When sweet m'dnets fire my soul,
Thou shalt rave without controul;
When I'm sober, sink with me
Into dull sobriety.

† See Athenæus.

† Of this Gentleman, the following account has been transmitted to us by a Correspondent. He was born on April 1753, at Middleham, in Yorkshire; where his father, who is since retired from business, then followed the profession of the law. His mother died in childhood. Mr. Baynes received his education at Richmond, under the Rev. Mr. A. Temple, author of three discourses, printed in 1772; of "Remarks on the Layman's Scriptural Confutation," and Letters to the Rev. Thomas Randolph, D. containing a Defence of Remarks on the Layman's Scriptural Confutation, 8vo. 1779." At school he soon distinguished himself by his superior talents and learning, and by the age of 14 years was capable of reading and understanding the Greek classics. From Richmond he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge; where, before he had arrived at the age of 20 years, he obtained the Medal given for the best performances in Classical and Mathematical learning. In 1777, he

S O N G,

Translated from PHOENIX of COLORON.

By the SAME.

YE who to sorrow's tender tale
With pity lend an ear,
A tribute to Corone † bring,
Apollo's favourite care.
Or barley-sheaf, or salt, or bread,
Corone shall receive,
Or cloath or wheat—what every one
May best afford to give.
Who now bring salt, some future time
Will honey-combs prepare;
For most Corone's taste delights
Such humble, homely fare.

Ye servants, open wide the door,
But hark,—the wealthy lord
Has heard,—his daughter
To grace Corone's board.
Ye gods! let suitors come from far,
To win the lovely maid;
And may she gain a wealthy youth
With every grace array'd!
Soon may she give an infant son
To bless her father's arms,
And place upon her mother's knee
A daughter full of charms!
O may she live to see her son
With every honour crown'd;
Her daughter, beauty's latest flower,
Belov'd by all around!

he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and determining to apply himself to the study of the Law, he about 1778, or 1779, became a pupil to Allen Chamber, Esq. and entered himself of the Society of Gray's Inn. In 1785, he took the degree of Master of Arts, and about the same time was chosen Fellow of the College. From this period he chiefly resided in London, and, warmed with the principles of liberty, joined those who were clamorous in calling for reformation in the State. He was a member of the Constitutional Society, and took a very active part at the meeting at York, in December 1779. In his political career he entertained the same sentiments with his friend Dr. Jebb; and like him, without hesitation renounced those of his party, who he considered to have disgraced themselves by an unnatural coalition. It may with truth be asserted, that if the warmth of his political pursuits was not at all times under the guidance of discretion, yet he never acted but from the strictest principle of integrity. He had a very happy talent for poetry, which by many will be thought to have been misapplied, when directed as it was to the purposes of party. He wrote many occasional pieces in the newspapers, particularly in the London Courant, but was very careful to conceal himself as the writer of verses, which he thought would have an ill effect on him in his profession. When he saw the translations we have printed above to a friend, it was on an expectation that he would be named should not be disclosed as the author of them. The great reason to be given that he wrote the celebrated Archæological Epistle to Dr. Meles, Dean of Exeter. It is certainly an excellent performance was transmitted to the press through his friend, and it is more than probable, that the same reason which occasioned him to decline the credit of his other poetical performances, influenced him to relinquish the honour of this. It is a fact however, which should not be suppressed, that he always disclaimed being the author of this Poem, and when once pressed on the subject by a friend, he desired him to remember when it should be no longer a secret, that he then disowned it. The Jewish Spirit now for the first time printed, was composed merely to create a laugh among his friends, and as it was not intended for publication, will be read with a candid recollection of that circumstance. Mr. Baynes had many friends, to whom he was sincerely attached, and by whom he was greatly beloved. Scarce any man in England had so few enemies. The Jewish Spirit, that fruitful sower of friendship, lost its usual effect with him. As he felt no resentment towards those from whom he differed, so he experienced no malignity in return. What he considered to be right, neither power nor interest could prevail from opposing. In the last session, when he apprehended the election for Fellows of Trinity College to be attended with contest, he boldly, though respectfully, with others of the Society, represented to the Heads of the College, and what, in stead of the expected reform, an admonition was given to the remonstrants to behave with more respect to their superiors, consistent with the rectitude of their intentions, he made no scruple of referring the conduct of himself and his friends to a higher tribunal, before which the appeal is now depending. It was an intention to publish a more correct edition of Lord Coke's Tracts; and we are informed he had left the work nearly completed. His death is supposed to have been occasioned by an intestine application to business, which brought on a putrid fever, of which he died August 3, 1787, after eight days illness. In the ensuing week he was buried near the remains of his friend Dr. Jebb, privately, in Bunhill-field's Burying-ground.

* There were among the Greeks, as there are with us, blind men, who begged from door to door singing. This is one of their songs preserved by Athenæus.

† The finger used to carry a Raven on his hand, which he calls Corone, (the Greek name for that bird) and for which he affected to beg. While

While I, where'er my footsteps guide
My dar'ken'd eyes along,
Chase those who give, and who refuse,
With— all I have—a song.

O . D E

From the Greek of CALLISTRATUS.

Translated by the SAME.

IN myrtle leaves I'll wear my sword,
And Harmodius and his friend so true,
What time the tyrant king they slew,
And Freedom to her seat restor'd.
Thou, lov'd Harmodius, art not dead;
Thou art the happy Isles art fled,
Where Pelus' son, as poet tell,
And mitchleis Diomedes dwell
With myrtle leaves my sword array,
Like dear Harmodius and his friend so true,
What time the tyrant king they slew,
Upon Minerva's fatal day.
Blest'd youths with endless glory crown'd,
The world's great prizes shall rebound,
Because the tyrant king ye slew,
And Athens freedom gain'd by you.

S O N G

Translated from the FRENCH of MARY,
QUEEN of SCOTS.

By the SAME.

All' pleasur' of France, farewell!
My country's due,
Where many a year
Of infant joy I lov'd to dwell
But well to ever, happy dwell
The ship which part our lives conceals
But hith' of me she's half behind
I leave with thee, O France, to part
A token of our mutual love,
And bring the other half behind.

KING'S-BENCH PRACTICE.

CHAP. 10.

OF JUSTIFYING BAIL.

(Now first printed)

By the SAME.

Pratum

HEWITT, call Taylor's bail so. I
I now proceed to submit
Hewitt. Where's Taylor's bail?
Hewitt. I can't get in
Hewitt. Make way.
Lord. 'Tis well. For Heaven's sake begin.
Hewitt. But where's the other
Hewitt. Here I stand
Mingay. I must except to both—Command
Silence,—and if your Lordships crave it,
Justice shall read our affidavit.
Auditor. Will Priddle, 17c of Fleet-street,
cent.
Dishes of faith, That late be went

To Duke's-place, as he was directed
By notice, and he there expected
To find both bail—but none could tell
Where the first bail liv'd.—

Mingay. Very well.

Auditor. And this deponent further says,
That, asking who the second was,
He found he'd bankrupt been, and yet
Had never obtain'd certificate.
When to his house deponent went,
He full four stonie high was sent,
And found a lodging almost bare,
No furniture, but half a chair,
A table, bedstead, broken fiddle,
And chureau. (Signed) William Priddle.
Sworn at my chambers, Francis Buller.

Mingay. No affidavit can be fuller.
Well, Friend, you've heard this affidavit,
What do you say?

Priddle. Sir, by your leave, it
Is all a lie.

Mingay. Sir, have a care.

What is your trade?

Priddle. A scavenger.

Mingay. And, pray, sir, were you never
found

Pinktop?

Priddle. I'm worth a thousand pound

Mingay. A thousand pound, stand ' Boldly
find —

In what consisting?

Priddle. Six k m trade

Mingay. And pray, friend, tell me,—do
you know

What turn your bail for?

Priddle. Truly no.

Mingay. My Lords, you hear,—no oaths
have check'd him

I hope your Lordships will—

Hewitt. Reject him

Mingay. Well, friend, now tell me where
you dwell

Priddle. Sir, I have liv'd in Clerkenwell
Thirteen years

Mingay. Half-a new dead. (Aside)

My Lords, if you've the notice read,

It is to be paid. So I desire

That either time or equine

Why, Mr. Mingay, all this
vapour?

Mingay. Take till to-morrow

Priddle. Call the paper.

THE TOMB OF SHIRF,

An ORIGINAL ELEGY.

NEAR huan Securdie's mass of sculptur'd
That shou'd keep Im' Fan's Royal dead;
Where shou'd the solemn voice of reverence
call,
A youthful chief European veterans led;
Who

P O E T R Y.

Who call'd by honour to the fields of Fame,
 To love and arms confin'd his darling care;
 He thought till then no glory man could claim,
 Equal to feats that win the yielding fan;
 To him the winds that whistled thro' the
 gloom,
 The moon that gleam'd thro' time-worn
 chinks an und,
 The forms that seem'd to breathe on every
 tomb,
 Seem'd thus to modulate in verbal sound.
 "Tho' martial music every bosom warms,
 And deeds heroic charm the coldest ear,
 No glory waits the proudest feats of arms,
 That once exceed necessity's barrier.
 Refin'd from all that (and a Gothic age,
 Let modern annals speak the quaine
 brave;
 Unfluenc'd from each lege w'ry page,
 Let Iliot conquer, and let Curtius live.
 But should Ambition on a tow'ring car,
 With g'oning heaps, in fatulosa fields,
 In triumph bear thee from the frow of w
 Whilst ruin'd States deplore thy found
 wheel,
 Keen vult'rous p'ne would wring thy h'f-
 fid breast,
 Pale in my spectres round thy couch
 would grow!
 Mercy's strong claims thy secret heart
 fast,
 And tear the poppies from thy dimmy
 brow.
 If Penny's self could yield thee all her charms,
 Flush'd as the dawn, or as the morning
 fan,
 O! Syren-like invite thee to her arms;
 As golden waves her length of flowing hair;
 What it, to part from fancy's picturing views,
 Her swelling bosom foil'd a Raphael's pin,
 Her eyes as vernal suns in life's profuse,
 As lightning thaling thro' thy rapt
 veins?
 And what, if when unloos'd her vernal zone,
 The ravish'd senses could not keep?
 She'd but perceive the lost dimension,
 Till Sol had waded through the western
 deep!
 Then hence return—each patriot's field
 For thee shall breathe a purer gulf of air;
 O! gainst the treach'ry Saul thy prowess
 wield;
 Or to thy bosom press some fatal fair,
 So shall true love, as want thy days decline,
 And Health each morn thy equal pulses
 greet.
 They said:—his flies wheel'd off in radiant line,
 And fallen drums their measur'd move-
 ments bear.
 W. HAMILTON RPTD,
 Author of a Volume of Poems, to be publish-

To HOPE.
 I.
 HOPE, exert thy soothing power,
 Sweetly gild the tedious hours!
 Fall Despair, my bosom flee!
 Hope, I wish to live with thee.
 'Tis thine to ease the absent lover's smart,
 'Tis thine to heal his sick'ning wounded
 heart.
 Buoy'd up by thee, when horrid tempests
 rise,
 When lightning flash, and waves assail
 the skies,
 When Death presents himself in every
 form,
 The sultr' undism'd can combat with
 storm.

II
 'Midst the battle's bloody rage,
 'Midst the dreadful cannon's roar,
 Hand to hand when men engage,
 And thousands fall to g'ring gore;
 Thou with sweet thoughts inspir'st the
 soldier's breast,
 Thou bidst him unappal'd on dangers smile,
 Thou shew'st him many a scene of glori-
 ous rest,
 And th' rewards for ev'ry care and toil:
 With thee his friends, nor fury tempests
 growl,
 Not Fame with her train can shake his
 steadfast soul.

III
 Thou too support the martyr'd saint,
 Nor let it his heroic soul be faint,
 But whisper'it in his ear,
 "Comfort: thine to thee is given
 To enjoy the mighty bliss of Heaven,
 Then dry the swelling tear."
 Fir'd with thy voice, no more the stake he
 fear,
 No more prevails the love of life,
 O enjoy'd he steps the gushing briny tears,
 And with a smile beloids the knife.

IV
 Under the beech's shade, reading the tale,
 Whose name my beautiful chamber's
 name,
 I feel thy power in my breast pervade,
 Obeient to my call you came.
 A child, tho' great it, only prep of life
 Without the joy, alas! could bear to live?
 Without the joy of happiness the strife,
 In absence of a bliss can't comfort give.
 Dwell then with me, where these two
 trees entwine,
 And bear in rustic state my Fair-Que's
 name and mine.

V.
 And if in this thy hollow'd seat,
 Foul Deceit thou chance to meet,
 In this bright stream that murmurs by,
 Lounge the villain instantly.

So shall my days with bliss content be crown'd,
 And all that absence will allow abound;
 And when kind Heaven shall propitious deign,
 To grant my longing eyes one view again,
 Still when these orbs with sparkling rapture shine,
 Still may 'st thou, never-fading Hope, continue mine!

SONNET XXIII

Of PETRARCH TO LAURA

Attempted by T. RICHMAN.

IN happier days these weeks long
 I lov'd, and Laura was my song.
 The purpled plain and winding vale,
 Have witness'd kind affection's tale;
 And oft thro' rill, and shady grove,
 Have heard the eloquence of love.
 Ah! sweet recesses! echoing shades,
 Ye pathful wilds and sunny shades!
 Ye blue-hour'd nymphs, who revels keep,
 Embosom'd in the crystal deep,
 Ye woodland maids for ever gay,
 All mark'd how bliss crown'd the day,
 When Love and Laura led the way.
 Ah! mark how now the minutes go,
 How chang'd from happiness to woe!
Bay of Lucy, 1785.

SONNET

To Miss HELENA MARIA WILLIAMS.

ENCHANTING Muse, whose clear melodious
 (Like the sweet essence of a fragrant flower)
 Steals on the sense with fascinating power,
 Inrob'd in Pity's mild, benevolent ray,
 Pure simple nature admir'd by all,
 With native beauty in thy long we trace;
 (Where bearing fancy with poetic grace,
 Portrays the softer feelings of the Heart.)
 While Moore and Seward, favorites of the
 Muse,
 Each in their varied happy strains excel,
 And tune the lyre to notes of highest swell,
 Equal with thine my name shall splendid
 shine
 O then encourage still the plume's flame;
 And let not thy Muse slight rest's name.
 Resume the crown, and ray thy laurels gain
 A well-earn'd plaudit from the vale of time.
 J. B.—o

ERRATUM in our list, for P. P. —o,
 and J. B. —o, to the Verses to Mr. Hawley.

POEM ON SHOOTING,

By LORD DEERHURST.

ALL happy sports, which yellow autumn cheer,
 And crown the open'd honors of the year;

The Muse to you her willing tribute pays,
 In artless numbers and incondite lays;
 Wou'd paint the pleasures which to you be-
 long,

And bid the Partridge-tale adorn her song.
 Thomson, whose bosom knew no vulgar fire,
 For your just praise attend his morbid fire;
 With rapture view'd the harvest-teeming
 plain,

And his mind's beauties in no common strains;
 Yet sometimes, by retirement led astray,
 Too oft thro' fancy's flow'ry paths would
 stray.

As cruel, blame what man with just loves,
 Ail censure sports the polish'd mind ap-
 proves

Others pretend to feel what Thomson felt,
 For the cause, the Hate or slaughter'd Partridge
 felt,

And while they rec'd his gentle numbers o'er,
 Each nicer feelings than they knew before
 Saw, ye retir'd, who would these sports up-
 hold,

Say, of what mould improv'd yourselves are
 made?

Say, ye humane, who would these pleasures
 blame,

Inspir'd from whence these nicer feelings
 came?

Deem not, while thus I speak, my bosom
 steel,

The man thro' ev'ry thrilling nerve I feel.

Yet, when I view the great primeval plan,

I see each animal design'd for man,

Since He who form'd creation's vast design,

To his own image said, "All these be thine;

All who tremendous howl the forest's pine,

Or range in harmless flocks the mountain's
 side;

Each fish that cuts with fin'ry way,

Each bird that flits through realms of liquid
 day."

Instructed man his line of duty knows,

Not hesitates to do what God allows.

Now to capacious barns the happy swain

On loaden teams bears home his golden grain,

Or to us in well compacted heaps his store,

While frequent sheaves adorn the field no
 more

Now oft the choral harvest home we hear,

To none more grateful than the Sport man's
 ear

Those sounds, which pleasure to his breast
 convey,

Announce destruction to the feather'd prey.

Hence Partridges sport with slaughter date,

And fear in every puffing gale their fate.

Where now the Covey fly?

In what recess unknown the *Bombardier* lie?

Where shall the *snipe*, unhurt from threat mug
 does

Or how evade the dog's sagacious nose?

Fond of the licens'd joys September yields,

With easy step I tread the strangled fields;

With

With skin of foot I brush the morning dew,
 The flying game with ardor to pursue.
 Cautious I tread the stubble-field around;
 While the staunch pointer beats it all around.
 See with the wind he ranges o'er the plain,
 Each furrow tries, and tries it o'er again;
 Mark him each scent solicitous inhale,
 Then sudden stop, and draw the tainted gale.
 Fix'd as a statue o'er his latent prey,
 Nothing can lure him from the spot away;
 And if too eager, he shou'd on proceed,
 He stands corrected by the "Lo, take heed!"
 And waits till borne on fluttering wing they rise,

And speed on founding pinion thro' the skies:
 Then be it mine to mark their course on high,

And point the level tube with squinted eye.
 The random shot I scorn and doubt if I am,
 Nor wish by chance a hapless bird to maim;
 But from the rest I single one alone,
 Nor fail to bring the fated victim down.
 Fond youths, unskill'd their ardor to contain,
 While the warm blood impetuous swells each vein,

Too hot to think, too eager to debate,
 Too rash the proper moment to await—
 At rising coverts with impatience stare,
 And fire their useless guns in vacant air!
 Let care and quickness mark your better spot,

Your judgment sound, deliberation short;
 So shall the baffled shot bring rare disgrace,
 And your swell'd bag bear home your frequent haul.

Let the fierce Huntsman, with his cackling crew,
 Thro' many a maze the timorous Hare pursue;

Let others draw with care th' enclosing net,
 And catch whole coverts in a single let—
 Yours be the joys when Partridge Shooting yields,

Be mute with dog and gun to range the fields;
 And ever scornful of a mindless hare,
 Wage with the flying game more than you will

LINES written in the ALBUM,
 At COSSEY-HALL, NORFOLK,
 By Mr. JERNINGHAM.

I.

THOU to whose sacred page, the parting guest
 Confides the workings of his grateful breast,
 With awful pleasure o'er my form I bend,
 My gift to bring, as brother, guest, and friend.
 Farewell, ye shades that ne'er to fame unknown
 Where Elegance harraisd her Attic Throne;

Whose beauties, to the pure of taste address'd,
 In Nature's charm-manifestly dress'd,
 Whose soft humanity, with grace crown'd,
 Display the emblem of the matter's mind;
 Farewell!—Say, shall I not regret the bow?
 Where social intercourse endear'd the hour;
 Where the whole footsteps blest this Sylvan seat,

The pride and mistress of this calm retreat,
 Her soul illum'd with Wisdom's piercing beam,

Sheds o'er the converse her enlight'ning gleam?
 By native taste, that sure, directs, led,
 She stores her talents at the fountain-head.
 So the bright Sunflow' on the cultur'd plain
 Aspires impatient o'er her sifter train,
 Unfolds her bosom at the dawn of day,
 To catch the radiance of the solar ray.

II.

Ye scenes o'er which I cast a ling'ring view,
 O'er which affection breathes a warm adieu,
 That hour I now recall with pleasurable pain,
 Which gave your beauties to my wish again;
 Yet then, as I approach'd your smiling shore,
 Prompt expectation gladly flew before:
 Wond'ring with gay hope, as nearer still I drew,
 Hills plain, and woods, assum'd a brighter hue:

Soft-wreath'd in blue vestment, laughing May
 With willing aspect met me on the way;
 The various vale with eager steps I press'd,
 Plants on my tongue, and transport in my breast:

O'er each lov'd spot I sent a fond survey,
 Where in the morn of life I went to stray;
 The winding walks, by memory endear'd,
 Where with the growing plants my youth was rear'd;

Embow'ring shades, in whose deep gloom
 Summer'd,
 Reflection led me, and the Muses nurs'd,
 And screening from my view Ambition's sky,

Pour'd other visions on my raptur'd eye.

III.

Yes, Album, ere the willing task I leave,
 Warm from the heart these closing lines receive.

I was at the hour to contemplation due,
 When evening reekly from the world withdrew,

Beneath an aged oak, in pensive mood,
 I, sorrow's solitary captive, stood;
 When, from the lifted trunk's obscure recess,

A voice breath'd forth, in accents of distress,
 "Where! where is she! of mild and reverend mien,

Once the lov'd mistress of this Sylvan scene?"

The Album is a book, in the blank leaves of which every visitor writes something.
 Vol. XII. X "Full's"

“ Fall'n—fall'n—fall'n—fall'n”—a distant
 voice replied ;
 The branches shook, as if to kisse allied ;
 While Terror sung his strong enchantment
 round,
 And evening hurried into night profound !
 Now fond remembrance turns a willing
 sigh,
 To dwell on gayet scenes of past delight,
 Pleas'd to behold her 'midst the polish'd train,
 With grace, with dignity, her part sustain.
 To mild festivity by nature prone,
 With unbr'd wit peculiarly her own,
 Prompt ev'ry sportive incident to see,
 Diffusing pleasure with a careless ease ;
 Or pow'r to charm invincibly possess'd,
 Unfelt she glided into ev'ry breast.
 There are, who, fram'd with an enlighten'd
 taste,
 High on the critic form by judgment plac'd,
 Wao (marking well her sense with through
 compar'd,
 The scintillations of her playful mind,
 An aptitude that never lost its aim)
 With brilliant Sevigné mixt with her name.
 To discontent, the vice of age, unknown,
 Her cheerfulness maintain'd its envied throne.
 The gay, the old, the learned and the young,
 And they whose heart pure elegance had
 sung,
 By the soft power of her enchantment won,
 Would oft the glare of thought's all'ribues
 shun,
 To court her ready wit's enlivening beam,
 And bask beneath its undulating gleam.
 Yet oft from these unnotic'd would she
 steal,
 To sooth the bed rid stretch'd on Torture's
 wheel,
 To smooth the furrow on Misfortune's brow,
 To warm the timid, and exalt the low,
 With lenient hand administer relief,
 And close the bleeding artery of grief.
 Ah, ever dear ! ah, venerable friend !
 Indulge this honour by Affection paid,
 Enthras'd in bliss, ah ! yet forbear to shun
 This holy tribute from a zealous son.
 'Twas mine, attendant on thy evening ray,
 To watch the sun-set of thy blameless day ;
 To see thee weary of th' unequal strife,
 Shed the faint glimm'rings of exhausted life,
 And heavenly morasht, sublimely great !
 At the dread opening of thy future state,
 Teach by example, to thy latest breath,
 Weakness in pain, and fortitude in death.

S T A N Z A S,

Written by Mrs. YEARSLEY, on her leaving
 LONDON.

O H cruel distance ! when my eager eye
 Strains o'er the hill, or solitary wild ;
 Impatience swells my heart's reluctant sigh,
 As fancy paints each dear expecting child.

Fly ! fly ! ye hours with an unusual speed,
 Till I shall clasp them to my panting
 breast !
 Fate ! hold one moment all that would im-
 pede
 My tender rapture ere it is possess'd.
 Let it once more be mine, ye gentle pow'rs !
 To gaze with transport on their infant
 smiles ;
 While speechless joy and sympathy devours
 The tongue's best effort, and its force be-
 gules.
 Ye, whose imaginations fondly rove
 O'er future pleasure in its richest drefs,
 Ye who avow that soft parental love,
 Whose pleasing cares were ever meant to
 bless,
 Ye sure will own it nature's truest joy,
 When absence long hath your fond bosoms
 torn,
 Audent to hold the infant girl, or boy,
 Whose flutt'ring heart shall had your
 wish'd return :
 Whose eye shall shine with unaffected rays,
 Struck from the fount of rapture in the
 soul !
 When pow'rifal nature all her force displays,
 And rushes thro' the frame without con-
 trol !
 Dissolving scene ! to thee I eager haste,
 In thee, for t' peace and innocence are found ;
 In thee, the contemplative mind shall taste
 Pleasures that fly light Fashion's gaudy
 round.
 Fashion ! thou idol, nor enough ador'd !
 Tho' on thy altar fame and fortune's
 thrown ;
 Whose precepts early by the far-one stor'd,
 Leave her to wisdom and to worth un-
 known :
 I ever not thy votarys' wildest zeal ;
 On thy loud org'es, where false raptures
 thine ;
 Near thee, the wounded heart may deeply
 feel ;
 But ah ! how vainly must the wretch re-
 pine.
 Thy torpid draughts drench ev'ry finer thought,
 Susceptibility but dies thy throne ;
 Virtue, with meditative beauties fraught,
 Hurts thee to visionary joys alone.
 I hail thee not !—but seek the verdant lawn,
 The rocky height, and wild luxuriant
 grove ;
 Where plac'd, eve, or slowly-breaking dawn,
 Attunes the soul to harmony and love.

There

Thus will I bend o'er each instructive page,
That bids us measure happiness in view;
Know when to seize her, ere she quits the
stage;
Nor think she flies, because we'd vain
pursue.

Ah! why pursue when happiness is near?
She woos fond wretches, who her charms
despise,
They pass her by, stretching their wild ca-
reer,
To catch some phantom that assumes her
guise.

Hope aids pursuit—yet shall we slight the
good
That offers, as we rapidly fly on?
No, true economists are understood
To husband all ere life's poor journey's
done.

True happiness is like its endless Cause,
Filling vacancy (as schoolmen teach)
'Tis *here*, and *there*, but no where fix'd by
laws,
Tho' Faith may seize it—if she'll widely
reach.

Believe thou'rt blest—thou wilt be ever so;
Think thou art wretched, and thy woes
augment;
Miseries too oft from mere ideas flow,
And the same source revers'd may give
content.

"What matter where, if I be still the same?"
Where is the scene that shuts out mental
pain?

Is it in Courts, or on the heights of fame?
The ancient villa, or extended plain?

No! pain and joy alternately we felt,
And both pass on, leaving no trace be-
hind,

Unless dear *mem'ry* bids her shadows melt
The stubborn pow'rs of the too yielding
mind.

And oh! too sure, she lingers in my soul,
Dissolving all my fortitude and hoast;
Philosophy gives up his weak controul,
And I am all in fond impatience lost!

* Hard by upon the Avon stands Guy-cliff, called by others Gibeliff, the present seat of Thomas de Bellefogo or Beaufoe, of the Old Norm. race. This place is the seat of pleasure itself: there is a shady grove, crystal springs, meadows evergreen, a soft and murmuring fall of water, up the rocks; and, to crown all, solitude and quiet, the greatest darling of the Muses. *True Fame* tells us that Guy of Warwick, that celebrated hero, after he had finished his martial achievements, built a chapel, lived a hermit's life, and was at last buried. But the wise *think* that this place took its name from Guy de Beauchamp, who lived much later. And certain it is, that Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, built and dedicated here a chapel to St. Margaret, and set up the giant-like statue of the fa-
mous Guy, still remaining.

My boys on fancy's wing are ever near,
In gentle whispers chiding my delay;
I hear them sigh, and see the guileless tear,
Which absence teaches o'er their cheek to
stray.

Thus early taught to weep is infant man,
Thus early mourns the heart unknown to
ill;

So finely wrought! so exquisite the plan!
Soft sensibility subdues the will.

For none have will to weep—But hence,
complaint,
A few short hours shall give them to my
arms,

And silence here men's nature's language paints,
For transport dies—when weak expression
chairs.

Yet friendship claims my rich, my grateful
sigh;

Accept it, ye whose warm ideas glow,
While in your grasp pale prejudice shall die,
And truth's refulgence saddle on all below.
August 1, 1787.

GUY'S CLIFF*

A POEM, by Mr. G. HORNE.

A Seat at present in the Possession of
BERTIE GREATHED, E

GO, simple bard, invoke the Nine,
At Guy's Cliff's sweet recess;
There a soft troop shall mildly shine,
Thy humble harp to bless.

There Avon winds his pensive way,
Serenely clear and calm;
A stranger he to ev'ry wind,
And ev'ry rude alarm.

O'er his soft stream the trees depend,
To strew the falling leaf;
And seem, like clarity, to send
A constant dole to grief.

There Cynthia, in her silver way,
Is faintly seen to gleam,
And coyly sheds a virgin ray,
To kiss the gentle stream.

There once, we're told, in days of yore,
That Guy, so great and brave,
Was, fondly musing, seen to pore
O'er soft Avona's wave.

Far in a cleft of uncouth shape,
With years and moss grown old,
The mighty warrior made escape
From British baron's hold.

But soon a troop of barbed horse,
With burnish'd lances rear'd,
Pursue the hapless hero's course,
And near his cell appear'd.

Here round and round they ride in vain,
And rock and wood survey;
But seek the spot with fruitless pain,
Where Guy of Warwick lay;

Then swore a rebel could not hide,
Nor guilt e'er find retreat,
Where Flora bloom'd in tinted pride,
And Avon roll'd so sweet!

Here long he lay from loud alarms,
And court's pernicious pow'rs;
He strew'd those lab'rs that rung with arms,
With simple sabbag flow'rs.

Hence then, companion of his woes,
The rugged rock to sleep!
His dewy midnight blossoms blows,
And long has learn'd to weep. †

But now the nymphs of Avon's wave
Here take the nightly sport,
And tread light the crystal cave,
Here keep their nightly court.

Here wood, and rock, and grove, contend
For beauty and its grace;
And in the soft Avon blend
Admature's beautiful face.

Here meditation seems to glow
With more than mortal fires,
And thro' ideal worlds to go,
To strike terrific lyres.

Here oft the chiming distant bells
On gentle zephyrs float,
And oft to melancholy tells
The times when Shakespeare wrote †;
Recall our long forgotten friends,
In life once held so dear,
And o'er the hoary urn of time
Inspire the grateful tear.

† Alluding to the dripping of the water, and the musical noise it makes in falling from the cliff's edge.
† Alluding to the dropping of the water, and the musical noise it makes in falling from the cliff's edge.

— I'll break my staff;
Bury it even fathoms in the earth;
And, deeper than did ever plummet
I'll drown my book.

Here long, perhaps, might Shakespeare stand,
And o'er these waters pore,
Ere Prospero broke th' enchanted wand †,
And Ariel's song was o'er.

Here oft he sung of warlike deeds,
And stain'd Avona red;
Who in a bed of whispering reeds
Conceal'd his timid head.

Here soar'd the bard to foreign climes,
Advent'rous like the stork;
Or darning sung the bloody crimes
Of Lancaster and York.

S O N G

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

How long shall hapless Colin mourn
The cold regard of Delia's eye?
The heart whose only guilt is love,
Can Delia's softness doom to die?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ears!
Thy beauties, ah! divinely bright—
In one short hour by Delia's side,
I pass whole ages of delight.

Yet though I lov'd thee more than life,
Not to displease a cruel maid,
My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
And murmur'd in the distant shade.

What happier shepherd has thy smile,
A bliss for which I hourly pine?
Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vale,
Whole fleecy flocks are more than mine,

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,
And few the flocks those vales that love;
I court not Dea's heart with wealth,
A nobler bribe I offer—Love.

Yet should the virgin yield her hand,
And, thoughtless, wed for wealth alone—
The act may make my bosom bleed,
But surely cannot bid *her* own.

L I N E S

To the Memory of Mrs. TICKELL.

REplete with every charm to win the
heart,
To soothe life's sorrows, or its joys impart,
Soft—tender—elegant! her beautiful mien
Bespoke the feeling—gentle mind within.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

From her Husband's fond, adoring arms,
From Friends who weep her matchless worth
and charms,
By pale disease, which on her beauties prey'd,
Her roses blighted, and her form decay'd,
They—like the graces of her virtuous mind—
Were not for weak Mortality design'd!
Thus the sweet tub'rose, in the thorny shade,
Whose flow'rets wither, and whose honours
fade,
Till soft'ning dews and sunshine's clearing ray
Again call forth its beauties into day—

Thus, amidst the agonizing throes of war,
Truth whispers from the grave—*Thou shalt
thou blow!*
There is a coming morn shall bid thee rise,
And in the bloom of Virtue's grave you lie,
Where Truth and Piety shall live sublime,
And Worth shall find its own congenial
clime.
Then mourn not that THE SAINT, thus un-
dism'd,
Died--at that dread command—she e'er obey'd.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Ha firo, Jul 17.
THIS day his Roman Majesty arrived
here in perfect health, after an absence
of five months.

*Extrait of the Relation of the Voyage of
His Majesty to the City of Rome, the
17th of June 1787, the High Altar,
Saturday Jul 17 1787.*

His Majesty of the City of Rome reported to
the meeting, the satisfaction and joy of
the Imperial Body, and the great respect
accorded by the Senate to his Majesty.

The then present to name the memo-
rial of Baron Thulemeyer * respecting
which printed to her Royal Majesty in
Presence of the Senate, and having declared
thereon, relieved to give him the following
answer.

"That their Noble Majesty's has a
great regard for his Majesty's person, and
his illustrious Family, but that to have
attempted to constrain him to the
of the Royal Highness, and the
of Orange, and the Imperial
Baron Thulemeyer, and the
Barron, their Noble Majesty's risk no
doubt, but that his Majesty's
on his part, know of no case
is due from one Sovereign to another
therefore, from his Majesty's
ins, they can no doubt be
by their Noble Majesty's, as to
of the Sovereigns of this Province
as such, having nothing to
the peace of this country and
they, could not fail of taking
oper regard for the
as being concerned in the
business."

"That their Noble Majesty's could
have wished, that his Majesty's
ly interfered of the
circumstances of the
same has event, and then they
court, but that the
trial preferred by
Baron Thulemeyer, would
not have taken
place, and that the
Noble Majesty's
cannot think that the
Prussian Majesty's
means that her Royal
Highness should be
exalted
above the Sovereigns of the
Province, and in the
of the Province, she
with
her journey to the Hague, so far as what

concerns the State, this unforeseen matter,
they wish him not to look upon as an at-
tempt of injury to her person.

"That notwithstanding the above event,
their Noble Majesty's, publicly avowing
the high esteem they have for his Majesty,
make no scruple of declaring their pain,
that the event happened them, and they
lament it with it could have been prevented.
And that it would have been more
agreeable to the Imperial Body, if
her unexpected absence
of two years, it have communicated her in-
tention of coming to the Orange Zaal, and
what she would do, and given their Noble
Majesty's, in some
manner, a pre-
vious advice of the time, in which case
the Noble Majesty's could possibly have
concluded upon them both, and might
have repeated to her Highness the reasons
against her journey, which of course must
have occurred to them. Besides, their No-
ble Majesty's would have expatiated
what their Majesty's on the manner in which
the Prince of Prussia, Stadtholder, in the
month of September 1785, quitted the Pro-
vince with his family, and who, by re-
peated and violent contentions against the
Sovereignty of Holland, backed by number-
less pretences, made it and finally no-
cessary for the Province to discover the dis-
content, and have taken the power of the
Republic under their dominion, for that
purpose."

"The impression made by the contents
of the declaration published by the Prince,
on the 10th of May last, in which all ideas
of a trade were reproduced on this Pro-
vince was still fresh, and all that was
said between their Noble Majesty's
and the present Stadtholder, become un-
der an impression."

"And lastly, the great division in the
minds of the people of the nation, in which
the principal and most respectable part are
engaged in reclaiming their liberties, on the
so recent arms of the aristocracy, so violent-
ly taken against them, while another party
inclined to imbecility, and a thoughtless
mob, have here and there occasioned by
a
/id

* See page 80.

for the name of Orange, as a signal and token whereby most dreadfully to make it a scene of uproar and desolation.

"And besides these principal considerations for the peace of the province, her Highness ought to have observed, that with respect to her intention of coming here, so far as her aim extended by her mediation or treating with the Sovereign, to settle the differences subsisting this object, tho' praiseworthy in its first instance, never could have produced the desired effect, because it is notoriously known to the whole nation that her Royal Highness is not qualified with the requisite impartiality for a mediatrix (abstracted from the other circumstances pending between the Sovereign and his Stadtholder, or lieutenant, or the person holding that situation), besides its being non-effective, while the Hereditary Stadtholder persists in his manner of thinking and acting manifestly against the Sovereign of this province.

[The Resolution then goes on to state the particulars of the arrest of the Princess of Orange, which we have given before, and concludes in these words.]

"That all which happened in this matter, so far as their Noble Mightinesses are informed, was actually conducted in a very decent manner; in so much that some of the Commissioners accompanied her Royal Highness, at her own request, and for the security of her person, with an escort of horse to Schoonhoven, and arrived at that city; and having remained there more than one day, her Royal Highness thought proper, after being informed of the provisional deliberations of their Noble Mightinesses on that affair, to return to Nimeguen, in the execution of which she met with no opposition whatsoever; and which is evident proof that her liberty was not taken from her; the more so, that it has not appeared by letters from her Royal Highness or otherwise, that any complaints have been made to their Noble Mightinesses, either of the conduct of the Commissioners in that encounter, or upon any other matter whatever that tends to much as to a shadow of an indecent impertinent treatment, or want of respect due to her illustrious Person; in which case their Noble Mightinesses would have thought themselves authorized to inflict some penalty or reproof on the Commissioners, whose conduct has more than probably prevented a popular disturbance.

"That their Noble Mightinesses with reason assure themselves, that his Prussian Majesty, after receiving these details, will convince himself that he has not been previously informed with that requisite impartiality concerning the matter mentioned in the Memorial of the Envoy Thulemeyer; and that his Excellency Baron Thulemeyer be moreover requested to assure his Prussian Majesty, that their Noble Mightinesses set the highest esteem upon his Majesty's friendship, willing to give the most indubitable proofs thereof upon all occasions; and also

of their regard and esteem for the person of her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange and Nassau; that they also flatter themselves to expect the same from the equity of His Majesty; that he will not exact on their part, that they any ways neglect to take all the necessary steps which all Sovereigns are indispensably bound to do for the conservation, quiet, and welfare of their citizens, intrusted to their care; inasmuch as their Noble Mightinesses can give his Prussian Majesty the fullest assurances, that in their last resolutions on this matter, nothing will be moved but what will tend to the salutary views of the public tranquillity."

Resolved, That as according to the information given by the Envoy de Rhede, his Prussian Majesty has also addressed himself on this matter to the Court of France, the Pensioner shall be requested, and is hereby requested, to notify this resolution to the Marquis de Verac, his most Christian Majesty's Ambassador to this Republic, praying him to lay before his Court the necessary information; and finally, that copies of this resolution shall be transmitted to the Lords the States of the other Provinces.

Wezel, July 15. Our Governor has received a letter from the King of Prussia to the following purport:

"Whereas the situation of affairs in the Seven Provinces has now necessitated me to take an active part in them, I have resolved to march an army from 60 to 70,000 men thither; and I desire you will immediately cause the necessary preparations to be made against their arrival. For your regulation I have further to inform you, that they march the 18th of July from Magdeburgh, and will be in your parts on or about the 30th of the same month."

Hague, July 18. M. de Verac, the French Ambassador here, has informed the States of Holland, that the King his master conceives the treatment the Princess of Orange met with, in being stopped on her journey to the Hague, was a great insult. It was carrying matters to too great a length; the King of Prussia was therefore certainly justified in demanding ample satisfaction for the affront, which they would do well to give. But it is apprehended this wholesome advice comes too late.

Brussels, July 19. Last Monday Lord Torrington, Minister from the Court of London, publicly declared that he had received a letter from Germany, which informed him that the regiment of Bender was marching into the Low Countries, and had obtained a passage through the lands of the Palatinate. This news occasioned some emotion, which was much increased on receiving fresh advice that the Emperor had really given orders for an army of 60,000 men to prepare to march on the first order. The Generals are also named except the Commander in Chief, which every one supposes will be the Emperor himself.

Brussels, July 20. All we can learn at present

proposed change to the situation of the affairs of the country is, that the States of Brabant have summoned an assembly of the States of the other provinces to consult upon the proposals of the Emperor* and they have requested their Royal Highnesses, our Governors General †, and the Minister, not to set out from hence ‡ until the return of a courier, who was sent some days since to Vienna with a remonstrance to the Emperor, requesting him to publish a declaration assuring the Netherlands of the continuation of their old constitution; in return for which the States offer to give his Majesty the strongest assurances of their fidelity to him they further acquaint the Emperor, that their Royal Highnesses and the Minister have, at the request of the States, postponed their journey

Abbeville, (France) July 21 On Monday 11th, the 16th, a dreadful fire broke out at a village called Oylmont, within four leagues of this town, by which the whole place was almost entirely destroyed, as, out of 360 houses, there are but 200 remaining, and the greater part of the people killed. The conflagration was so general (from a very high wind at the time) that the poor inhabitants have lost all their effects. It began at twelve o'clock at noon and continued till two. The church is entirely destroyed, and the sacred place, &c. would have been lost, had it not been for the very extraordinary exertion of Monsieur Dunin, (vicar of a little village called Cautere) who at the hazard of his life saved the parish with the parish register. The place carries on a very considerable trade in grain, which is entirely destroyed, and such is the distress—the poor people, that had it not been for the generosity of the neighbouring villages, and some particular people in Abbeville, who sent them bread, they must absolutely have starved. The heat of the flames was so intense that the church bell was melted. The fire is supposed to have been occasioned by an old woman in liquor smoking who dropped her pipe among some straw.

Cadix, July 29 We learn at this date that the City of Mexico has just been totally destroyed by an earthquake which lasted ten minutes, and that the aqueduct and reservoir being dried up, the inhabitants who have escaped the disaster suffer the greatest scarcity of water.

Utrecht, July 30 The army of the Prince of Orange, encamped a league from this

town, having within these few days made a motion to the east, and having been reinforced by a strong detachment from the post of the village of Bunnick, they appeared to menace Vreeswyck and Zutphosa, which are occupied by the troops of Holland, and thereby to cut off the communication, which is open by the Lek, with the Province of Holland.

In order to prevent this being effected, the Rhingrave of Salm, who commands the garrison of this town, resolved to disturb them on the side of the village of Soest, which forms the communication with part of the Stadtholderian corps stationed on the side of Amerstort. And accordingly, on the 26th in the evening, he made a sortie from hence with a strong detachment from the garrison, in two columns, one of which he led in person towards Bunnick and Zeist, with an intention of making an attack, in order to prevent the execution of their designs.

The corps was composed of 300 men, cavalry and infantry, with two field pieces. They took post at Bilt from whence the cavalry marched towards the advanced posts of the Stadtholder's troops, but these having retired to their main body, it became too dangerous, owing to the obscurity of the night to pursue them. This detachment therefore returned at day-break, after exchanging only a few shots.

The other column was not so fortunate. It was commanded by Lieut. Col de Kleinberg, and composed of 50 men, cuirassiers, hussars, chasseurs, and fusiliers of the legion of Salm, one company of the regiment of Pallavicini's infantry, 48 men of the Amsterdam regiment, and a detachment of the chassiers, Burgesses.

This small body left the camp at Zeist at about a league distance on the right, and advanced on the village of Soest. They secured two advanced posts of four men each; but the principal detachment they found at Zoetdijk, a Castle at some distance from Soest, belonging to the Prince of Orange. This detachment belonged to the regiment of Hessen-Darmstadt, of the reputation of Erickland. The attack not being very happy, they profited by the advantage of their situation, and took possession of part of the Castle itself; whilst the rest kept firing under cover of the walls and hedges. The firing became very hot on both sides.

Those who were present at the action think

* The Emperor's proposed change in the constitution of the provinces, was to reform the Assembly of the States, and to new model the Courts of Judicature.—Intendants over certain districts were to be appointed, by whom justice was to be administered in a very summary mode.

† The Duke of Saxe Teschen, who married the sister of the Emperor, is the present Governor of the Austrian Netherlands.—The power is delegated to the Duke jointly with his Consort.

‡ The Duke and Duchess of Saxe Teschen, alarmed at the commotions that threatened to disturb the provinces, are since gone to Vienna, to lay before the Emperor the danger of persevering in his views of reform.

that the regiment of Hess-Darmstadt made a very noble defence. The troops of Holland and Utrecht, on their side also behaved with the greatest valour. The Ensign Van Gevfen, who owing to the defection in the regiment of Pallard, had been raised from a sergeant, was mortally wounded, and on being desired to retire the brave man continued the fight until he could be carried off his head. We had also the ill-luck to lose the peasant who, out of affection for the cause of his country, offered himself as our guide. Being deprived of our chief help and the darkness of the night not permitting us to distinguish proper objects, likewise the impetuosity of forcing the enemy's post with our small number all together made it necessary to begin a retreat and we were also under the necessity of trusting to a new guide. This guide proved treacherous, and led us towards the count of Zeist. At day break we were surrounded, and returned back to the river in which whence different detachments came to enclose us.

We do not know with precision the loss on either side. The Duke of Enghien Van Gevfen was killed, and a division wounded, also a regiment of cavalry and cavalry, but, in return, they had brought in the lion the enemy, also two grenadiers and one corporal prisoner.

The action lasted one hour and a half. When it commenced, the numbers were equal, until the enemy received a reinforcement from the regiments, Cantonnemens. The Viscount de D'Armen formerly Lieutenant of the Prussian Guards of his Most Christian Majesty, offered as a volunteer in the light infantry in his occasion.

Hague July 30. The States General of the United Provinces having deliberated on the Memorial presented to them on the 15th inst. by Monsieur de L'Islemevet Extraordinary from the King of Prussia, it is determined, that the Ambassadors shall be informed that they have intercepted an application to the States General on the subject of what lately happened with regard to the Princes of Orange without their consent, and therefore must leave to the States of Holland and West Friesland to answer the contents as the States General would not in any wise be answerable on the occasion.

Memoria presented to the State General of the United Provinces by the King of Prussia.

His Majesty the Prussian Majesty commands his Extraordinary Under-Secretary to communicate to your High Mightinesses the Memorial here annexed, which he has had the honour of transmitting to their Noble and Grand Powers the States of Holland respecting the attack made upon the august

person of the sister of his Majesty, and the repeated demand of a proportionate satisfaction for that insult.

His Majesty is anxious to give your High and Powerful Mightinesses this new mark of his confidence and constancy of friendship. He gratefully returns his approbation of the conduct which you have adopted and adhered to in the course of the whole of this disagreeable event, and the repeated exhortations you have made use of to bring about such a disposition as his Majesty has a right to expect from the Province chiefly interested in rendering satisfaction to the honour and demands of a Prince the friend and neighbour of the Republic.

His Majesty does not in the least doubt that your High Mightinesses will persevere in the same proceedings, and contribute to effect without loss of time, such satisfaction as the King demands.

At the Hague August 6, 1787.

Signed DE FRIJLMEYER.
Memoria presented to their Noble and Grand Powers the States of Holland and West Friesland by the Extraordinary from his Prussian Majesty.

His Majesty the Prussian Majesty has transmitted to the hands of the King his master the Resolutions which your Noble and Grand Powers have ordered to be returned in answer to his Memorial of the 15th July, respecting the attack made upon the person of the august sister of the Monarch.

The King could not without extreme surprise learn that instead of fulfilling his just expectations of an offer of satisfaction proportionate to the insult, an answer has been grounded on arguments evasive and insufficient. His Majesty will not dissemble to your Noble, Great and Powerful Lords, that the presented answer of the motives which have caused after Royal Highness to be the cause of the presentment of a paper in that manner, never, yet a colour or pretext to the proceedings of the Commissioners sitting at Woerden, such a suspicion is not justified as a new insult.

The Princes, however, have declared that they did not undertake the journey to the Hague but from motives the most respectable to quiet all minds and to prevent the means of a general reconciliation in the Provinces were sufficient to give the Deputies of your Noble and Grand

Provinces the most perfect conviction of her intentions. If the people overflowing with love and gratitude to the illustrious Heirs of the founders of the liberty and independence of the Belgic States, should have forgotten themselves, and become tumultuous, if the presence of the august consort of the Stadtholder should have produced such demonstrations of joy as would have affected the

the public tranquillity the means of making the residence of the Sovereign secure from any attack, and unprosperous of any danger, which was probably expected in expectation, were left to the discretion of your Noble and Great Highnesses.

The care besides with which her Royal Highness had preserved a just and steady memory from being made of any other and distinguished zeal, by concealing her private knowledge of her approaching arrival, by a circumstance which gave her new credit to the acknowledgment of her Government.

It is at the Hague, N. H. Graun, and Powerful Lords, this is your own licence, where every citizen ought to enjoy full liberty as established by the enlightened wisdom of our ancestors, that the resolution was taken to deny an entrance into the Province of Holland to the sister to a King Monarch to the comfort of a Prince invested with the duties of a monarch.

The King will be gratified with the opportunity of the visit of the Duke of the Com. B. of W. and a great deal of this will be done.

Her Majesty will, however, consider that the great advantage of a nation in which was given and executed. A number of armed persons, attending the entrance of the Royal Highness, and the entrance that followed her, was rather be omitted a private than a public Prince's entrance to prevent from her illustrious birth, her noble and eminent qualities, her virtues and excellencies, which she has constantly and impartially consecrated to the service of the Republic. Her Royal Highness arrived at Schoonhoven, where she was stationed in all the views of her life, and an officer even presented her with a naked sword in her hand. From this comes to our rageous and effective to make a deep impression upon the mind of the King, my Master. His Majesty could not but be injured as offered to hurt his mind at the instance, and in conformity with the express orders of his Majesty, that the unobeyed again makes a demand from your Noble and Grand Powers, of an immediate and suitable satisfaction for the same, which is offered.

His Majesty further enjoins me not to hold any correspondence with him, that he will insist upon the same, but without, and that he will not consent to be left with a discussion of detailed circumstances, vague excuses, or further hints and evasions. The King is by no means insensible of the respect due to the Republic of the United Provinces and the illustrious Assembly of the States General, which represent the Sovereignty of the State with regard to foreign Powers. His Majesty has been pleased to approve, with the most grateful acknowledgements, of the declared disavowal and discountenance which their High Majesties have manifested to the measures adopted in Holland respecting the point which makes the subject of the present memorial.

The testimonies of friendship, which the King and his august predecessors have at all times been ready to give to the Republic of the United Provinces, on many interesting and critical occasions, authorize her Majesty to expect from your Noble and Grand Powers a just return of respect, and a representation of the same with the undersigned is charged to represent complaints. It is from your presence, Noble Council, and Powerful Lords, and the result of your further deliberations on this subject, that his Majesty expects an answer speedy and satisfactory.

At the Hague, Aug. 6. 1797.

(Signed) LEOPOLD II. EMPEROR.

Her Imperial Majesty, during her absence of four months, visited this capital on Saturday evening, from Zwickau, where she had a reception from the citizens of a long and happy journey. The Emperor was received with the greatest joy by all ranks of people, who testified the fidelity of their loyalty by illuminations, bonfires, and other public rejoicings. The cannon of the garrisons and of the Armaments, were discharged on the occasion, and the citizens of war and mercenary in uniform, and at Cronstadt on her entrance into the city, and died in the excess of her reflective nations. On Sunday morning her Majesty went to the Cathedral church, to which she was attended by the whole Court, being met at the entrance of the choir by all the tutors and students, who in their respective habits, were all made a public offering at the altar, which was splendidly decorated on the occasion, a choir thanks for her safe return. Prayers and a Te Deum were sung by the Cathedral choir, and in the other churches out of happy occasion. The prisoners are going to be hung upon, so that captives (going to murder) in the general joy of Com. De Murray, Governor-General of the Low Countries, has published a note, on the date August 6, which has been sent to the different States of the Low Countries, de

That he will not hesitate to inform them, that the Emperor is not pleased with the late appearance of the 15th of July, which succeeded on the part of the people impudently contrary to the confidence which he had justly expected from all classes of his subjects, whilst it also gave birth to ideas contrary to the dignity of a Sovereign.

His Majesty thought that these circumstances rendered a meeting of his troops necessary otherwise the State and nation would not expect to see peace properly restored.

His Majesty, however, expressly authorized his Excellency to assure them, that the meeting of his troops had not for its object any design against the constitution of the country, or any other steps contrary to the laws.

The States and all the nation must be sensible,

sensible, no doubt, that he was doing nothing contrary to the constitution by the marching of his troops; and all inquietude or distrust on this subject, would justly cause his Majesty to doubt the truth of the assertions which the States had made of their fidelity and attachment, which they had announced on the 28th of July, and the intention of treating them paternally, with other subjects of general welfare, addressed to the States of Brabant on the third of July by his Majesty, as it would be a scandal for all Europe, if, after the honours which his Majesty had announced, his subjects only could have the idea of his troops remaining only in a state of inaction, as if they were in the service of some foreign Prince, and in simple quarters on a march.

The conduct of the nation, respecting the intended meeting of the troops, being among others, regarded by his Majesty as the touchstone of their confidence and their faith; His Majesty, at the same time, has given his Excellency to understand, that according as he was informed the nation behaved, he would give a qualification, that the German troops designed for the Low Countries should not pass the frontiers of his hereditary States, except the regiment of Bender, which his Majesty, for particular reasons of service, had judged necessary to send to Luxembourg.

Paris, Aug. 6. This day the King held a *bed of Justice* at Versailles. The different Members of the Parliament and of the Council arrived at half an hour after ten, and his Majesty took the throne about eleven. After a short speech, in which he expressed regret at the necessity of any taxes, and his determined will that his edicts should be registered, he referred the Parliament for a further explanation to the Chancellor. The Chancellor then expatiated, not only on the present urgent necessity for raising money for the exigencies of the State, but also on the propriety and justice of those edicts which his Majesty had recommended. Mons. d'Aligre then rose, and in a very nervous manner justified the conduct of Parliament in their refusal, declaring that his Majesty had been deceived by his Council respecting the necessity of any taxes, as well as the expediency of those that were proposed. Seeing that several ladies and different persons had been present on such an interesting occasion, he forbore from prudence saying all that he should have said more on the matter, but hoped to have some more favourable opportunity of declaring to his Majesty the real sentiments of his subjects*. The Attorney

General followed him in a very animated speech, which he concluded by requesting, that if the edicts must be registered, they might be permitted to indorse on the back of them, that they were registered by the "express command of his Majesty." At length the two edicts for the territorial and stamp tax were registered, and the assembly then broke up.

Paris, Aug. 9. The Parliament of Paris sat on Tuesday, and entered on their journals a formal protest against the edict for the Stamp-tax, specifying, That it had been registered the day before by the express command of the King, against the approbation and consent of the Parliament; that it neither ought nor should have any force; and that the first person who presumed to carry the edict into execution, should be adjudged a traitor, and condemned to the galleys.* The other Parliaments of France have formed, as it is said, the same resolution.

Bruges, Aug. 9. A few days ago there appeared a declaration of a very strong nature from the inhabitants of Holland against William the Vth. In this piece, which breathes nothing but warm resentment, the Prince of Orange is treated as being ungrateful, unfaithful, and perfidious in his conduct. He is reproached with having formed an aristocratic cabal, the end of which is to subvert the constitution; with having formed alliance with England, whilst Holland was at war with her; and to have made their territory the theatre of a civil war. After these accusations the inhabitants declare him stripped of all his dignities, and desire that he may be considered in every respect as a traitor to his country, as perjured in his oath, and disobedient to the orders of his Lords and Masters; that they deprive him of all his advantages, confiscate all his effects, and that, as he behaves himself like another Duke of Alva, he be proscribed and delivered into the hands of the Sovereign, to receive the recompence due to his conduct, &c.

The following Memorial has been presented to the States General by Sir James Harris, *Ambrassy Extraordinary from his Britannic Majesty*.

Might and Mighty Lords,

The King, animated with the truest and most sincere sentiments of friendship for your High Mightinesses, cannot, without extreme pain, see the continuation of the unfortunate troubles which subsist in the Republic of the

* The Count d'Artois, brother to the King, is said to have declared hastily, "If I were King, you should comply." To this the President, bowing respectfully, replied, "If you were King, I should say as I now do: My heart is the people's, my understanding is my own, and my head is the King's!"

United Provinces; and which, by their consequences, threaten the most grievous consequences.

The Memorials which the undersigned Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary has presented to your High Mightinesses, since he had the honour to reside here, have shewn, that the King his master, as a good friend and neighbour of the Republic, has never ceased desiring to see peace re-established; and his Majesty will be always disposed to co-operate on his part, in such manner as your High Mightinesses may judge proper.

His Majesty having observed that the States of the Provinces of Zealand and Friesland have declared their disposition to ask the mediation of some neighbouring powers, (in case that your High Mightinesses judge such intervention necessary) and that that of Zealand has called to mind, on this occasion, the repeated assurances which the King has given of his friendship for the United Provinces; the undersigned has express orders to assure your High Mightinesses, that his Majesty has constantly strongly at heart the re-establishment of the tranquillity of the Republic, the preservation of the true Constitution, and the maintenance of the just rights and privileges of all its members. His Majesty feels the greatest satisfaction, in having reason to think that the internal means furnished by the constitution itself, have power sufficient to accomplish so salutary an object. But at the same time, if your High Mightinesses are decided, that it is necessary to recur to a foreign mediation, and to invite his Majesty; then in natural consequence of his affection, and of his good will for the Republic, the King will be eager to prove to your High Mightinesses, his sincere desire to employ all the care that may depend on his Majesty to bring the negotiation to a happy, solid, and permanent issue.

JAMES HARRIS.

Hague, Aug. 14, 1787.

Hague, Aug. 15. In the Utrecht Gazette of the 13th inst. an extract is inserted of a Memorial from the Baron de Rhede, Envoy Extraordinary from their High Mightinesses at the Court of Berlin to the States General, informing them that the Prussian Court had proposed to that of Versailles, some points on which a mediation might be begun, with respect to the affairs of Holland. The points are said to be, that the military shall be recalled from the Province of Utrecht; that the differences subsisting in the City of

Utrecht shall be left to the decision of some arbitrators; that the Province of Holland shall not force the other Provinces to accept their regulations of Government; that the jurisdiction of the Captain-General shall be revoked, and the Government of the Hague restored to the Prince; that the Prince shall be requested to return to Holland; and that the licentiousness of the press shall be restrained.

Paris, Aug. 16. Yesterday the Parliament of Paris were by his Majesty ordered to Troyes. The officers appointed to execute the King's orders received their instructions in the night, and with several parties of the French guards went early in the morning to the house of each member, to signify to him his Majesty's commands, which were, that he should immediately get into his carriage and depart for Troyes, without writing, or even speaking to any body out of his own house. By this sudden and secret manner of acting, the whole business was executed without any alarm to the people.

His Majesty, to soften the rigour of this act to his people, has made a display of many economical retrenchments in his household: Five of his palaces—*Châssy, La Muette, Meudon, Vincennes, and Ebois*, are to be sold by public vendue, or demolished. Besides this, all the houses belonging to his Majesty at Paris, except the *Louvre*, and the *Châsserie*, are to be disposed of. The Queen has made a retrenchment of nine hundred thousand *livre*, annually.

Saturday the declaration respecting the stamps, and the edict for a land-tax, were published.

[The stamp-duty bill in France extends to the following objects, viz. to letters, provisions, nominations, patents, commissions, offices, charges or places under the King, Queen, or the Princes; to any employment conferred in the army, the navy, the law, the church, or the finances; to grants, privileges, concessions, honourable charges; to ecclesiastical preferments, immunities, &c., &c. All certificates, wills, receipts, bills of exchange, letters of credit, or any order on the Treasury, must be written on stamped paper; as likewise licences for carriages, lottery tickets, *Mont de Pitié**, policies or acknowledgments, letters usually sent to relations, friends, &c. with news of a preaching marriage, or recent deaths; plays bills, music-paper, requests, memorials, juridical consultations, briefs, petitions, remonstrances, news-papers, periodical publi-

* A place where you recur to for pledging goods, or other portable effects. You pay at the rate of ten per cent. and at the end of the year the policies must be renewed by paying the interest, or else the goods are sold. The surplus, however, is given to the owner.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

actions, such as journals, gazettes, mercantile, &c. &c. all must be published and circulated with a Stamp-mark. * This duty certainly embraces many objects not mentioned

in ours; and no private agreements, or trifling sums, can ever elude it, on account of there being a heavy fine in case of neglect or non-compliance.]

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

July 31.

BOTH Houses of Parliament, which stood prorogued until this day, were further prorogued until Tuesday the 10th day of October next.

Government has received intelligence of 16 sail of French ships now being arrived in the Tagus. They consist of one vessel of 64 guns, 13 frigates, and two cutters.

August 1. A great concourse of people assembled this day to see the ascension of two balloons, according to advertisement, from the Vitrol ground, in the borough. About half past two o'clock, one of them ascended, but without any creature in the boat attached, and continued in flight about half an hour. The other was demolished by the disappointed mob, who forced them down into the ground, and did much damage. The proprietors of the balloons escaped their fury by flight.

A young Lady (Miss Fult,) daughter of Lady Fult, lately departed from Bristol to the Continent with a son of Mrs (Lieut. Boardman). The happy couple were immediately pursued by several of the Lady's friends, who traced them to an hotel at Lille, by their having incontinently made no secret of their names. Although they had been twice married, yet from some defect of form, neither marriage is legal. Application was immediately made to the Court of France for an order for Miss Fult to be delivered up to her friends, and granted by the Monarch on the 16th of last month, and the bride put under an arrest until advice of the young Lady's late arrival in England should be received by the Governor of Lille. Miss Fult is returned home, and appears not the least mortified in being deprived of her love. Her fortune is said to be more than 200,000l.

3. The Council at Bengal published on the 14th of February last, by a Gazette extraordinary, an order.

4. That all the paper signed before and on the 6th of May 1786, numbering No. 265 of the General Register 1786-7, will be discharged on application at the General Bank, on or after Monday the 17th instant. The interest on this paper will cease on the 18th of Feb. 1787.

5. The interest which became due on the Hon. Company's bonds between the 6th and the 13th of Dec. 1787, inclusive, will con-

tinue to be discharged at the Treasury until Wednesday the 21st inst when such as remain not taken up, will be appropriated to the discharge of the paper next ordered for payment.

In the beginning of the year 1786, the East-India Company's paper in Bengal, which was considered more valuable than that of any of the other Presidencies bore a discount of from 24 to 25 per cent; but their credit is so considerably increased since that period, that at the time the Ganges East-India Company sailed from Bengal, the discount had fallen full 20 per cent.

6. *Monday, Aug. 4.* On Thursday last, between twelve and one o'clock, His Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived from Germany, and soon after set out for Westminster.—*Gazette.*

7. It appears from an accurate observation, that the quantity of rain that fell during the week before last in the neighbourhood of Leinster, was in the proportion of 1.17 highland and 31 gallons per acre. It was the wettest week ever noticed there.

8. Commenced, for the first time, the plying of the new mail from Millford Haven, in Pembroke-shire, to Waterford in Ireland, where two new packets are employed, which are to ply alternately daily, wind and weather permitting. By this new conveyance, all the south and west parts of Ireland will have the advantage of a ready communication, which the late great increase of trade to much requires.

The whole surplus of the public revenue, after completing the million for paying off the public debt, amounted on the fifth of July last, to 999,000l. during the foregoing year.

9. *Monday, Aug. 8.* This day his Royal Highness the Duke of York was, by his Majesty's command, introduced into the Privy Council by the Right Hon. Earl Carrington, Lord President, where his Royal Highness took his place at the upper end of the board, on his Majesty's left hand.

10. This morning the disagreeable news was received at the East-India House of the ship *Hazelwell*, Capt. Flett, being totally lost on her outward-bound voyage the 24th of May, off Cape Bona Vista, near the shore; both ship and cargo are irrecoverable, but the captain and crew were saved.

13. This

PREFERMENTS

13. This day, the birth-day of his Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, who has now entered into the twenty-sixth year of his age, was publicly observed for the first time since his Royal Highness came of age, at Windsor, with every demonstration of joy. There was a Royal dinner; and a concert, too, and supper, to which a select party of nobility and gentry were invited, and the town of Windsor was illumined in the evening. In London demonstrations were more splendid and more numerous.

16. Being the birthday of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, who enters into the 23rd year of his age, it was observed at Windsor in the same manner as that of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on Monday.

21. In this night's Gazette is an advertisement from the Stamp office, bearing the 24th of September for being to form the post office date for three years, pursuant to the directions of an act of Parliament. The first printed notice been received, at which order to be put up, and the several duties fixed on, are as follow:

No.	Districts.	Postage
1.	North Britain	7,167
2.	Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham	7,392
3.	Yorkshire	7,572
4.	Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire	7,500
5.	Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire	6,225
6.	Northamptonshire, Rutlandshire, Warwickshire, Oxfordshire	7,000
7.	Wiltshire, Worestershire, Gloucestershire	7,237
8.	Northfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridgeshire	7,800
9.	Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire	4,877
10.	Huntingdonshire, Hertfordshire	7,775
11.	Surrey	5,755
12.	Middlesex, incl. London and Westminster	13,262
13.	Kent, Suffex	10,572
14.	Essex, Berkshire	7,614
15.	Devon, Cornwall, Somerset	8,783
16.	North Wales	2,384
17.	South Wales	1,172

P R E F E R M E N T S, AUGUST 1787.

SIR Fred. Haldmand, to be Governor of Gibraltar.

George Hildage, esq; to be his Majesty's Justice of the counties of Glamorgan, Brecon, and Radnor, with the County of Wales.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Harvey to be his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary to the Great Duke of Tuscany.

2^d Regiment of Foot. Major General James Paolton, from the 6th Foot to be Colonel, vice Lieut. Gen. Sir James Gray, promoted to the 20th (or King's Royal Irish) Regiment of dragoons.

Mr. Blizard, Surgeon of the London Hospital, to be professor of anatomy to the Corporation of Surgeons.

The Right Hon. William Eden, to be his

Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of Spain.

The Duke of York has made the following appointments in his Royal Highness's household, viz. Mar. Gen. Grenville, Comptroller—Col. George Hutton, Treasurer—Col. Robert Abercrombie, Lieut. Col. William Mansfield, Capt. Charles Crawford, and Henry Buntury, esq; Clerks of the Bed-chamber.

His Majesty has been pleased by Letters Patent under the Great Seal of Great-Britain to erect the Province of Nova Scotia into a Bishop's See, and to appoint the Rev. Charles Inglis, D. D. Bishop of the said See.

John Coff, esq; to be Deputy Solicitor for that particular branch that relates to the Letters only.

M A R R I A G E S, AUGUST 1787.

At Porter's Lodge, Hertfordshire, Ashton Charzay, esq; to the Hon. Miss Lowe, daughter to Lord Viscount Howe.

William Hutson, esq; of Gate-burton, Lincolnshire, to Miss Scope, of Lincoln.

At East-Newton, Northamptonshire Peter De Vos, esq; to the Rt. Hon. Lady Charlotte Fomor.

Rev. Philip Fisher, rector of Elton in Huntingdonshire, to Miss Roberts, daughter of David Roberts, esq; of Brentford.

Richard Clarke, esq; of the Inner Temple, to the Hon. Miss Foley, of Chandos-street, daughter of the late Lord Foley.

At Little Missenden, Bucks, Dr. Ferris, physician, to Mrs. Reddall, of Great James-street, Bedford-row.

At Tottenham, the Rev. John Shepton, to Miss Noble, daughter of the late John Noble, esq; of Bristol.

John Hallhead, esq; merchant of London, to Miss Anne Maria Caswall, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Caswall, of Swadley, Oxon.

George Calvert, esq; of the Coldstream Regiment of guards, to Miss Haddock, niece to the Earl of Northampton.

Charles

Charles Palmer, esq; of Wastead, Esq. to Miss Anna Mudge, of the same place.

At Nottingham, the Hon. Charles Strangways, brother to the Earl of Chester, to Miss Jane Haines, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Haines.

Captain Gonville Bromhead, of the 62d regiment of foot, to Miss Jane French, daughter of Sir Charles French, bart. of Castle French in Ireland.

Wm. Cieland Moore, esq; of Barbadoes, to Miss Stuart, sister to Sir Robert Stuart, bart.

The Rev. Mr. Richardes, vicar of Tetbury, to Miss Elizabeth Thomas, youngest daughter of Timothy Thomas, esq; of Uley.

The Rev. N. A. Bliss, of Colerne, Wilts, to Miss Drowet, of Belvidere, Bath.

James Merrett, Esq; to Miss Drage, niece to John Drage, Esq; late High Sheriff for Cambridgeshire.

John Bowles, esq; barrister at law, to Miss Fokett, of Monmouthplace.

Mr. Thomas Pote, bookseller of Eton, to Miss Maria Kendall.

Mr. Oliver Toulmin, of Essex-street, Strand, Navy Agent, to Miss Toulmin of Hackney.

Capt. Baker, of the Coldstream regiment of guards, to Miss Baddeson, of Wyck, only daughter of the late Capt. Baddeson.

Lord Compton, son of the Earl of Northampton, to Miss Smith, eldest daughter of Joshua Smith, of Earl Stoke Park in the county of Wilts.

The Rev. Matthew Babington, rector of Rhadley, in Leicestershire, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to Miss Drake, daughter of Mr. Alderman Drake, of Leicester.

The Rev. James Hartley, rector of Staveley, near Burghbridge, to Mrs. Charlotte Brooke, of the former place.

At Gosforth, the Rev. Mr. Ord, vicar of Whitfield, Northumberland, to Miss Brandling, daughter of Charles Brandling, esq; Member for Newcastle.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, AUGUST 1787.

JULY 19.

MR. Robert Davison, Clapton.

20. Robert Hindley Trenchard, Esq. of Leigh, in Somersetshire.

Mr. Richard Samuel, Assistant Secretary to the Society of Arts and Sciences.

21. John Clarke, of Cowley-street, Westminster, Esq.

22. At Bath, George Cooper, Esq. of Freshford.

At Bath, Lady Ishell Stovely.

24. At Sir John Blamere's, at Port Lemon, in Ireland, Mrs. Dobson, wife of Robert Dobson, Esq. of the 20th regiment of foot.

Mr. Mark Morell, of Welbegrord.

25. At Brightelmston, Mr. Arthur Davis.

26. At Eton, in the county of Litcherick, Mrs. Gray, wife of Standish Gray, Esq.

Lately, at Wington, in Somersetshire, Dr. Samuel Wathen, many years Physician in London, and late of Thorking, in Surrey.

27. At Chelsea, Gussyld Price, Esq. one of his Majesty's Council.

Mr. Thomas Hurd, of John-street, Tottenham-court Road.

Lately, at Edinburgh, Mr. Robert Dow, Minister of Adrossian.

28. Mrs. Tickell, wife of Richard Tickell, Esq. and daughter of Mr. Limley, at Bristol. Mrs. Tickell was one season on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre, where she first ap-

peared in the character of Sally, in Mr. Colman's Man and Wife.

The Rev. Mr. Newcome, of Hobbets, in Suffolk, son of the late Dean of Rochester.

Mr. Bicknell, hatter and hoser to the King.

29. Edward Bridgen, Esq. merchant, in Lovell's court, Paternoster-row, Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and Treasurer to the latter.

Mr. Bromwich, formerly of Ludgate-hill, who had acquired a considerable fortune by the manufacturing paper hangings in imitation of stucco-work, as well as of damasks, brocades, and other stuffs employed for hanging rooms. He was a candidate for Alderman of Farringdon Without, in opposition to Mr. Willers.

Mr. Joel Oseland, ironmonger, of the Hermitage-bridge.

Mr. John Frogatt, attorney, in Castle-street, Leicester-fields.

Mr. Thomas Hatcher, callico-printer, at Mitcham.

30. William Romer, Esq. who at the close of the German war was deputed Agent by several Provinces in the Prussian dominions to liquidate their demands on Government.

Daniel Brodie, Esq. one of the oldest Captains in the Royal Navy.

31. Mrs. Field, one of the co-heiresses of the late Paul Field, Esq. Member for Hertford.

MONTHLY ORITUARY.

August 1. Mr. William Cook, of the South Sea House.

Mr Peter Auber, silk weaver, in Spital-square.

Mr White, partner with Messrs. Parsons and Govett, mercers, at Aldgate.

At Aberdeen, Mrs Alhiryco, Lady of Alexander Alhiryco, Esq. of Donaton, and daughter of Alexander Baxter, Colonel General of Russia.

Mr Henry Hanson, Miles's-lane.

Lately, Maynard Colchester, Esq. at the Hill, near Mitcheldean, one of the Justices of Peace for Gloucestershire.

2. Mrs. Stanton, relict of Dr. Stanton, of Norfolk.

At Stockton, Mr. George Wear, surgeon.

Lately, Dr. Wilter Cope, Bishop of Leghlin and Fern.

3. Charles Rennett, Esq. of the Middle Temple.

Mr John Dickenson, at Wanstead, Essex.

Mrs Shaw, of St. John's Church, near Westminster, china painter and gilder.

Lately, at Drury Common, near Wandsworth, Mr Archibald Watson, who with his wife and 22 children were shown to the late King and Queen Caroline, at Hampton Court, in 1797.

4. At Turin Green, in the 33rd year of his age, John Sater, Esq. Major General of his Majesty's force, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st regiment of foot guards.

John Baynes, Esq. special pleader, in Gray's Inn. (See p. 14.)

Mr. Bill, of Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell.

Mr. William Nelson, late an o'le-man in the Strand.

Lady Hodges, relict of Sir James Hodges.

5. John Davies, Esq. P lace-yard, Westminster.

Lately, at Southampton, Mr Geo. Smith, timber merchant, at Lambeth.

6. Mr. John Rackman, land-surveyor at Portsmouth.

At Kendal, Mr. John Thompson, aged 7.

Lately, Hugh Lawson, Esq. Hull.

7. At Ipswich, James Harley, Esq.

At Richmond, in Yorkshire, in the 83d year of his age, the Rev. Francis Blackmore, D. D. Rector of that parish, Archdeacon of Cleveland, and Prebendary of York. He was author of *The Confessional*, and several other learned works.

Lately, at Ashborne, in Derbyshire, Mr. John Goodwin, attorney at law.

8. At West Bromwich, aged 84, Mrs. Sarah Brett, the last daughter of the celebrated Mr. Matthew Henry.

John Tufson, Esq. Lieutenant Colonel of the marines, and one of the oldest officers of that corps.

Lately, at Buxton, Richard Brough, Esq. Major of the 30th regiment of foot.

9. Mr. Hugh James, formerly an eminent grocer in Fleet-street.

At Northampton, Robert Clavering, Esq.

11. At Newton, near Stockton, Robert Cookin, Esq.

12. Mrs. Nairne, wife of Mr. Edward Nairne, of Cornhill.

Mr. Henry Bath, formerly apothecary to the Small Pox Hospital.

Lately, at Preston, Thomas Gresham, Esq. many years senior Alderman and Father of the Corporation.

13. At Liburn, in Northumberland, John Collinwood, Esq.

Lately, at Aired, in Northumberland, Mrs. Kerr, aged 111.

14. Lady Boughton, mother of the late Sir Isaac Bus Boughton.

Mr. Yale, surgeon and apothecary, Chandos street, Covent Garden.

At the Hague, Hirc de Pinto, in the 72d year of his age, justly esteemed for his integrity and wisdom. With his demise ceases a pension of 5000 per annum he enjoyed from the English East-India Company since 1761.

The Rev. Dr. Edmund Iaw, Bishop of Carlisle, to Walter of St. Peter house Colledge Cambridge, aged 4.

At Yeovil, John Old Goodford, Esq. Justice of Peace for Somersetshire.

At Falkirk, James Hamilton, Esq. son of the late William Hamilton, of Withlaw, Esq.

15. Mrs. Brook, widow of Mr. Brooks, late of the Bath theatre.

Mr. Joseph Reel, of Sun Tavern Fields, rope-maker, author of *The Register Office*, &c. (A further account of this author and his writings in our next.)

Mr. Christopher Jones, bricklayer, in Great Kyoct street, St. James's.

Lately, Lieutenant Joseph Lash, of the Royal Navy. On the 10th of April 1747, he with 50 men boarded and took the *old* *Southern* of war in St. Martin's Roads, with 100 men on board, and carried her safe to port.

16. The Right Hon. John Ponsoby, late Speaker of the House of Commons, in Ireland.

Lately, at Cork in Ireland, in the 84th year of his age, Robert Berkeley, D. D. Vicar-General of Cloyne, and last surviving brother of the celebrated Bishop of that Diocese.

17. William Thorpe Holder, Esq. of Grovener Place. Mr.

OBITUARY—BANKRUPTS.

Mr. Thomas Mayne, of Pouter's End.
Mr. French, hofier, in Drury-lane.
 19. The Rev. Dr. Henry Peckwell, in James-street, Westminster. The cause of his death is said to have happened as follows: On Thursday the 10th instant Dr. Peckwell opened the body of a young woman who died of a decline. The Doctor had very accurately examined the lungs, which were in a highly putrid state, and having of course handled them, much sturid matter adhered. In drawing up the body, he unfortunately run the needle into his hand, which introduced some of the virus matter, or, in other words, inoculated him with putridity. Dr. Peckwell little attended to the circumstance that day; on Friday he found a swelling in his arm, but was so little indisposed, that he preached on Friday evening at Westminster chapel. On Sunday morning at two o'clock he was d with a most violent fever, and immediately sent for some medical friends; the fever baffled every effort of the most skilful practitioners, and the only apparent hope of saving his life was by searificing a limb; it was therefore resolved to take off his arm. On Friday morning Mr. Bromfield and Mr. Potts, attended by Sir Lucas Pepys, Dr. Warren, and Mr. Young, met to perform the operation, but it was then found that the

mortification had spread so universally thro' the frame, that no success was likely to attend the amputation; it was therefore abandoned, and on Sunday afternoon he died.

- Kingsford Venner, Esq. at Chelsea.
 19. John Barnwall Curzon, Esq. of Water Perry, in Oxindune.
 Lately at Cheam House, near Epsom, in Surrey, Leggard Hamwood, Esq.
 20. At Edmonton, Mr. John Naudin, one of the Masters of the French School in Well-street, Hackney.
 Miss Catherine Courtenay, daughter of the Right Hon. Lady Catherine.
 21. The Rev. William Plucknett, Rector of Thornton, near Colchester, Essex.
 At Rotherhithe, aged 94, Capt. Cousins, upwards of 50 years in the Leghorn trade.
 Mr. Legard, Keeper of the Lord Chamberlain's Office.
 22. Edward Gilbert, Esq. in Featherstone Building.
 23. At East Bourne, Suffex, Colonel Henry Gordon, of the corps of Royal Engineers, and Commander in Chief of the Engineers in the Leeward Islands. He landed the 15th instant at East Bourne, but on account of illness was unable to proceed to London.
 24. At Powis Place, Anthony Richardson, Esq. in the 50th year of his age.

B A N K R U P T S.

JOHN French, of Fenchurch-street, book- seller. John Edge, now or late of Bradburn, Lancashire, shopkeeper. William Haywood, of Water Lane, Tower street, broker. William Drought, late of Stockwell, Surrey, but now of the King's Bench prison, brewer. George Hulky, of Bridge road, Lambeth, Surrey, taylor. William Field, of Feversham, Kent, shopkeeper. Samuel William York, of East Grinstead, Sussex, shopkeeper. Abraham Froud, of New Sarum, Wilts, mercer. Alexander H. D. D. of Bur street, East Smith field, molten mariner. Thomas Robinson, of Birmingham, gun maker. William Martin, of Birmingham, watch chain and toy maker. William Spooner, in Birmingham, law maker. Edmund B. Kirk, of New Houses, near Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothier. John Lodge, of Cornhill, merchant. Edward Knott, of Fenchurch street, shopkeeper. Frederick Brallat, of Satal square, weaver. Edward Beck, of Ludlow, Derby, grazier. William Mathare, of Bristol, whole sale woollen draper. Miles Broxbank, of Whitehaven, money lender. John Bolmer, of York, lawn draper. Robert Macglashan, of Norwich, and John Edwards the younger,

of Swanton, paper makers. Edward Smith, late of Clare street, Corn market, grocer. Thomas Donne, of Osborne place White-chapel, silk broker. Caleb Crookenden and Michael Taylor, of Tottenham, Suffex, and James Smith of Lancaster, ship builders. Robert Furness, of Wapping, broker. Richard Solimony, William Barrow, William Carr, and Hugh Stamp, all late of Chipping, Lancashire, mercantile. Thomas Brideoake, late of Munford court, Milk street, warehouseman. Thomas Malcome, of Bristol, grocer. John Barrow and William Barrow, of Lancaster, merchants. William Worther, of Old Palace yard, victualler. John Liddopp, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, merchant. William Philip Griffin, of Worcester, glove maker. Philip Swenham, jun. of Barnstable, Devonshire, money lender. John Page, late of Gough-square, jeweller. Gregory Jackson Hickman and John Dawson, of Birmingham, merchants. Ann Strachan, of Stockwell, baker. Joseph Birch, of Ilington road, a trader. James Linn, of Birmingham, grocer. Robert Moore, of Surrey-street, Strand, taylor. George Sang, of Smith's buildings, taylor. Richard Garland, of York, butter-factor.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In expectation of receiving further remarks from our Correspondent C—T—O, we have given the present the title of No. I.

Juba—S. K.—J. B.—o.—Grandison Habukuk—Decius—The Epistle to Warren Hastings—Theatrus, and some others, are received.

Several pieces of our Poetical Correspondents, intended for this Month, are obliged to be postponed.

The *Views of Ancient Buildings*, recommended by *Antiquarius*, shall be attended to. One of them had already been pointed out by another Correspondent.

Reflector deserves no notice.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Sept. 10, to Sept. 15, 1787.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	5	8	3	3	6	2	4	3	6	6
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middlesex	5	8	3	6	3	2	8	4	0	0
Surry	5	10	3	3	0	0	2	5	4	6
Hertford	5	10	3	5	3	7	2	4	4	3
Bedford	5	7	3	6	3	0	2	3	3	9
Cambridge	5	6	3	3	0	0	0	1	3	4
Huntingdon	5	3	0	0	2	1	0	1	1	3
Northampton	5	7	3	1	3	0	2	1	3	0
Rutland	5	6	0	0	3	4	2	6	4	0
Leicester	6	4	0	0	3	6	2	3	4	4
Nottingham	5	9	4	0	3	0	2	5	4	3
Derby	6	9	0	0	0	0	2	7	4	10
Stafford	5	11	0	0	3	3	2	5	4	4
Stop	6	0	4	4	3	0	2	5	5	6
Hereford	5	4	0	0	3	6	2	0	0	0
Worcester	5	11	3	1	3	5	2	4	3	8
Warwick	5	5	0	0	0	0	2	4	3	11
Gloucester	5	7	0	0	2	7	2	1	4	1
Wilts	6	3	4	2	3	0	2	5	4	3
Berks	5	11	3	5	3	3	2	5	3	7
Oxford	5	4	0	0	3	1	2	3	3	3
Bucks	5	8	0	0	3	2	2	4	3	9

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	5	7	3	3	3	0	2	4	3	9
Suffolk	5	3	3	1	2	8	2	1	3	1
Norfolk	5	6	3	1	2	6	2	3	0	0
Lincoln	5	6	3	0	2	9	2	3	3	6
York	6	4	4	2	2	11	2	7	4	6
Durham	6	10	4	7	0	0	2	6	3	17
Northumberl.	5	10	4	3	3	4	2	5	4	8
Cumberland	6	3	4	0	2	11	2	6	4	10
Westmold.	6	2	4	2	3	2	2	5	0	0
Lancashire	5	10	0	0	2	2	4	2	4	4
Cheshire	5	10	0	0	2	9	2	3	0	0
Wiltmouth	6	0	0	0	3	1	1	0	0	0
Somerset	5	10	3	3	3	0	2	2	4	2
Devon	5	11	0	0	2	11	1	9	0	0
Cornwall	5	11	0	0	2	11	1	8	0	0
Dorset	6	1	0	0	3	0	2	3	4	4
Hants	5	8	0	0	2	11	2	1	3	9
Suffex	5	5	0	0	2	0	2	4	0	0
Kent	5	5	0	0	2	11	2	4	3	0

WALES, Sept. 3, to Sept. 8, 1787.

North Wales	5	10	4	5	3	2	1	10	1	11
South Wales	5	6	0	0	2	11	1	8	4	9

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER. AUGUST.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
28—30—02	50	N.N.W.
29—30—03	61	N.N.W.
30—29—90	58	W.S.W.
31—30—23	60	W.

SEPTEMBER.

1—30—30	58	W.S.W.
2—30—38	57	N.N.E.
3—30—44	58	N.N.E.
4—30—00	60	
5—30—40	55	N.E.
6—30—41	51	N.E.
7—30—39	54	E.
8—30—42	53	N.N.E.
9—30—40	52	E.
10—30—23	50	E.
11—30—27	57	E.
12—30—23	55	F.
13—30—20	56	E.
14—30—12	53	E.N.E.
15—29—05	51	F.S.F.
16—29—40	57	S.

17—29—18	59	S.S.W.
18—29—25	55	W.N.W.
19—29—42	58	W.
20—29—45	56	S.W.
21—29—47	59	S.W.
22—29—64	59	S.
23—29—80	62	W.
24—29—98	61	W.S.W.
25—29—83	57	E.
26—29—63	62	S.E.

PRICE of STOCKS,

Sept. 27, 1787.

Bank Stock, shut	New S. S. Ann. —
New 40 per Cent. 1787, shut	India Stock, —
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 105 $\frac{1}{2}$	India Bonds, 67s. pr.
3 per Cent. red. shut	New Navy and Vict. Bills —
3 per Cent. Cont. 1787, a 70 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 69 $\frac{1}{2}$	Long Ann. shut
3 per Cent. 1786 —	30 yrs. Ann. 1778, shut
3 per Cent. 1781, —	Exchequer Bills, —
3 per Cent. Ind. An. —	Lottery Tickets 15l.
South Sea Stock, —	100 63 a 115.
Old S. S. Ann. shut	Prizes —
	Bank for —

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,
For S E P T E M B E R, 1787.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
An ACCOUNT of WILLIAM CRUIKSHANK, Esq.
[With a PORTRAIT of Him.]

AT no period of time has the knowledge of anatomy and the science of surgery arrived at so great perfection as the present. Formerly France boasted the most skilful anatomists, and it was usual and apparently almost necessary for those who meant to devote themselves to this profession to travel to Paris in order to perfect themselves in the art. At present the reverse is the situation of this country. The abilities of the professors of this art, their diligence and industry, and the result of those qualities by their instructions to their numerous pupils, have entirely changed the face of affairs in these particulars, and freed the nation from so very humiliating a state. Of those who have contributed to this advantageous and honourable alteration, the gentleman whose portrait appears in this Magazine has contributed in no small degree.

Mr CRUIKSHANK was born in 1746, at Edinburgh, where his father was Examiner in the Excise office. He was scarce five years of age when he lost his father, and he was sent soon after to a Latin school at Culross, in Perthshire, which he attended more than eight years. About the end of that period he obtained the prize promised by Dr. Euskin, then minister there, for the greatest effort of memory.

At fourteen, he went to the University of Edinburgh for two years he attended the Latin and Greek classes, taught by Professors Stewart and Hunter, but being presented to a burgh in the University of Glasgow by the Earl of Dunderdale, he left Edinburgh and went to Glasgow.

At Glasgow, he went regularly through all the classes of philosophy, and in 1767

he there took his degree of Master of Arts.

His burgh obliged him to study divinity, but he felt a superior propensity to the study of anatomy and physic, to which he yielded. There he studied under the Professors Hamilton and St. Johnston.

After having remained eight years at the University of Glasgow, he, in 1771, came to London, recommended by Dr. Moore, then Surgeon at Glasgow, under whom he had, for some time, had the opportunity of seeing the practice of physic and surgery. By the recommendation of Dr. D Pitcairn, Mr. Cruikshank became Librarian to the late Dr Hunter. He attended his lectures, the lectures of Dr. Fordyce, and became perpetual pupil to St George Hospital. The year following, he became anatomical assistant, and then partner in anatomy with Dr. Hunter.

On the death of Dr Hunter, Mr Cruikshank and Dr Baillie received an address from 26 Students, then attending the lectures in Windmill Street, full of attachment and esteem, and about the same time the University of Glasgow, of their own accord, conferred on Mr. Cruikshank the degree of Doctor in Physic. Mr. Cruikshank was also lately elected a Member of the Imperial Academy at Vienna, Honorary Member of the Lyceum Medicum Leicestershires, and of the Royal Medical Society at Edinburgh.

Mr. Cruikshank and Dr Baillie continue to teach the anatomical school begun and long taught, with high and merited distinction, by the late Dr Williams Hunter.

In 1779, Mr Cruikshank, at the desire of Dr Hunter, writes a Letter to Mr. Cl... on the absorption of calomel from the mouth he was then spitting blood, and as he did not expect to recover, he induced some experiments on respiration, and the result of his principal design is... of the... power of the... but the... can be rejected.

In 1786, Mr Cruikshank published the Anatomy of Absorbent Veils in the Human Body. He first and last... to have... vessels, in an... every part of the body, had been made year after year, till they amounted to that number, when they were laid before... could not be... of. As Dr... the... the... had been... had... provision... the... of such a... Mr... think... the... of the human body... the... the... which... in... his... his...

... and... have... the... which has been very... and the structure of the... was... variously by different... while... the... subject was... for... he has dedicated his third Plate to this subject.

Dr Hunter had left nothing in manuscript but the... of... which had any plan of the work been chalked out... ded.

The work is subdivided into two parts. Mr Cruikshank's order is as follows,

P A R T I.

1. Introduction, giving a general Idea of the Work.
2. Of Absorption generally.
3. The Ancients knew this Property in the Human Body.
4. They maintained that it was performed by the Veins.
5. Physicians intended to prove their Opinion.
6. Experiments respecting the former.
7. A more particular History of the Lacteals and Lymphatics.

8. The Lacteals seen by the Ancients, but understood.
9. Further Confirmation of the Absorption of Fluids by the Lymphatics.
10. The Method of Discovering the Lacteals and Lymphatics.
11. Of the Origin of the Lacteals and Lymphatics.
12. Of the Office of the Lacteals and Lymphatics.
13. Of the Coarseness, Inequality and Multiplicity of Ditto.
14. Of the Valves of Ditto.
15. Of the Lymphatic Glands.
16. Of the Quantity, Arrangement, Numbers and Size of the Lacteals and Lymphatics.
17. Of the Termination of the Lacteals and Lymphatics.
18. Conclusion of Part First.

P A R T II.

1. Introduction.
2. Description of the Situation and Number of the Glands of the Absorbents.
3. Description of the Particular Disposition of the Absorbents in every Part of the Body.
- Conclusion of Part II.

The Critical Review says, "We cannot leave Mr Cruikshank without our sincere commendations of his very accurate and useful work, which will be a lasting monument of his skill, industry, and attention."

The Monthly Review says, "We find in this work more than the title promises, for besides the anatomy of the lymphatics, the whole doctrine of absorption is here amply explained, the objections against it as a vein, and the opinion of former physiologists is overruled. Great merit is due to the very elegant figure of the whole system of absorbents. — We shall only add our opinion, that Mr. Cruikshank's labours will be esteemed a valuable addition to the libraries of anatomists."

It has already been translated into French by Dr. Radell, at Paris.

Mr Cruikshank several years ago gave in a paper to the Royal Society of London, entitled, Experiments on the Nerves of living Animals, in which he gave his discovery of the regeneration of nerves, after portions had been cut out in quadrupeds. These last experiments have been repeated by the Abbe Fontana, in Italy, with the same result.

VIEW

VIEW of the SPAT of RICH. O. CAMBRIDGE, Esq. at TWICKENHAM.

THIS delightful spot has long been celebrated as one of the most beautiful in a night outlook where every scene refers to the most famous object famed for sublimity, for taste, or for grandeur. The possessor of it is a gentleman long known as the author of an excellent poem called *The Scimitar* some of the papers in the *World*, and some poems in *Dodley's Collection*. It is to be seen to great advantage from Richmond Hill, a place capable of inspiring the most pleasing and cheerful to the imagination, and which is believed to contain a poetical niche where there were no traces of it before.

The following reflections on the prospect from Richmond Hill were written many years ago by an eminent hand (the late Mr. Southey).

"The subject of objects known by the name of landscape, is so interesting to the eye, and so fertile to the imagination, that where Nature did not supply sufficient variety to engage the faculty of sight and the power of fancy, the most eminent painters have employed their talents in exhibiting artificial views and prospects, in which the great and sublime, the gay and agreeable objects of a variegated nature are variously combined, so as to furnish an infinite fund of entertainment, according to the different dispositions of the human mind. At one moment the imagination is led to contemplate the awful scenes of fiery mountains, and stupendous rocks, gloomy forests, and lowering skies, the flames to survey the terrible, arrayed in storms, the towering billows, the roaring cataracts, the foundering vessel, the tumbling ruin, the oaks up-torn, the blackening cloud, and glancing lightning. I have articles that strike the soul with a kind of pleasing horror, and fill it with solemn ideas of greatness and immensity. Others were the subjects employed the poet of the celebrated *Salvador Rosa*, in contradistinction to the more mildly pleasing scenes which arose from the labours of a *Poussin* and *Claude Lorraine*, according to the characters delineated in these lines of the poet:

"Whate'er *Lorrain* light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage *Rosa* dash'd, or learned *Poussin*

"But the genius of a poet has contrived a view more grand and rural, more gay, magnificent, and enchanting, than that which Nature herself presents from Richmond Hill. Well might the poet exclaim,

"Richmond! that sees an hundred villas rise,
Rural or gay——"

"Let us suppose a man of an enthusiastic turn of mind, bred in an uncivilized, remote, and barren country, and instructed with all the extravagance of superstition; let us suppose it possible to convey him asleep from his native cottage to the summit of Richmond Hill, and there wake him abruptly in a serene summer evening, what would be his sensations, when he first awoke, and surveyed the particular of the prospect? when he beheld the level plain below covered in all the gorgeous pile of cultivation, when he saw the intermingled scene of trees and fields, and villas, towns, and villages, extending far as the visible horizon, except where the sight is artificially bounded by the distant hill, crowned with the towers of lofty *Winchester*, when he regaled his eye alternately with the delightful groves of *Kew*, and *Hornsea*, and *Petersham*; and viewed the flowery meadows in sweet meandering from the bosom of the vale, bounding the distant masses of the mountains, distant summits of verdant hills, and waiting a succession of hills and vales on his gentle tide, when he contemplated a whole prospect minutely diversified in colour and shade, by a partial view of the *Windsor*, when he observed the well-embellished with the happy districts of Britain, shining in all the glory of its day, and smiling in all the bloom of its native beauty, when his hearing was once more lulled by the rural murmur of the rattle of the corn, and on the other, his attention engaged by the hum of the bees of artful industry, that could he not protest, but that he still remained under the illusion of a happy dream, or, that all he saw and heard was a fiction, conjured up by the lover of music to regale his senses."

TO THE EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I THINK it some reflection on the English nation, who have so long been empire in India, that subjects should have given themselves little or no trouble to ac-

quire a knowledge of the manners, customs and religion of the people in that distant country. I have paid some little attention to this, and intend occasionally to communicate

to the

to the public, through the channel of some periodical work, the observations I have made. At present I shall confine myself to their religion, which is certainly the summit of idolatry; yet at the same time I show its original institutions were excellent, and tended to the promotion of happiness. I allow that their private regulation, and that extension of humanity subsisting in every cast; that paternal affection and filial piety which ever reign amongst them, would throw a splendid honour upon the most enlightened people, and perhaps even add a ray of lustre to the system of Christianity. Having thus premised, I shall follow the object of my pursuit, I mean an elucidation of my position respecting the idolatry of the Malabar religion.

In the year 1775, curiosity led me to be present at a festival, annually celebrated at a mountain about seventy miles from the town of Fort St. David's, called *Taruna maly*, or the Holy Mountain. The feast begins on the day of the full moon, in the month of November, and the multitude of people who flock to it from all parts of the country is incredible. They commenced with a procession round the mountain, through an avenue that seem to have been formed for the purpose, in which are interspersed, at equal distances, twenty-four small temples, and in front of each is a reservoir of fine water. On each side of the road I observed a row of reservoirs of all denominations, in various attitudes, and in various habits, holding out their hands to those who passed by, and continually calling out, "give alms, and receive Heaven;" others sit at the shrines of deities, proclaiming their several attributes and virtues, and recommending them as deserving the purest worship. Whilst they were thus endeavouring to distract the minds of their civic retinue, their eyes continually turned to their brethren, that were gradually filling with a copper coin and a shell.

Besides the strange figures of Pindarans that are common in other places, there were here some who had their hair hanging down, and twisted about their feet, others lay in the middle of the road covered with earth, like dead bodies that were just about to be buried; their mouths left open, they called out from their biers for a mass of those who stood by them. Some were covered over with earth in large heaps, so that it was inconceivable how they respired, but that the spectators might not take such spots for mere heaps of earth, the ends of their hands and feet were exposed. Many lay stretched upon beds of straw, their heads and feet were bathed with bundles of lighted torches

under their left arm, so that the fire rose into their faces, in their left hand they held a vessel of oil, with which they fed the flame, and which they managed so dextrously, as to prevent it from doing them any injury. Many were suspended by ropes, fastened between two trees, with a fire under them, and some stood upon their heads without moving. At one of the little pagodas hung above a dozen cradles filled with men, and which exhibited a curious spectacle. On the trees were fixed indecent figures, and which were touched by barren women for the purpose of promoting fecundity. While the people were going round the hill they bowed to the Pagodas as they passed them, and sprinkled a handful of water upon themselves from the tanks—they also bowed several times to the top of the hill, which they think has five faces, answering to the five senses or powers of the God of the mountain. They paid particular attention to a monument in the form of a stone pillar erected on one side of it which they called the needle, and upon which they had the Goddess's Unarmed stood and appealed the wrath of her husband *Shanivula Ispurans*. One figure in particular, from its singularity, was well worthy of notice, and for some time drew the whole of my attention.—It was a Senacee, or Devotee, whose arms were held over his head to the utmost extent, with the hands close clasped, and the palms inclining upwards; the joints of his arms had entirely lost their flexibility, and the muscular part of his frame had acquired a hardness almost equal to bone—his nails had penetrated through the backs of his hands, twisting each other on the palms, resembling the claws of a bird of prey, and the distortion was so great that they appeared as if not belonging to him.

He came from the Maratta dominions, and was upwards of fifty years of age, twenty of which he had passed in the state just described. He did not speak the language of this country, but through the interpretation of his followers, who were Pindarans.

—He said his arms had been fixed in the manner I saw them, when in the act of adoration, and that he had remained so in obedience to the will of Providence. He travelled through the country on horse-back, his horses were led by one of his train, amongst which he had several antcipating his wants, and he drew ample donations from the inhabitants of every place through which he passed. Such objects do uncommonly subject to the influence of superstition.

In the evening a signal gun was fired in the

the great pagoda of the town of *Ternamally*, and immediately the famous lamp on the top of the hill was in a blaze, at the sight of which, and the multitude of small lamps which the devotees on the hill put forth at their caves, at the same moment of time, all the people below lifted up their hands invoking *Arunafala*, the God they adore. The extended arms of such a host of people at the instant the flame appeared, at which they seemed much affected, was a very awful sight.

Surrounded by solemn objects, the mind readily receives the impressions they are capable of giving; throws off every confined idea; and, charmed with the pleasing melancholy with which it is enveloped, enjoys a harmony of sentiments that breathe benevolence and liberality.—Such was my situation; such were the sensations I experienced when the lamp in a manner burst forth as by a supernatural impulse, and threw a blaze over the multitude, whose eyes appeared devoutly fixed on the sacred fire; whilst their gestures and ejaculations strongly indicated the emotions of their breasts, replete with religion and piety, generosity and gratitude. But I was not allowed to remain long in this agreeable state; those who had in some degree placed me in it, soon robbed me of its enjoyment: quitting their devotions with a mechanical kind of indifference, they returned to those trifling amusements that form the greater part of all their festivals, and which they pursue with as much extravagant ardour as a boy would a new play-thing; and scarce any one bestowed a second look on the object, that only a few minutes before seemed to have raised them to the height of enthusiasm.

The lamp just mentioned is kept constantly burning about thirty-six hours; and the people employed in this office are those particular fishermen who fish only in rivers and canals known by the appellation *Sembaraver*, because the Malabar poets, who are the creators of their mythology, teach that the wife of *Arunafala* *Ipurin* was descended from that race. The lamp is prepared, it is reported, by placing together about seventy pieces of cloth, each piece consisting of thirty yards, in an iron cauldron, which is filled with oil and ghee; but formerly when the people were richer, and contributions to these articles more extensive, they prepared it in a large chasm formed in the rock by nature: at present the expence attending this ceremony is partly furnished from the revenues of the church, and partly from the voluntary donations of those who come to pay their vows.

The origin of this anniversary feast is variously related. One story is, that a saint

Arunafala *Ipurin* was one day engaged in play, his wife *Unamucie*, when he had been induced from the fishermen, came behind and blind-folded him. Immediately the lower world was involved in darkness, and the terrestrial Gods appeared before him complaining of the want of light; when turning to his wife he reproached and accused her with having been the cause of such complaints, telling her that her crime could not be expiated unless she went down to the lower world, and there did penance for it. She went down accordingly, but chose such a place for her residence as proved a snare for her beauty, and for a while frustrated her purposes: at length she was directed to *Ternamally*, and there performed the necessary penance, standing upon the stone pillar before alluded to. Her crime thus expiated, *Arunafala* was reconciled;—appeared to her on the summit of the hill in a flame of fire, and immediately the lower world was enlightened again. But these particulars are merely out-lines of the fable, which is filled with many and long poetical descriptions.

Before I conclude, I must take some little notice of the hermits, who live in caves on the side of the hill, and whose austere life, and miraculous method of subsisting, is talked of with praise, veneration, surprize, and astonishment by the natives, who tell you they are content with what they get immediately round the mouths of their habitations. I saw many of these people, and visited two of them in particular, who esteemed themselves so very sacred, that at first they refused me admittance into their caves; but at length, on taking off my shoes, they consented, and permitted me to make such investigation as my fancy dictated. They were fond of speaking enigmatically, that they had resided on the hill from its earliest creation, and thus explain themselves; that they were born there, and that their forefathers had ever lived there. They have no cooking utensils in their caves, but a little below them is a spacious stone kitchen, a fine cranial, and a large betan tree, where they have all those conveniences and necessaries that cannot be admitted into their caves. I should have observed, that on lighting the lamp, it blazes out with prodigious force, it is the omen of a good harvest, but the reverse if it burns faintly.

I have thus far intuded, Sir, on an interesting subject, which I should be glad to see handled by others who possess greater abilities. My wish is to entertain the public. I have endeavoured to do so by the simple narration of fact; and if I am fortunate enough to succeed, although only for a moment, I shall be highly gratified.

FAC-SIMILES of SOME of the EMINENT PERSONAGES of the REIGN of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE pleasure which arises from viewing the handwriting of those who have been eminent in their day, something resembles that which we feel from looking at a good portrait. We contemplate with a retrospective satisfaction the times in which they lived, their most celebrated facts, their virtues or their vices, and place the transactions of the period in review before us.

To an Englishman, the heroes and statesmen of Queen Elizabeth's days always afford the most pleasing reflections. The present set of Fac Similes are of some of those heroes and legislators of whom, in a future Magazine, we shall give a short account, together with a few more specimens of the same period.

T H E A T R I C A L R E G I S T E R .

July.

HAY-MARKET.

2. ENGLISH Merchant—Siege of Cuzola.
3. Two to One—The Widow's Vow.
4. Chapter of Accidents—Siege of Curzola.
5. The Suicide—Agreeable Surprise.
6. Spanish Barber—The Widow's Vow.
7. The Country Attorney—Harvet Home.
9. Ditto—Siege of Cuzola.
10. Ditto—The Romp.
11. The Young Quaker—Peeping Tom.
12. Country Attorney—The Son-in-Law.
13. Chapter of Accidents—Gretna Green.
14. The Son-in-Law—Agreeable Surprise.
16. The Country Attorney—Golden Pippin.
17. The English Merchant—Ditto.
18. The Young Quaker—Peeping Tom.
19. Venetian Preserved—Fluith of Bacon.
20. Tit for Tat—Agreeable Surprise.
21. Jealous Wife—Comus.
23. Love in a Village—Beggar on Horseback.
24. Tit for Tat—Peeping Tom.
25. King Henry II.—The Dead Alive.
26. Young Quaker—Agreeable Surprise.
27. Merchant of Venice.—A Mogul Tale.
28. The Son-in-Law—Peeping Tom.
30. The Suicide—Agreeable Surprise.
31. The Young Quaker—Gretna Green.

Aug.

1. Seeing is Believing—Tit for Tat—Gol. Pip.
2. Two to One—The Son-in-Law.
3. Lionel and Clarissa—Beggar on Horseback.
4. Inkle and Yarico—The Guardians.
6. Ditto—Seeing is Believing.
7. Transformation—Span, Bar.—Eng. Read.
8. Inkle and Yarico—A Mogul Tale.
9. Chapter of Accidents—Siege of Curzola.
10. The Young Quaker—Midas.
11. Inkle and Yarico—English Readings.
12. Ditto—Ditto.
14. Tit for Tat—Intrig Chamber—The Day.
15. Inkle and Yarico—The Widow's Vow.
16. I'll Tell You What!—Peeping Tom.
17. Much Ado about Nothing—The Day.
18. Inkle and Yarico—The Widow's Vow.
20. English Merchant—Agreeable Surprise.
21. Follies of a Day—The Day.
22. Count. Attorn.—Eng. Read.—Son-in-Law.
23. Agreeable Surprise—Ditto—Peep. Tom.
24. Inkle and Yarico—The Widow's Vow.
25. Love Shore—Peeping Tom.

25. Tit for Tat—Eng. Read.—Gretna Green.
27. Inkle and Yarico—A Mogul Tale.
28. Sir J. Cockle at Court.—Village Lawyer Ghost.

30. Strong is Believing—Tit for Tat—The Romp.
31. Inkle and Yarico—

July. ROYALTY THEATRE.

3. An Occasional Address—The Birth-day—The Triumph of Cupid—The Recruiting Serjeant—Hobson's Choice.
4. Ditto.
5. Ditto.
9. Ditto—with Collins' Ode on the Passions.
10. Ditto.
12. Ditto—with a Tale from Baker's Chronicle.
13. Ditto.
14. Ditto.
16. Ditto.
17. Ditto.
18. Ditto.
25. Ditto—with a Lecture on Heads.
26. Ditto.
27. Ditto.
6. Ditto.
7. Ditto.
11. Ditto.
19. Ditto.
20. Ditto.
21. Ditto.
23. Ditto.
24. Ditto.
28. Ditto.
30. Ditto.

Aug.

1. A Tale from Baker's Chronicle—True Blue—The Triumph of Cupid—Collins's Ode on the Passions—The Catch Club—John Gilpin—Hobson's Choice.
2. Ditto.
4. Ditto—with a Lecture on Heads.
6. Ditto—with Recruiting Serjeant.
7. Ditto.
8. Ditto.
11. Ditto—with Thomas and Susan.
13. Ditto—with the Birth-day, and Don Juan.
14. Ditto.
15. Ditto.
16. Ditto.
17. Ditto.
18. Ditto.
25. Ditto—with Recruiting Serjeant.
27. Ode to Friendship—Thomas and Susan—Triumph of Cupid—Hippesley's Drunken Man—Catch Club—Don Juan.
28. Triumph of Cupid—Thomas and Susan—Collins's Ode—Lecture on Head—The Catch Club—Don Juan.
29. Ditto—with Hippesley's Drunken Man.
30. Ditto.
3. Ditto.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY
ANECDOTES OF WILLIAM EMERSON.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING educated in an adjacent town to that in which the object of my present attention resided, I had frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing him converse: and though I do not attempt to delineate his character, or to do justice to his talents, vigour of mind, or profound learning, yet the circumstances concerning him which fell under my own observation, or which have been authentically related to me, may perhaps afford some entertainment to the readers of your well-conducted Magazine, and therefore are here transmitted to you.

Mr. EMERSON in his person was rather short, but strong and well-made, with an open countenance and ruddy complexion. He lived at a place called Hurworth, near Darlington, in the county of Durham, and if I mistake not, was born there. He inherited a small paternal estate of about 60l. or 70l. a-year, and was as independent as if he had enjoyed as many thousands. He was never known to ask a favour, or seek the acquaintance of a rich man, unless he possessed some eminent qualities of the mind. In all the various species of learning he possessed he was self-taught, having never had a master of any kind but to learn the mere elements of the English language. He was a very good classical scholar, a tolerable physician so far as it could be combined with mathematical principles, and teach a demonstration as Keil and Morton had endeavoured to bend to their hypotheses. The latter he esteemed above all others as a physician—the former as the best anatomist. He was exceedingly singular in his dress. He had but one coat, which he always wore open before, except the lower button; no waistcoat; his shirt quite the reverse of one in common use, no opening before, but buttoned close at the collar behind; a kind of flaxen wig which had not a crooked hair in it, and, probably, had never been tortured with a comb from the time of its being made. This was his dress when he went into company. No change was ever made during the time I knew him, which, at least, was more than ten years. Many people affirmed he had never had any other for twice that period. He never rode although he kept a horse. I frequently have seen him lead the horse with a kind of wallet stuffed with the provisions he had

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bought at the market. He always walked up to London when he had any thing to publish, revising sheet by sheet himself:—Trusting no eyes but his own, was always a favourite maxim with him. He never advanced any mathematical proposition that he had not first tried in practice, constantly making all the different parts himself on a small scale, so that his house was filled with all kinds of mechanical instruments together or disjointed. De Moivre, Mac Laurin, and other mathematicians used to say, "He had no learning, poor man!" He would frequently stand up to his middle in water while fishing, a diversion he was remarkably fond of. He used to study incessantly for some time, and then for relaxation take a ramble to any pot-alehouse where he could get any body to drink with and talk to. The Duke of Manchester was highly pleased with his company, and used often to come to him in the fields and accompany him home, but could never persuade him to get into a carriage. On these occasions he would sometimes exclaim, "Damn your whim-wham! I had rather walk." When he wrote his small Treatise on Navigation, he and some of his scholars took a small vessel from Hurworth, and the whole crew soon got swamped; when Emerson, smiling and alluding to his treatise, said, "They must not do as I do, but as I say." He was a married man, and his wife used to spin on an old-fashioned wheel, whereof a very accurate drawing is given in his Mechanics. He was deeply skilled in the science of music, the theory of sounds, and the various scales both ancient and modern, but was a very poor performer. He carried that singularity which marked all his actions even into this science. He had, if I may be allowed the expression, two first strings to his violin, which, he said, made the E more melodious when they were drawn up to a perfect unison. His virginal, which is a species of instrument like the modern spinnet, he had cut and twisted into various shapes in the keys, by adding some occasional half-tones in order to regulate the present scale, and to resist some fraction of discord that will always remain in the tuning. He never could get this regulated to his fancy, and generally concluded

by saying, "It was a damned instrument, and a foolish thing to be vexed with."— In the earlier part of his life he attempted to teach a few scholars, but whether from his concise method, for he was not happy in explaining his ideas, or the warmth of his natural temper, he made no progress in his school, he therefore soon left it off.— He never had a scholar that did him any credit except Mr Richardson of Dairington, who was always a great favourite with him, and of whom he used to say, that he was the only boy who had a head in his school. Mr Emerson lived to the age of 81, and died on the 9th day of June, 1782. He was buried at Hurworth.

These particulars I transmit to you only as outlines of a very eminent man, whose merits as a mathematician I forbear to enlarge upon. Should they be the means of a more able hand doing him the justice he deserves, I shall not deem the trouble I have taken thrown away, or my time unprofitable. I am Your's, &c.

M. M.

THE following is as accurate a list of Mr. Emerson's Works, as we have been able to obtain.

1. The Doctrine of Fluxions. 8vo. about 1748.
2. The Projection of the Sphere, orthographic, stereographic, and gnomonical; both demonstrating the Principles, and explaining the Practice of these several Sorts of Projections. 8vo 1749.
3. The Elements of Trigonometry; Containing the Properties, Relations, and Calculations of Sines, Tangents, Secants; or, The Doctrine of the Sphere, and the Principles of plain and spherical Trigonometry: All plainly and clearly demonstrated. 8vo. 1749.
4. The Principles of Mechanics, explaining and demonstrating the general Laws of Motion, the Laws of Gravity, Motion of descending Bodies, Projectiles, Mechanical Powers, Pendulums, Centers of Gravity, or Strength and Strefs of Timber, Hydrostatic, and Constructions of Machines. 8vo. 1754.
5. Navigation, or the Art of Sailing upon the Sea; containing a Demonstration of the Fundamental Principles of this Art. Together with all the practical Rules of computing a Ship's Way, both by Plain Sailing, Mercator, and Middle Latitude, founded upon the foregoing Principles. With many other useful Things thereto belonging. To which are added several necessary Tables. 12mo 1755.
6. A Treatise of Algebra, in two Books.

Book 1 containing the fundamental Principles of this Art; together with all the practical Rules of Operation. Book 2 containing great Variety of Problems, in the most important Branches of the Mathematics. 8vo. 1765.

7. The Arithmetic of Infinites, and the differential Method, illustrated by Examples. The Elements of the Conic Sections demonstrated in three Books. Book 1. Of the Ellipsis. Book 2 Of the Hyperbola. Book 3. Of the Parabola. The Nature and Properties of Curve Lines. Book 1 Of the Conchoid, Cissoid, Cycloid, Quadratrix, Logarithmic Curve, the Spiral of Archimedes, the Logarithmic Spiral, and Hyperbolic Spiral. Book 2 Of Curve Lines in general, and their Affections. 8vo 1767.

8. Mechanics, or the Doctrine of Motion. Comprehending, 1. The General Laws of Motion. 2. The Descent of Bodies perpendicularly, and down inclined Planes, and also in curve Surfaces. 3. Motion of Pendulums, Centers of Gravity, Equilibrium of Beams of Timber, and their Forces and Directions. 4. Mechanical Powers. 5. Comparative Strength of Timber and its Strefs. The Powers of Engines, their Motion, and Friction. Hydrostatics and Pneumatics. 8vo. 1769.

9. The Elements of Optics, in four Books. 8vo 1768.

10. A System of Astronomy. Containing the Investigation and Demonstration of the Elements of that Science. 8vo. 1769.

11. The Laws of Centripetal and Centrifugal Force. 8vo. 1769.

12. The Mathematical Principles of Geography. Containing, 1. An Account of the various Properties and Affections of the Earth and Sea; with a Description of the several Parts thereof, and a Table of the Latitude and Longitude of Places. 2. The Use of the Artificial and Terrestrial Globe in solving Problems. 3. The Principles of Spherical and Spheroidal Sailing; with the solution of the several Cases in Numbers, by the Common Tables, according to the Spheroidal figure of the Earth. 8vo. 1770.

13. Tracts 8vo 1770.

14. Cyclometheis; or an easy Introduction to the several Branches of the Mathematics. Principally designed for the Instruction of Young Students, before they enter upon the more abstruse and difficult Parts. 10 Vols 8vo 1770.

15. A short Comment on Sir Isaac Newton's Principia, containing Notes upon some difficult Places of that excellent Book. To which is added, a Defence of Sir Isaac against the Objections that have been made to several

Parts

Parts of the Principia and Optics, by Leibnitz, Bernoulli, Euler, &c. and a Confutation of the Objections made by Dr. Rutherford and Bedford against his Chronology. 8vo. 1770.
16. Miscellanies. or, a Miscellaneous

Treatise, containing several Mathematical Subjects. 8vo. 1776.

Of this extraordinary Mathematician we should be glad to receive more particulars.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS. No. I.

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

THE following is Mr. Langhorne's translation of a passage in the amiable Plutarch's Life of Numa, relative to the punishment inflicted on Vestal Virgins who had broken their vow. "But she that broke her vow of chastity was buried alive by the Colline Gate. There, within the walls, is raised a little mount of earth, called in Latin *Agger*, under which is prepared a small cell, with steps to descend to it. In this is placed a bed, a lighted lamp, and some slight provisions, such as bread, water, milk and oil, as they thought it impious to take out a person consecrated with the most awful ceremonies, by such a death as that of famine." To this passage is subjoined the following note. "There seems to be something improbable and inconsistent in this.—Of what use could provisions be to the Vestal, when the grave was closed upon her, must expire through want of air? or, if she could make use of those provisions, was she not at last to die by famine? Perhaps what Plutarch here calls provisions, were materials for some sacrifice." The translator totally misunderstands the meaning of his author: the provisions here mentioned were merely intended to avoid the pollution attending direct murder. In the *Antigone* of Sophocles, a similar punishment is inflicted by Creon on Antigone, who had in immediate opposition to his commands interred the body of a brother. Creon thus intreats the Chorus of his intentions.

Ἄγων ἱερὸς ἐστὶν ἂν ἢ βροτῶν θηκὴς,
Κρίψω πετρώδει ζωσαν ἐν κατωτέρῃ,
Φοβέσθης τοσούτοις ὡς ἀγῶς μόνον τρωβέσθης,
Ὅπως μίσημα πᾶσ' ὑπερφύγοι πόλις.

*Perduellam eò ubi deserta mortalibus est
via
Sævo recondam vivam in foetu,
Tæmulo cibi, quantum piaculo sit satis,
apposito,*

Ut pollutam nem tota effugiat civitas.

785.

Dr. Johnson's well-known epigraph

on Goldsmith has been justly admired: it might however perhaps be judiciously objected, that its sentences are too much after the manner of his English style. The Latinity of *tangere subind genus* in the following passage, I have understood has been called in question.

*Qui nullum se id scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quot tetigit non ornavit
Sed usus essent mœdendi
Sed lacrymæ.*

How far the following expression from Catullus may be urged in its defence, I leave to better judges to determine.

*Idem infecto est infectior rare,
Sicut poemata attingit, neque idem unquam
Equè est beatus, ac poema cum scribit.*
De Sull.

"That ye had vowed to the swan"

is a line from a poem of Dunbar's, published by the ingenious and able Mr. Pinkerton, Vol. I. An. Scot. Poems, 1786. p. 121. In the note upon the passage, Mr. Pinkerton observes, that Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his Glossary to Chaucer, advances a singular instance of this vow from Mathew of Westminster. "When Edward I was setting out on his last expedition to Scotland, 1306, a festival was held, at which *alati sunt in pompatica gloria duo cygni, et ovies, ante regem, phalerati retibus aureis vel fistulis draconibus, et spectabile spectaculum intentionibus, quibus visis, Rex votum vovit Deo caeli et cygnis se proficisci in Scotiam, &c.* But the question is, whence could it originate? by what strange connexion of ideas was it introduced? Was it in remembrance of the ancient custom of touching a hog, or some other animal, at a solemn oath, and which animal was afterwards offered in sacrifice?"—So far Mr. Pinkerton's note.—It requires much greater depth of reading than I am master of, to produce any thing that looks like the origin of the custom, the following extract, however,

however, may not be unworthy of the Quarterly's notice on this subject. "Cyg-
nus est ales fluvialis, et apud nautas in
auspiciis laetus, nam ex eius conspectu
prosperum sibi cursum per marina disiri-
mina suspiciantur, ideo quod nunquam
se mergat in aquas, unde Aemilius
Poeta:

Cygnus in auspiciis semper latissimus ales
Hunc optant vultu, quia se non mergit
in undas.

See *Prophetia Anglicana Merlini Amb.
Britanni*, &c. septem libris exp. ma-
tionum in eadem Prophetiam existenti-
ssimam sui temporis orator, &c. 4^{to} ut
de Insulis." Printed at Manchester, 1803.

Chaucer, in describing the Serjeant of
Lawe, says, that he has "ofun yb n at
the pay use." The etymology of the word
has often been disputed. Mr. Warton,
in a note on this very passage of Chaucer,
observes, that "the word is supposed to be
contracted from *Parvise*. This perhaps
signified in ambulatory. Many of our
old religious houses had a place called
Parvise. Hist. of F. G. P. Vol. I.
p. 453. But surely this interpretation is
very unsatisfactory. In a neglected little
volume entitled "The History of Churches
in England," by T. Staveley, Esq.
London 1712." I find the meaning of the
word well accounted for. "I find there
was a certain part of the church usually
called the *Parvise*, that is, a nether part
of the church separated and used for the
teaching of children in it; and thence
called the *Parvise*, a *parvise parvis ibi
edocuit*," &c. P. 15.

Quips, and crank, and wanton wiles,
L'All. 27. MILTON.

This term perhaps has been already suf-
ficiently explained. In the following pas-
sage from a play of old John Lyly's has
not been previously addressed on the sub-
ject (and to the best of my recollection it
has not) it may be deemed not unworthy
of attention.

Manes. Wee Cynickes are mad fel-
lowes; didst thou not unde I did quip
thee?

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE reality of a petrified city in Africa
has been the subject of much enquiry
and some ridicule. Mr. Cambridge, in his
very excellent, but I think not sufficiently

Psyllus. No verily, why, what's a
quip?

Manes. Wee great gurdes call it a
short saying of a sharpe wit, with a bitter
sense in a sweet word.

Alexand. and Camp. Blount's
Fd. 1. 1632, A3 III. Sc. 1.

Amongst Herbert's Poems, there is one
intituled "The Quip."

Might not the Bishop of Dromore's
charming song of "O Nancy, wilt thou
gang with me" have originated from
the second stanza of a song in the first
volume of Runlay's Tullible Miscel-
lany, intituled, "The Young Laund and
Edinburgh Katy."

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
And it we the dinfome town a while,
&c. &c. Page 66. Edit. 1733, 9th.

the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter,
change
Then woe'st I live it,—
Mid. Night Dr. Act. II. Sc. 7.

"Chiding autumn (says Steevenson) is
the proper name, the *truper Autumnus*."
Notwithstanding this expression
has some of the old copies to countenance
an admission of it into the text, I think it
very doubtful whether it came from the
pen of Shakespeare: it appears to me af-
fected and harsh, terms which are seldom
applicable to the epithets of our unamiable
bard. I must think that he wrote *truper*,
which to a feeling mind and a naturally ent
can be pregnant with meaning, though the
epithet may be uncommon. It occurs
however, applied to the wind, in Drum-
mond of Hawthornden's Poems, page 6,
Song 36. Edit. 1610. 1711.

If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay.

I think likewise that the subsequent
expression in the context of "angry win-
ter," has some weight in supporting the
conjecture that the Poet wrote "chiding
autumn."

C-T-O,

distinguished poem of "The Scribble-
head," sends his hero in quest of this phoe-
nomenon, which he describes in the fol-
lowing lines.

" IN one dread night, a petrifying blast,
 portentous, o'er astonish'd Afric pass'd;
 whose fury spent on one devoted town,
 transform'd the whole with Gorgon force to
 stone.

Each softer substance in that direful hour,
 Ev'n life confess the cold petrific pow'r.
 While yet she plies the dance, the buxom maid
 Feels the chill pangs her stiffen'd limbs invade.
 Through the warm veins of boiling youth they
 spread,
 And fix the bridegroom in the genial bed."

That an event of this extraordinary kind was once the subject of belief is very likely to have been the case; and as an additional evidence, to lessen the effects of ridicule towards those who may have given credit to this incredible story, I transmit you an extract of a letter from Sir Kerelm Digby to a friend, dated at Tholouse in France, Sept. 27, 1656; taken from a newspaper printed in the time of Oliver Cromwell, but whose title is unluckily lost.

"SIR,

"I entertained you from Paris with miracles of grace, from hence receive one of nature. The following are the words of Mr. Fitton's letter of July 2, from Florence:—"Sir, this is to present my humble service to you, and to let you know of a strange metamorphosis hapned in Barbary not long

"since; which is, the turning of
 "into stone; that is, men, women, children,
 "ses, utensils, &c. every thing remaining in
 "the same posture (as children at their mothers' breasts, &c.) when the petrifying
 "power fell upon this place. This city is called
 "under the king of Tripoly, some four days
 "journey into the land. One Whittington, a
 "captain of an English ship (who had been a
 "slave in these parts) coming to Florence,
 "told the Great Duke of this accident, and that
 "himself had seen the city. The Duke, desirous
 "to know the truth, wrote to the
 "Bassa of Tripoly about it, there having been
 "a friendly correspondence between them
 "these many years. The Bassa hath since
 "answered the Duke's letter, and assured him
 "that the thing is most true, and that he himself
 "is an ey-witness of it, going to the
 "place purposely to see it, and that it hap-
 "ned in the space of very few hours; and
 "withal he hath sent to the Great Duke di-
 "vers of those things petrified; and among
 "the rest, Venetian zechins turned into
 "stone." Thus Mr. Fitton.

"It seems strangest to me, that an unactive body (as all cold dry and earthy ones are) should thus change gold, the strongest resistant in nature. But it is true also, that little dense atoms force their way most unresistably into all bodies, when some impellent drives them violently."

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY,

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following Letters, which have never been printed, are of sufficient importance to obtain a place in your Magazine, they are at your service. I am, &c.

SIR, London, Oct. 6, 1722.

THE Statutes of the College of Physicians requiring a new election of an Elect, in the place of any who shall remove to any considerable distance out of town for a year, is the occasion of this trouble. The electors are unwilling to use one of your abilities, if they can probably expect your assistance in their affairs: but if your resolution be not to return to town, or remain in it, they must in a short time elect another; but have desired me before, to intreat your answer, whether they may be so happy as to expect your company? and if they should by that answer be so unfortunate to be obliged to fill that place, they have desired me to intreat the continuance of your friendship and good offices as a member of their body. I am

Your most obedient, and
 most humble servant,
 HANS SLOANE.

To Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour of yours, and acknowledge myself obliged by the marks of respect to me which you there express. In answer this will inform you, that I am determined to continue in the country retirement which I have chosen, where I hope to pass my short remains of life in peace and quiet. I am convinced therefore that I am no longer qualified to be an Elect, and am well satisfied that a choice should be made of some other Fellow of the Society to fill up the vacancy; and I heartily wish all happiness and prosperity to the worthy President of the College of which I have had the honour to be a Member so long. I am

Your most obedient
 Humble servant,
 RICHARD BLACKMORE.

Buxted, Oct. 12, 1722.

To Sir HANS SLOANE, Bart.

"WHEN I left Nice," says our author, "where I had resided near seven months, and after travelling almost all France, returned to England, I most ardently desired to pass several years more in the study of his literature; as then, I thought, I might enter into public life, to which my ambition had always prompted me, more mature and prepared: but with the fruit of my leisure, either fortune, or rather Providence, the disposer of all human events, would not indulge my wish; for, on a sudden, I was obliged to quit that very literature to which, from my childhood, I had applied myself, and he

who had been the encourager and assistant of my studies, who had instructed, taught, formed me such as I was, or if I am any thing at all, ROBERT SUMNER, within a year after my return, was snatched away by an untimely death*."

In 1771 Sir William published "*Dissertation sur la Littérature Orientale*," 8vo. and this was followed by "*Lettre à M. de la Harpe sur l'usage de la Poésie dans laquelle est compris l'Examen de la Traduction des Livres attribués à Zoroastre*," 8vo. 1771; wherein he vindicated the University of Oxford, and exposed the arrogance of the Frenchman, who had insinuated that learned

* It would be injustice to his grateful pupil, were we to suppress the eulogium pronounced on this gentleman by Sir William Jones. "The reader will, I hope, indulge me, if in this place I cannot refrain both from an encomium on the virtues of this my most learned and intimate friend, and a lamentation of his loss, for no man surely was more distinguished for genius, integrity, an admirable temper, most humane manners, exquisite learning. He had beside such a talent of communicating and instructing, as I never knew in my other master; lastly, such a cheerfulness and sweetness, that it was absolutely doubtful whether he was most agreeable to his friends or to his scholars. Both in the Greek and Latin languages he was deeply versed, yet, like another Socrates, he wrote very little himself, though no one had more skill and precision in correcting the faults, or adorning the beauties of other writers. So that if his course of life or more benignant fortune had placed him at the bar, or in parliament, and he had not undertaken the province of a schoolmaster, only in the talent of eloquence, which, of all nations, Britain alone now cultivates, he would have yielded the palm to no one: for several particular endowments, which of themselves recommend an orator, if not in perfection, were certainly much to be admired in him, a tuneful voice, polite diction, volubility of speech, humour, a remarkable memory, lastly, the eyes, the locks, the action, not of a player but almost of another Demosthenes. In his private life, in some degree, rival of Roscius, he was such a master as alone to seem worthy of instructing youth, and such an orator as alone to seem worthy of discharging the most important public trusts. Does not the name of such a one exact from me the highest honours? Such a one shall I not lament? For his death shall I not be afflicted? But let me beware of seeming to grieve more on my own account than for the death of my friend and instructor, for, by dying, what has he left but a frail, uncertain, wretched life, in which, except virtue and fame, there is nothing which a good man ought eagerly to covet? Deprived by his death and deprived of the most pleasing union of studies, and he has also lost an assistant, whose judgment would have checked the seductiveness of youthful genius, have observed the faults either of my speech or gesture, have polished my language, and would not only have urged me to compose a task which, on account of its extreme difficulty, almost all of us avoid, but would have kindly animadverted on my writings, have detected my mistakes, and perhaps by friendly commendations, which have the greatest influence on the best minds, have even excited me to greater attempts. In this very work, which I am now publishing, how have I regretted the want of such a learned and candid critic! For though he once perused it cursorily, yet he added not a word; he scarce altered a syllable; the notes that he wrote in the margin of the book were written more for the sake of commending than of blaming; but such was his regard for me, that he had determined more gratefully to revise with me the whole volume. If he had, it would perhaps have been free from many faults, at least it would have come forth more elegant and polished. But the perfection of my little book is a trivial hit; other things which have perished with him, I shall not cease most feelingly to lament, his friendship, his good offices, his advice: but, as I said before, this is my misfortune, for he, as I trust, is most happy, and rather compassionate the empty case of mortal, than requires either their praises or their grief."

body. In the same year he gave the public "A Grammar of the Persian Language," 4to. and at the same time proposed to republish Meninski's Dictionary, with improvements from *De Labrosse's Gazophylacium Linguae Persarum*, and to add in their proper place an Appendix subjoined to Gehanaguire's Persian Dictionary. The Grammar has already been found extremely useful, and has been reprinted several times; but the design of the Dictionary, though an object of even national importance, for want of due encouragement, was obliged to be laid aside.

In 1772 he published "Poems; consisting chiefly of Translations from the Asiatic Language. To which are added two Essays; I. On the Poetry of the Eastern Nations. II. On the Arts commonly called Imitative," 8vo. which in 1777 he republished with the addition of some Latin Poems, every way worthy their author.— On the 18th June, 1773, he took the degree of Master of Arts, and the same year published "The History of the Life of Nader Shah, King of Persia. Extracted from an Eastern Manuscript, which was translated into French by Order of his Majesty the King of Denmark. With an Introduction, containing, I. A Description of Asia according to the Oriental Geographers. II. A short History of Persia from the earliest Times to the present Century: And an Appendix, consisting of an Essay on Asiatic Poetry, and the History of the Persian Language. To which are added Pieces relative to the French Translation." 8vo. Our author at this period had determined on the study of the law as a profession, and to relinquish every other pursuit. Our readers will not be displeas'd with the following extract, which concludes the Preface to the History now under consideration.

"To conclude; if any errors should be detected in this whole, the reader will excuse them, as they arise upon the great variety of dark and intricate points which are discussed in it; and if the obscurity of the subject be no sufficient plea for the errors which may be discovered in the work, let it be considered to use the words of Pope in the preface to his juvenile poems, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; most of them indeed were composed in the intervals of my leisure in the South of France, before I had applied myself to a study of a very different nature; which is now my resolution to make the sole object of my life. Whatever then be the fate of this production, I shall never be tempted to vindicate any part of it, which may be thought exceptionable; but shall gladly resign my own opinions, for the sake of embracing others, which may seem more probable; being persuaded, that nothing is more laudable than the love of truth, nothing more odious than the obstinacy of persisting in error. Nor shall I easily be induced, when I have disburdened myself of two more pieces which are now in the press, to begin any other work of the literary kind; but shall confine myself wholly to that branch of knowledge in which it is my chief ambition to excel. It is a painful consideration that the profession of literature, by far the most laborious of any, leads to no real benefit or true glory whatsoever. Poetry, science, letters, when they are not made the sole business of life, may become its ornaments in prosperity, and its most pleasing consolation in a change of fortune; but if a man applies himself entirely to learning, and hopes by that, either to raise a family, or to acquire,

The following Inscription to the memory of Doctor Sumner, is affixed to the wall of the south transept of Harrow Church:

H. S. E.

ROBERTUS SUMNER, S. T. P.

Collegii Regalis apud Cantab. olim Socius,

Scholæ Harrovienſis haud ita pridem Archidiaconus.

Fuit hoc præstantissimo Viro

Ingenium naturâ peracre, optimarum disciplinæ artium sedulo

Excultum, usu diuturno confirmatum, & quodammodo sobactum.

Nemo enim aut in recordatis sapientiæ studiis illo subtilior exiit;

Aut humanioribus literis limatior: nec mihi scire vel fecius

Contigit iudicii acumen, vel uberior eruditionis copis.

Egregiis luce cum dotibus naturæ, tum doctrinæ subsidis,

Insuper accedebat in scriptis mira ac prope perfecta eloquentia.

In termine facetiarum lepor plane Atticus, & gravitate suaviter

Aspersa urbanitas; in moribus singularis quædam integritas & fides;

Vita denique raris constans sibi, & ad virtutis normam diligenter severoque,

Exculta. Omnibus qui vel amico essent eo, vel magistro usi, doctrinæ,

Ingenii, virtutis triste reliquit desiderium, subita, cheu! æque immaturâ

Morte correptus præd. Id. Sept. A. D.

what so many wish for, and so few ever obtain, an honourable retirement in his declining age, he will find, when it is too late, that he has mistaken his path; that other labours, other studies are necessary, and that unless he can assert his independence in active life, it will avail him little to be favoured by the learned, esteemed by the eminent, or recommended even by Kings. It is true, on the other hand, that to extrinsical advantages can make any amends for the loss of virtue and integrity, which shall give a perfect comfort to him who possesses them. Let a man therefore, who wishes to enjoy, what no fortune or honour can bestow, the blessing of self-approbation, ascribe to the glory given to Pericles by a celebrated Historian, of being acquainted with all useful knowledge, of expressing what he knows with copiousness and freedom, of loving his friends and country, and of disdaining the mean pursuits of lucre and interest: this is the only career on which an honest man ought to enter, or from which he can hope to gain any solid happiness.

The next year he published "*Poësis Asiatica Commentariorum Libri Sex, et in Appendice, sicutur Limon, seu Miscellanea curiosa*," 8vo and pursuing his project of applying to the study of the Law, which he thought more of him from the press (except the new edition of his Poems), until the year 1779. In this month he was called to the bar, and attended Westminster Hall the Oxford Circuit, where he obtained but little business. He was then appointed a Commissioner of Bankrupts by Lord Baccant, who happened to have intentioned about his interest to procure his nomination to the Bench of the 1st Instance. In a delicate and delicate matter, he was supposed to influence the determination in the following manner: "I cannot slip this opportunity of showing the public, who have hitherto not entirely approved of my conduct, that I have received numerous marks of friendship from a number of illustrious persons, to whose favours I can never perpetrate my thanks, yet your Lordship is being greater, my only benefactor, that without any solicitation, or even request on my part, you gave me a substantial and permanent pension of £1000, which you intended to have been paid by your obliging and generous viz it, and which has been the chief fruit that I have gathered from an incessant course of very great labours, that your kind

intentions extended to a larger field; and that you had even determined to reward me in a manner the most agreeable both to my inclinations and to the nature of my studies, if an event which as it produced an accession to your happiness, could not but conduce to mine, had not prevented the full effect of your kindness.

"It might here become me to supplicate, what I cannot however persuade myself to conceal, that your Lordship was pleased to assign the most flattering reasons for your intention, and to declare that you desired my promotion both for my own sake, and for that of the public, the first of which motives I ascribe to your candour and the goodness of your heart; the second, which I am wholly unconscious of deserving, I can impute only to your singular benignity and indulgence."

The extracts are from the Dedication to "*The Speeches of Cicero, in Causes concerning the Law of Succession to Poppeia at Athens with a prefatory Discourse, Notes critical and historical, and a Commentary*," 4to 1779.

In the next year we discover our author a candidate to represent the University of Oxford in Parliament. On his occasion the following paper was handed about, which, as it shews something of his character, we shall here insert. It is unnecessary to add, that the application was unsuccessful.

May 5, 1780.

To the UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THE friends of Mr. Jones are persuaded, after the fullest deliberation, that it becomes *absolutely necessary* for them to answer a question, which has been repeatedly, forcibly, and pertinently asked: "Why is he not supported in his own college, of which he is an older member, though formerly a younger Fellow than Dr. Scott?"

To this question a clear, succinct, satisfactory answer has been given by the college themselves, who, on the 2d of the present month, commissioned their Bursar to come to London, and deal upon Mr. Jones with the following assurance: "That when they fixed upon Dr. Scott as their candidate, they imagined Mr. Jones's appointment to be very distant on the bench of Judges in the Court of Common Pleas, and likely to take place in a short time. That they had, however, lost engaged themselves by attending a meeting of the Doctor's friends, in consequence of a printed paper circulated for that purpose on the 29th of April, that they could not recede."

It

It follows from this declaration, that had it not been for the unhappy mistake about India, they would probably not have decided at all, but certainly not have decided precipitately, between the pretensions of their only two lay-fellows, one of whom has been often heard to say, that he would resign the absolute certainty of the most lucrative post to which he could now aspire, either in India or in England, for the moral certainty of so high an honour as that of being delegated by the University of Oxford "to protect in the legislature the rights of the republick of letters."

By the same unfortunate mistake, Mr Jones has perhaps lost the happiness of being a college candidate, but he is nominated by many of his friends from different colleges, who vote and recommendations are engaged to him the just objection, therefore, against having two candidates from the same college is thus removed.

Another of his misfortunes is, that he has comparatively few personal acquaintance within the precincts of the University, where his professional vocations have not permitted him to reside, and where his competitor, a gentleman of acknowledged merit, has formed extensive connections.

His friends, who are numerous, have only to add, that they have not openly solicited, nor intend openly to solicit, vote for Mr Jones within the University itself because he will never become the instrument of disturbing the calm seat of the Muses, by consenting to any such solicitation for himself or for any man whatever. His own applications have been, and will be, confined to those only who have professed a regard for him, and who *love no us as themselves* the Masters of Arts in a great University, whose prerogative is cool reason and impartial judgment, must never be placed on a level with the voters of a borough, or the freeholders of

a county. Even in private life, he does not set the example, and his friends would never have been justified by the conduct of others.

For the first and the last time, they leave to suggest, that no exertions be spared by those who, either personally by reputation, approve the character of Jones, into which, both literary and political, as well as moral, his friends desire and demand the strictest scrutiny. For his University he began early to provoke, and probably to incur, the displeasure of great powerful men. For his University he entered the lists with a foul-mouthed and Frenchman, who had attacked Oxford in three large volumes of misrepresentation and calumny. For his University he refused, for a whole year, his favourite studies and pursuits, to save Oxford the discredit of not having one of her sons ready to translate a tedious Persian manuscript. To Oxford, in short, he is known to be attached by the strongest possible ties, and only regrets the necessity of absencing himself from the place in which of all others he most delights, until the event of the present competition shall either convince him that he has toiled in vain as a man of letters, or shall confer on him the greatest reward to which he can aspire. The unavoidable disadvantage of being so late proposed, and the respectable support with which he is now honoured, will secure him in all events from the least disgrace.

We are obliged to postpone the remainder of this account, by reason of its length, until next month.

In page 5, of our Magazine for July last, by the inadvertence of the writer, a reference to the Monthly Review for May 1787, p 412, was accidentally omitted.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of Mr JOSEPH REED.

JOSEPH REED was the second son of a person who carried on the business of a Rope-maker, at Stockton upon Tees, in the county of Durham. He was born in that town, in March 1723. His parents were Presbyterians, who with the rest of his early connections were lit le qualified, and as little inclined to encourage him in those pursuits, to which he afterwards bent his attention, and to which he is now entitled to be distinguished from any other of his predecessors. His original destination was not to the trade he was brought up to; but as he formerly printed a whimsical account of himself in a Vol. XII.

periodical publication, it may not be improper to hear his own narrative of the early part of his life.

"I AM, by Divine Providence, the sole surviving male of a very eminent family. My ancestors, as far as I have been able to rake them out of the rubbish of obscurity, for three generations preceding my father, could neither read nor write. The gentleman, by whom I had the honour to be begot, was a very eminent passport or halter-maker; and notwithstanding the hereditary ignorance of the family, made such a considerable progress in literature, that he was able to edit accounts.

...and the letter on baskets to ...
 ...that he could be understood by ...
 ...of the worth which he had very ...
 ...His natural abilities were very ...
 ...though he was no conjurer in learn- ...
 ...and he felt was he convinced of the ...
 ...advantages of illiterature, that he was de- ...
 ...termined to give his children as good an edu- ...
 ...cation as his purse and their capacities would

As my elder brother's upper chambers were not extremely well furnished, my father was in no great anxiety about giving him a liberal education, but a certain brat of the family raising his expectations, he was resolved to spare no pains or expence in the cultivation of his understanding. At seven years old, little master, *videlicet*, my sweet self, was to be put into Gaffer Hoole's leading strings to the Latin tongue, but being at that time seized by an ill natured ague, which, some few intervals excepted, visited me almost three years, my entrance into grammatical trammels was postponed. My father being under great grief and perplexity, on account of my tertian visit, used every method in his power to rid the house of so troublesome an intruder, and at length succeeded by employing an old snorer of the faculty to bark him out of the family. I was no longer freed from my late engagement, than a second-hand grammar was purchased, and, at the first quarter day, I was to begin my Latin; but an unlucky accident had almost disconcerted the scheme of my education: this was no less than the death of my honoured Papa.

When the violence of our grief for the loss of our common supporter was over, ways and means were to be found out for the maintenance of a widow and six children. A council of three was accordingly called, which was composed of two female wry-faced Presbyterians, and an old cankered shipwright, of the same sect, who might with justice be called the greatest old woman of the three. They unanimously agreed, that my brother should be instructed in our paternal occupation, to keep up the dignity of the family; but could not, till after various meetings, and a great consumption of tobacco and old pipes, resolve how to dispose of the small claim I seemed to have to manhood, by making me apprentice to a taylor, another took barbac; for they very wisely observed, that was but a very puny chap, and much of the family of the Slims, I should not be able to endure any hard labour. It was at last resolved, *namque contradicente*, that I should, at a proper age, be put to a cabinet-maker. This resolution had assuredly passed the maternal effort, had not a gentleman of learning, a distant relation by my mother's side, interposed, and offered to supply me with books and board, till I had perfected my education at a grammar school. This generous proposal, though opposed with great

warmth and bitterness by my mama's privy council, was prudently accepted by my mother, who was not a little elevated with the hopes of her son's arriving at the dignity of thumping the cushion. Well, I was put to school, and hurried with such rapidity through Messrs. Hoole, Lilly, Casus and Casarius, that my master declared I was the best boy he had ever under his care. Before I had been a fortnight entered in M^r. V^{er}basius, I had the misfortune to lose my master, who died of a distemper not uncommon in this island, a scolding wife. A successor was immediately called from that great nursery of bum-brashers, App^{le}by school. With this preceptor, after the first half year, I lived in perpetual uneasiness on account of his notorious, not to say villainous, partiality to the vicar's nephew, between whom and myself there was as great an emulation, as perhaps was ever known in those great seminaries of literature, the schools of Eton and Westminster. Under this grammatical tyrant, learning became the most insupportable burthen, however, being wearied out by the usage of this rascally pedagogue, I broke through my slavery, and was put to a school in my native town. Here I began to recover my small relish of the classics; but my brother unfortunately dying before I had been four months fixed in my new situation, I was most barbarously torn from school to supply the place of the deceased. All my Latin books were immediately seiz'd by the order of the council, and inhumanly kept from me with as much strictness as pen and ink from a state prisoner: by which means my progress in that language hath been no further serviceable to me than in teaching me to write tolerable grammar in my mother tongue. This, though it seemed to me an act of great oppression, was no more than the effect of sound policy, for it was very sagely concluded, that my love of learning would naturally increase my aversion to business. However, under these restraints I cou'd not be easy, and, as Latin authors were denied me, with my small allowance I purchased an odd, scabbied, unfashionable book, called Paradise Lost, writ en by a son of darkness, one John Milton. This author at first was too hard for me, but by frequent reading, I began to understand and relish him. After I had finished old Common-wrath, I hired, at the important sum of two-pence a week a queer, obsolete author, that you may perhaps have heard of, or ic William Shakespear, a great play-wright; but unluckily while I was perusing the first volume, I was detected by a dissenting clergyman, who was loved in our family. This gentleman, though a man of great wealth and learning, had caught the common infection, and was of opinion, that the knowledge of Shakespear was altogether unnecessary to a halter-maker. Well, what was to be done? I was so charmed with my common Shakespear, that I could not forget him;

him; and to read him openly was downright defiance to my mother and her authority. In this exigence I had recourse to a variety of wiles, by which I secured to myself the pleasure of perusing my favourite author without discovery."

It would be endless, Mr. Reed adds, to give an account of all the contentions, embarrassments, and uneasinesses he underwent for many years; all which were sufficient to divert him from Dramatic Poetry, which through every period of his life seems to have been the object of his particular regard. So early as the year 1744, he began a Farce, called "The Superannuated Gallant," which in 1745 was printed in 12mo. at Newcastle, where we are informed it was represented by a company of strollers. In 1747 he made a visit to London, led to it most probably by his affection for the Drama. In 1750 he married; and having a desire to transplant himself to the neighbourhood of the metropolis, he in the beginning of 1757, accomplished his design, and settled himself in Sun Tavern Fields, where he continued during the remainder of his life.

Except The Superannuated Gallant, and a Poem on Mr. Pope's death, which was printed in the Magazines of the times, but which deserves little praise, we do not find that he had then any otherwise employed the press. Soon after his arrival in town, he published "A British Philippic inscribed to the Right Honorable the Earl of Granville," 4to. 1756: a piece intended to excite the resentment of the nation against the French, and inveighing against the prevailing vices of the times. We believe it obtained but little notice from the publick. In 1758 his Mock Tragedy of "Madrigal and Trulletta" was performed at Covent Garden Theatre one night, 6th of July, under the direction of Theophilus Cibber, of eccentric and dissipated memory. Cibber had promised to perform in it himself, but the situation of his affairs would not permit him (which indeed he little cared for) to fulfil his engagement. It was accordingly represented by such a company as might be expected, hastily collected, and very slightly disciplined. Two of them only, and those who afterwards arrived at no degree of excellence, signalized themselves on the occasion. During the rehearsal of the piece, an author we believe still living, recommended the following lines for

the dying speech of the hero, in the circumstances of his being wounded, and the audience to make their own judgment at the representation.

I thank thee for't—and now I bid
 adieu to
 Sower of triump.
There's but one favour left for me to ask
Or thee to grant—I pray thee mark
Report my death just as thou'rt bid
 it—
Observe this struggle—see this
 twist.—
I grind,—I writh,—and now I bid
 out—
A general shudder runs through
 limbs;
And with a hollow voice I groan
 Oh! Oh! Oh!

A Farce called Sir Thomas Callico, or The Mock Nabob, taken from Sir George Roper's Nice by another hand as it is imagined, concluded the evening's entertainment. The Mock Tragedy was soon afterwards published in 8vo. with Notes pointing out the performances alluded to or ridiculed in it. Among the rest Dr. Smollet's Regicide being treated with severity, he was supposed to have taken his revenge in the Critical Review, in which he was concerned. This occasioned Mr. Reed to reply in a pamphlet, entitled, "A Sop in the Pan for a Physical Critic, in a Letter to Dr. Smollet, occasioned by a Criticism on a late Mock Tragedy called Madrigal and Trulletta. By a Hatter-maker." 8vo. 1759.

At this time Mr. Reed had written "The Register-Office," which in August 1758, he put into the hands of Mr. Foote, who promised to produce it at one of the Theatres in the ensuing season. Mr. Foote however, who seems to have been restrained by no motives of delicacy, where interest or any prevailing passion could be gratified, finding a character in the piece which he could adapt to his own style of acting, in violation of every principle of honour or probity, without any scruple made free with the property entrusted to his care, and in 1760 transferred it into his Comedy of "The Minor," under the name of Mother Cole. This dishonest conduct was resented by Mr. Reed, who before this period having heard that Foote intended to bring out his performance to Dublin with

* By the Author's account it should seem at first to have met with opposition. "That the Play was most inhumanly hatched in the representation none will deny; for if ever so complex a collection of Theatrical Wretches was in any one Play brought upon the Stage of a Theatre-Royal, I will venture to renounce all pretensions to common sense. Notwithstanding the disadvantage of its representation, the play was saved; a circumstance so contrary to my expectation, that I gave it up for damn'd before the conclusion of the first act." See in the Pan, p. 16.

... made an application to Mr. ... in December, 1759, ... of his case, and offering ... Farce for performance at Drury-Lane Theatre. His intercourse with this ... began with unfavourable circumstances, and probably created that want of confidence and jealousy on one side, and resentment and supineness, if not a more active ... on the other, which seemed to per- ... every future negoti- ... between them. ... being received in near three weeks, ... was demanded with some degree of ... which probably offending the dignity of the Manager, occasioned a peremptory refusal of the piece at that juncture. Each party it appears was displeas'd and dissatisfied with the other, and the correspondence broke off abruptly, nor had our author any communication with Mr. Garrick for above twelve months.

The conduct of Mr. Foote was too gross to be patiently submitted to, and after some time, he found it necessary to endeavour to soothe our author, to which he was urged, if not compelled, by some warm remonstrances from Dr. Johnson. He at length could no longer refuse to produce "The Keg-ster Office, which brought the Manager and our Author once more together. The same unaccommodating spirit seemed to actuate them both, and though Mr. Garrick could not prevent the Farce being acted, he shew'd no alacrity in promoting the success of it. After undergoing many alterations, after being mutilated by Foote and garbled by the Licensor, it was, however, at last, produced on the 25th of April, 1761, and favourably received. At a meeting between Mr. Garrick, Mr. Foote, Dr. Johnson, and the Author, it was determined that the fourth night should be set apart for the author's benefit. But the Manager, after wards receding from this engagement, and insisting it should be the sixth night, a difference arose between him and our Author, who pertinaciously insisted on the strict observance of the agreement. This occasioned Mr. Garrick to refuse his performance on the night, by which he lost the receipts of the house we estimate at ... defray the expence of it, and the ... Man get on so much more parted dis- ... with each other. In the latter end of ... Mr. Reed had ...

In the meantime our author had written the tragedy of Lodo, which after endeavouring to obtain the patronage of Lord Southwell for, he procured to be performed by Mrs. ... The lady applauded the piece in very warm terms; but this circumstance, as if there was no rivalry between her and the Manager, was no recommendation to ... In the same performance she was praised,

the other spoke disparagingly of the performance: and in a letter to the Author, he declared his opinion against it in these decisive terms: "My judgment is, that the fable is very uninteresting, and indeed I think it is not in the power of any author to draw a good dramatic plan from it. I likewise think that the characters are neither well supported, or well employed, and I fear that the language would rather appear, from the affectation of obsolete words, to ridicule Shakespeare than seriously to imitate him."

To such a verdict our Author was not of a disposition to submit. He warmly expostulated with Mr. Garrick, and desired the fate of his Play might be referred to some indifferent person, as had been done in the case of Mr. Murphy's Ophan of China, but this precedent the Manager did not chuse to extend further than it had been, and persisted in his refusal. Mr. Reed then reclaimed his Play, in order to have it represented at Covent-Garden; to which Theatre Mr. Rich-lyd promised it admission. The death of that Manager prevented the execution of this design, and Lodo appeared to be condemned to oblivion.

In 1762, Mr. Reed published a very useful book, entitled, "The Tradesman's Companion, or, Tables of Avoudupo's Weight, from Eighty Pounds to Five Shillings per Ton calculated to a Farthing. With additional Tables, from a Shilling to a Farthing per Pound; shewing at one View the Price of any Simple Quantity from a Ton to a Pound, &c." He had also for some time assisted the writers of a popular political paper, called "The Monitor," and when the presumed Actions of his work were taken into custody, was under some apprehensions of sharing the same fate.

In 1763, Mr. Garrick went abroad and our Author again attempted to procure the reception of Lodo. It was read to Mr. Powell, who being pleased with it, promised it every assistance in his power, and on the Manager's refusal, effected a reconciliation between him and our author. Lodo was then presented to Mr. Garrick shew'd a reluctance to permitting its representation. After various objections, however, and long negotiation, it was recommended by him to permit it to take its fate at the benefit of Mr. Holland, which after some hesitation was consented to. It was accordingly acted on the 28th of March 1764, and was received with great applause. The following passages we remember were particularly noticed:

—Gentle sleep,
Thou bring'st my comfort; be my nurse of care!
Thou intermediate state betwixt life and death!
Thou kind, yet my thine, and restorative

Of weavy Nature, how unequally
Thy blessings are distributed to man !
Wert thou a human being, I should think
thee

Some noble in disgrace, thou com'st to Courts
With such reluctance. The tuid cottager
sooner stretches him on hardest bed,
Lest strait the rustic mooves. The King
oppress'd

With double weariness of body and mind,
Oft losses half the night on downy couch,
Ere thou wilt visit him with one slight
imber.

Act IV.

Thou wouldst not have *Aeneas* chargeable
With guilt so hateful as Ingratitude

In all the train of Vice there's not a monster
More foul, more ugly, than Ingratitude
It is a fiend of blackest hue, begot
By the demon Envy on the fortress Pride,
And litter'd in a bite, a thankless heart.
I want us humble ; licks, yet, if it durst,
Would bite the hand that ministers relief.
In power 'tis proud ; repays past benefits
With scorn, neglect, or insult. Its sharp
tooth

Strikes deeper than the serpent's poisonous
fang.

And he that entertains this footy guest,
Harbours as rank a devil in his heart,
As Hell hath ever gender'd. *Ibid.*

It was afterwards performed a second and
a third time, when the season being too far
advanced to continue the representation, it
was laid aside by consent until the opening
of the house in winter.

During the recess, the state of Drury Lane
Theatre had sustained a material alteration,
by the removal of Mr. Powell and Mrs.
Yates to Covent-Garden. To supply their
places, it was proposed to substitute Mr. Red-
dish and Mrs. W. Barry, but Mr. Barry
and Mrs. Dancer being soon afterwards en-
gaged, Mr. Reed insisted on their filling the
characters before performed by Mr. Powell
and Mrs. Yates. Mrs. Dancer at first ac-
cepted the part, but Mr. Barry's absence in
Ireland prevented for some time any applica-
tion to him. On his return, as our Author
always supposed, by the influence of Mr.
Garrick, both he and Mrs. Dancer refused to
perform the characters intended for them ;
and the Author as steadily refusing the sub-
stitutes offered for them, the play was of ne-
cessity laid aside.

To make amends to our Author for his dis-
appointment relating to *Dido*, Mr. Garrick
offered him a night on account of *The Re-*

gister-Office, which Mr. Reed
and introduced a new character
Poets, which was executed
by Miss Pope, and had fair success
favourite with the publick : but as the
money was not designed to last long
the Manager and Author, the latter forsook
representation of it after the tragedy of
nobis, which he thought had unfairly
suffered *Dido*. The Manager resented the
prohibition, the Farce was laid aside, and both
the Author and Manager for the last time
parted with resentment towards each other,
and from thenceforth ceased to have any
communication together.

As no effort was made nor any inclination
discovered by either of the parties towards
reconciliation, all correspondence between
them from this time ceased. Mr. Reed,
however, wrote a narrative of the whole
transaction, which he intended to publish,
but was dissuaded from it by the sollicitations
of Mr. Holland. He had before this period
written *Tom Jones*, an Opera, which had
been received by Mr. Garrick, but while
he was expecting a time to be fixed
for its performance he was alarmed with an
account that Bickerstaff, of infamous me-
mory, intended to write a piece on the same
subject. After some altercation between
them, Mr. Reed judged it prudent to secure
the performance of his own Opera first ;
and therefore transferred it to Covent-Gar-
den Theatre, where it was performed 14th
of January 1769, with great applause, and
for several nights afterwards. The profits
arising from the performance, amounted to
a considerable sum of money.

As Mr. Reed at all times had determined
that his attention to his trade should not be
derided by his theatrical amusements, it
seems to, though his ardour for the stage was
from this period somewhat cooled by the
obstacles he had met with in his pursuit.
Though he continued to divert his leisure
hours with writing dramatic pieces, we do
not find that he attempted to get any of them
acted until the year 1771 when Mr. Foots
actually promised under his hand to produce
one of them called " *The Impostors* " if it
obtained the Chamberlains licence. The re-
presentation of this performance was pre-
vented by the Author being informed by a
capital performer, that Mr. Foots had un-
warily expected a return to take this op-
portunity of revenging his disgrace he had
incurred, by the discovery of his purloining
the character of *Mother Cole*. In this year,

* He had in 1759 declared, " I hate a lazy life, and must have my hands or head em-
ployed. When my *hempen calls* are broken, I am not at home to the *Muses*, but when my track
grows dull, I am glad to receive them. *Lives of the Poets*, p. 23.

Mr. Reed became a volunteer in favour of Kenrick, against the infamous attack of the Morning Chronicle. The letters he published in this controversy were by Kenrick ascribed to himself. They were published in "The Morning Chronicle," under the signature of Bedebeck, and afterwards added to the 2dnd edition of "Love in the Suds." It is to Mr. Reed's honour, that he never communicated this act of justice to Mr. Gurrick, nor desired to derive any advantage to himself from it.

In 1776, he gave Mr. Woodward a small piece, taken from Gil Blas, called "The Impostors, or A Cure for Credulity," which was acted at his benefit 19th of March. This was his last Theatrical exhibition. His care of a very profitable trade left him but little leisure, and that leisure he devoted to literary and domestick amusements.

In 1784, he published "An Epitaph on the late illustrious Earl of Chatham, dedicated to the present Minister;" 8vo. and in 1786, printed "St. Peter's Lodge; a Serio-comic legendary Tale, in Hudibrastic verse," 8vo. which he ascribed to the Prince of Wales. In this year a monopoly of hemp took place, which was supposed would have a pernicious effect on the shipping of the Kingdom. On this occasion he published "A Rope's End for Hempen Monopolists: or A Dialogue between a Broker, a Rope-maker, and the Ghost of Jonas Hanway, Esq. In which are represented the pernicious Effects of the Rise in the Price of Hemp. By a Halter-maker, at the Service of all Monopolists" 8vo. His last performance was "The Retort Courteous: or A candid Appeal to the Public, on the Conduct of Thomas Lunley, Esq. Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, to the Author of Dido. Containing original Letters and just Remarks on the Manager's arbitrary and indefensible Rejection of that Tragedy." 8vo. 1787. A long sedentary course of life with little exercise, brought

on a disorder which terminated his life, 15th of August, 1787, at the age of 84. A few days after he was buried in Duchill-fields burying-ground. His property, which was considerable, he left to be divided between his three surviving children in equal proportions.

Mr. Reed's character deserves a few words, if uprightnes and integrity have any claim to the remembrance of mankind. In a life passed with so little variety, few opportunities present themselves for the display of heroic virtues, the bons mots of life, as Dr. Johnson justly called them; yet one instance did occur, which we shall relate in a note*. He was possessed of considerable genius, and had he mixed more in the world, would have made a better figure as a dramattick writer. He had no small portion of humour, and as far as his observation reached he painted with accuracy. The merit of invention would with great injustice be denied him. As a man, his character was very amiable; he was hospitable and generous, kind and affectionate to his relations, frank and open to his friends, charitable and humane to all. He disdained the sneaking vices of meanness and servility, and probably lost some opportunities of benefiting himself by an avowal of his sentiments to the Managers of the Theatres, with whom it was his lot to negotiate. The same disposition prevailed in his conduct as a man of business, and he is supposed to have incurred some resentments on account of his pamphlet concerning the hemp monopoly; but satisfied with the propriety of his conduct, he was perfectly indifferent to any consequences resulting from it. He had no slight opinion of his own powers, and what he thought due to his merit, he was not backward to demand. He was indefatigably diligent in all his pursuits. The austerity and preciseness of the sect in which he had been educated, had weakened his attachment to it, and when he ceased to be a member of it that persuasion, he did not

* At the time Mr. Reed resided at Stockton, and when he was in no very affluent circumstances, a person who had acquired about £1000. in the sea-service, thought proper to leave him the whole of his property. Mr. Reed immediately on the death of the testator sent for his next of kin; and very generously and disinterestedly relinquished the whole of the bequest to them.

† In his Poem of St. Peter's Lodge, it seems probable that he meant to pourtray himself in the following dialogue:

" — Now say what church you stuck to?
 " With modes of worship discontented,
 " Nor Church nor Chapel I frequented,
 " Then I may venture, Sir, to assert,
 " You're half an Atheist in your heart.
 " Not so, good Saint—my youthful mind
 " To Calvin's principles inclin'd;
 " But as my reason stranger grew,
 " From Calvin's worship I withdrew;

" Convinced

unite with any other. His character as a tradesman, will be best spoken of by those with whom he had any dealings, but it may be said with confidence, that he has left behind him that reputation which we apprehend

he fought for in his life. We believe, were he now living, he would afford him more satisfaction than any bestowed on his genius, that of being universally acknowledged an honest man.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The following account of an unpublished Play has been transmitted to us, with leave to print it in the European Magazine. We know not how far our Correspondent may be authorized to grant this permission; but as we perceive nothing that can give offence to any person in the paper, we do not hesitate to accept the offered favour with every acknowledgment. It appears to have been intended as an article in "The Biographical Dramatica," but why it was suppressed, and an inferior one, in every point of view, substituted in its place, we are unable to give any information. To the several accounts already printed of the story from whence the plot of this play may have been derived, we are desired to add, that there is one hitherto unnoticed, which lays the scene in the North of England, in the time of Charles I. It is a pamphlet entitled, "Eleanor; or a Tragical but True Case of Incest in Great Britain." 8vo. 1751. —

THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER. A Tragedy, by *Horace Walpole*, 8vo 1768. This dramatic piece was printed by our author at Strawberry-hill, and distributed among his particular friends, but with strict injunctions that it should never be shewn to Mr. Garrick, or Doctor Johnson. Mr. Walpole could by no means stoop to the judgment of the former, who had preferred *Agis to Douglas*; and of the rigorous criticism of the latter he would seem to have encouraged the most unreasonable apprehensions. His play however, which we have often read, and shall often read again, may in our opinion boast of a more correct representation of ancient manners, a nobler fund of morality, a stronger effervescence of the passions, and a happier enchantment of the

mind in suspense, than are to be discovered in any other tragic effort of a modern date. The fable of it, which is similar to that in the *Queen of Navarre's Novels*, vol. I. nov. 30. is perhaps improper for the stage, as undoubtedly there are crimes which have owed their repetition to the very records that stated their enormity.—The chief defects of the work before us, arise from the choice of a tale so slender as not to furnish out a sufficient variety of business,—in the fourth act, from somewhat too like a stage trick to create astonishment,—and, occasionally, from an improper use of antient words and phrases. We have likewise heard it observed, that the moment to which the guilt of our heroine is confined, was of all others such as could not fail to have united

" Convinc'd that every sect abounded
 " In tenets on which no ings grounded.
 " If to no sect or party I give
 " Aloud, how soon I you gain your life?
 " I made, at my examination,
 " This brief, yet honest declaration:
 " For one supreme, eternal BEING,
 " All just, all merciful, all free;
 " Man's great CREATOR, SIRE, and FRIEND,
 " From whom all benefits descend,
 " In whose protection I confided—
 " I bow'd, while I on earth resided;
 " And strove, as far as human weakness
 " Permitted, both in health and sickness,
 " To shew obedience to his will,
 " By doing good and shunning ill.
 " The zealots would against me rave,
 " All were my Brethren to the grave."

for the commission of the fact from whence her succeeding miseries were derived. But the critics who suggested this remark, do not appear to have considered how impossible it is, when the disappointed passions of a daring and sensitive female are once in motion, to determine on what object they may repose.

Though the first of English critics has accurately observed, that single bricks are but bad specimens of a build; we shall venture to introduce the following descriptive speech appropriated to the character of an airy soldier who begins the piece, together with the sensible and animated reflections on the church of Rome, which the *Mystic's Mistress* delivers at her first exit. The learned reader will perceive, as indeed our author acknowledges, that the latter of these effusions is in some measure imitated from the address of *Cato to Lucius* in the ninth book of the *Paritana*. The two passages are not selected on account of their superior splendor, for

— *uno a sulis non defuit altis
Autis, et fimiti frondebat virga metallo,*

but because the force of them will not be much diminished by their separation from the scenes to which they belong.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Plutonium foretibus celsis.

Plutonium.

“ WHAT awful silence! How these an-
“ tique towers,
“ And vacant courts, chill the suspended
“ soul,
“ Till expectation wears the cast of fear,
“ And fear, half-ready to become devo-
“ tion,
“ Mumbles a kind of mental opinion,
“ It knows not wherefore. What a kind
“ of being
“ Is circumstance?
“ I am a soldier, and were yonder battle-
“ ments
“ Garnish'd with combatants, and cannon-
“ mounted,
“ My daring breast would bound with exulta-
“ tion,
“ And glorious hopes enliven this drear
“ scene.
“ Now dare I not scarce tread to my own
“ hearing,
“ Lest echo borrow superstition's tongue,

“ And seem to answer me like one de-
“ parted.
“ I met a peasant, and enquir'd my way:
“ The earle, not rude of speech, but like
“ the tenant
“ Of some right-haunted ruin, bore
“ aspect
“ Of horror, worn to habitude. He bade
“ God bless me, and pass'd on. I urg'd
“ him further
“ Good matter, cries he, go not to the
“ castle,
“ There sorrow ever dwells, and stopping
“ misery.
“ I press'd him yet.—None there, said he,
“ are welcome,
“ Fit now and then a mass-priest, and the
“ poor,
“ To whom the pious countess deals her
“ alms,
“ On covenant, that each revolving night
“ They beg of Heaven the health of her
“ son's soul,
“ And of her own, but often as returns
“ The twentieth of September, they are
“ bound
“ Fast from the midnight watch to pray
“ till morn.—
“ More would he not disclose, or knew not
“ more.
“ —What precious mummery! Her son in
“ exile,
“ She wastes on monks and beggars his in-
“ heritance,
“ For his soul's health! I never knew a
“ woman,
“ But lov'd our bodies or our souls too
“ well.
“ Each matter whom maintains its hour of
“ empire,
“ And obstinately obdurate to its dictates,
“ With equal ardour, equal importunity;
“ They teze to be dimnd or to be
“ lov'd.
“ I hate to love or pry too long.
“ Consult a holy man! Inquire of him!
“ Good father, wherefore? What should
“ I inquire?
“ Must I be taught of him that guilt is woe,
“ That innocence alone is happiness?
“ That martyrdom itself will leave the
“ villain
“ The villain that it found him? Must I
“ learn
“ That minutes stamp'd with crimes are past
“ recall?
“ That joys are momentary, and remorse
“ Eternal? Shall he teach me charms and
“ spells,

" To make my sense believe against my
 " sense?
 " Shall I think practices and penances
 " Will, if he say so, give the health of vir-
 " tue
 " To gnawing self-reproach?—I know
 " they cannot;
 " Nor could one risen from the dead pro-
 " claim
 " This truth in deeper sounds to my con-
 " victor.
 " We want no preacher to distinguish vice
 " From virtue. At our birth the god re-
 " veal'd
 " All conscience needs to know. No co-
 " dical
 " To duty's rubrick here and there was
 " plac'd
 " In some faint's casual custody. Weak
 " minds
 " Want their soul's fortune told by oracles
 " And holy jugglers. Me, nor oracles,
 " Nor prophets, death alone can cert'fy,
 " Whether, when justice's full due's ex-
 " acted,
 " Mercy shall grant one drop to slake my
 " torment.
 " —Here, father, break we off; you to
 " your calling,
 " I to my tears and mournful occupation."

The narrow limits of a work like ours ex-
 clude the power of doing more justice to
 the very singular merit of this tragedy; but
 we will venture to add, that the reader of
 taste who is fortunate enough to meet with
 it, will hardly be disposed to controvert our
 decision in its favour.

Since the foregoing article was written,
 we have met with a tragedy, entitled, *In-
 nocence Deceived, or, The Royal Penitent*,
 8vo. 1737, a piece founded on the same
 story with the *Mysterious Mother*, to which
 it is far inferior in contrivance, sentiment,
 character, and language. There is yet a ma-
 terial coincidence between parts of the con-
 duct of these two performances, though per-
 haps no more than the singularity of the story
 would have forced on different authors
 who had undertaken the same task, without
 the least acquaintance with each other's la-
 bours.—We are informed also, that the re-
 motest origin of the tale is to be met with
 in a collection of mock causes proposed for
 arguments at a meeting in France, a custom
 anciently observed in our own seminaries of
 law. From this publication it found its way
 into the *Queen of Navarre's Novels*, and
 from thence into similar books of entertain-
 ment.

T H E
L O N D O N R E V I E W.

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. By Sir John Hawkins, Bart. 8vo.
7s. 6d. Beckland.

(Concluded from page 23.)

WE closed our last observations with
 the mention of Johnson's Dictionary,
 the compiling of which was an important
 period of his life. We are now arrived at
 Sir John Hawkins's account of Johnson's
 settlement with the booksellers, on the
 conclusion of that great work; a strange
 settlement indeed on Johnson's part,
 but which throws great light on his
 character. But we must recur to a for-
 mer part of Sir John's book for some par-
 ticulars.

The principal London Booksellers,
 who, says Sir John, " had long medi-
 tated the publication of a Dictionary
 after the model of those of France, and
 VOL. XII.

" the *Academia della Crusca*—John-
 son's reputation as a scholar and philolo-
 gist being well established—" looked upon
 " him as a fit person to be employed in
 " such an undertaking. Johnson was
 " promised a liberal reward—was tempted
 " to engage with them, and accordingly
 " engaged himself to compile that work." For
 this purpose he hired apartments in Gough-
 square, and fitted up a room with desks
 for Amanuenses, five or six of whom he
 kept under his eye. After this informa-
 tion to his reader, and giving an account
 of what Dictionaries he used, Sir John
 rambles away from his subject; and
 about thirty pages afterward thus takes it

again: "Johnson was all this while working at the Dictionary, having to assist him a number of young persons, whose employment it was to distribute the articles with sufficient spaces for the definitions, which it is easy to discern are of his own composition. Of these his assistants were young men of parts, others were stupid. Among the former was one called Price of Shute, a Scotchman. During part of the time of his labour, various in all respect, as, namely, in the execution of the work, in the Dictionary, according to Sir John, being at which Mr. Johnson performed with great reluctance. "I deprived him," says our author, "of many of the pleasures he most delighted in, as, namely, reading, in his desultory manner, and the conversation of his friends. It also increased his constitutional melancholy, and at length excited in him a loathing of that employment, to which he could not but look upon himself as doomed by his necessities. The sum for which he had stipulated with the booksellers was by the terms of the agreement to be paid to the vendor, and was indeed his only support. Being thus compelled to attend every day, and the profit he had on himself is a sufficient annual bond, and he perceives that while he is thus employed, his self is a creature dormant, was unwearily willing to work."

After one hundred forty years spent in dignities and benevolence, the Dictionary is again mentioned. "It is not readily been mentioned," says Sir John, "that Johnson's intention to this day is that Johnson was the chief of a liberal reward. The term liberal is a fine, and after the lapse of twenty years, during which such sums as from thirty-eight thousand pounds to be paid for copies, would have been allowed to fifteen hundred and fifty-five, which was the sum paid for the Dictionary. Of this Johnson, who was no very accurate accountant, thought a great deal, and he said to him on the conclusion of the work, but upon production of the meeting for the purpose of settling accounts for sums advanced to him, which were indeed the chief means of his subsistence, it was found, not only that he had eaten his cake, but that the balance of the account was given against him. His debtors were now to come his creditors, but the, in a perfect consistency with

the liberal spirit, which, in sundry instances, the great benefactors are known to have exercised towards authors, remitted the difference, and consoled him for his disappointment by making his entertainment at the expense of a treat."

The above paragraph is not more highly characteristic of Dr. Johnson, than it is of the ideas and spirit of Sir John Hawkins. In a citation just made, Sir John says that Johnson was promised a liberal reward by the Booksellers, and in the above he says, that the term liberal is mischievous. In the next few next manner convey the idea that so price of him was specified, and yet we immediately told that £5751. was the sum stipulated for the Dictionary. In a note Sir John says, that he had the original contract in his hand, and to this day, our Knight observes, can hardly be allowed the term liberal, who it is considered that during the lapse of twenty years, £10,000. to 10,000 pounds had been paid for copies. Indeed when we consider the bulk and durability of the work, that Johnson was nine years employed on it, and had five or six Assistants to pay out of it, we must not only force with Sir John, and deny the term liberal to Johnson's payment, but must allow him a warm national praise. Yet, it is to tell, in Johnson's account, that he had stipulated to the term of £5751. to be paid for all the time he had spent in the composition of a balance sheet Johnson "in perfect consistency with the liberal spirit, which, in various instances, the great Benefactors are known to have exercised towards authors." If the stipulated payment was inadequate, liberal, is certainly, the remuneration of a balance sheet. Johnson was no more than a man who held Honourable, and to say that Johnson was paid by having his work paid for him at a bargain, but says in Sir John's account, that the booksellers did not of spirit. It is a mistake to say that the method of payment was not to be made, who distinguished the company by his continually thanking God in the most lively and unwearied manner. One may come to say, The next day, "Ay, let us thank God, for sending us good wine." The small-beer is very fresh, says another. "Ay, says "Can, let us thank God for sending us fresh snuff." When favours of small account are preferred as most important benefits, who can help despising the little things

littleness of that mind which so highly rates them?

An indelicate satirical work in ridicule of Johnson and his writings, and also against Akenside, named *Lexiphanes*, is erroneously ascribed by Sir John to the late Dr. Kenrick, who, he says, wrote it in order to get honour by one or the other answering him; but he was disappointed. But this is all blundering in the dark: *Lexiphanes* was written by one Campbell, a Purser in the Royal Navy, who lately died in the West-Indies.

Birds of a feather will flock together, says the old proverb, and the dull will bepraise the dull. Thus we find our author very cordial in the praise of Blackmore. Johnson, on whose poetical title we have given a limited opinion, in our account of Boswell's Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides, (see Vol. VIII. page 452.) was it seems inclined to favour Sir Richard Blackmore, "who with a dignity of mind that merits praise," says Sir John from Johnson, "despised the failures of the wits who attacked him." And the consequence is, says our Knight, "that his poem entitled *Creation* still lives in the esteem of every judicious reader, and in that most elegant encomium which Mr. Addison has bestowed on it in the Spectator (No. 339); and Dennis, one of the severest of critics, has given it greater praise than he ever vouchsafed to any modern composition." Sir John introduces the above by citing Bentley for saying that "no author was ever written down but by himself," and is highly pleased with Sir Richard's foresight of his future fame. "All this, as Johnson relates," says Sir John, "Blackmore forswore." But, in the name of wonder, what fame did he foresee with justice as due in futurity to those volumes of poverty and dulness, and other of his numerous poetical attempts? That his poem entitled *Creation* is the best of his works, and has merit, is readily conceded, but all its merit will not cover his multitude of poetical sins. It is an anecdote well known to those who have conversed with those who were old *Literati* twenty or thirty years ago, that Sir Richard, when he was writing his *Creation*, belonged to those celebrated meetings of the wits called the *Kit-Cat* club; that he produced his poem by *piece-meal* to them; that it received their corrections; that his copy was mostly taken home by some of them, and returned at next meeting much improved; that Addison in particular thus befriended him; and hence in a great measure the

merit of his *Creation*. And seriously to cite the authority of the *Gambler's* Dennis, who reviled Pope, Addison, Steele, Prior, and every eminent author of the age, is indeed too ridiculous to deserve either much examination or censure.

About the year 1753, Johnson was offered a living by Mr. Langton, the friend of Bennet Langton, Esq. "It was a rectory in a pleasant country," says Sir John, "and of such a yearly value as might have tempted one in better circumstances than himself to accept it; but he had scruples about the duties of the ministerial function that he could not, after deliberation, overcome. *I have not*, said he, *the requisites for the office, and I cannot in my conscience shear that flock which I am unable to feed.*" This conduct, however unlike the man of the world, does great honour to the religious sincerity and integrity of the heart of Johnson.

To Johnson's humour, and talent of burlesque verification, Sir John has done dull justice. He gives the Meditation on a Pudding in ridicule of Henry's Meditations. This was spoken in Scotland, and is first recorded by Boylell; but our honest Knight makes no mention of the authority from whence he takes it.

Sir John is sadly puzzled about the propriety of Johnson's acceptance of a pension. After having talked *ad nauseam* about it, "It is yet difficult," says he, "it is not impossible to justify Johnson, both in the interpretation given by him of the word pension, and in his bearing a pension. In one instance or the other he was wrong, and either his discretion or integrity must be given up." After much *jeu d'esprit* work our Knight vindicates the integrity of Johnson as incontestable, favours his acceptance of an unconditional pension, and justly observes that his sale was not similar to that of Maird, who retained the high offices of the second Charles at a time when he stood in need of a guinea.

On poor Goldsmith Sir John is very facetious, yet mostly just on the oddities of the poet. That he had "no humour," as Sir John will have it, is the assertion of Dunbars. His comedies, his Vicar of Wakefield, and some of his little ballads contain much genuine and arch humour; though it is true of his conversation, as Sir John says, that "he never told a story but he spoiled it."

In his account of Goldsmith's waiting on the late Duke, then Earl of Northumberland, Sir John displays his own disposition

ferent temper. At a time of life too, when age, conscious of its infirmities, becomes avaritious, we find him refusing preferment, and boasting in one of his Night Thoughts, that there was still one, though bred with Courtiers,

To whom preferment came a day too late.

After ridiculously accusing Johnson of envying Garrick, because he had a low idea of Garrick's literary abilities, and hated mimicry and buffoonery, our Worthy enters into a serious defence of Johnson's Prayers and Meditations, and of the publication of them, which, we are told, was by Johnson's desire. Happy had it been for Johnson's reputation, and for the credit and honour of true piety with the great multitude, if these Prayers and Meditations had been committed to the flames, and consigned to oblivion. They afford only a melancholy proof of the superstitious and deplorable weakness to which the strongest minds are in some instances liable; and his resolves, and the constant breaking of them, are childishness itself.

Talking of the Doctor's tour to the Western Islands of Scotland, Sir John has this strange sentence: "Of the inhabitants, those of St. Kilda for instance, some are Christians—others are of the Romish communion, and the rest are of that denomination of Protestants who adhere to the reformation of that furious bigot John Knox." So Papists and Presbyterians are not Christians. Yet in a few pages we find Sir John inveighing against Dr. Johnson for not joining in worship with the "who adhere here to the reformation of that furious bigot John Knox." And he compliments the religion of Scotland as "Christianity in its utmost purity;" with what consistency with his former invective against the Scotch reformation, let the reader judge.

The scheme for bringing Dr. Johnson into Parliament is worthy of attention. Sir John thinks that Johnson would have made a brilliant figure in the House. "Had Johnson become a member," says he, "of the House of Commons, as he was one of the most correct speakers ever known, he would undoubtedly have exhibited to that assembly a perfect model of senatorial eloquence." And in his account of Johnson's political pamphlets, our Knight is the warm friend and defender of the Doctor's political principles. But we claim the liberty of differing widely from Sir John on these

heads. Johnson's defects, his awkwardness, his ungraceful appearance, are often pointed out, and strongly marked by Sir John; and surely all these are greatly against any man's making an eminent figure in the British Senate. His deafness would have prevented a proper understanding of the debates going on; his appearance would not have commanded respect; and his eloquence was not of that declamatory, rapid, and vehement kind, which distinguishes our most popular speakers. Nor can we possibly agree with Sir John in admiration of the Doctor's political principles. His political reasoning is often fallacious, and as often betrays great ignorance of his subject. Witness his estimate of the value of Falkland's Island. It is a fact well known, that ever since their first acquirements in South America, the Spaniards have been extremely jealous of every thing that looked like an attempt of England, or even any knowledge of, the South Seas. To gain such, was the chief ambition of that great and intelligent Commander Sir Walter Raleigh; and the Spanish resentments were worked up to the highest pitch by his attempts. It is of the utmost importance to Great Britain, in the time of war, to cut off the Spanish resources from the South Seas; and every thing that tends to distress them in that rich and most vulnerable quarter, must produce a proportionate advantage to this country.

The man of the plainest understanding may conceive the vast importance of having a port or ports in those distant seas, where our fleets may rest and rendezvous on any emergency, and from whence they may intercept and annoy the rich fleets of the enemy. And this plain reasoning is strongly confirmed by the Spanish jealousy, and by their strenuous exertions to prevent any footing of the English in those seas. The importance of such a port is also authenticated by the voyage of Lord Anson in the most indispensible manner. And what Englishman who considers and weighs these facts, can withhold his indignation, when he hears a Johnson thus ignorantly describing Falkland's Island:

"A bleak and gloomy solitude, an island thrown aside from human use stormy in winter, and barren in summer: an island which not the footstep of savages have dignified with habitation where a garrison must be kept in a station that contemplates with envy the Straits of Siberia; of which the expense of

...and the only occa-
sionally, which, if tortoise inside upon
our shores, may become a nest of
smugglers in peace, and in war a fu-
ture refuge of buccaners.

A train of more acceptable reasoning
than the above is hardly to be produced —
The vast importance of a trade routes in
the South Seas, is passed over as a mere po-
thing, and Falkland's Island condemned be-
cause it was not a place of luxury. How
deplorable must such argument appear to
the great statesman and experienced gene-
ral, who never admits the plea of luxury
when the service requires it, and how
many of our most valuable settlements in
every part of the globe are liable to the ve-
ry same wide objections, and the fallacious
may become a rather interesting and in-
teresting. In short, the sage Dr. Johnson
appears to have known little of the im-
portance of Falkland Island, as the
southern syzygy, which neglect of it is
most absurdly taken as a proof of its im-
utility. And equal to the above citation
in weakness and delusion is the follow-
ing: "There is reason to expect," says
the grave Doctor, "that the world is
more enlightened, joyful, and more
will at last be reconciled, and that na-
tions will learn not to do what they
would not utter." And this reasonable
expectation will certainly take place, but
not a Helen, when human nature ceases to
be what it at present is.

Yet with all these faults, Dr. Johnson's
poetical treatise on the subject of the Falkland
Islands is held out with the high appro-
bation of Sir John Hawkins, who called it
"a nest of honey," and which he called
"the jewel of the South Seas." And
soberly as the great Knight adopted
the views of Junius, it is thus per-
phrased in calling the Islands, "it is
of earth to me, liberal, as Johnson
affirms, that in the desert of the ocean
they had not escaped human notice,
and which if they had not happened to
make a tea drink, had, perhaps, never
had an name." And his original
(if we may be allowed a new word) truly
proves, that Sir John was, it is good a
judge of the commercial and military ad-
vantages of the Falkland station as Dr.
Johnson and the Southern Savages, to
which conducted the good Doctor to widely
views.

Who that considers his natural defects,
prejudices, and warped politics, can be
wondered to form an idea of what sort of
member of Parliament Dr. Johnson would

have made? Nor can we close this subject
without remarking a most fallacious argu-
ment pompously held up by the Doctor,
in his pamphlet named the *False Alarm*. —
We are obliged to quote from memory;
but the purport is exactly thus. Having
denied that the interest of the nation was in
any danger, "Go to the distant countries,"
says he, "and ask the country gentlemen
and the wealthy farmers, if the nation is
not ruined? They will answer with sur-
prize, that they know of no such thing,
that they have good crops and good mar-
kets, and every thing is going on very
well." — But a stage coachman may over-
set his coach in a ditch or an old quarry-
pit, while those who were snug in the
basket know nothing of the matter.

All of the above censures on Sir John, we
are happy to own that we agree with his
estimate of Johnson's poetical talents —
"Moral sentiments and versification,"
says our author, "seem chiefly to have en-
gaged his attention, and on these his cri-
ticisms are accurate, but severe, and not
altogether impartial." And Sir John had
understood that Johnson neither understood
nor relished descriptive poetry, which
might well account for the "frigid com-
mendation" which he bestows on Thom-
son, Dryden, and others of the descriptive
poets. Much the same estimate of John-
son's poetical taste and talents is given in
our Review of Boswell's *Journal of the
Tour to the Hebrides*, and as our Knight
has notoriously borrowed from other writ-
ters, and even the periodical publications,
it is no strained conjecture, that he had our
estimate in his eye, when he passed his
judgment on the Doctor's poetical powers.
(See our Magazine for December, 1785,
p. 457.)

It is well known that Dr. Johnson had
great delight in such a conversation,
but that he had a mimicry and buffoon-
ery of which reason, says Sir John, the
Doctor so managed it, that Curriek was
never admitted into the celebrated literary
club founded by Johnson, who had also
instituted other clubs. The last of these
is severely reprobated by Sir John. It
was instituted by the Doctor, says he, in
December, 1783, at an ale-house in Fleet-
street, was a sixpenny club, and "though
some of the members were persons of
note, strangers, under restrictions, for
three-pence each night, might, three
times in a week, hear him (*Johnson*)
talk, and partake of his conversation."
"The more intimate of Johnson's
friends looked on this establishment,
both as a sorry expedient to kill time,
and

and a degradation of his powers.—It was a mortification to them, to associate in idea the clink of the tankard with moral disquisition and literary investigation. And our Knight adds, that those friends, from motives of mere compassion, suffered him to enjoy a comfort, which was now become almost the only one of which he was capable—and which in the short space of ten months, the progress of his complaints obliged him to forego. But all this, with Sir John's leave, is calculated to convey as very different from the truth, and, in many, to misapprehend the Doctor and his friends. The *beckers* felt importance of Sir John, (who was assisted, as the records are, to be seen coming out of a tavern in the morning, after having passed the night with Johnson and the Literary Club) we may well suppose very unwilling to visit the Doctor in his bed-chamber, in his street. It is not in the virtues of the first literary chamber, and however it *deceives* Johnson's friends, the Doctor's conversation is not so rare and valuable as such as was in the club, by members, who paid for them. The room where the club met, was upstairs in a case as you call it the hour, was common hours, and at such a distance from the top room, or other rooms of common resort, that the *clerk of the town* was not to be heard, and that only "the moral disquisition and literary investigation" of Sir John's account.—At this club every one had his own beverage and drank out of his own tumbler, which once filled with wine or sherry, but for the medicinal water, as the Doctor says, he had the *debauch*, as Sir John would have been to think it was, of the evening. As it is, that the landlord at the house had been long a servant at Mr. Phil's, where Johnson knew him, and that to serve the man was one of the Doctor's objects, and however our Knight may despise the frailties of the reckoning, to receive three times a week three times the value of his liquors used, was not dishonourably the landlord.

We shall rather hurry over Sir John's account of the Doctor's last days and hours. It is to some accounts a consolation, but to others a most disagreeable thing, to contemplate the last moments of a great mind. It gives no pleasure to us to reflect that a Johnson died, and we could have wished, for the credit of morality and piety, that his foibles and weaknesses, in place of being vainly blazoned abroad by his biographers, had been buried in oblivion. Sir John's account of

his fixed dream of death, his legs in his last hours, is best relieved by the thought, that his constitution and melancholy was the great cause of his life, and that he was certainly in dotage, when he lanced his legs to let out the water from his kidneys. While we lament his failings, we must not forget his singular and exemplary humility, when he reviewed his life, and his many labours in the cause of virtue and piety. Great humility is becoming in the best and wisest of men, and as a man's greatness, of which the little and selfish mind can form no conception, and this mainly virtuous ornament, in an uncommon degree, the last hours of the truly great and good Dr. Johnson.

We are sorry to pass immediately from this description to a picture of the Doctor. But Sir John's account of his negro-servant, *Frank*, must not be wholly passed by, and once he represents him as a man who it is possible he was, though the Doctor had left him forty pounds per annum behind, and was too in such a way, as could not have happened without some misadventure. It appears that Johnson had left his own relations but a small provision of his estate, and totally forgotten, not only but a spectre of character, or the life, united to him by marriage, though in great distress in an unsuccessful situation, to leave a mill-corn of his own, Elizabeth Home, an excellent woman, to whom his merit while he had contributed in pounds sterling, no more than one hundred pounds to ward his future support. On his Sir John not judiciously than a man.

That the name of the poor man "He is occasioned in the world, and that not a provision is then made for the maintenance of a family which may fail to support her through a life, and no other to be secured for, than by the Doctor's postponing that last testament of his last, and making a disposition of his last to save, under circumstances that disabled him from recollecting either the situation to him, or by distresses they severally laboured under. Any other disposition would be memorable to the memory of a man, who, by his own remembrance in my possession, appears to have applied near a fourth part of his income in acts of beneficence."

In an apology, little short of a confession of dotage, he necessary for a Johnson, as certainly was, let this tell us, and the wild tale, ending of his legs in his last hours,

The *fourth part* must be exclusive of the house-keeping expences of his several families.

...his, how anxious it may be in short-
 lived moments to be anxious and earnest,
 Johnson was, for a long protracted life,
 and days spun out to a feeble thread.

Sir John mentions the Doctor's having
 put his negro-servant to school to learn La-
 tin; but he omits the Doctor's motive,
 which is a curious anecdote, and throws
 light on his character. His motive was,
 that his negro Frank should take ho y ci-
 ders, and preach the Gospel to his coun-
 trymen in the West-Indies. This strongly
 confirms the remark that his opinion was
 made on the Doctor, that his knowledge of
 men was drawn from books, and not from
 real life. It was a laughable, though sad
 mistake, to think to make Frank an ap-
 ostle. Beside the profligacy ascribed to him
 by Sir John, the poor fellow is remarkably
 stupid, and though possessed of enough,
 perhaps, of low, selfish cunning, is ascribed
 to him by Sir John, is of very inferior
 talents. On hearing of his intended
 voyage, the writer of these pages, on
 different times called on the Doctor, to
 several opportunities to put some questions
 to Frank, and always found his intellects
 as above described.

But poor Frank the negro was not the
 only one whose character the good Doctor
 mistook. Who will say he has been hap-
 py in his friendships with his biographer?
 with persons to whose view with the most indul-
 gent alacrity and courtesy, and
 failing in the most delicate manner,
 have held his character as a subject of pity and
 regret to the victor, and triumph and
 ridicule to the vanquished? If bio-
 graphy require that a great man's foibles
 and weaknesses should be suppressed, still
 there is a way of doing it in a noble and
 truly elegant manner different from that of
 Johnson's biographer, as the cutting of
 the finest razor is from the huckster and
 Lewins, of a butcher's cleaver. And of
 all his biographers, the Worshipful Sir
 John Hawkins is the most execrable —
 Not content with blazoning his natural and
 mental weaknesses in the most unbecom-
 ing manner, he has often, as take our remarks
 have detected, been guilty of the most gross
 unfairness in representing the Doctor's
 conduct and motives in many cases, with-
 out particular, his charging the Doctor
 with hypocrisy, dissimulation, and rancour,
 (See our Mag. for July last, p. 21.) in
 talking affectionately of his deceased wife.
 And as if not satisfied with mere misre-
 presentation, and judging by the pitiful
 standard of his own motives, he has, in
 many instances, uttered a striking state-

volence, and a secret pleasure in recording
 his friend's absurdities and weakness. —
 It is well-known that the celebrated Bayle
 was no sincere friend to revelation, though
 not an open enemy. The method he fol-
 lows is evident throughout his Biographi-
 cal Dictionary. The philosophers and
 other celebrated names of Greece and
 Rome are placed in the most favourable
 and pleasing views, their superstitions and
 detestable vices, their treachery and murders,
 are all palliated (when not wholly suppressed),
 and touched with so gentle a hand as
 if it were necessary to wipe their stains.
 But when an Advocate of Christianity, a
 primitive Father of the Church, or any
 one celebrated for exemplary piety, afford
 the topic, every human weakness and every
 failing is sure to be viewed with a mi-
 croscope, and exposed to ridicule and con-
 tempt, while the natural gain of the asser-
 tion biographer is seen in the turn of every
 sentence. Though both censure and
 commendation be supposed to be such as
 Bayle's were, the motives of Dr. Johnson's
 biographer, subtle and common-sense
 might pronounce that they have fallen into
 the time-dilapidated track, and that their
 representations of Dr. Johnson, particularly
 that of Sir John Hawkins, have great
 deal of the ungenerous, unkind, imperi-
 cious quality, affording pain in neglect
 of the good, and pleasure and triumph to
 the immoral and profane.

Happy that, at last, we are to take leave
 of Sir John Hawkins that unfeeling and cru-
 el assailer of his friend's memory, and of
 the respectability of a truly virtuous char-
 acter, to try this in all his foibles and
 follies, we shall conclude with an ob-
 vious remark on a sentence from our
 Knight: "He (i. e. Dr. Johnson) once
 mentioned to me a saying of Dr. Ni-
 chols, and they commended it, viz.
 "That it was a peculiar wisdom to form
 "intimacies, and to be useful for our friends
 "only persons of known worth and inte-
 "grity, and that to do so had been the rule
 "of his life. It is therefore," continues
 his Worship, "difficult to account for the
 "conduct of Johnson in the choice of ma-
 "ny of his associates." And his long
 friendship with Sir John, and the confi-
 dence he placed in him, add not a little to
 the difficulty: a difficulty only to be ac-
 counted for by the easy, charitable disposi-
 tion of Johnson, and from that want of per-
 penetration which could think of teaching
 Latin to a very stupid negro-servant, in or-
 der that he might preach the Gospel to the
 Negroes abroad, and propagate Christiani-
 ty.

Comparative Reflections on the past and present State of Great Britain: With some Thoughts on the Situation of Great Britain, with respect to the United States of America. 8vo. 6s. Debrec.

THESE Reflections are contained in a series of letters, twenty in number, supposed to be written on board the good ship BRITANNIA, at sea, on her passage from Britain to America, in the short space of time between the 20th of October and the 2d of December inclusive in the year 1784, by the author, seemingly under a disappointed, consequently discontented gloomy state of mind, and if he had not told us he had been Deputy Paymaster of the British forces, we should rather have suspected that he had been Paymaster General of the American forces, or, indeed, General and Commander in Chief over all America, and the States thereunto belonging. For General Washington himself cannot be more enamoured with the work of his own hands, the fruit of his long toil and warlike operations, the emancipation of the United States of America, than this enraptured author discovers himself to be in every respect.

In these letters we have the effusions of a desponding mind concerning the impending fate of Britain, as devoted to speedy, sure and rapid ruin; taking, under these apprehensions, a long everlasting farewell of a once glorious, but now depressed, degraded, and for ever ruined country; and seeking a safe, free and happy asylum in the new United States, alias Empire of North America, rising, like a phoenix, out of the ashes of its dying parent the British Empire. It follows then that British subjects ought to read these melancholy reflections with a considerable degree of circumspection, and make allowances for the state or frame of mind the author was in when he wrote them, and the enthusiastick view he had taken of the state of American affairs from a very distant and deceiving prospect. Perhaps, if the author arrived in America at that time, and has continued there ever since, he may have seen much occasion to change his opinions and alter his sentiments, too romantick and visionary to be realised in these our days. Time and experience are the friends of truth; and we believe that General Washington, Dr. Franklin, and all the Presidents and Members of Con-

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gress find their new-started Empire to be something very different from what their fond expectations had painted it, while in pursuit of the delusive phantom.

Nevertheless Mr. C. has thrown out many just observations and sound solid truths, well deserving the serious attention and consideration of all true Britons both governors and governed, to remove their fears, their jealousy, and care that the fatal events here predicted may be averted by the timely removal of those evils which are certainly now existing, and which, persevered in, may and will lead to those fatal consequences here pointed out and asserted by our author.

The first letter is a kind of narrative of the disappointment of the writer's early wishes and expectations of being appointed British Consul to the United States of America, immediately upon the conclusion of the peace of 1783, by the Duke of Portland quitting the helm of government just about the time of his strongest assurances of the appointment. Hence we see that Mr. C. is a partisan of the Coalition. He owns that by some he has been called an American. By one writer he was styled an Apologist of Congress. We think the word *panegyrist* would have been better substituted for *apologist*; for a panegyrist he certainly is of every thing American. He carries his visionary speculations in favour of America so far, as to convert the casual state of the atmosphere into a strong political prognostication, in these words "The last sight of the British shore sunk deep into my heart, and left an impression which will not easily be erased. The evening we parted from it was serene, and the sun dipped his beams to the westward in a calm and unruffled ocean. The Lizard Point was in view.

"For earth—surrounding the bay
"sight awaits.

"Peace and tranquility lay upon the
"bosom of the vast Atlantic, and pointed
"ed out the way we were to go, while
"the gathering distant clouds, which
"hung over the land, seemed to tell us
"that it was time to leave
"Britain."

D d

THE LONDON REVIEW,

Britain! Need we give more to form a complete picture of the man! Let this suffice on this score.

In the second letter Mr. C. gives some account of the national debt and peace esta-

blishment, with structures on the state of the British government, contrasted at different periods. These great objects he states in the following very concise manner.

	Debt.	Interest.	The whole Peace establishment	Increase.
In 1744	£. 75,000,000	2,650,000	66,500,000	
1774	136,000,000	4,200,000	10,000,000	3,000,000
1784	250,000,000	9,500,000	15,000,000	8,000,000

Whether our author is accurate in his calculations or not, we mean not to investigate here, but presume he is not very far from the truth. If he is mistaken in any considerable given sum, it belongs more properly to Ministers of State and their subordinates to contradict him from authentick documents in their possession, than to us or any other description of men. If he is correct in his statement, it is well worth the statesman's and politician's while to attend to his reasoning on this important subject.

Mr. C. next directs to the well-known calculation of our Robert Wallace, to what amount the national debt might be carried, without lessening public credit and endangering the Commonwealth, and he contends that the circulation was well founded, and that every exertion and the gain has exceeded the ration of cost, and lessened the value of the funds themselves, all which might have been prevented, if Ministers of State would have exerted themselves to discharge the national debt, the excess of the public debt above one hundred millions, created by the temporary exigencies of the war of 1763. He then enters into an examination of the times in which we live, which he calls in his prophetic contrast to the former—in these words.

“ We are now, as we were in the year 1763, at peace. Our government is feeble and deranged. Our national debt, when the expences of the war are wound up, will be really troubled. The fruits of the glorious war of 1756 are almost wholly lost. Our ancient powerful and wonderfully-increasing colonies, forming an immense Empire, are torn from us, and our remaining colonial possessions either in gradual decay, or in great and imminent danger. Our sister kingdom is in a state of miserable confusion, whilst the Mother-country is bending under the pressure of more than fifteen

millions, annually imposed upon her to discharge the interest of her national debt, and to support her peace establishment.” A very remarkable picture, and though perhaps overcharged in the colouring, we fear too much allied to truth, for Britons too look upon their indifference. From these *tu quoque* our author reasons very plausibly upon the difficulty, if not the impracticability of reducing the national debt. He even questions the possibility of paying up the public income to its present standard, and urging Government to take great care, that they do not by weight of taxes destroy the means from whence these taxes are to arise.

The third letter is said to be upon the new system of government introduced in the present reign. As this is a more abstract subject, complicated with many perplexing circumstances, and as the whole would seem to be a *chef d'oeuvre* of the Editor of Opposition, delegated to the care of the pen of one man, we must give this part over, for our investigation.

This third letter, then, upon the new system of government, begins with these remarkable words: “ The practical system of government which has prevailed under the present reign, was originally arranged in the family of the late Princess Dowager of Wales, and carried into execution by the Earl of Bute, on the King's accession to the Throne. It has generated all the effects which the friends proposed to themselves, for it has shaken the confidence of family connections, weakened the habits of respect for Administration, totally destroyed the stability of government, and finally been productive of all the calamities which have befallen the nation. The Administration has been bandied about in such a manner, that Government has neither grace nor vigour left in

" it like a woman whose beauty might
 " have animated desire, and commanded
 " respect, when united with virtue, she
 " begets loathing, and excites contempt,
 " when deformed by prostitution."
 This, it must be confessed, is a very la-
 conic and very lively description of the
 present reigning system. How far it is
 just, we must leave to the good sense and
 candour of our reader to judge for
 themselves. One objection we may
 safely make, that the conduct of Admin-
 istration in general has been very con-
 tracted, mysterious and inexplicable,
 throughout the whole of the present
 reign, consequently the man who
 should undertake to unravel the mystery,
 would find himself exceedingly puzzled
 to perform his engagement, and if he
 should even be sharp sighted enough to
 dive into the secret, he might run some
 risque of developing the same.

In another place he says, " Every
 " great Officer of State has a Secretary
 " or deputy imposed upon him. A
 " Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is under
 " the same tutelage. The place of First
 " Minister is yet stronger guards.
 " The ostensible Ministers are in general
 " confined to the care of their several
 " departments, and are made responsible
 " alone for them. The Cabal too pre-
 " vailently keeps, for the important
 " purposes of government, some Secre-
 " tary about the person of the First Lord
 " of the Treasury, to receive their com-
 " mands, and, on the like reasons, some
 " invisible, though powerful, agent to
 " manifest their pleasure. The obedi-
 " ent Ministers are not only directed to
 " obey their commands in the most im-
 " mense manner, but have frequently
 " felt the necessity of having recourse
 " imposed upon them in the House of
 " Commons, without any previous com-
 " munication with them." It is im-
 " possible to circumscribe the proceedings
 " of this secret and invisible power called
 " the interior Cabal, could not come ori-
 " ginally from any living mortal but one
 " of those, who, having been ostensible
 " members of Administration, have felt the
 " weight and force here alluded to pres-
 " sing hard upon himself and his coadjutors
 " in office, impelling them to do those
 " things they wished to leave undone, and
 " to leave undone those things which of
 " all things they wished to have done and
 " performed." But here another difficulty
 " occurs, not easily to be removed, viz.
 " Who, where, what is that phenome-
 " non in politics that can invest any

cabal, power, or party as much as
 power which is not controlled by
 and bodies of men, itself remaining
 controlled and uncontrollable
 things are too deep and mysterious for
 to give any

Our author proceeds thus " The char-
 " acteristic of almost every Administration
 " that under this reign has been an hetero-
 " geneous mixture of debility and infir-
 " mity, tyranny and corruption. Lord
 " Rockingham and the Duke of Portland,
 " who governed during the very short pe-
 " riod of their Administration upon the
 " present system, are the only exceptions."
 We are not disposed to dispute one title
 of Mr. C.'s general assertion, but rather
 to extend its scope, by excepting his excep-
 tion, and adding them to the general mass
 of Administration above described. The
 most very short Ministry of the noble
 Marquis laid the sure foundation of that
 rebellion which soon after broke out into
 an open flame of civil war, and the last
 short Administration of three
 months, terminating with his life, laid the
 foundation of an eternal separation between
 the parent country and her alienated chil-
 dren. The noble Duke's short lived Ad-
 ministration had but one leading feature to
 characterize it by, the famous East-India
 Bill, which contained in its bosom the most
 heterogeneous mass of debility and infir-
 mity, tyranny and corruption, we ever
 saw before it made its appearance.

Our author then goes into a deduction
 of the state of Parties, of Whigs and Tor-
 ries during the reigns of the first two
 Princes of the Brunswick family, in the
 course of which he gives many good
 strokes at the leaders of both, occasion-
 ally pointing out the duplicity of those who
 led, and those who followed, with some
 degree of shrewdness and propriety. He
 then accuses the secret Junta, " Con-
 " stantly using the precaution of selecting
 " for the Members of Administration
 " such men as had few connections, they
 " contained within themselves the entire
 " direction of the affairs of government.
 " They will always find Ministers to ex-
 " ecute their measures, of sufficient rank
 " to give some grace to Administration,
 " though not of connections sufficient to
 " render their power dangerous." This
 observation must come originally from
 for body who has looked within the veil
 which hides the secret springs of all
 machinations that have constantly filled
 the minds of true, intelligent Britons with
 wonder, amazement, and chagrin.

The fourth letter, on the State and prin-
 ciples

of the different parties, the prevalence of the new system, and the disposition of the people to submit to it, treats of the prudence of the first two Brunswick Kings, in letting some branches of high prerogative lie dormant, and committing the administration of Government into the hands of the Whigs, who were Anti-prerogatives by profession, while the Tories, strongly attached to kingly prerogative, were jealous of any restraint laid upon it, even in the hands of a Prince whom they did not much venerate, the person or family of the Prince who wore the Crown. He quotes a case, wherein he says, when Lord L. revived the doctrine of the lawfulness of the King's negative in Parliament, the right was immediately questioned. He then goes on to hint at the danger of a similar revolution to that recent one in a Northern kingdom, happening to us through the meanness, servility, and dependence of the generality of the people upon government and its administrators.

In the fifth letter, upon the Coalition, the motives of the Whig leaders in forming it, and the event which followed, our author begins with a comparative view of the general conduct of the two parties, Whigs and Tories, which we think rather hypothetical and visionary, advertising to what he calls a late great event in England, the dissolution of Parliament —

“But (says our author) the conduct of the far greater part of the Whigs, especially the Dissenters, arises from the disgust to the principal Whig families who formed the coalition with Lord North. By thus sacrificing their principles to their resentment, they involve themselves in the same ruin which they have brought upon their leaders. Whether they were justified or not for the part which they have taken, is not now (though it shall be hereafter) a matter of consideration. The fact is, that the Whigs have joined an Administration, in support of the extension of the Prerogative beyond a certain boundary, and have censured the representatives of the people for attempting to restrain it —

“This gross misconduct of the Whigs has contributed much more to the destruction of their party, than the artifices which have been practised, and the attacks which have been made upon them by their avowed enemies, during a series of much more than twenty years.”

Now, if there be any thing yet left in this country such as pure Whiggism, that is, Whigs upon principle, who have never been contaminated with Toryism, through self-interest, ambition, or vain glory, to

such men this is a very alarming and humiliating declaration, deserving of their most serious and attentive consideration. It is here presupposed, that Lord North was at the head of the Tory interest, and that the Whig leaders in Parliament, by joining him in the coalition, have lost the confidence, and forfeited the support of the Whigs out of Parliament, whereby they are become a disjointed, broken, and dispersed body, in a state little short of desertion, at least in a state of distraction. How they will rally again, or whether they will ever be re-embodied in a regular phalanx, time only can determine.

After playing upon the “number forty-five” making the fortune of John Wilkes, and the words “Coalition and taking a way of chartered rights” running the Whig leaders, Mr. Champion proceeds to a comparative view of the leading features of the two bills of Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, in which he treats our East-India Company and all the European associations for the East-India trade with great severity —

“The Mahomedan conquerors (liv 1) robbed these poor people (of India) only of the fleece: The Christian traders deprive them both of fleece and skins. But what must be the principles (continues he) of those Whigs, who, having destroyed the power of the first Whig families in the country, regarded with out opposition or complaint, a stroke levelled at the root of the dearest privileges of Englishmen, depriving them of the right of trial by Jury? In the last India bill has been substituted another jurisdiction, a Court of Star-Chamber (so far as it extends) in the place of the common courts of justice. — We know not whether Whigs or Tories rule the roast, but certain it is, that the present Administration abounds with innovations of no inconsiderable magnitude, apparently of a precarious, if not a dangerous tendency.

Our author next enters upon a discussion of the merits and demerits of that famous transaction the COALITION, seemingly with fear and trembling; sincerely wishing it had never taken place, yet deeming himself culpable should he form any opinion of censure upon it, condemning Lord North for being made use of as an instrument in carrying on the most abandoned measures of the new system, yet applauding him for throwing himself at last into the arms of the Whigs, and submitting himself to be disposed of at their pleasure, either to remain in, or retire wholly from, any Administration which might be formed. Not so highly does he applaud his friends for their coalition with

with Lord North, "from which (he says) no good has arisen, and eventually much mischief. It was not a desirable union." It was not indeed! and if the people of England could have endured it with any degree of complacency, it would have proved them ten times more corrupt than we humbly hope they are. "Men of the highest honour and integrity were linked with characters, whose conduct they had frequently and justly condemned."—Now, we leave to the original *Northites* and *Foxites* respectively the task of determining which of the leaders of these parties were

the men of the highest honour and integrity, and which were the most corrupt, and justly condemned, and also which were most condemnable in their opposition or their united state. We shall leave to their consideration the only apology the author makes, in the remainder of this letter, for the Rockingham and Portland families coalescing with a man whose principles they disliked, and whose measures they had constantly opposed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Philosophical and Miscellaneous Papers. Lately written by B. Franklin, L. D. S. Fellow of the Royal Society of London; Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris; President of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, &c. &c. 8vo 3s. 6d. Dilly.

IN the publication before us, Dr. Franklin, the Nestor of America, the Pious of Philosophy, and the very Oracle of Politics, has evinced himself to be in the full possession of that uncommon vigour of mind, versatility of genius, and industry of research, which originally distinguished him as a man of science; and by which, fond of occasionally indulging himself in the tranquil, unambitious pursuits of his former days, it is evidently his wish to be distinguished still.

Of the different papers, however, which fill the present volume, we do not recognize one that has not, in one form or another, been published before*, the first excepted; which consists of a Letter to Dr. Ingenhousz, Physician to the Emperor at Vienna, on the *theory of chimneys*, and which appears to have been written at sea in the year 1785, while the author was on his return to America, after the completion of his memorable embassy to the Court of Versailles †.

This letter, which, trifling as the subject may seem to a fastidious or superficial reader, is in reality the most ingenious and most important piece in the

whole collection, commences with a scientific, but plain and rational elucidation of the principle upon which the ascent of smoke depends; and that principle, as a proof that it is not a mere *child of theory*, the Doctor illustrates by pertinent examples, accompanied with plates.

The causes of smoky chimneys are distinguished by our author with singular precision into nine different classes; for each of which, as, of course, it may be concluded, a different remedy is required.

The Doctor begins with smoky chimneys in a *new house*, under the description of those which are so from the *mere want of air*; the wainscoting, the doors, and the sashes being all tight. Such being the cause of the evil, the only remedy for it must certainly be an *influxion of air from without*.—The question however, is, How much air is absolutely necessary?

This difficulty our author ingeniously endeavours to resolve thus:—"Shut," says he, "the door gradually, while a middling fire is burning, till you find that before it is quite shut, the smoke begins

* The papers alluded to are, A Letter to Mr. Nairne, of London, on the *Barometers*, tending to prove that the air is more dry in America than either at London or Paris—A Letter to Mr. Alphonus Le Roy, containing a variety of maritime observations, together with scientific ingenuity and mechanical information—a tract entitled, *Information to those who would remove to America*—Remarks concerning the *Savages of North America*—A Description of the internal state of America—and, lastly, A Letter on the *Criminal Law, and the Practice of Privateering*.

† This valuable tract, which originally made its appearance in Philadelphia, is now, for the more general accommodation of the public, reprinted separately, under the title of *Observations on the Causes and Cures of Smoky Chimneys*, and to be had of Messrs. Dobson and Sewall.

... out into the room; then open it
... till you perceive the smoke comes
... no longer. Then hold the door, and
... the width of the open crevice
... between the edge of the door and the rab-
... bet it should shut into. Suppose the dif-
... ference to be half an inch, and the door
... eight feet high, you find thence that
... room requires an entrance for air
... equal in area to ninety-six half inches,
... or forty-eight square inches, or a piece
... of six inches by eight. This, however,
... is a large supposition, there being few
... chimnies that, having a moderate open-
... ing, and a tolerable height of funnel,
... will not be satisfied with such a crevice
... of a quarter of an inch, and I take
... a square of six by six, or thirty six
... square inches, to be a pretty good medium
... for most chimnies."

According to our author's system, the
... second cause of the smoking of chimnies
... is, their openings in the room being too
... large, and not proportioned by the height
... of the funnels, the principle upon which
... its function and its utility chiefly de-
... pend. The third cause he ascribes to the
... improper shortness of the funnels, the
... fourth, to their overpowering one ano-
... ther; the fifth, to their top being com-
... manded by higher buildings, or by a
... hill; the sixth, to a circumstance the
... reverse of the preceding one — namely, where
... the commanding eminence is farther from
... the wind than the chimney commanded,
... the seventh, to the improper situation of
... a door.

In elucidating the eighth cause, when
... a room that has no fire in its chimney is
... sometimes filled with smoke, which is
... received at the top of its funnel, and de-
... scends into the room, the reasoning of the
... Doctor is so clear, and so satisfactory,
... that we cannot resist the temptation of
... giving it to our readers in his own
... words.

"The surrounding atmosphere is fre-
... quently changing its temperature. If,
... after a warm season, the outward air
... suddenly grows cold, the empty warm
... funnels begin to draw strongly upwards;
... that is, they rarefy the air contained in
... them, which of course rises, colder air
... enters below to supply its place, is rare-
... fied in its turn, and rises; and this ope-
... ration continues, till the funnel grows
... cooler, or the outward air warmer,
... or both, when the motion ceases. On

the other hand, if, after a cold season,
... the outward air suddenly grows warm,
... and of course lighter, the air contained
... in the cool funnels being heavier, de-
... scends into the room, and the warmer
... air which enters their tops, being cooled
... in its turn, and made heavier, continues
... to descend, and this operation goes on,
... till the funnels are warmed by the passing
... of warm air through them, or the air
... itself grows cooler. When the tempe-
... rature of the air and of the funnels is
... nearly equal, the difference of warmth
... in the air between day and night is suf-
... ficient to produce these currents, the air
... will begin to ascend the funnels as the
... cool of the evening comes on, and this
... current will continue till perhaps nine or
... ten o'clock the next morning, when it
... begins to hesitate, and as the heat of the
... day approaches, it sets downwards, and
... continues so till towards evening, when
... it again hesitates for some time, and then
... goes upwards constantly during the night,
... as before-mentioned. Now when smoke
... issuing from the tops of neighbouring
... funnels, piles over the tops of funnels
... which are at the time drawing down-
... wards, as they often are in the middle
... part of the day, such smoke is of necessity
... drawn into these funnels, and descends
... with the air into the chamber."

The ninth and last point in which our
... author considers smoky chimnies is,
... when, though they generally draw well,
... they are yet apt to give smoke into the
... rooms, it being driven down by strong
... winds passing over the tops of the fun-
... nels, though not (as in one of the causes
... before described) ascending from any
... commanding eminence.

While thus illustrating the various
... causes of the domestic evil which forms
... the subject of the paper immediately
... under consideration (and which was
... never certainly illustrated with so much
... scientific ability before) the Doctor would
... have employed his time to little purpose,
... if he had not pointed out a specific re-
... medy for it under all its circumstances.
... This he has done amply, and with a de-
... gree of judgment that, in our opinion,
... will render the tract a work of practical
... utility, as well as of theoretical curiosity;
... nor allow it to terminate, like the blaze of
... some of his political and patriotic ef-
... forts, merely in fumo.

A Treatise on the Culture, Use, and Advantages of the Root called *Scarcey*
 By the Abbé de Commerell, Correspondent to the Royal Society of Sciences in Metz. Translated from the French, by M. Sibille, Teacher of the French Language in Paris. 8vo. 15 Debreit.

TO this pamphlet we have paid a degree of attention proportioned not to its tiny size, but to the magnitude added to the apparent novelty, of the subject which it elucidates.—If population can neither be increased nor maintained but in those countries which constantly abound with the principal necessities of life, can it then be certainly entitled to no small degree of praise, for making known the name and utility of a root, which, in times of scarcity, affords to mankind a salutary and agreeable food, and, when food is dear presents, both in summer and winter, a precious and cheap nourishment for cattle, which in all seasons, as well as in all lands, has an abundant and certain produce, and of which the culture is simple, the harvest and preservation easy.

These, it may be said, are mere speculations—fiction of the author himself. They are, but, connected as they seem to be

with the illustration of a plant, hitherto known in this country becomes an object of some moment to ascertain the truth or fallacy of them.

According to the Abbé de Commerell the *Scarcey Root*—which is always prolific, and yields well, even when every other vegetable fails—is not to be classed either among turneps or carrots; though in its exterior and seed it resembles beets, it is much superior to them in every respect. Beside, its culture is so easy, and its advantages are so numerous (supplying as it does the want of other food) that, in our author's opinion, it deserves not only to be adopted every where, but to be preferred to all other roots with which cattle are fed, even in the most plentiful years.

Having thus in general terms illustrated the singular utility of the plant in question, the Abbé proceeds to point out the proper time and mode of sowing, transplanting,

France seems to be still so much a stranger to the plant in question as England. Our author styles it *Kusec Ditt*, from its German name *Kusec Ditt*, and it is with a strict adherence to this convention, that the Translator calls it English *Scarcey-Root*.

As a proof that the *Scarcey Root* is a distinct genus, and ought not to be confounded with any species of beets, our author observes, “If the *Scarcey-Root* be not stripped of its leaves, it will never grow to its useful and desirable size: on the contrary, if the leaves of the beet be frequently plucked, its growth is retarded, its vegetation languishes, and its root hinders. Beside, its taste is by no means the same as those of the *Scarcey* plant; nor do they grow so fast, or so early, or so much so rapidly. In other respects also the comparison which is held between the beet and the *Scarcey-Root*—the leaves of the former are cuttle, have hardly any savor by taste: the roots are small, irregular and forked, as hard as horn, and quite useless.

“If the *Scarcey Root* were short, says the Abbé, “would the husbandmen sow them separately as they do? These two roots are equally known and both cultivated in all the provinces of Germany, but the *Scarcey Root* only in large quantities, by reason of its great superiority in produce and utility. In those same provinces the beet has a very different proper name, *Rolle Ruben* which has never been given to the *Scarcey Root*.

“However,” continues he, “it is of very little importance whether this root be of the family of the beet or of any other: what is essential and indisputable is, that it has all the advantages which I ascribe to it. I do not boast of new invention or discovery: my only design is to acquaint the public with my own experiments and observations. If the root which is the subject of these observations, be known in other countries beside Germany, which is possible, it should seem that its culture and qualities are not so, since its enclosure is not what it ought to be.”

As a proof also of its superiority to beets, as a wholesome and pleasant food for man, our author afterwards observes, that the stalks of the plant are eaten like those of beets, but have not the same earthy taste.—“They may be prepared,” says he, “in different manners: when dressed like spinach, many prefer them to it. By the continual succession of their production, from spring to the month of November, they are very useful to farmers, and all others who maintain a great number of servants. In winter time the roots are eaten, dressed also in different ways, they are wholesome, of an agreeable taste, much superior to the red beet, and almost equal to the turnep.”

and manuring it; of gathering the leaves, which, he says, plentifully succour each other without ceasing, and are of the greatest benefit to horned cattle, of gathering also the roots, preserving them, and planting them again, in order to obtain their seed, &c.

In addition to this methodical elucidation of his subject, our author, in the form of a recapitulation of what he had advanced, says, "1 This vegetable may be eaten by man during the whole year, it is good, salutary, and does not occasion flatulencies, as turneps do." 2 It is never hurt by the vine borer, caterpillar, or any other insect, it produces every where in abundance of the seasons, which properties do not belong to any kind of turneps. 3 The leaves of the *Scarcity Root* afford an excellent food for every kind of cattle during four months: those of all turneps grow but once in the year, and then are very hard, and eaten by insects. 4 The *Scarcity-Root* is easily preserved eight months in the year, on the contrary, about the end of March, turneps become fibrous, tough, and hollow. 5 Turneps,

and other roots of their kind, never succeed perfectly, often fail totally, and must be planted in a soil light, fresh and sandy. The *Scarcity-Root* grows every where, and, whatever be the soil, has a certain produce. All farmers may, therefore, derive great advantage from it. 6 The milk of the cows which are fed with turneps for some days together, acquires a strong, sour, and very unpleasant tallow-taste: those cows which eat *Scarcity-Root* yield milk and butter of the best quality."

After encomiums like these, all we have to regret is, that the author should have omitted to surmount the proprieties he has ascribed to this rare and valuable plant, by a few tested facts, derived either from his own observation, or from the observation of others. We should be more inclined to think him actuated by a pure desire of promoting the public good, if he had not taken care to announce *where it is that the Scarcity-Root is to be had in Paris*, for who is there that does not perceive in this notice, somewhat that bears a strong resemblance to the *charade of Quackery*†?

Diamond cut-Diamond, a Comedy, in Two Acts. Translated from the French of GUERRE OUVRETE, ou RUSE contre RUSE. By Lady W. 8vo. 15. Debrett

A SEVERAL translation of a popular, but despicable, little drama. In the Midnight Hour, which is a literal translation of the same performance, and of which the reader will find a short account in the Theatrical Journal of our Magazine for June, we found the pantomimi-

cal incidents that distinguish the scenes of the French original, enlivened with a sprightliness of dialogue, and an elegance of diction. To the "Diamond cut-Diamond" of Lady W. however, no such compliment can be paid, without a gross violation of critical truth and justice.

A Letter to a Friend, with a Poem, called The Closet of Weirer. By Lady ——— 8vo. 15. Debrett

THIS *brilliant*, we understand, comes in the same *fashionable* per that produced the *Diamond cut-Diamond*, mentioned above noticed, and sorry we are, that, with all our gallantry for the sex of the authoress, and respect for her rank, we must still withhold praise from her in her literary capacity.—Who will not be

charmed, however, with the *modesty* of the lady, when, with a sneer at the studies and pursuits to which her sex was formerly confined—"religion, music and the needle"—she hears her declare, that "she feels emotions in her breast and soul, which tell her she dares reason and act up to man's boasted wisdom, or descend

* The Abbé even affirms, that, from the vast superiority of the *Scarcity Post*, the culture of turneps is now almost given up in Germany, where, till the introduction of this valuable plant, turneps "were grown" constantly.

† Since the above article was written we have learned, that Dr. Lettsom, not less indefatigable in promoting the interests of science than of humanity, has not only, from experiments of his own, confirmed the truth of the valuable properties ascribed to the *Scarcity-Root*, but has also collected a quantity of the seeds, (of his own growth) for the generous purpose of distributing them gratis. He has likewise favoured the world with a correct translation of the Abbé de Comans's pamphlet, printed for Dilly.

to study's most abstruse depths." Before we can put any fault in this proud assertion, other proofs, good lady, must appear beside those you have yet been pleased to exhibit. As a poetess, your ladyship can never be placed even in the lowest rank, if we may form a judgment of your Muse from the humour she was in when she dictated the lame, bombastic lines of the "Ghost of Werter;" but in the "Letter to a Friend" introductory to it, we discover—what, in our opinion, your ladyship as a woman, and even as a woman of

quality, should prize infinitely beyond poetical fame—a delicate mind, happily formed to obey, if not to incultate, those refined sentiments which form the basis of female honour, and to which the Charlotte you so justly hold forth to scorn, was evidently an unfeeling, remorseless stranger, in her conduct to the unhappy Werter, long as it has been ridiculouſly applauded by our mock-sentimental masters and mistresses, and not unoften by their foolish papas and mammas.

Prose on several Occasions, with some Pieces in Verse. By George Colman. 3 vols. 3vo. 10s. 6d. Cadell.

THESE volumes consist principally of periodical essays, which at different times since the year 1753 have appeared in the public Newspapers; of critical remarks on our more ancient dramatic writers; and, in verse, of a Translation of the Art of Poetry of Horace, a few *trailing juxta disposita*, and several very good prologues and epilogues.

Of the prose, the first in the volume is No. 90 of that popular and entertaining work *The Adventurer*; wherein, by a very ingenious allegory, the writer introduces writers of eminence, of all ages and countries, sacrificing the faulty parts of their works at the shrine of Apollo, where Aristotle and Longinus attend as high-priests. After receiving the deposits of Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, and several others, a crowd of Atheists at last bring forward the Bible, and throw it with loud acclamations into the flames, but the sacred volume lies unhurt, and a chorus of "dulcet symphonies and voices sweet" is heard, chanting the following verses: "The words of the Lord are pure words; even as the silver, which in the earth is tried and purified seven times in the fire." Of this admirable little essay we know not whether most to admire, the wit or the piety.

Mr. Colman next gives us fifteen numbers of a work called *The Genius*, first published in the *St. James's Chronicle*, so far back as the year 1761. In these if he be not very deep, he is at least amusing. If he rise not to the sublime morality, or flash not with the brilliant wit of his immortal predecessor the Spectator, his observations on life are

yet sufficiently just, and conveyed with abundant spirit and wit. In his first number he very well enumerates and discriminates the different classes of Geniuses.

At school the young *Genius* will begin to heighten our expectations of his future abilities. His parts, indeed, will be too brilliant to attend to the instruction he might receive there; but his spirit will have more room to display itself. He may be at the bottom of his class, but he will be at the head of every scrape. He may be deficient in Greek and Latin, make false concord in his prose, and be guilty of false quantities in his verse; yet, before he leaves school, he will not be unacquainted with the world, will walk familiarly into a tavern, know the best songs at Comus's court, and the names and persons of the kindest ladies upon town. But when once relieved from scholastic restraints, as his sphere will be more noble, his fame will become more eminent. If he is entered at either of our universities, the tameness of an academical life being ill adapted to the vivacity of his disposition, he will spend all his time in Covent Garden by way of being in genteel company. If he is sent abroad, because, forsooth, his wife parents or guardians imagine that the discipline of our own universities is not strict enough, he will soon convince them that the government of foreign academies is infinitely more lax. He will speedily distinguish himself by his uncommon spirit; and after shooting a waiter, killing his friend in a duel, or perhaps contaminating the sixty descents in the house of a German baron by seducing his daughter, he may ride post out of the continent, and be glad to embark in a storm in order to get safe footing in Old England.

Old England is, indeed, the noblest theatre

tre in the universe for a *Genius*. Here he may go through all the changes and diversities of his character at pleasure. Here he may send his mistress to parade through the streets in a gilt chariot, drawn by pie-bald horses; he may at the same time be, so deeply engaged at play, that his own chariot may stand at the door of Arthur's till eight in the morning. He may ride his own matches at Newmarket, and perform new miracles against time and weight, and number of horses, every season. In a word, he may indulge his vivacity in every ebullition of *Genius*, from tossing off his quarts of champagne, to shooting himself through the head.

With this spirit and vivacity may a *Genius* of quality and estate employ himself: but as talents are the gift of nature, and riches the mere favours of fortune, it happens unluckily, that many a *Genius* is reduced to the mean resources of trade or profession to support himself. In these cases, if the warmth of a *Genius* is not abated, it involves him in many difficulties. The spirit of the clerk in a computing-house may perhaps betray him into a forgery; and the evil *Genius* of the apprentice may tempt him to commit depredations on the till.

The young physician of *Genius*, instead of throwing that solemnity into his countenance, which would make him look as if he had himself taken the potion he should prescribe, adopts a whimsical air, and soon loses his credit with the old practitioners, the apothecaries, and his brother attendants at the hospital, by laughing at the face of physick, and sweating hot water groel is of infinitely more service than the whole *Materia Medica*. A *Genius* of this species sometimes retrieves himself by recurring irregularly to physick, and hawking a *nostrum*.

The lively student at the Inns of Court has too sublime a turn of mind to follow his profession. He gives the attorney a contempt for him by endeavouring to converse with them facetiously; and is seen walking the streets in an illegal bag-wig, instead of prudently wearing the business-following bob. He may be found oftener behind the scenes at the play-house, than in the courts of justice; and if he is a prodigious *Genius* indeed, he even writes for the stage.

Several subsequent numbers are on subjects merely temporary, which tho' well-handled are not now interesting: we cannot at this day pluck up the grass to see whether the wind is still adverse to the coming of her Majesty, nor enter with any spirit into speculations on the peace of 1763. Some however there are, whose subjects are perennial; as No. 6,

on Scandal, with two very well-delineated characters; and No. 12, on Good-Humour, which has infinite merit. We shall select one or two passages, as in our judgment it stands foremost in Mr. Colman's essays.

Of all the qualifications of the mind which are not positive virtues, I do not know any that is more desirable than Good-Humour. No quality renders the possessor more easy and happy in himself, or recommends him more forcibly to other people. Virtue itself receives additional lustre, abates the rigid severity of its character, and takes its most ravishing graces and embellishments from such a disposition; a disposition so amiable in its nature, that even a man of loose principles, when of so agreeable a turn, often conciliates to himself many friends and well-wishers. The men at least allow that he is a pleasant fellow, court his company, and account him no-body's enemy but his own; while the women call him a dear agreeable creature, and declare that though, to be sure, he is a wild devil, it is quite impossible to be angry with him.

It is hardly saying too much in favour of this quality, to assert that it is one of the first requisites in society: for though strict honour and integrity are of more essential value in the grand purposes of human life; yet Good-Humour, like small money, is of more immediate use in the common commerce of the world. There is no situation in life, no engagement in business, or party of pleasure, wherein it will not contribute to mitigate disappointments, or heighten enjoyment. A husband, friend, acquaintance, master, or even servant, however faithful or affectionate, will occasion many miserable hours to himself, as well as to those with whom he is connected, if his virtues are not seasoned with Good-Humour; and whether he is a partner for life, or a partner in a country-dance, an associate in great and mighty undertakings, or a companion in a post-chaise, he should, on every occasion, cherish and keep alive this agreeable disposition.

Such observations are of every climate, for they are the offspring of sense and nature; but to Englishmen they are peculiarly applicable, who have ever been more remarkable for the goodness of their hearts and their heads, than of their tempers.

The character of Sir Thomas More, though peculiarly illustrious for unshaken integrity, was in no instance more winning and amiable than in true pleasantty and Good-Humour. His cheerful behaviour on the scaffold, and in every particular relative to his death, is familiar

familiar to all; but there is no circumstance in which the evenness of his mind is more truly delineated, than in his behaviour to his family on his resignation of the Chancellorship. The way in which he discovered it to his wife bespoke the most genuine Good-Humour. When he went out of church, it was always usual for some of his officers, to go to his lady and acquaint her of his departure: but the Sunday after his resignation, he went himself up to her pew, and, bowing, gravely said, "*Madam, My Lord is gone.*" She, who was accustomed to the facetiousness of his manner, did not immediately comprehend his meaning; but on his explaining the matter to her, as they went home, she began to upbraid him for his shameful attention to his interest, upon which, without being at all disconcerted by this conjugal lecture, he took occasion to turn the discourse, by finding fault with some part of her dress.—This absolute command of temper, and pleasant vein, is surely to be envied; and he who sees the goods of fortune fall from him, not only without shaking his fortitude, but also without abating the gaiety of his heart, may fairly be said to possess an uncommon share of Good-Humour.

Sully is a man of an easy fortune, humane and benevolent in his nature, and, as *Dogberry* says, "honest as the skin between his brows;" but he has contracted a kind of habitual peevishness, and every common occasion of life affords him matter of offence. The instant he rises in the morning, he is disquieted with the appearance of the weather, and pours forth execrations on the climate; and when he sits down to breakfast, the water is smoked, the butter rank, the bread heavy, the news-paper dull and insipid, and his servant sulky or impertinent: yet all the while, he has no malice in his mind, and means no harm to any creature in the world. He has a thousand good qualities, which the quickness of his temper converts into petulance and ill-humour. He is a great lover of wit, but cannot bear the least piece of pleasantry on himself; and the most innocent jest touches him to the quick. He will bestow twenty pounds in an act of charity, or do the kindest offices to serve an acquaintance in distress, and the next moment quarrel with his friend for disturbing his reflections by humming an opera-tune. Thus *Sully* lives, much esteemed, and little beloved; and though every body thinks well of him, there are very few that care to cultivate his acquaintance.

• But if the want of Good-Humour is so conspicuous in a man, how many charms does it deprive one of the other sex! Softness is their distinguishing characteristic; but

though, like milk, they are naturally smooth, yet, like milk, they create particular disgust when they turn sour. No female character is more offensive than a Shrew, and the impolite spirit of the English law has provided very rough treatment for termagants, and prepared the severest discipline for the cure of a scold. The greatest reproach on an old maid, that character so much dreaded and ridiculed in the female world, is her ill-humour; and crossness is the worst part of a pride. On the contrary, Good-Humour, like the Cestus, encircles the fair-one with new beauties, and is an antidote to the ravages of age and the small-pox. It is the best part of the portion with a virtuous wife, and a most amiable feature in the face of a Queen.

The last number contains some very just satire on those antiquated Tabbies of some rank and little fortune, who strain their narrow circumstances by a pitiful imitation of the expensive follies of our nobility. The character of *Mrs. Marri-court* is common in life; and though we do not think the class numerous or respectable enough to have drawn our ingenious Essayist's attention, yet we cannot but be much pleased with his manner of sketching her outline.

Mrs. Marri-court is the widow of a gentleman who had a place in the household, and at her husband's death obtained, by the interest and solicitation of some powerful friends, an annual pension of a hundred and fifty pounds. Having had, as she often says herself, a very genteel education, and always lived in a polite sphere, she entertains the most profound respect for all persons of fashion, as well as an implicit veneration for all the manners, appurtenances, and dependences of quality; wherefore, notwithstanding the narrowness of her income, she never could endure the thoughts of being exiled from the great world, but has been reduced to several shifts to maintain the appearance of a tolerable footing in it. Being now grown aged and infirm, she cannot well crawl through the Park in fair weather, or along the best paved streets to pay her morning visits. She is, however, in possession of the cast sedan of a countess of her acquaintance, by whom she was honoured with it as a present seven years ago; but being unable to pay her chairmen the usual rates for weekly attendance, she drives a hard bargain, and retains them at an under price; whence it often happens, that her two chairmen are not only in liveries of two different colours, but she is obliged to be carried by all the raw-boned, unpractised fellows, who jumble along in a rough trot, as uneasy as a Stage-coach

coach over the stones; and no sooner have they learnt to pace along in the true human amble, and become capable of better business, than they desert the good old lady, and their places are supplied by a fresh pair of hickney novices; so that she has the breaking-in of most of the two-legged colts in town. She has apartments in one of the old palaces, *gratis*; and during the summer-months, because she would not, for the world, be so disagreeable to stay in London, she takes a two-roomy lodging at Greenwich or Richmond. She constantly visits at several great houses, and though often shut out, by preference and the most good-breeding, she is sometimes let in, and perhaps, if there is no particular company, asked to stay dinner. The ladies treat her with a haughty familiarity, and the gentlemen with a cold and the facetious men of fashion to the mock love to her; compliment her, in the strain of well bred folks, on her person, beauty, taste, and other qualifications; freely indulging themselves in all those liberties which going to laws, confusions and variety of their talk, are not to take with their inferiors — Yet, even from this kind of connection with people of distinction, does Mrs. Marescaut derive no small degree of consequence. She remembers the day she bought her last pound of tea, by recollecting it was the same on which she dined at his Lordship's; she talks familiarly of Lady Harriot and Lady Mary, and is reckoned, by all the lower gentry of her acquaintance, to be a *mighty gent*, *for a body*, and to keep none but the *very best* of company.

With this of Mr. Colman eludes *The Gentleman*; and three years after, in the year 1775, he became engaged in *The London Packet*, under the signature of *The Gentleman*; here, as he facetiously calls, the *first* time of his appearing in print character. Indeed we should suppose it sat uneasy on him, to get out of six numbers he has three filled up with letters from *Blackguard*, who is however in nothing so further than the name. In Colman's *Genius* he writes like a *Gentleman*; but we cannot with truth invert the sentence; his second temple is not like the first. The third essay under this signature on Style and Language, is far the best; most of the observations are just, and the following allusion to Johnson is extremely happy.

Purity of Style, like purity of manners, is not wholly practicable: languages, like men, by whom they are framed, will be imperfect. Every endeavour to trace the sources of Corruption, tends to stop its progress. Living

authors, as well as living manners, are at once the chief objects of our censure and imitation. The works of deceased writers, which we have been taught by tradition to applaud, are too seldom turned over; while the productions of our contemporaries present themselves to our notice oftener than their persons. He who has talents to distinguish himself from the crowd, has more followers than an ancient philosopher. A popular writer sets the fashion of style, and the very herd of critics, that wish to depreciate the value of his works, run after him. If an author arises, whose deep learning and large imagination, struggling for expression equal to his conception, tempt him to lofty, bold periods, and swell his phraseology; if he is familiar with the combination of a dead language now, and then betray him into too wide a deviation from the vernacular idiom; such a writer will have the mortification to see the beauties of his style distorted by awkward imitation, and his errors (if in fact they are errors) made ridiculous by aggravation. The language that, in his master hand, like a well-tuned instrument, "discovered most eloquent melody," and in their management utters nothing but discord. The rattling of their periods and tamidity of their phrases, like the noise of a drum or swell of a bladder, are but symptoms of their wind and emptiness.

His caution with regard to the use of Grammars and Dictionaries, is the result of sense and observation.

The Grammars of living and dead languages are too often framed on different principles: in the latter, all irregularities, for which an authority can be pleaded, are fancied by a rule, while the other brands every idiom, or bold combination, as a licentious barbarism. No man ever learnt a language, living or dead, from a Grammar or Dictionary; but by reading the best authors, and partaking of the best conversation. He, who habitates himself to such studies and such society, without proposing to himself a particular model, will infensibly form a style of his own; as in the mechanical part of writing, every man abandoning himself to his own fancy or powers, almost every man writes a different hand. A certain freedom of style, a manly flow of language, will distinguish the authors of such a school; whose periods will not be divided into formal compartments, like the squares of a Mosaick pavement, exactly answering each other; but the members of a sentence, like the members of the human body, will seem to be put together with ease as well as symmetry, and equally framed for the purposes of elegance and strength.

As to Grammars and Dictionaries, though not admitting to the foundation of our tongue, they may certainly be of great use to contribute to its preservation. They are a kind of scaffold erected by skilful workmen, after our language has been completely built, to repair the runs of time, and to keep the venerable structure from further decay. The last great English Dictionary will remain, as long as the English Tongue shall remain, a monument of the learning and genius of its author; and I cannot better enforce the utility of the studies recommended in this paper, than by concluding it with an extract from the admirable Preface to that work, a Preface, which at once solves the precepts, and affords the example, of a pure and eloquent style.

--- I have studiously endeavoured to collect examples and notices from the writers before the Restoration, whose works I regard as the best of the age, as the pure source of genuine diction. Our language, in almost a century, has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its original *Terre Filia* character, and deviating towards a Gallick structure and phraseology, from which I ought to be our endeavour to recede, by making our ancient *idiot's* the groundwork of *usque*, admitting among the additions of later times, only such as may supply real deficiency, such as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate easily with our native idiom.

--- From the authors which rose in the time of Elizabeth, a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were

extracted from Hooker and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from Bacon; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation, from Raleigh; the dialect of poetry and fiction from Spenser and Sidney; and the diction of common life from Shakespeare, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of English words in which they might be expressed."

To these remarks every man must assent, even when unsupported by the gigantic name of Johnson.

The *Terre Filia*, which follows, is designed to be "A Student who writes a Latin on the members of a University during the *Excursus*, and is a sort of perfected *Patronus*." Mr. Colman has indeed wondered the aptitude and ill-nature of *Patronus*, but he has unawakenedly let the vice he vice escape him, and is no where so comely as in a character where wit is indispensable. A man may be a *Genius* perhaps, a *Gentleman* certainly, but a *Terre Filia* by no means, and of a great deal of wit. We therefore will protest against the essays under this title for ever, and perhaps their writer would have lost no fame, if he had totally suppressed them. *The Genius, The Gentleman, and The Terre Filia*, are a kind of inverted pyramid. *The Terre Filia* by the force of gravity sinks with a natural dexterity into the bosom of his venerable parent; *The Gentleman* very properly floats above him; and as *Virtus est in nobilitate, Torrens est in impudencia*, independent of birth, takes place of both.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Philosophical and Medical Sketch of the Natural History of the Human Body and Mind. To which is subjoined an essay on the Difficulties of attaining Medical Knowledge, intended for the Information and Amusement of those who are, or are yet, of the Medical Profession. Intended for the Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath. By James Mackintosh, Esq., M. D. Member of the Royal Medical Society, and Fellow of the College of Physicians at Edinburgh. 8vo. 4s. Dilly.

(Continued from Page 133.)

IN almost every page of the present work, our author discovers a degree of puerile self-sufficiency, and arrogant self-importance, worthy alone of those very *Quacks* whom with so much zeal, and so little knowledge, he incessantly labours to demolish with the thunders—the *imaginary* thunders of medical logic. Of quackery in all its shapes, and under all its disguises, we entertain in reality that sovereign contempt which the

Doctor himself, we are afraid, merely *effe*s to entertain; and as there may be quackery in literature, as well as in medicine, we cannot hesitate a moment in pronouncing Dr. Adam a *quackish* *author*, somewhat inferior, perhaps, in impudence to his *immortal*, and *immortalising* predecessor at Bath, Dr. Graham; but by no means his superior either as a scholar or a man of science.

These are truths—truths which the Doctor

Doctor has himself rendered self-evident; and, bitter as they may be to his palate, if they operate upon him at all, they must operate, we should hope, to his professional reformation. If, in the midst of his vain-glorious boastings, he had confined his *anathemas* to the multitudinous generation of Quacks only, not a syllable would we object to all he has said—to all with propriety or decency he could say on a subject so generally interesting to the welfare of mankind.

But, why, with talents so mean—with endowments so uncultivated, and apparently so incapable of cultivation—why, like boys in their sport, should he dare wantonly to throw his arrows at the LEGITIMATE members of his profession?—With all their acknowledged skill, with all their acknowledged probity, neither can Dr. Buchan* nor Dr. Moore † escape the fury of the medical *Drawn-up* before us. Does he envy the fame of those gentlemen? or, childish as he is, can he be weak enough for a moment to suppose, that in attempting to degrade their character, he can possibly dignify his own, or erect upon the shoulders of others a pyramid of reputation to himself?

From the labours of Dr. Buchan—who, to his *shame* be it recorded, did not think it beneath him to tell the world with *simplicity* how to cure even “*the cold*” things and label the rest”—our author, with a *fracti*, predicts “*the utter annihilation of physicians and surgeons*.”—Mercy upon us, what *prophecy* to give!—Think Heaven, it is a prophecy merely—the prophecy, it must be confessed, however, of a *great* *man*—the prophet, in a word, of Dr. James Mackintosh Adams!

In mentioning Dr. Moore, and comparing his professional character with that of the author of “*Domestic Medicine*,” he very *modestly* observes, “*Another Doctor*, after the most *humble* efforts to inculcate an opinion that there is nothing well-grounded or permanent in medical principles, proceeds to insinuate that *Nature* and the *Nurse* are the only infallible doctors; though the Doctor, *perhaps not very conscientiously*, subjoins an elaborate

treatise on the cure of *those very diseases* which he had previously consigned to the management of the forementioned *venerable* personages.”—But in this remark there is nothing to excite admiration, compared with the inference drawn from it.—“*Thus*,” says our sagacious author, “*after one Doctor* had liberally imparted *all his practical knowledge*, and another declared there was *none to impart*, it might have been expected that they would have *retired from business*, supremely happy in their *patriotic* endeavours to relieve the public from all future taxation on the score of *medical fees*; yet—hear him, reader—“*yet*,” adds he, “*these gentlemen, it is probable, may still be found in the exercise of their profession*!”

On the egregious folly, as well as impertinence, of this remark we will make no comment. Of *medical pedantry* it exhibits the very quintessence; but, amidst all the puny attacks of an Adam, this consolation still remains: both for Dr. Moore and Dr. Buchan, that (treading in the steps of the immortal Bacon, who was the first that *dared* to divert philosophy of that *mystic* barbarism in which, for ages before, it had been involved by the pride and bigotry of scholastic ignorance) they have disinterestedly done every thing that, *individually* considered, *men could do*, to strip the medical science of its gaudy, useless trappings; to establish it upon a permanent basis; and—what Dr. Adam, in particular, seems disposed never to forgive—to familiarise it to the *capacities*, and to the *practice* of mankind at large.

By no such *unprofessional* views is our author actuated. His object, he fairly tells us, is to “*engage the attention of fine gentlemen and fine ladies*; to give their reading an *air* of study and serious employment; and, by creating a *habit of thinking*, happily relieve them from that *torpority of mind*, and dreadful *torpority*, from which diets, balls, tours, scandals, and novel-reading, may not always relieve *brains* who have *just* pretensions to *rationality*.”

If we may put flesh in the Doctor’s

Author of “*Domestic Medicine*.”

Author of “*Medical Sketches*,” &c. &c.

↓ We are not perfectly certain how this compliment may be relished by the “*brains*” alluded to—our “*fine gentlemen and fine ladies*,” but this we know, that *no man* cannot himself think so *any* *purpose*, is ill-qualified to create “*a habit of thinking*” in others.—To obtain the smiles of the ladies, our author affects to take particular pains, flattering himself, as he expresses it, that they will readily pardon all that he says for having *shown* our *torpority* *brains* *strokes*

own prognostics, *immense* and *universal* will be the fame of the volume before us—Listen to him again, good reader.—“To the *travell’d* gentlemen and ladies the author would observe, that were a work *on this plan* to be published either in Paris or Rome, it would be *read by all who had pretensions to KEEP GOOD COMPANY*; as the *volubility* of its plan, and the *singularity* of its *curious* anecdotes, would be commented upon, with great vivacity and *erudition*, at every *conversazione* and *petit souper* in each metropolis, he therefore *humbly*” (O what HUMILITY!) “hopes that our fashionable *Connoisseurs* will not manifest less curiosity than their neighbours—Having thus he *flatters himself*, secured for his work a favourable reception with *all people of fashion in this realm*, he most confidently relies on the countenance of all Men of Letters, viz. the Members of both Houses of Parliament in both kingdoms, the Members of all the Universities, the Bench and the Bar, &c.”

Of the patronage of the Clergy our author affects to be “peculiarly allured;” but for this patronage the chief reason he assigns is, that he was invited to the publication of the volume before us “by a very respectable Member of their Body.”

After having amused himself with the idea that his book will be universally read and admired by his medical brethren also—“the *fringe* Doctors,” as he is pleased sarcastically to style them—he adds, “Estimating his fellow-subjects of this realm at twelve millions, and allowing the moderate proportion of one in twelve to be possessed either of learning or taste, (*excluding midwives, nurses, and quacks, who have neither*) the author is sometimes induced, in his *mercenary fits of patriotic enthusiasm*, to form the most flattering calculations of emolument (not for himself, for he disclaims it, but) for the manifold charitable institutions of this kingdom, and to present to his *mind’s eye* a most glorious prospect, not only of *contributing largely toward the support of every public charity*, by these his lucubrations, but even of *extending his beneficence to the SINKING FUND*; which, under the auspices of the present *economi-*

cal administration, may probably *turn out* to be one of the most useful of all public charities.—Toward the completion of this *great undertaking*, he looks up, with a well-grounded confidence, to his *good friends* the Reviewers; who, those of the medical class especially, though they may sometimes be a little *purfimonious* in the article of *critical indulgence*, are *never deficient*” (he acknowledges) “in the points of candour and impartiality.”

Extravagant and hyperbolic as this self-applause may appear, in giving a loose to the Doctor is *perfectly serious*; and if in either of the passages above quoted, there be any thing that bears the *semblance of irony*, trust us, reader, it is the *semblance merely*. For the compliment he has been pleased to pay to the *Reviewers*, in the name of our monthly brethren at large we thank him; and as a fresh proof of “our candour and impartiality,” we shall proceed to give an analytic statement of the various objects that compose his “Natural History of the Human Body and Mind,” leaving it to the Public to form its own ideas of the general merit or demerit of the author.

The work is methodically divided into books, and those books into chapters.—In Chap. I. the Doctor, exhibiting a comparison of Man with other animals, will not allow him to be “but a little lower than the angels;” but disclaims the doctrine of Lord Monboddo and others, who have alleged him to have an affinity with the *Ouran-Outing* and the *Monkey*. With his usual *gaillarderie*, however, to “the faintest part of the creation,” those, at least, “of *rank and fashion*,” he hints, that though he cannot totally approve, he yet cannot totally reject, the hypothesis of Governor Holwell, lately published †, namely, “that our bodies are inhabited by the spirits of *rebellious angels*, and that to the female form and character have been allotted the *wickest and mildest*; and which consequently *have the least of the devil in them*.” Proceeding next to a division of the subject, he describes the fluids in general, as also the simple morbid affections of the fibres, and illustrates not only the constituent principles, but the morbid affections of the blood.

of *humour and pleasantry*, when he *solemnly* assures them, that, exceedingly anxious as he must be to conciliate their *good opinion*, he could not possibly *intend to give offence*; and therefore could have no other motive than merely to enliven a *suppos’d* subject.”—From a *young fellow* an apology like this might have its weight with the ladies; but from an *old fellow*, what can they say of it but, what we say, *’twas a lie!*

† Fits, he ought to have said, of *lunatic vanity*.

‡ For an account of the work here alluded to, see Vol. XI. p. 165.

Book II. is simply occupied in telling us that motion is essential to life; in explaining the predisposing and occasional causes of motion; and in illustrating the nature of sensibility and stimulus, of action and reaction.

The second Book opens with a description of the functions and qualities of the body, of the sources and instruments of sensation; of the causes of morbid sensibility, muscular motion, and its defects. To these illustrations succeed remarks on the external senses—seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, touching, as likewise on the morbid affections of those senses, on sleep, and its effects, &c.

In the ensuing chapter we are presented with, what the author calls, "the natural history of the human mind," including a description of the internal senses. To this succeeds an enquiry into the nature and source of perception, of ideas of sensation and reflection; of memory, and the morbid affections of that faculty, of the succession and association of ideas, of imagination, and reminiscence, as distinguished from memory, of thought, judgment, and reasoning, of genius, or invention, of truth and error, of the morbid affections of the mind respecting truth and error, of delirium, madness, melancholy, hypochondriacism and idiotism, of pleasure and pain, of the appetites, particularly as they are connected with the will, of voluntary and involuntary motion, of the passions, and their morbid effects, &c.

In Book III. Chap. I. the structure of the heart, and of the arteries and veins is described, and an explanation given not only of the circulation of the blood, but of the various causes of its circulation. The importance of the circulation to the

vital, animal, and natural functions is also illustrated, and the result given of certain experiments made by a transfusion of blood into the veins.*

The author proceeds next to describe the organs of respiration, to point out its uses; and to illustrate the qualities and effects of different kinds of air. He likewise describes the organs of articulation and their morbid affection, together with those of the vital powers, &c.

In Book IV. Chap. I. we have a description of the natural functions,—of the organs of mastication and deglutition, of the stomach, of the process of digestion, and its causes, with the result of some experiments on the digestion of brutes. Instances are also given of extraordinary appetite, of extraordinary thirst, and of the fatal effects of thirst, with an illustration of the changes the food undergoes in the intestinal canal, and of the mode of its conversion into chyle.

In Chap. II. of this Book our author considers the nature of the secreted humours, and describes the structure of the glandular organs, the liver and gall-bladder; the bile, the pancreatic and salivary glands, the saliva, the mesentery, the lacteals, and the chyle, the spleen, the kidneys, and the omentum, the lymphatic and the mucous glands, nutrition, absorption, and the whole absorbent system, the excretory organs, the nature of perspiration and sweat, with general remarks on secretion and excretion, and on the qualities of the Loco.

In Chap. III. we have a view of the embryotic state of animals, and particularly of Man, of whom a characteristic description is also given at the different stages of life. The Doctor next touches upon the races of antediluvians, postdiluvians, gi-

* On this head our author judiciously enough observes, "As every person's blood seems to be peculiarly adapted to his own system, the attempts made in the last century to transfuse blood from one animal to another, could not be expected to succeed. After various experiments made on brutes, by which an equal quantity of blood was drawn off by one vessel, and was transfused by another, so that no injury might be sustained by over filling the vessels, the experiment was at length made on the human body. The expectations formed from this experiment were very high, especially as some old animals, particularly a dog and a horse, seemed in some degree to have renewed their vigour, by exchanging part of their blood for that of younger animals.

Some of the first experiments made on men did not seem to be followed by any bad effect, and indeed, after the first trial made at Paris, on a young idiotical person, into whom some ounces of the blood of a lamb were transfused, he seemed to have become more alert and sensible; but on a second experiment he was seized with a phrenzy, and died apoplectic. Notwithstanding this dreadful event, they had the audacity to repeat the experiment on another person in France, and two in Italy, and all of them being evidently destroyed by it, the practice was prohibited.

The experiment was also made in this country, and the Royal Society had determined to repeat it, but were happily restrained by previous information of the fatal event at Paris."

ants, and dwarfs; and exhibits a proportion of deaths at different periods of life; of males and females born; of males and females married; of the mortality of the two sexes; of the diseases of different countries; of the healthiness of different climates, countries, and places. To these illustrations succeeds a general and particular description of temperaments, which our author distinguishes into the *thin*, the *delicate*, the *fungine*, the *lux* or *phlegmatic*, and the *dry*. The diseases of each he particularly notes; gives a comparative view of mortality in two different centuries; assigns the probable causes of difference in this respect; and urges some plausible (we are inclined to think too very just) objections to the Suttonian plan of inoculation.

Thus far have we followed the Doctor in his "Natural History of the Human Body and Mind." The remaining pages of

the volume are comparatively, and we will add, unprofitably, with an Essay, divided into five Chapters, feebly illustrating the difficulty of attaining medical knowledge, these branches, especially which relate to the practice, and the difficulties resulting from the multiplicity of diseases;—the difficulty of distinguishing diseases by their symptoms;—the difficulty of determining when and how a disease will end;—and, finally, the difficulties attending the cure of them.

Upon the whole, this is a "feeble, and unprofitable performance;" nor can we exempt it from the humorous *Steuart* of Sterne upon new books in general, though deprecated by our author in the preface; and therefore it is that without scruple we tell him, his work *resembles an Apothecary's mixture, composed by pouring out of one bottle into another.*

The London Medical Journal for the Year 1817, Part the Second. 8vo. Johnson-
(Concluded from Page 135)

8. CASE of an Extra-uterine Fœtus. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. Edward Jacob, junior, Member of the Corporation of Surgeons of London, and Surgeon at Feversham in Kent.

This is a very curious and well authenticated case, but of a nature not to be minutely described, with propriety, in any other than a medical work.

9. Case of a Ganglion of the Tendons opened and successfully treated. By John Evans, M. D. of Liverpool.

The treatment of this case does credit to the author of the paper. The contents of the ganglion, when opened, were found to be, not a glairy fluid, as is commonly the case with this kind of tumours, but a number of substances, in all about two hundred of different sizes, resembling, in every respect, so many unripe nut-kernels. The wound was perfectly healed in three weeks.

10. A Case of Hydrophobia. By Mr. David Dundas, Surgeon, at Richmond, in Surrey. Communicated in a Letter to John Grieve, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and by him to Dr. Simmons.

Of all the calamities to which human nature is liable, that of the hydrophobia seems to be the most dreadful. The instance here related is particularly remarkable on account of the uncommon length of time (eighteen months) that intervenes

between the bite and the coming on of the symptoms, and is well deserving of the practitioner's attention.

11. An Account of two Cases of violent Constipation of the Bowels; the first successfully treated by the internal and external Application of cold Water; and the second terminating by a Discharge of Matter from the Vagina. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, F. R. S. by Mr. Charles Kite, Member of the Corporation of Surgeons of London, and Surgeon at Gravesend, in Kent.

The practice in the first of these two cases was bold, but fully justified by the event; which may serve as a striking proof of the superior efficacy of cold applications in circumstances similar to those described in Mr. Kite's paper.

12. On the Cause of the Death of Children when the Umbilical Cord is compressed during Labour. By John Clarke, Licentiate in Midwifery of the Royal College of Physicians, and Teacher of Midwifery in London.

The author of this inquiry shews himself to be an ingenious physiologist. His arguments all tend to prove that children who are destroyed by compression of the umbilical cord, die for want of those advantages which animals receive from the influence of air upon their blood.

13. Extract of a Letter from Mr. Robert Cheshier, Surgeon, at Hardisty, Leicestershire; containing an Account

of Luxation of the Os Humeri, in which the Reduction of the Bone was facilitated by inducing Sickness and Faintness, by Means of Emetic Tartar. Communicated to Dr. Simmons by Dr. Denman, Physician in London.

The man who was the subject of this curious experiment, was a robust subject, and the head of the bone being slipped pretty far under the pectoral muscle, many fruitless attempts had been made to reduce it. In this state of difficulty Mr. Chesler gave him repeated doses of emetic tartar till he became sick, and so faint, that he could scarcely support himself on the chair. During this state of faintness the muscular fibres were so relaxed as to allow the bone to be easily reduced into its socket. In a note to this paper the Edi-

tor points out a practice somewhat similar described in the Philosophical Transactions, volume 51.

14. Observations on the Use of Arsenic in Intermittent Fevers. By Robert Willan, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physician to the Finsbury and Public Dispensaries in London.

These cases, which are given in number, appear to be related with candour, and are much in proof of the efficacy of the remedy recommended.

The Journal concludes as usual with a Catalogue of new Medical Books. The present Catalogue gives the titles of no less than seventy five, the greater part of them published in foreign countries.

The Life of M. Turgot, Comptroller General of the Finances of France in the Years 1744, 1775, and 1776. Written by the Marquis of Condorcet, of the French Academy of Sciences, and translated from the French. With an Appendix. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Johnson.

FROM the well written volume before us we learn, that the consummate Statesman, and truly upright Minister, was a descendant of one of the most ancient families in Normandy, and was born in Paris on the 10th of May, 1712. He was the youngest of three brothers, and originally destined for the church. Accordingly, after having taken his degree, he was elected prior of the Sorbonne, a rank, it seems, rarely conferred by the doctors of that order but upon the bachelor who is of the most conspicuous and honourable family. At this period, he was only twenty three years of age. Young as he was, however, he was obliged, in his capacity of prior, to deliver two Discourses. In the first of these, it was his object to evince the benefits which mankind have derived from the diffusion of Christianity, in the second, he gave a political and historical account of the human understanding, and in both, according to his biographer, he displayed an uncommon fund of information, in energy, and acuteness.

M. Turgot, indeed, seems to have been endowed with all the gifts of an universal genius, for we are told, that during the course of his polemical pursuits, he not only applied himself to poetry and the belles lettres, but studied the elements of every science, rendered himself master of many, and even digested plans for the execution of a vast variety of works: including poems, tragedies, and philosophical romances, and even extensive disserta-

tions upon natural philosophy, history, geography, grammar, politics, ethics, and metaphysics. Of these works all that now remain are a few of the plans.

When the period arrived for M. Turgot to fix upon a profession, rejecting the church, he embraced the law. We next find him in the station of master of requests, a station, which not only renders the person who holds it the servant of the executive power, and the grand instrument of government in operations of commerce and finance, but requires him, more frequently than the member of any other order, to assume the first offices of administration. Considering the extension of knowledge as an object of the greatest national utility, M. Turgot, amidst all the cares of government, was still indefatigable in his literary and scientific pursuits, and the publication of the *Encyclopedie* being in agitation at the period alluded to, he enriched that work with several articles.

In 1761, M. Turgot was appointed Intendant of Limoges; an office of which the chief functions are, to give directions in detail for carrying into execution the general orders of administration; to make provisional decisions in certain cases; and to adjudge others with respect to commerce and finance, subject to the council. In this office, where so many opportunities offered of doing much good, or much mischief, we had several instances of the laudable and truly exemplary conduct of M. Turgot.

He now published his "Report," containing a complete dissertation upon loans; and some time after appeared the "Essay on the Formation of Wealth." To these publications succeeded his Treatise on "Mines and Quarries," in which, with not less patriotism than philosophy, he deduces, from the principles of natural justice, the laws that ought to regulate not only the working of mines, but the distribution of the property in them.

It was not till the death of Louis XIV. that M. Turgot was promoted to the first offices of government. By the public voice (as a man who to all the improvements that study could confer, united the experience which results from habits of business) he was then appointed minister of Finance, and in a month after removed to the administration of the finances.

Under the wise and able administration of M. Turgot, the finances of France began to recover from that alarming state of perplexity in which, for a considerable time before, they had been ruinously involved. Of the diligence and integrity of this great financier our biographer gives most striking proofs. — At the period of his accession to power, ten millions of livres in bills of exchange, advanced to the West India colonies, had been due five years, and the payment suspended by government. Of that vast sum M. Turgot immediately paid off six hundred thousand livres, set apart a million a year for payment of the remainder, and offered, if it might be agreeable to the proprietors of the bills in question, to fund them at four per cent. But as he was in diminishing the national debt, and in making redemptions useful to the less opulent

class of citizens, he left a great sum diminishing another great sum of the decline of public credit, and of the revenue. But the circumstance which renders these financial achievements truly meritorious, is, that, far from having been completed with the aid of new loans, or by the imposition of new burthens upon the people, many of the old taxes were, in the mean while, either diminished or totally suppressed. What renders them astonishing also is, that they were all with ease accomplished in the short space of twenty months, during the five months of which M. Turgot was severely afflicted with the attacks of hereditary gout, as to be incapable of attending to business.

So strenuous an advocate was this great man of religious toleration, that in conformity to the liberality of his own principles, he scrupled not to propose an amendment of the oath administered to the kings of France at their coronation, and even to draw up a memoir on the subject, urging the sovereign to an unreserved toleration with respect to religious sentiments and worship, as a duty which he owed to the inviolable laws of conscience, to humanity, and, in fact, to policy.

It was when he was at the height of this brilliant, this glorious career, that the king demanded his resignation, and from the date of M. Turgot we may learn, that in France, as well as in England, the belt of ministers is but weakly guarded, when he has nothing to shield him from the machinations of powerful and aspiring parties but the *personal esteem of his sovereign*.

A Poetical Epistle to a Curate. By Joseph Thomas 4to. 2s 6d. Faulder.

THE sufferings of the inferior clergy of the Church of England have long called aloud for redress, nor is it necessary to invoke the aid of the Mutes, to exhibit them in all their horrors. The ingenious author of the Epistle before us, is himself a member of the reverend order, thus *re-
verently* treated, and his professed view

in writing it was, to reconcile himself to his hard lot. The poem is really not without a considerable share of merit. — There is a philosophic dignity in the sentiments, added to an harmonious flow of the numbers, which in our opinion entitle Mr. Thomas to move in a sphere very different from that of a paltry Curate.

* Our biographer affirms, that this performance forms the basis on which Dr. Smith reared the superstructure of his celebrated work on the "Wealth of Nations." Surmises to the like effect we have heard before from different quarters; but the truth or fallacy of them we will not presume to determine, having had no opportunity to examine M. Turgot's publication on the subject.

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PROLOGUE

TO THE
COMEDY of the COUNTRY
A I G O R N E A,

Spoken by Mr BENSLEY.

Life is but a Jest, and all I see about,
Why then commend me to the Comic
Poet;

Fortis, who since that life he married Jit,
Enjoys it most, and will it is a bit
Of rick, ye son of his say, begone,

And let his grave interpreter come
Your's he is not, and return it
That pays me the same upon the future heart

Runs his affairs upon Ah! and O!
And it has the melody for me to
But grant you may be good and yet not
own

To be with the whole to be heard
The whole is the whole, and the whole
is the whole

Who the whole is the whole with the whole
Laugh with the whole, and the whole
is the whole

Shall be the whole of one of the whole
With the whole, and the whole of the whole
is the whole

And what we say, and the whole of the whole
Shall be the whole of the whole of the whole
is the whole

Love we will be the whole, but it shall be such
is the whole

As he can be the whole of the whole of the whole
And with the whole, and the whole of the whole
is the whole

Shut not your eyes, we never will be the whole
is the whole

As many as are the whole with the whole of the whole,
The whole is the whole of the whole of the whole
is the whole

We do not give you, Sir, to be the whole of the whole
is the whole

The whole of the whole of the whole of the whole,
The whole of the whole of the whole of the whole
is the whole

Reform us, all the morals of the age
Leave not one of the whole to supply the whole
is the whole

Our author wishes not to found his fame
On tales that disgrace the British name.

EPILOGUE

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

Spoken by Miss FARRER,

In the Character of LADY RUSTICK.

WHEN Tragedy has made soft Pity weep,
When I'm rous'd, or wrapp'd the House
in sleep,

Out comes the cheerful Epilogue, and then
You smile, or wake, and are yourselves
again.

Our Bard, resolv'd to please you if he can,
Sucks to the system, though revis'd the
plan,

A d'ne five Acts of Comedy, succeeds
My Put a kick in her Widow's Weeds
For you not, grave Critics, that not, I was
pity!

I'll jacht of fun and sermon of your Pity
I care not, and shape of grief, the whole of
we,

Or rather, with a thirty first show
and the monuments of Pindar's
Sons of the whole, for the whole of the whole
is the whole

And the whole of the whole of the whole of the whole,
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from

ABOUT 28, was represented for the first
time, at the H v-market, for the benefit of
Mr. Edson, a pant piece, entitled The Village
Lawyer. It is a translation from the French,
and abounds in laughable, farcical situations.
It is likely to be a favourite. The following
is a sketch of the plot.

Scour, a lawyer, being expelled from West-
minster-hall for misbehaviour to the Court, is
obliged to retire to a country-village, where
having remained a fortnight, and not
finding any business, imagines he should very
soon

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soon be able to acquire it, could he make a better appearance; for which purpose he has recourse to his neighbour, Mr. Snarl, a wool-len-draper, and by pretending he came to settle an account of his father's, who was dead, obtains a piece of cloth sufficient for his coat, and invites Snarl to dinner on a goose which had been sent him by a client out of Norfolk.

Sheep's-face, a servant of Snarl's, who has the care of a flock of sheep, having killed some of them, under pretence of preventing them *ding* of the rot, is at last detected by Snarl in the act of killing one of the best wethers, upon which he threatens to have Sheep's-face hanged. Sheep's-face not knowing what to do, is advised by his wife, whom he had espoused the night before, to have recourse to the Lawyer; which having resolved upon, he meets Scout with the cloth under his arm on his return from Snarl, and states his case to him, which Scout meets by suggesting him to be a servant of the Lawyer, but desires Sheep's-face to make no answer to any question that should be asked him by the Justice than *Tut-tut!*

Scout knowing that Snarl would come to dinner according to his invitation, pretends to have been mad a fortnight, but finding Snarl not so easy to be got rid of, makes several feigned fits, in the last of which he says there are thieves, immediately takes a broom and presents it to Snarl, and by this stratagem frightens him out of the house. Snarl then goes to Justice Myrmidon, where Scout and Sheep's-face go also.

Snarl, in going to the evidence to the Justice, confounds the cloth Scout had obtained from him, and the wether Sheep's-face had killed, which with Sheep's-face *Beastly!* every time a question is asked, makes a truly ludicrous scene; and the whole concludes with Snarl's avowing his consent to his son's marriage to Scout's daughter.

ACT 5. *Vimonia*, a tragedy, by Mr. McDonald, was acted for the first time at the Hay-market. The characters are as follow:

<i>Dundee</i> , - - -	Mr. Bentley.
<i>Bernard</i> , - - -	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Duke of Rothsay</i> , - - -	Mr. Kemble.
<i>Lord Malcolm</i> , - - -	Mr. Johnston.
<i>Africa</i> , - - -	Mr. Bannister, jun.
<i>Vimonia</i> , - - -	Mrs. Wockery.
	Mrs. Kemble.

The story of this piece is analogous to those which obtained credit and interest in the twelfth century. A lover to obtain his mistress secretly attempts the father's life, and, as he imagines, puts him to death. He is prevented from carrying her off by a young hero, who instantly attaches her by his valor.—The father not being actually killed, haunts the castle as a ghost, and the villain who at-

tempts his life casts the imputation on the hero. This occasions the appearance of ordinary characters, but not to the point, and the question is decided by single combat. At the event the author chooses that the innocent and the guilty should suffer; for the villain is killed, and the hero being imposed upon by the offer of poison, at the request of his mistress, who supposed him guilty, drinks it at the moment she is convinced of his innocence, and the lady is made to run mad and die.

The sentiments, imagery, and diction, are not without merit; and the whole play, in the first effort of a young author, is respectable.—The following Epilogue, by Mr. Kenzie, was spoken by Mrs. Kemble.

METHINKS our Heroine was wood too weak,

To let a Goblin Tale her marriage break.
Now, thank our stars! the childish crowd is left,

That gave such mighty influence to a Ghost;
Nor ever, as in these old-fashion'd times,
"Perturbed spirits" witness secret crimes;
Except when they'd by some shrewd swindling brain,

They thump, and scratch, and vanish in our line.

Our Lovers' nuptials meet with no delays
From phantom-visitations now-a-days;
More talismans their tender witness cross,
Dross to make, and parchments to engross,
Y'enter to settle, pin-money, debates,
The solemnities, and wedding of estates.
Perturbed Spirits, *the woodcock* rise;
Sorts of anger, spleeniness and strife,
That baffle the general sweets of married life
Rebels that every exorcism brave,
And show indifference o'er affection's grave
Or should the wife have some familiar spite,

(Such things there are) that haunts the house
by night,

He, like our birds, if rightly understood,
May prove, perhaps, no Ghost, but *flesh and blood*.

But here, within our mimic kingdom bound,

Still antique Ghosts may walk their night round;

Still truncheon'd Hamlet glide, or *Banquo* shade

Drive Scotland's tyrant from his seat di-
m'd.

Could but our magic spells contrive to ban
Spirits before the curtain as behind;

Poets no more should dread the *fact* found
Of harsh and angry Goblins rising round,

Of those who howl above, or hiss below
the ground †.

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name may be omitted. A person of your experience will not be at a loss for another play, or, if the same play be necessary, for another performer.

"I am to request that you will immediately communicate this to Mr. Linley. After a long connection with you, and, on my part, great personal regard, I feel no small uneasiness in this separation, but I shall always remain, Dear Sir,

Yours, JOHN PALMER
Royal-Theatre, Sept. 14, 1787

"P.S. At the same time that I wish you to determine your fixed determination in respect to appearing as a performer at Drury-lane Theatre, if it be found necessary to alter the plan, advertised for the next evening, sooner than the public shall be apprised, I will perform.

I am, Sir, with great esteem,

Dear Sir,
I have not been able to see Mr. Linley since I received your letter, but I will endeavour to make him acquainted with the contents of it. In the meantime I shall be obliged to you to perform at Drury-lane Theatre, and I will endeavour to have your address published in the bills, Sir, as you very humbly request,
Sept. 14, 1787
JOHN PALMER
Mr. PALMER

Mr. Palmer, on the receipt of this letter, conceiving that the disappointment of the public might be imputed to him, immediately dispatched the subsequent letter to Mr. King.

"Dear Sir,
I This morning received your letter, informing me, that there will not be my performance at Drury-lane Theatre tomorrow. I hope the play is not postponed in consequence of my letter, as I before informed you, and now repeat it, that sooner than the public shall be disappointed, I am ready to appear in the character designed in the bills. I am, Sir, Yours,
JOHN PALMER.
Royal-Theatre, Sept. 14, 1787.
Mr. KING

Mr. Palmer having thus exonerated himself from any supposed duty to the Managers of Drury-lane Theatre, Mr. Baunister, determining to be the servant of his persecutors, sent the following letter to Mr. King, which was received, but not answered.

"Sir,
I Am very much concerned, that the conduct of the Proprietors of Drury-lane Theatre should make it an independent duty in me to declare my determination not to perform there, in conformity to the notice which they have given in the bills that announce the opening of their House for the winter season.

I have been informed, with the intention

title of *supposed*—I have been persecuted in that appellation by every man who announces his interest to do, "in a contrary style." The inference is plain. I am a rational and a valiant man, when they can get nothing by me.—I am the contrary, when I am accused on the subject of pecuniary advantage to their interest.

"Under such circumstances, I must, indeed, have no grateful idea of the profession to which I belong, and must pay a poor compliment to my good old friends in the West, and to that generous people by maintenance and protection, in the East of the City, I am enabled to provide for my family, if I did not personally feel the intended neglect and injury. I perceive that palpable hypocrisy which induces, by the Managers advertisement, a deception upon them; for, Sir, it must have been evident to every man of understanding, that the persecuted, when he is in a servile condition elsewhere, will never become a subservient hireling to his persecutors.

"I am therefore to request you will, as Acting Manager, take notice, that my name, in the play-bills of Drury-lane, has been inserted without my consent, and consequently I desire that it may be discontinued, for the reasons I have mentioned.

"I wish not to give the least disappointment to those noble and numerous patrons, whose claims upon my gratitude must remain satisfied. I wish I should never be able to discharge them.

"Therefore, I wish to be understood by your worthy proprietors, that my personal service to the Quarter is at their service tomorrow, but that I shall not charge the Managers any thing for my performance, but it is to be considered as a full token of my gratitude to the public, not as any part of my duty to the Theatre. I am, Sir, with great esteem,

Your most obedient, humble servant,
CHARLES BANNISTER."

On the whole of the preceding circumstances, Mr. Palmer leaves the public to make their own comment. The utmost of his desire is, to acquiesce in every respect to the Town, from whom he has received so many obligations, for a series of years, that a life of professional exertion in their service will be the only means of testifying his gratitude.

JOHN PALMER.
Royal-Theatre, Sept. 18, 1787

The following OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, written by GEORGE DALIAS, Esq. was spoken at the Cheltenham Theatre, by MISS CHAPMAN

AT midnight hour, when solemn Silence reigns,
And darkness spreads her horrors o'er the plains,
Alarm'd, confus'd, th' affrighted traveller strays,
Whilst lurid dangers mark his dreary way.

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With doubts ~~of~~ anxiety oppress,
 Trembling he steps, while Terror chills his
 breast;
 Armida's phanoms in each tree lie fears,
 In ev'ry breeze the rising tempest hears
 Thus starts the timid deer! and from each
 sound,
 Fancies the arrow flies, and feels its wound.
 Such are the terror, such the tears We feel,
 Whene'er this bar We make our first appeal.
 To us, each auditor a critic term,
 And loudly murmurs we not merely dream!
 (To the Ladies)
 [Those lips which Nature never formed to
 chide,
 Our manners ridicule, our speech denude,]
 So toward Fancy represents the show,
 Mis-shapes each object, and distorts each
 form;
 Engenders fear, that mars each noble aim,
 And fetters Genius in its flight to fame
 Yet why this fear, when sway like yours we
 own?
 Judgment here reigns—but Candour shares
 the throne.
 Then Candour speak, our merit freely try;
 Who bravely struggles, cannot batch die
 The gallant soldier, who by arms is won,
 By Valour prompt'd, or by glory won,
 With dauntless ardour seek, in martial foil,
 The verdant wreath that crowns the hero's
 toil,
 Resist his springs to snatch the laurel from us,
 And nobly conquers—our aim by die!
 It humbler scenes, a few we seek to shine,
 And gain the generous wreath our Patrons
 twine
 No happier you than worn the Actor's breast,
 Than pleasing You—tis thus that We are
 blest.
 Your frowns at once can check our various
 strife,
 Your smiles the sun that gilds our hopes
 with life.
 'Twas gleams like these, which erst, in
 Rome's proud age,
 Made *Pofus* shine—the planet of her stage!
 Though War, unchain'd, gave savage Slaughter
 ter place,
 And Gathin's nyrept her scenes away,
 Yet Fame, obedient to her lover's call,
 Still shew'd her *R. J. J.* from the funeral fall;
 Tod' tant ages bears him, free from harms,
 And rears his trophies with un fading charms.
 Anke distinguish'd, see, in modern times,
 A *Siddons* blaze—the meteor of our
 climes!
 Scarce had *Br. J. J.* shed the tender tear,
 Scarce strew'd the *Cypriotes* on her *GARRICK*'s
 bier,
 Ere *Siddons* rose, resurgent to the light.
 To cheer expiring Hope with new-born light,
 Outsteering rivals still admiring gaze,
 And *Evoy*, claim'd, attunes her voice to

Let fond remembrance prompt the grateful
 tale,
 How here she bloom'd to deck fair *Espana*'s
 vale.
 First on these boards she felt the kindling
 flame,
 That rouses Genius to aspire at Fame;
 First on this stage she to hit the public view,
 To Nature faithful, as to Virtue true
 With judgment possib', and with taste re-
 fin'd,
 Here, trac'd each varying passion of the mind,
 In grief dejected, or with in a th' w',
 Still Nature triumph'd in her lively child;
 In imfecting bottoms drew the plaintive sigh,
 While Pity's dew-drop fell from Beauty's
 eye
 The chaste observer of her mo'lest laws,
 Saw frigid beauties d' with your applause;
 Decid'd, in *T. J. J.* work, the splen-
 did
 When we *C. J. J.* should own a h' m' g c
 w
 When *B. J. J.* d' light'd, should combine to
 rite
 To list'g column to record her pr' f'e
 Wh' bold ambition, set with traou' r' men,
 Pe's'd she believ'd, and wou'd the vix'd
 here,
 'Till realiz'd each fairy form of *Evoy*,
 She wak'd—from dreams of Hope—to
 works of Truth
 O' could our mind the blissful thought
 attain,
 That as you listen—you approve our strain,
 Perhap, some grateful *Ar. J. J.* view
 Another *Siddons*—trac'd to fire— You
 I vainly trembling *J. J. J.* stand,
 protected by the public hand
 To *J. J. J.* you *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.*
 and *J. J. J.* to *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.*
J. J. J. *J. J. J.* shall the *J. J. J.* prove
 The *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.*
 improve
 Now easter print *J. J. J.* the classic page,
 Still *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.*
 That *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.*
 'Till *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.*
J. J. J. *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.*
 will
 look
 To spread confusion o'er the vixen cheek;
 For bide the triumphs such *J. J. J.* receives,
 When Beauty blithes, or when Virtue
 or *J. J. J.*
 Then let us hope we then these w'ld to find
 That kindly *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.*
 From *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.*
J. J. J.
 The graceful symptoms of Benevolence.
 So it *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.* *J. J. J.*
 Her choicest gifts shall wait each gen'rous
 friend;
 Health's best of blessings shall our Spring
 impart,

REMARKABLE STORIES and ANECDOTES.

[From Mr. GILPIN'S "Observations on the Mountains and Lakes of Westmoreland."]

Queen ELIZABETH'S ENTERTAINMENT at KENLWORTH CASTLE.

ONE of the most memorable particulars of the history of Kenlworth-castle, is an entertainment, which was given to by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth. The tradition of this grand festivity still lives in the country, and we have hardly any thing equal to it on record. An account of it was published by one Laneham, a person then in office about the court and present at the time. This already quoted firm the work, in which I add a part of the account he gives of her Majesty's presence, from which may be perceived the gallantry of her whole entertainment.

On the 20th of July 1575, in the evening, the Queen, approaching the first gate of the castle, to receive her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Earl of Leicester, and the Duke of Norfolk, and demanded the cast of all this time. It is upon seeing the Queen, which had been struck instantaneously, and she herself, in a few moments, she was presented with a variety of presents, which she received with great pleasure.

Immediately, the trumpet, who stood on the wall, and the drum, which were to give notice of her Majesty's arrival, and the trumpet, which was to give notice of her Majesty's departure.

These arms, which were mounted on the castle, while the Queen rode through the tilt-yard to the grand entrance of the castle, which was wished by the Earl of Leicester, and the Duke of Norfolk.

Here, as she passed, she was presented with a variety of presents, in which she received with great pleasure. She was then presented with a variety of presents, which she received with great pleasure. She was then presented with a variety of presents, which she received with great pleasure.

Her Majesty was dressed with a delicate and elegant manner, which she received with great pleasure. She was then presented with a variety of presents, which she received with great pleasure.

Here she was presented with a new scene, which she received with great pleasure. She was then presented with a variety of presents, which she received with great pleasure.

gifts before her, which were piled up, and hung in elegant order, on both sides of the entrance wild-fowl, and deal game, from Silvanus god of the woods baskets of fruit from Pomona: sheaves of various kinds of corn from Ceres: a pyramid adorned with clusters of grapes, graced with their vine leaves, from Bacchus; and ornamented at the bottom with elegant vases and vessels of all sorts, disposed in baskets, were presented by Neptune arms by Mars, and musical instruments by Apollo. An entertainment over the pits explained the whole.

Her Majesty having graciously accepted these gifts, was received to the gates with concert of flutes, and other soft music, and dancing from her paltrey, (which she always so elegantly) she was conveyed into her chamber, and her arrival was announced through the country by a peal of cannon from the ramparts, and a display of fireworks at night.

Her Majesty was entertained nine days, and it is recorded, that the entertainment cost her Majesty a thousand pounds a day, each of which was diversified with music, interludes, hunting, music, and a variety of other amusements. The Queen's general desire to have been greatly consulted in the particular solemnity of the whole. Perhaps it was considered, when the classical purity of the entertainment relaxed; and gave way (as we find it sometimes did) to the harshness of the trumpet, and the buffoonery of the clown.

And other compliments paid to the Queen, in this pleasant festival, the great cock, which was fixed in Casu tower, was to be seen, and her Majesty's continuance in the castle, that while the country could stand the great beating, time upon that island.

ROBIN the DEVIL.

WINDERMERE Island belonged formerly to the Phylons, a family of nobles in Westmoreland. During the civil wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, served the king. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.

The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprise, and for his many feats of personal bravery had obtained, among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of Robin the Devil.

was fortified, Col. Briggs, a
 friend to the Usurpation, residing at
 Kendal, with the double character of a
 justice of the peace, and a garrison commander, held
 the country in awe. This person having
 heard, that Major Philipson was at his brother's
 house on the island in Windermere,
 resolved, if possible, to seize, and punish a
 man, who had made himself so particularly
 obnoxious. With this view he mustered a
 party, which he thought sufficient; and
 set out himself on the enterprize. How it
 was conducted, my authority * does not in-
 form me—whether he got together the navy
 of the lake, and blockaded the place
 of whether he landed, and carried
 his approach in form. Neither do we
 know the strength of the garrison within;
 nor of the works without: though every
 gentleman's house was, at that time, in
 some degree a fortress. All we learn, is,
 that Major Philipson endured a siege of
 eight or ten days with great gallantry; till
 his brother, the colonel, hearing of his dis-
 tress, raised a party, and relieved him.

It was now the major's turn to make re-
 parals. He put himself therefore at the
 head of a little troop of horse, and rode to
 Kendal, where Col. Briggs resided. Here
 being informed, that the colonel was at
 Bowers, (for it was on a Sunday morning)
 he stationed his men properly in the avenues;
 and himself, armed, rode directly into the
 church. It is said, he intended to seize the
 colonel, and carry him off; but as this seems
 to have been totally impracticable, it is ra-
 ther probable, that his intention was to kill
 him on the spot; and in the midst of the
 confusion to escape. Whatever his inten-
 tion was, it was frustrated; for Briggs hap-
 pened to be elsewhere.

The congregation, as might be expected,
 was thrown into great confusion on seeing an
 armed man, on horseback, enter the church;
 and the major taking the advantage of their
 astonishment, turned his horse round, and
 rode quietly out. But having given an
 alarm, he was presently assaulted as he left
 the church; and being seized, his girths
 were cut, and he was unhorsed.

At this instant, his party made a furious
 attack on the assailants; and the major,
 being with his own hand the man who
 had seized him, clapped the saddle, un-
 der which it was, upon his horse; and vault-
 ed into it, rode full speed through the streets
 of Kendal, calling to his men to follow him;
 and with his whole party made a safe retreat
 to his asylum in the lake.—The action
 lasted the man. Many knew him; and
 those who did not, knew as well from the

exploit, that it could be nobody but
Robin the Devil.—Such are the calamities of
 civil war! After the direful effects of
 public opposition cease, revenge and pri-
 vate malice long keep alive the animosity of
 individuals.

SIMPLICITY and MANNERS of the PEOPLE
 of ROSTHWAIT, with their Mode of
 Procuring FUEL.

IN the deep retreat of the valley of Bor-
 rodale, lies the village of Rosthwait, hav-
 ing at all times little intercourse with
 the country, but during half the year
 almost totally excluded from all human com-
 merce.

Here the sons and daughters of simplicity
 enjoy health, peace, and contentment, in
 the midst of what city-luxury would call the
 extreme of human necessity:

Stealing their whole dominion from the
 waste;

Repelling winter-blasts with mud and straw.

Their four patches of arable land, and these
 cultivated with difficulty; and their crops
 late-ripening, and often a prey to autumnal
 rains, which are violent in this country, just
 give them bread to eat. Their herds afford
 them milk; and their flocks, cloaths; the
 shepherd himself being often the manufacturer
 also. No dye is necessary to tinge their wool:
 it is naturally a russet-brown; and sheep and
 shepherds are clothed alike; both in the
 simple every of nature.

The procuring of fuel is among their
 greatest hardships. In most parts of the
 world this article is sought either in pits, or
 on the surface of the earth. Here the in-
 habitants are obliged to get it on the tops of
 mountains; which abounding with mossy
 grounds, seldom found in the valleys below,
 supply them with peat. The difficulty lies
 in conveying it from such immense heights.
 In doing this they have recourse to a strange,
 and dangerous expedient, though similar to
 the modes of conveyance which necessity
 dictates in other mountainous countries.
 They make their peat into handles; and
 fasten it upon sledges; on each of which a
 man sits, and guides the machine with his
 foot down the precipice. We saw many
 tracks along the sides of mountains, made by
 these sledges; several of which were four or
 five hundred feet high, and appeared from
 the bottom almost perpendicular.

ANECDOTE relative to the SIEGE of
 CARLISLE, in 1745.

THE short siege which Carlisle sustained
 in the rebellion of the year 1745, together
 with some awkward circumstances that at-

tended it, threw a general odium upon the town; and many believed, among whom was the late Duke of Cumberland, that it was very ill affected to the government. No suspicion was ever more unjust. I dare take upon me to say, there were scarce half a dozen people in the whole place, who wished well to the rebellion.

The following anecdote, known but to few, and totally unknown till many years after the event, will throw some light on its hasty surrender; which brought it into such disgrace.

When the rebels came before it, it was garrisoned only by two companies of invalids; and two raw undisciplined regiments of militia. General Wade lay at Newcastle with a considerable force: and the governor of Carlisle, informing him how unprovided he was, begged a reinforcement. The single hope of this relief enabled the gentlemen of the country, who commanded the militia, to keep their men under arms.

In the mean time the rebels were known to be as ill-prepared for an attack, as the town was for a defence. They had now lain a week before it; and found it was impracticable, for want of artillery, to make any attempt. They feared also an interruption from General Wade; and besides, were unwilling to delay any longer their march towards London. Under these difficulties, they had come to a resolution to abandon their design.

At this critical time the governor of Carlisle received a letter from General Wade, informing him, he was so circumstanced, that he could not possibly send the reinforcement that had been desired. This mortifying intelligence, though not publickly known, was however communicated to the principal officers, and to some others; among whom was a busy attorney, whose name was H——s.

H——s was then addressing a young lady, the daughter of Mr. F——r, a gentleman of the country; and to assist his cause, and give himself consequence with his intended father-in-law, he whispered to him, among his other political secrets, the disappointment from General Wade.

The whisper did not rest here. F——r frequented a club in the neighbourhood; where observing (in the jollity of a cheerful evening) that only friends were present, he gave his company the information he had just received from H——s.

There was in that club a gentleman of some rank, who, though a known party, was at that time, thought to be very attached to the government. This man, confessed of such a secret, and, wishing for an opportunity to serve a cause which he favoured in his heart, took horse that night, after he left the club-room, and rode directly to the rebel-camp; which he did under orders to break up the next morning. He was carried immediately to the Duke of Perth, and others of the rebel army, whom he communicated his intelligence. He assured them, they might expect a march on the town, if they continued before it a day longer. Counter orders were immediately issued; and the next day the Cumberland and Westmoreland militia, being without discipline, began to mutiny, and disperse; and the town, defended now only by two companies of invalids, was thought no longer tenable. The governor was tried by a court-martial; and acquitted: and nobody supposed that either the militia-officers or the men were impressed by any motive worse than fear.

HENRY JENKINS and FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

ABOUT the close of the last century, a piece of human antiquity existed in the neighbourhood of Fountain's abbey, still more curious than the abbey itself—that venerable instance of longevity, Henry Jenkins. Among all the events which in the course of a hundred and sixty-nine years had fastened upon the memory of this singular man, he spoke of nothing with so much emotion as the ancient state of Fountain's abbey. If he was ever questioned on that subject, he would be sure to inform you, “What a brave place it had once been;” and would speak with much feeling of the clamour, which its dissolution occasioned in the country*. “About a hundred and thirty years ago, he would say, when I was butler to Lord Conyers, and old Marmaduke Bradley, now dead and gone, was Lord-abbot, I was often sent by my lord to enquire after this Lord-abbot's health; and the Lord-abbot would always send for me up into his chamber, and would order me roast-beef, and wassel; which, I remember well, was always brought in a black-jack.”—From this account we see what it was that rivetted Fountain's abbey so distinctly in the old man's

* The substance of these particulars the author had from a MS. shewn him by Sir Robert Lingham Graham.

† The MS. says, a quarter of a yard of roast-beef. I have heard that the monasteries used to measure out their beef; but in what way I never understood.

memory. The black-jack, I doubt not, is a trifle less than all the splendour of the house, or all the virtues of the Lord-abbot.



CROMWELL

IN the time of the civil war the owner of Norton Conyers was Sir Richard Graham; of whom we heard in anecdote in the family, which is worth relating, as it is not only curious in itself, but throws a very strong, and yet natural shade on the character of Cromwell.

When the affairs of Charles I were in their wane in all the southern counties, the Marquis of Newcastle's prudence gave them some credit in the north. His residence was at York, where he engaged two of the gentlemen of the country to act under him as lieutenants, Sir Richard Graham being one, whose Commission under the Marquis fell in the hands of the family. As Sir Richard was both an active man, and a such attached to the royal cause, he entered into it with all that vigour, which ability, inspired by inclination, could exert, and did the King more effectual service, than perhaps any private gentleman in those parts.

On that fatal day when the precipitancy of Prince Rupert, in opposition to the wise advice of the Marquis, led the King's forces out of York against Cromwell, who waited for them on Marston moor, Sir Richard Graham had a principal command, and no man did more than he, to end in action with success, which had been undertaken with temerity.

When the day was retrograde, lost, and nothing remained, but for every man to seek the best way of safety. He retired Sir Richard fled without the least bleeding wounds upon him, to an obscure retreat.

ton Conyers, about fifteen miles from the field. Here he arrived in the evening, and being spent with loss of blood, and fatigue, he was carried into his chamber, where taking a last farewell of his disconsolate lady, he expired.

Cromwell, who had ever expressed a peculiar inveteracy against this gentleman, and thought a victory only half obtained, flew on, pursued his flight in person, with a troop of horse.

When he arrived at Norton, his gallant enemy was dead, having scarce lived an hour, after he was carried to his chamber, and Cromwell found his wretched lady weeping over the mangled corpse of her husband, yet scarce cold.

Such a sight, one would have imagined, might have given him—not indeed an emanation of pity—but at least a display of respect. The inhuman miser still felt the violence of his foul unfeeling, and turning round to his troops, who had stalked over him into the sacred recesses of sorrow, he gave the sign of havoc, and in a few moments the whole house was torn in pieces—not even the bed was spared, on which the mangled body was extended, and every thing was destroyed, which the hands of humans could not carry off.

In this country we met with another curious memorial of the battle of Marston-moor. A carpenter, about two years ago, bought some trees, which had grown there. But when the timber was brought to the saw-pit, it was found very rusty. On examining it with more attention, it appeared, that great numbers of leaden bullets were in the holes of several of the trees, which has recorded the very spot where the battle was fought.

STORY OF ALBERT BANE.

[From The LIONELER, lately published.]

WHEN I was, last autumn, at my friend Colonel Gaultier's in the country, I saw there on a visit to Mr. Cuthbert, a young gentleman and his sister, children of the noblest of the Gaultiers, with whose appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased. "The lustre of their parent," said my friend, "is somewhat particular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour of our nation. When you pass a long talk in the evening, that when I hear with an instance of nobleness in detail, I can't help mentioning it long, and to recall it to you, as I ought to do over our barrier, as you would look with the best delight in the world of it."

"The father of those young folks, who look you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our country. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family-name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity, and sharing its fortunes. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favourite of his master, Albert Bane (the surname, you know

know, is generally lost in a name descriptive of the individual) had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exercises and rural amusements, in which himself was eminently skilful; he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursion, and the associate of his sports.

"On one of those latter occasions, a favourite dog of Albert's, whom he had trained himself, and of whose qualities he was proud, happened to meet the sport which his master expected, who, irritated at the disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of his repentment, he missed. Albeit, to whom Oscar was a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, rushed as he was with the accident, and conscious of being in the wrong, to be it. In his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night, and when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of Charles, was the master of Albert.

"After the battle of Culoden, situated to that party, this gentleman, along with others who had escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered themselves from the rage of the victorious soldiery among the distant recesses of their country. To him his native mountain afforded an asylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted in the pursuits of the chase with secret paths and unworn tracks, he lived for a considerable time, like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of the evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty but precious support. I have often heard him describe the scene of his hiding-place, at a later period, when he could recollect it in its sublimity, without its horror—"At times," said he, "when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those craggy crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard, in the pauses of the breeze which rolled to some of the pines

beneath me, the distant voices of the fugitives shouting in answer to one another, amidst a war of human fears. I have seen their forms re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep blue lake below, the gleam of those fires which illumined the cottages of my people. Sometimes their grief and indignation well nigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies; but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and starting as they were excited by me, I have again sought the shelter I had left.

"One day," continued he, "I was nearer than usual; and at last, in the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties of soldiers very close to me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant; and at last I heard them die away at the further end of the wood. I rose and stole to the mouth of the cave when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover that the dog was Oscar; and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of Heaven.—"Stand!" cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged. It was Albert! Some confusion, and a moment, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him—"My master!" said he, with the stifled voice of wonder and fear, and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollection—"You are ravaged," said I, "and I am your prisoner."—"Ravaged! Alas! you have judged me harshly, or me; I have not had one happy day since the fatal one in which I left my mark; but I have lived, I hope, to five him. The party to which I belong are passed; I have crept behind them among those woods and rocks which I remembered so well in hiding."—"There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, and they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape, and will enable you to dispose of yours. On your coast, to be wretched, we have learned that is a small party of your friends, who, following the river's track till dusk, and striking over the shoulder of the hill, may join without much danger of discovery."—"I felt the displeasure of owing to my master, I had injured, and remonstrated exposing him to such imminent danger as he might know that he had favoured my escape, which, from the temper of the matter, I knew would be silent and

Albert, in an agony of fear and distress, he thought not to think only of my own safety. "Save it, Albert," said he, "for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps this may meet again; but whatever happens of Albert, may the blessing of God be upon his master!"

Albert's prayer was heard. His master, by the exercise of talents which, though he always possessed, adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honour and emolument; and when the persecutions of his native land ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a lieutenant in the army, to which his former merit had raised him, married to a lady to whom he had got some little fortune, and the father of an only daughter for whom his father had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could bestow. The gratitude of the chief

was only equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose honest pride was not long after gratified, by his daughter's becoming the wife of that master whom his generous fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domain of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race." I accompanied Colonel Cruise on a visit to this gentleman's house, and was delighted to observe his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unassuming happiness of the good old man, conscious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it escape my notice, that the facetious boy in livery, who had been our guest at the Colonel's, had a favourite brown and white spaniel, whom they caressed much after our manner, whose name was Ocel.

On the PRESENT STATE of ALEXANDRIA, in EGYPT, &c.

[From "VOLNEY'S Travels in Egypt and Syria" just published.]

IT is in vain that we attempt to picture ourselves by a perusal of books, for a more intimate acquaintance with the customs and manners of nations, the effects of narratives on the mind, will always be very different from that of objects upon the senses. The images the former present, have neither correctness in the design, nor liveliness in the colouring, they are always indistinct, and leave but a fugitive impression, very easily effaced. Thus we more particularly experience, when we are directed to the objects to be laid before us, for the imagination, in that case, finding notions of comparison ready formed, is compelled to connect and compose new ideas, and in this operation, ill directed and hastily executed, it is difficult not to confound the traits and disfigure the forms. Ought we then to be astonished, if on beholding the models themselves, we are unable to discover any resemblance between the originals and the copy, and if every impression bears the character of novelty?

Such is the situation of a stranger who arrives by sea in Turkey. I have had the opportunity, and travels, in vain has he from their description, endeavoured to represent to himself the aspect of the countries, the appearance of the cities, the dresses and manners of the inhabitants; he is new to all the objects, and dazzled with their variety. He has formed to himself various notions, and he remains absorbed in surprize and astonishment.

It is more proper to produce this truth, and to prove the truth of this remark on Alexandria in Egypt, the nature of the

city which recalls to memory the genius of one of the most wonderful of men; the name of the country which reminds us of so many great events. The picturesque appearance of the place itself, the spiritual palaces, the terraced houses, the green lawns, the lofty minarets, every thing announces that this is a great world. A variety of novel objects present themselves to eye, to ear, to the smell, whose barbarous sounds and sharp unsoftened accents offend the ear, the eyes of the most unaccustomed and unaccustomed of the stranger to appear. I read that a naked man could be seen with, on his usual head dress, a turban, and of his habits, he views with astonishment tanned widges with beards and whiskers, bundles of stuff rolled up in fols on their bald heads, long garments which reaching from the neck to the feet, serve rather to veil than to clothe the body, pipe of six feet long with which every one is provided, hideous canals which carry water in wooden pouches and taddled and bridled asses, which lightly trip along with their riders on slippers. He observes then markets crowded with dates, and round flat loaf, a filthy drove of half starved dogs roaming through the streets, and a kind of wandering phantoms, which, under a single piece of drapery, discover nothing but two eyes, which show that they are women. And this crowd of unusual objects his mind is not able to fix on, nor is it until he has reached his place of silence, so desirable on landing after a long voyage, that, becoming more calm, he reflects on the nar-

row, ill-paved streets; the low houses, which, though not calculated to admit much light, are still more obscured by lattice-work; the mangle and swarthy inhabitants, who walk bare footed, without other clothing than a blue shirt, fastened with a leather girdle, or a red handkerchief, while the universal air of misery, so manifest in all he meets, and the mystery which reigns round their houses, point out to him the capacity of oppression, and the distrust attendant upon slavery. But his whole attention is soon attracted by those vast ruins which appear on the land side of the city. In our country, ruins are an object of curiosity only; we would even, in unfrequented places, find a ruin more interesting, who care not whether the destruction of its master, or the wickedness, of its neighbourhood. In Alexandria, on the contrary, we no longer leave the New Town, than we are attracted to the sight of an immense extent of ruins, spread with ruin. In a walk of two hours, you follow a double row of wall and tower, which form the circumference of the ancient Alexandria. The earth is covered with the remains of an ancient city, which has been destroyed, while its ruins crumpled down, and its bones, by lions devoured, and the stones crumbled and designed by serpents. The traveller puffs over a vast plain, a narrow ditch, filled with water, pierced with walls, divided by wall inclosures, covered over with ancient columns and made into tomb, and palm trees and nopals, and where no human creature is to be met with but owls, bats, and jackals. The inhabitants, as usual, to this scene, behold it without emotion, but in the night, in whom the recollection of their past misery is revived by the novelty of the object, around him, feels a sentiment, which not un frequently dissolves him in tears, and sighing reflections which fill his heart with sadness, while his soul is elevated by their solemnity.

In its modern state, Alexandria is theemporium of a considerable commerce. It is the harbour for all the commodities imported from Egypt by the Mediterranean, except the rice of Damietta. The Europeans have establishments there, where factories of our merchandize by hatter. Vessels are constantly to be met with there from Marseilles, Leghorn, Venice, Ragusa, and the dominions of the Grand Signior: but it is dangerous to winter there. The new port, the only harbour for the Europeans, is clogged up with sand, inasmuch that in stormy weather ships are liable to be; and the bottom being

rocky, the cables form a net, so that one vessel driving against another, and that against a third, is liable to be lost. Of this there was a case, some years or sixteen years ago, when forty vessels were dashed to pieces at Mole in a gale of wind from the north, and numbers have been since that lost at different times. The old port, the entrance which is covered by a neck of land at the Cape of Figs, is not subject to the inconvenience; but the Turks admit but those of the Mussulmans. Ships are asked in Europe, Why do you repair the new port? The answer is, Turkey they destroy every thing that is no longer. The old harbour will be in a few years, as the hulls of vessels has been nearly thrown into it for the last two hundred years. The spirit of the Turkish government is to ruin the labours of past ages, and provide the hopes of future times, because the barbarity of ignorant despotism never considers tomorrow.

The ruin of war Alexandria is of no importance; its fortification is to be seen; even the Pharos, with its lofty towers, cannot be defended. It has no iron cannon fit for service, nor a general who knows how to point them. The five hundred Janissaries who should form the garrison, reduced to half the number, know nothing but how to smoke a pipe. It is a fatality for the Turks that the English had them in their power, preserving them from the Pharaoh of Mutefo's fugitive, which would be of no value. A foreign power could not maintain itself there, as the country is without water. This must be brought from the Nile by the Kaly, or canal of twelve leagues, which conveys it thither every year at the time of the inundation. It fills the vaults or reservoirs designed for the ancient city, and this provision must last till the next year. It is evident, therefore, that were a foreign power to take possession of the canal would be shut, and all supplies of water cut off.

It is this canal alone which connects Alexandria with Egypt, for, from its situation with respect to the Delta, and the nature of the soil, it really belongs to the deserts of Africa; its environs are sandy, flat, and sterile, without trees and without houses, where we meet with nothing but the plant which feeds the Kaly, and a row of palm-trees, which follows the course of the Kaly or canal.

SINGULAR HISTORY OF HENDIA, A MARONITE GIRL.

[From the SAME.]

ABOUT the year 1755, there was, in the neighbourhood of the Jesuit Missionaries a Maronite girl, named Hendia, whose extraordinary mode of life began to attract the attention of the people. She fasted, wore the hair-cloth, possessed the gift of tears, and, in a word, had all the exterior of the ancient hermits, and soon acquired a similar reputation. Every body considered her as a model of piety, and many esteemed her a saint. From such a reputation to miracles the transition is very easy, and, in fact, it was soon reported that she worked miracles. To have a proper conception of the effects of this report, we must not forget that the state of men's minds in Lebanon, is nearly the same as in the earliest ages. There were neither infidels, therefore, nor wits, nor even doubters. Hendia availed herself of this enthusiasm for the completion of her designs; and, imitating the conduct of her predecessors in the same career, she wished to become the foundress of a new order. In vain does the human heart endeavour to conceal its passions, they are invariably the same; nor does the conqueror differ from the monk; both are alike actuated by ambition and the lust of power, and the pride of pre-eminence displays itself even in the excess of humility. To build the convent, money was necessary: the foundress solicited the pious charity of her followers, whose contributions were so abundant as to enable her, in a few years, to erect two vast stone houses, which could not have cost less than one hundred and twenty thousand livres (five thousand pounds). They are called the Kourket, and are situated on the ridge of a hill, to the north-west of Antoura, having to the west a view of the sea, which is very near, and an extensive prospect to the south, as far as the road of Barout, which is four leagues distant. The Kourket soon filled with monks and nuns. The Patriarch for the time being was Paretor-General, and other employments, of various kinds, were conferred on the different priests and candidates, to whom one of these houses was allotted. Every thing succeeded as well as could have been wished; it is true that many of the nuns died, but this was imputed to the air, and the real cause was not easy to be discovered. Hendia had reigned over her little kingdom near twenty years, when an unforeseen accident threw every thing into confusion. A factor travelling from Damaskus to Banout, in the summer, was overtaken by night near this convent: the gates were shut, the hour unreasonable; and as he did not wish to give any trouble,

he contented himself with a bed of straw, and laid himself down in the outer-court, waiting the return of day. He had only slept a few hours, when a sudden noise of doors and bolts awakened him. From one of the doors came out three women, with spades and shovels in their hands; who were followed by two men, bearing a long white bundle, which appeared very heavy. They proceeded towards an adjoining piece of ground, full of stones and rubbish, where the men deposited their load, dug a hole into which they put it, and, covering it with earth, trod it down with their feet, after which they all returned to the house.— The sight of men with nuns, and this bundle thus mysteriously buried by night, could not but furnish matter of reflection to the traveller. Astonishment at first kept him silent, but his anxiety and fear soon succeeded; he, therefore, hastily set off for Barout at break of day. In this town he was acquainted with a merchant, who, some months before, had placed two of his daughters in the Kourket, with a portion of about four hundred pounds. He went in search of him, still hesitating, yet burning with impatience to relate his adventure. They seated themselves cross-legged, the long pipe was lighted, and coffee brought. The merchant then proceeded to enquire of his visitor concerning his journey, who answered, he had passed the night near the Kourket. This produced fresh questions, to which he replied by further particulars, and at length, no longer able to contain himself, whispered to his host what he had seen. The merchant was greatly surprised; the circumstance of burying the bundle alarmed him; and the more he considered it, the more his uneasiness increased. He knew that one of his daughters was ill, and could not but remark that a great many nuns died. Tormented with these thoughts, he knows not how either to remit or reject the dismal suspensions they occasion. He mounts his horse, and, accompanied by a friend, they repair together to the convent, where he asks to see his daughter.—He is told they are sick; he admits they shall be brought to him; this is angrily refused; and the more peremptory is the refusal, till his suspicions are converted into certainty. Leaving the convent in an agony of despair, he went to Dui-el-Mamar, and laid all the circumstances before Saad, Kiaya of Prince *Taufiq*, chief of the mountain. The Kiaya was greatly astonished, and ordered a body of horse to accompany him, and, if refused admission to

force the convent. The Count took part with the merchant, and the affair was referred to the law. The ground where the bundle had been buried was opened, and a dead body found, which the unhappy sister discovered to be that of his youngest daughter; the other was found confined in the convent, and almost dead. She revealed a scene of such abominable wickedness, as makes human nature shudder, and to which she, like her sister, was about to fall a victim. The pretended Count being seized, acted her part with firmness, and a prosecution was commenced against the priest and the patriarch. The enemies of the latter united to effect his ruin, in order to shift his sins and his castles upon his shoulders. The affair was removed to Rome in 1776, and the Society of Propaganda examined, discovered the most infamous scenes of debauchery, and the most horrible cruelties. It was proved that Herod procured the death of nuns, sometimes to get possession of their property, at other times, because they would

not comply with his desires: that this infamous woman not only committed suicide, but even consecrated the host, and made it, that she had holes under her bed, by which she furnished arms intruded at the convent she pretended to be in straits, and under the influence of the Holy Ghost; that she had a faction who cried her up, and published that she was the mother of God returned upon earth, and a thousand other extravagancies. Notwithstanding this, she retained a party powerful enough to prevent the severe punishment she merited: she has been shut up in different convents, from whence she has frequently escaped. In 1783, she was present at the visitation of Antoura, and the brother of the emir of the Druzes was desirous to give her her liberty. Numbers still believe in her fictitious; and but for the accident of the travel, her greatest enemies would not have doubted it. What must we think of reputation for piety, when they may depend on such trifling circumstances?

P O E T R Y.

The COUNTRY MEETING.

Written by T. J. a native of Philadelphia.

I.

O F war's tremendous deeds, the din of arms,
And acts by same renowned, soon would I sing,
But that ambition ne'er my best alarms,
Nor would I close my sacred breast
To bird that soars with too advent'rous wing;
O Shenstone! sweetest child of fancy's pen,
Dit one send riv' and gale the wekest quill,
That ever rashly claim'd thy guardian care
To point the high path up the slippery hill,
Where, should thy lyre dost touch with still
improving skill.

II.

† Themes that have ne'er been polish'd into
rhyme,
Wou'd a faint pen in their verse portray,
If in the fond attempt to gain a name,
Not untimely critic must me on my way,
As I watch these accents rude my heart dismay:
‘Vain youth, forbear, by desperate folly
mov'd,
Of posterity the mean herd to swell;
But mark his strain whom laurel'd Phœbus
lov'd,

* Or Friends' place of worship.

† “ Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.” — Milton.

‡ Icarus.

Vol. XII.

‘ What Horace, tuneful bard, has sung so
well,

‘ How Dædalus's son †, bold artist, headlong
fell.’

III.

View yonder ancient dome with trees beset,
From which no lofty spire doth proudly rise,
Nor hence each week, when congregation's
met,
Are studied hymns e'er wing'd unto the skies,
Nor doth Amen from parish-clerk arise.
I'ven muses' lulling charm here seemeth wrong
To those who did this modest temple rear,
For I who to these lonely confines throng,
Worship in guise of solemn silent prayer;
Nor can they think that words their sinful
deeds repair.

IV.

No pulpit here doth grace the naked wall,
Nor doth the squire for his ray art express;
For thus they teach: ‘ Religion does not call
‘ For the vain ornaments of splendid dress,
‘ Nor will meek he v'n far effluous grandeur
blest.’
And wrong they hold it, that the flock should
pay
For truths which ought to flow without con-
troul,
Free as the silver dew, or light of day,

H h

To beam mild virtues on th' expanding soul,
And spread celestial sparks, free gift, from
Heaven's store.

But see, o'er yonder fold the elder train
Of village dames, their little infants bring,
Who else might loiter on the grassy plain,
And wet their new cloaths in yon bubbling
spring,

Which would their parents' minds with sor-
row sting.

The sportive urchins oft will skip away,
To chase the partridge from the neighb'ring
bush;

And oft, with balls of well-attemper'd clay,
Will from its covert fright the trembling
thrush,

Nor mind the matron's careful voice which
would them hush.

VI.

Down the slop'd hill the goyer tribe de-
scend,

On neighing steeds that champ the steeled
bit,

Strait to the lane their pompous way they
tend;

There, 'midst their peers, in goddly order fit,
Young swains for strength renown'd, and
maids for wit

Such strength as at the mill-door oft is seen,
When Colin lifts the sack of mighty weight;
Such wit as sports in gambols o'er the green,
And would the ear of nicer townsman
grate,

He'd call it flecking stuff, and rude unseemly
prate.

VII.

Yet Humour her shade will deign to fix
Amidst the lively rustics of the place,
And with the village hands will often mix,
Giving to ev'ry heart a festive grace,
And spreading cheerfulness o'er ev'ry face.
Let the polite, the polish'd blame their joys,
Whom nature unconstrain'd can never charm:
This is the life which ennui never cloy,
Nor e'er can tell ambition work it harm,
Blowing with hideous blast its poisonous
alarm.

VIII.

See yonder youth on prancing bay steed ride,
While satisfaction on his broad front beams,
And mien in gentle charms by his side,
For whom he wishes, and of whom he
dreams:

Oh heav'nly form and mind to him she seems,
For her each ev'ning anxiously he culls,
Of wild flowers fair, a nosegay scented
sweet,

For let the chestnut drop its prickly shells,
And the wood pigeon yield its savory meat,
With thousand tempting gifts which verse
cannot repeat.

IX.

And now thro' folding doors full wide
display'd,

Th' assembly's grave and pious numbers
throng,

While well each noisy buzzing murmur's
stay'd,

With the loose prattling of each infant tongue,
For oft confusion has from childhood sprung.

See the wise elder's venerable grace,
Mark with what slow-pac'd dignity he
moves;

See ev'ry little eye hang on his face,
And over all his features fondly roves,

For he the junior train affectionately loves.

X.

The village teacher sits with looks pro-
found,

And marks the enter'ing throng with eye
askance;

If, as he careful views the dome around,
He should on careless pupil's vitage chance,
He sends him straight a play-forbidding
glance:

Of looks like these he hath a plenteous store
To fright his students from each frolic mood,
And well they watch to see his aspect low'r,
Tying each art to avert the baleful wood,
By sitting wond'rous still, and seeming e'en
as good.

XI.

Silence with sleep his empire now divides,
While some on this, and some on that side
nod;

The ploughman still his steers and plough-
share guides,

And breaks in pleasing dreams the fancied sod,
While the school-mistress wields the birchen
rod.

Others, more wakeful, plan their future
deeds,

While on increase of wealth their wishes
stray:

The farmer thus in rapture counts his steeds,
And deals to each his part of winter's hay,

Till spring rence: the grass, and gives re-
turning May.

XII.

Where will not thirst of treach'rous gold
approach,

Since here, e'en here, it holds its wide do-
main!

From the warm cit who rolls in gilded coach,
To the dull catter wintling o'er the plain,

Does Pluto, god of shining lucre, reign.
Happy, thrice happy are th' instructed few,
On whom fell Want ne'er lays her harpy
claws,

But, far retir'd from 'midst the toiling crew,
Live in observance of wise Nature's laws,
And learn from her to trace the great Eternal
Cause.

E L E G Y.

THE author wishes to attach his mistress to the peasantry and rural enjoyments, which through a misjudged partiality to polished life, she is too ready to despise.

“THE blackbird whistles from the thorny brake,
“The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove * 1”

O let us not, my charmer! scenes forsake,
Where ev'ry gale breathes melody and love.

How neat yon straw-roof'd cottage to the view!
How sweet the brown cakes from its oven steam!

The wood fire smell to me is grateful too,
Not thought beneath a pastoral muse's theme.

See yonder rustic plant in native field,
Which in the little sphere his mind surveys,
Few potent cares have room their force to wield,
And vex the soul, and gloomy make the day.

From him no luxury nor ambition known;
The stern'd to toil, he murmurs not it fate.

How blest'd to think yon humble cot his own,
Secure from all that pain the wife and great,

Pleas'd, round his wood-fire, with the simplest tale,
A tale which ears refin'd would scorn to hear

There mild-eyed peace and cheery health prevail,
And truth and hospital ty are there.

I read disdain upon my Daphne's brow!
Her inmost thoughts are by her eyes confess'd—

Thou look'st contempt—and well the cause I know,
Thou scorn'st the power that rule the peasant's breast

Thou deem'st it thine vulgar, and to meanness prone,
Unblest'd with aught of Feelings soft control,

Of birth obscure—to fame nor fortune known—
—But Virtue, Daphne, centers in the soul!

Know, him thy taste contemns, the lowly hind,
With scanty earnings, bought by many a toil,

Of years a numerous train—the partner kind
Of her who shares his labours with a smile.

Thou globe where plenty grows, the peasant
Owes half that bounty to his care—
Nature, his country's, and his kindred's friend,
Confess his virtue and vocation fair.

Ah why, my love, the village life disdain
See yonder rural elegance arise!
Amidst its glades shall Fancy hold her reign,
And all elysium open on thy eyes.

See! winding near, a Naiad murmuring
Whose sedge urn rests yonder hills between;
Haste to pursue her thro' the shadowy grove,
Her glossy path it deck'd with lively green.

Here will we roam, amidst inspiring shades,
And woo the Muse, whose voice shall sweetly tell,
How Virtue flourish'd, how the sacred Muses
In scenes like these first swept the magic shell.

The Dryads there, blythe nymphs! shall haunt thy way,
And weave a leafy garland for thy brow;
And Love shall raise a thine of flowers gay,
Where oft thy Damon will repeat his vow.

Forbear thy scorn! thy native tastes reverse!
Discord, and pride, and incest past thy thought,
Disdain the world—for us, sequester'd here;
Peace, health, and love shall bring us joys unsought.

Hark to the blackbird whistling in the brake!
Hark to the various warblings in the grove!

O let us not, my charmer, scenes forsake,
Where every gale breathes melody and love.

J. D. RUSTICUS.

RECIPT for a COUGH.

By Dr. LADD, of AMERICA.

MUCH coughing, dear Phoebe, with ease you might spare,
Much hoarseness and trouble, much head-ach and care,

If a wet parkour floor you would seldom admit,
Or a window shov'd up in the room where you sit,

If abroad 'twere your rule but few moments to spend,
When the damp shades of evening unhealthy descend.

But when sable night with its vapours molest,
Be sparing of supper, be early to rest.

H h a

Then

Then

* Thomson's Seasons.

Then lies it as long as you please,
 Whilst something else you—for nothing
 should cease.

With the steam of your byon, if healn you
 pursue,

Accept, without better, a biscuit or two.
 When you sit, it will further the cure of
 your cough,

That your dress should be light, let there fall
 as enough.

Let not be your passion, your temper be
 calm,

Keep easy, contented, keep chearful and
 warm

These are my directions—be thir your relief,
 From the ignorant old quack, if they give not
 relief.

The SYMPATHETIC ROOKS.

NEAR Irwell's flood, on lofty recesses stand,
 A band of rooks their colony man and.
 Keep the mount which Castle-fild we call,
 A Rom of hand on eris d their tail, wail.
 Sage as a Counitory, known to few,
 This learn d for ay my notice drew,
 Then laws I note, their speech, their nests,
 then play:

Ah, men! I find, are rooks as much as they
 One eve, when Phoebus on his downward way
 Pale as diluted gamboge shone to my,
 High on th' opposing bank I took my stand,
 Intent to mark, my tablets in my hand
 In various rim's they lent the ay of I,
 They croak, chirp, chatter, twitter, hoo, k,
 and squall

By turns they flock and leave their roosts,
 Their playful quick-moving as toot
 Two happy birds! Death hovers on a green—
 Ravies your joys, and doth will thir feet
 Like two black clouds that o'er the Cyprian
 meet,

Or two first-rates, each terror of a fleet,
 Two adverse rooks rush forth, with fractur'd
 wings

One falls—the waters splash, the upkin rings,
 Curie not the noise on thir tumerous stream,
 Sweet 'unfishly inspires the scream
 Not with more loud, nor more discordant
 tones,

Inspir'd by whiskey, how! the Irish crones,
 The drowning hero from his wat'ry bed
 Like Milton's Satan rears his coal-black head,
 Rous'd by his mites the rising billow waves,
 And lifts his mangled body from the waves.

Enraptur'd round the cawing nation crowds,
 And bravo! bravo! rends the vey clouds.
 But short their joy! his wings rebuke the
 weight;

The stream receives him, and he yields to fate.
 Loud shriek the brotherhood with fratul
 f me,

Clap had their wing, and tear their ruffled
 plumes,

While unavailing grieas my breast invade,
 No HAWKS at hand, and I averie to wade.

† BELAN'S ADDRESS to the COUNCILSS of ALDBOROUGH.

“ YE Powers which o'er conjugal union
 preside,

“ All-gracious look down on the bridegroom
 and bride

“ My wisdom, and virtue, and honour, and
 piety,

“ Uttering attend them to the nuptial
 bed,

“ And when the r'palice fate takes their
 lot,

“ May they live happy as those in a cot.”

John o' Song.

WELCOME from Brian's coast,
 Alubric hill, and all her cit,

Worthy to adorn my spere,
 Chindos' Grace and Hermit

Why the truant do you pry I,
 And from my bosom keep away?

Alas! your visit's so short here,
 And it's but for me to rest.

Summer's sun, I'm not a nurse,
 Harshen'd all those laws of course.

All my heart's to hold you here
 I fight for Anne-Liz here

For her my hills shall breathe forth health,
 For her my vales shall team with wealth,

To covit her all my birds shall sing,
 And where she trends my flow shall spring.

When tired she deigns some rural seat,
 My groves shall guide her from Sol's heat,

My Nards all shall flow to meet her;
 My catades shall bling down to greet her.

If scenes like these will please her mind,
 Scenes like these she'll always find

Without doors—but within the doue,
 She'll find in hot or ble home.

Her Lord with chearful wit and ease,
 Fair and comfuit, each heart can please

Then quit the town, and with me prove
 The joy of rural happy love.

June 2, 1757.

† See Whiteaker's History of Manchester.

† Belan, the seat of the Aldboro family, in Ireland.

‡ The family then being in Dublin.

§ The river Crooce forms a cascade before the window—the river Slaney forms another.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

THE Deputies appointed by the States of Brabant have published an account of their proceedings at Vienna and of the interview they had with their Sovereign.—This narrative it is not important to translate, as nothing occurred of consequence. The Emperor “from time to time glanced at the Deputies looks of sullen indignation.”—The interview took place on the 15th inst. The next day, the Prince de Kinsky made known to them that the Emperor had transmitted to the Comte de Muray the following paper of instructions.

“The Emperor to K.,”

Truly and well beloved Comte de Muray, my Counselor of State, I have in consideration of my affairs, General Comandant, and my Lieutenant General, and Captain General, *au service*, of the Low Countries,

YOU will find by the Narrative inserted in what terms I explained myself to the Deputies from the States of my Province in the audience which I gave them, and I sent you this, that you may know more particularly my intentions and measure on the subject of the inalienable prerogatives of which the Court is so desirous.

All the proceedings in the several Provinces of the States and a part of the people who are guilty, are notwithstanding, as far as possible for me to yield to the intreaties of clemency which I am obliged to do, and not to the formidable dissensions which I manifested to the Deputies of the States, until these shall not renounce the sacred vestige of any part of what they have dared to commit in contempt of the Sovereign's authority since the first of April of this year.

To this effect it is necessary,

1. That in all the Provinces of the Low Countries every thing should be restored to the footing on which it stood before the 1st of April of this year.

2. The University and General Seminary of Louvain, with all the parishes, chapters, and belonging to each, must be established in the condition in which they stood, or ought to have stood, on the said first of April, and it must be the same with the Seminary of Luxembourg.

3. The States of all the Provinces must submit implicitly to the payment of the subsidies, both those that are in arrear, and those which are current.

4. The companies of Burgeses, their military exercises, uniforms, cockades, and all other marks of party spirit, as well as all other illegal associations and meetings, shall be forthwith abolished, and in respect of troops, each Magistracy shall take the most

effectual measures for the support of the police and of good order.

5. The Convent suppressed previous to the 1st of April last, shall remain suppressed for ever; and the nominations that may have been made since that period to the vacant abbacies shall be null, and produce no effect in favour of the religious persons so appointed.

6. All the persons in office which they have presumed to displace, must be restored with the exception of the Intendants and Members of the new Tribunals of Justice; these to a part of being of the number of those on which I am disposed to listen to my offers, and to examine with them.

7. It is also indispensable, that all which regards the Chapters of Canonics, the religious communities, and all which respects the Clergy in general, and subjects of the States; in general, that all things shall be referred to the Court, and be made instantly conformable to the ordinances existing at the above period.

In a word, there must not remain the smallest vestige of any thing committed contrary to my orders and intentions since the 1st of April of this year.

My dignity renders all these preliminary arrangements absolutely indispensable. I see the necessity, and I consequently determine that every one of them will immediately and peaceably take place if possible.

But if it should happen, against all expectation, that any one should dare to oppose this restitution, which must be complete and preliminary, I authorize you by these presents to employ for this purpose, all the means of authority which I have confided in you, and which, but with much regret, though I find it to be necessary, I am obliged to authorize as far as the occasion shall require.

As soon as you shall inform me that all the above preliminaries are fulfilled, and that every thing is restored to order, I shall be ready to concert with the Assemblies of the States, or their Deputies duly authorized what will be the best in the several branches of Administration without being contrary to the fundamental constitution of my Belgian Provinces; or on the contrary, I shall find myself under the necessity, for the general good, to employ all the means which are abundantly in my power, and of which I do not desire to make use from the affects which I yet bear for my Belgic people, although they have in my eyes been guilty of a crime.

And in so far, my trusty and well-beloved, Mr. G. d. h. a. e. y. u. in his holy keeping

Vienna, Aug. 16.

JOSEPH

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After each individual of the Brabant Commissioners had been presented to the Emperor in turn, at the first audience, he said, "The ceremony now is finished, you are no more deputies, we are citizens. You will do well to regard me as such. I shall be well pleased to be informed, and you will not be troubled to make me understand. When you would speak to me, I shall never be unreasonable. Come on Friday or Saturday, or when you will. All that you shall not be taken as a precedent, no more than all which I shall say."—After this the monarch retired smiling and saluting each member.

The Emperor when he received the deputies from Brabant was attended only by Count de Cobenzl, who stood behind him.—Mr. Petit being chosen for their speaker, requested the Monarch to read the discourse he had prepared, which was granted. The Emperor during the time glanced often with indignation after the orator had finished, till the Emperor arose, and advancing, desired to know the names of the deputies.—The Baron du Vieux Sirt having a list, requested to read it. This being agreed to also, the Emperor walked round the circle, and said "that he knew them," after which he addressed them as follows:

"The just displeasure which I feel on all that has passed in my Belgic Provinces, is not to be diminished by a mere parade of words, but it must be facts which follow, to prove to me the reality of those sentiments, fidelity and attachment which you have given me in assurance of, on the part of your constituents.

"I have given orders to the Prince de Kaunitz, to communicate to you in writing, and for the notice of your States, the orders which I have sent to my Government, and the execution of which I expect to be effected before entering into any deliberation whatever.

"The speedy and entire accomplishment of these orders are the more necessary, not only to restore all things to proper order, but at the same time to put a stop to the sufferings of circulation and commerce.

"The welfare of my subjects is the sole object of all my proceedings, of which I daily give the most real proofs. That I have not any design to reverse your constitution, you must be persuaded, by the evidence of calling to your minds, that in the moment when you have been bold enough to merit my indignation, that with all the means in my power, I have nevertheless repeated the assurances I have made to you."

The Emperor's answer to the Deputies induced them to present the following memo-

ir to the Prince de Kaunitz, the Prime-Minister.

"The Deputies of the States of the Austrian Belgic Provinces, who are prostrate at the foot of the throne of their august Sovereign, have seen with the most sensible grief their endeavours and hopes frustrated, in not being able to obtain the proofs of his paternal tenderness, and that sort of declaration, which, by terminating the evils and misfortunes of this nation, would have raised its gratitude to its highest pitch, instead of which, my Lord, our concern is augmented, and our alarms are redoubled, at the knowledge of those orders which his Majesty has resolved to send to the Government General of our provinces, and which you have deigned to communicate to us

"The faithful inhabitants of those provinces, full of confidence in his Majesty's paternal bounty, did not doubt but he would put the seal of approbation to the declarations which we were charged to solicit, and thereby re-awaken the public confidence, without which commerce and industry must languish, if not become extinct, which will bring on a certain inactivity, the loss of wealth. They hoped that a simple and precise declaration, tending to preserve all our rights, usages, and privileges, which we had reason to expect from his Majesty, would secure in the minds of foreigners that confidence they have a right to expect from an upright honest people, living peacefully under the protection of its wise and ancient constitution, which would have caused the national credit (greatly hurt by the fear of a new system) to resume its former vigour. They also hoped, that the inhabitants of those countries, who were ready to forsake their native soil by reason of internal divisions, would seek and find an asylum with them, which they certainly will not do now, until the new tribunals of justice are irrevocably suppressed, and the fatal Intendancies abolished, by an explicit declaration.

"In the order sent to the Government, every one will see his Majesty relaxes in nothing relating to the ecclesiastical affairs, which are so strongly linked with the rights and privileges of the other classes of citizens, that it seems as if it was all one interest. They will see that his Majesty prevents entering into any deliberation whatsoever, requires the subsidies to be granted and paid, whilst it has always been an invariable rule that the consenting to the subsidies was dependent upon the exact observance of the privileges and liberties of the countries.

"The penetration of your Highness cannot fail to observe the cruel sensations which those

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

those orders will have on the minds of the Belgic people, as well as on those of foreigners, as they must appear to be only given to strengthen the new dispositions issued in the sacred name of his Majesty, and which are the subject of our just complaints.

"We are not ignorant, my Lord, that his Majesty can employ the force which Divine Providence has put into his hands; but can the goodness of his heart suffer him to employ means so contrary to the welfare of his subjects? Can he deliver up his children to the destroying hand of military execution, and that for no other reason than that they remain attached to a constitution, which securing the legitimate right of the Sovereign, operates at the same time to the happiness of his people? Can the paternal tenderness of his Majesty permit him to destroy his faithful subjects, instead of governing them by their original and native laws, under which they have happily flourished for so many ages? Can he reconcile means so defective, with the paternal dispositions which he hath displayed to manifest, and which the inviolable fidelity hath made to prosper? That which his Majesty thinks due to his insulted dignity, will it be obtained, if, to revenge himself, he shall deliver up to so many horrors his faithful subjects, who have ever been prodigal of their treasure, and even of their blood, in defence and for the glory of this House?"

"We presume therefore to supplicate your Highness to condescend to employ in our favour your good will and high protection, and to make known to his Majesty our just apprehension—to procure the revocation of the order, some qualification of them, or at least to suspend the dispatch of the courier, that we may have time to give advice to our principals, to the end that with the zeal which always animates them, they may prepare the people for news so distant, and strive to ward off the consequences, which, with the knowledge of those orders, we must apprehend."

This memoir, however, had no effect. *Brussels, August 27.* This morning the States of Brabant assembled, and at eleven o'clock the third estate was called in, to deliberate on the answer to be made to the Emperor's proposals, when there were great debates.

MEMORIAL of the States of Brabant to his Excellency Count de MURRAY

"The States of Brabant, after returning their thanks to his Excellency for the speedy communication of the orders which have been addressed to him, dated the 18th instant, cannot but testify, to his Excellency the feeling of sorrow as well as grief into which the nation is plunged, by

the charges of arms, which the States of Brabant have been obliged to furnish to the foot of his Majesty's throne. But if the States or the people of the Low Countries took the liberty of proceeding upon any affair contrary to the submission due to the sovereign authority, the States of Brabant would think themselves obliged to remonstrate to his Excellency, that in all their representations, and all their measures, there was never any thing contrary to order, obedience, and the purest fidelity. They have confined themselves in their remonstrances, and in the course of their present embarrasments, to reclaim their right with submission, and at the same time with that firmness which the state of disorder and the interests of the nation indispensably requires.

"It is more than notorious, that the discontent, and the general emotion of the nation, are solely excited by the tenor of the new system, and the subversion of the rights of the constitution. His Excellency is supplicated to be good enough to represent again this truth to the August Sovereign, and to omit no opportunity of persuading him, that the state of suffering in which circulation and commerce are plunged, cannot cease, until all matters shall be happily restored to their constitutional order.

"The States of Brabant again take the liberty of submitting to his Excellency, that at the time it was in agitation to send Deputies to the sacred person of the Emperor, they were informed by a dispatch, dated the 18th ult.

"That from the moment that the Provinces sent Deputies to the foot of the Throne, the embarrasments which have existed for some months, are regarded as terminated and concluded.

"After the sending the said Deputies had been resolved upon, and put in execution, His Excellency informed the respective States, that his Majesty thought a concentration of troops necessary, the conduct of the nation with regard to the concentration in question being otherwise looked upon by his Majesty as the touch-stone of their confidence and fidelity."

"The States of Brabant as well as his Excellency being conversed of it, then declared their confidence in the concentration, notwithstanding which, by the said dispatch of the 18th July, the removal of the troops had been judged necessary.

"The State, as well as all the nation had reason to think that his Majesty would be satisfied by this proof—the States feel with grief, that the Emperor has still determined on many points, the execution of which is to take place antecedent to the execution of the

any sort of deliberation. His Majesty declares, that his dignity renders all these premises absolutely indispensable, and commands your Excellency to put them in execution.

"The States of Brabant are persuaded that your Excellency is sufficiently informed that all these premises, the renewal of which is commanded, are contrary to the fundamental laws, consigned by the oath of the Sovereign, that of course it is impossible for the said States to give assistance directly or indirectly to this renewal, or to relinquish at any time, conformable to the 42d article of the Joyeuse Entree, an extent of which is hereto annexed, the right of making to his Majesty the most humble as well as the most pressing representations for the redress of their infractions of the rights of the Province. The States flatter themselves, and will never lose hope, but that the justice of the Monarch will favourably attend to their claims.

With these sentiments of submission and confidence, the States of Brabant declare that they have been always absolutely far, as they still are at present, from employing, until the execution of the premises ordered by his Majesty, any other means than those of representation, and such as are consistent with the dignity of the august Sovereign; protesting at the same time to your Excellency on the other hand, "That if the execution of the premises, which his Majesty requires, should prove the cause of any disorder or local tumult, neither the States nor the Nation can be in any manner responsible."

"With these sentiments, and always adhering to constitutional means, the States of Brabant find it absolutely impossible, in consequence of the 59th article of the Joyeuse Entree, to assent to any subsidy for the benefit of the sovereign, as long as the infractions committed shall remain unrepaid and unredressed; and that, in consequence of the solemn oath which the said States have taken for observing the Joyeuse Entree."

(A COPY.)

Signed "DE CÖCK"

Hague, September 6. Yesterday the Baron de Thulemeyer, Envoy Extraordinary from the King of Prussia, held a conference with the President of the States General, to whom he delivered the following

M E M O R I A L.

"High and Mighty Lords,

"The undersigned Ambassador Extraordinary of his Prussian Majesty hastens to testify to your High Mightinesses the satisfaction the King his master feels, on hearing of the desire that several Provinces have expressed to avail themselves of the good services of those powers, who are friends and neighbours of the Republic, for appeasing

the intestine animosities, and preventing the dangerous consequences that may result therefrom. His Majesty is in particular well satisfied with the request of the States of Guelderland and Utrecht, to add his mediation to that of the Courts of Versailles and London, to which he readily assents; and has ordered me to assure your High Mightinesses, that he will willingly take upon himself every thing that can be done on his part, for that purpose.

"His Majesty will zealously concur thereto with the same sentiments which he has ever shewn to the Republic, and which are manifested by the conduct of your High Mightinesses towards him.

"The King has commanded me anew, to assure your High Mightinesses, that he will upon all occasions interest himself for the peace and welfare of the States; and anxiously wishes, that the old constitution, so unfortunately shaken, may be restored by a friendly disposition, in rooting out the evil that must otherwise result therefrom, and with which the Republic is threatened. And moreover, to assure your High Mightinesses of his steadfast good wishes, which cannot be otherwise than an object of the desire of its friends and neighbours.

DE THULEMEYER."

Hague, September 5, 1787.

"I, p. 12. "Copy of the answer sent to Berlin, on Saturday the 8th instant, by the States of Holland, to the last Memorial of M. de Thulemeyer, which he delivered on the part of his Prussian Majesty, on the 6th of August last.

"That their Noble and Great Mightinesses answered the first Memorial presented on the part of his Prussian Majesty, by M. de Thulemeyer, with a firm conviction, that being informed of the facts respecting the journey of the Princes of Orange, his Majesty would not any longer suspect their Noble Mightinesses of designs which they never had; and which they think themselves bound to disavow in the most solemn manner. That in consequence, his Prussian Majesty would find nothing blamable in the conduct of their Noble Mightinesses, unless the adopting of precautions, which in their opinion, although to their great sorrow, circumstances rendered necessary; precautions which their Noble Mightinesses are of opinion would have been taken by any other sovereign, and which even it would have been his duty to take in a similar conjuncture.

"That to-day, after having considered the affair again with the most scrupulous attention, their Noble Mightinesses find themselves obliged to persist in their former sentiments, "That there has been no insult whatever

"offered

“offered to the person of the Princess of Orange,” as will appear to his Prussian Majesty in the most evident and clear manner, by the revival of what passed on the occasion; of the report made (in consequence of an express order of their Noble Mightinesses) by the Commissioners established at Woerden for the defence of this province, and which they have the honour of annexing hereto; as also a letter from the Burgomaster and Council and City of Schoonhoven on the same subject: it will moreover appear from these papers, that the transaction, which was lately said to have happened to her Royal Highness near the Sluice of Goverwel, in the note of M. de Thulemeyer, did not take place on the part, or by the order of these Commissioners, because they were not present at the spot, when the farther progress of her Highness's journey was stopped; and that even these Commissioners had any knowledge of it; but on the contrary, they treated her Royal Highness with all possible distinction and attention; so much, that her Highness returned them thanks at Schoonhoven “in a friendly manner, for the attention that had been shewn to her;” and that steward, the same compliment was repeated in her name by M. de Bentinck. At the same time that their Noble Mightinesses do not make the least difficulty to declare, “That if in case in this encounter, when the farther progress of her Royal Highness was stopped, there happened any thing irregular, or contrary to the respect due to her, they would disavow it in the most advantageous manner.”

“That after what has been thus advanced, their Noble Mightinesses think, that it will be equally apparent, that the marks of honour and proofs of respect which have been shewn to her Royal Highness by the said Commissioners, and on their behalf, must have been represented under a false light. That their Noble Mightinesses cannot either entertain an idea of suspecting her Highness of sinister views, nor entertain any diffidence with regard to the sincerity of her motives, concerning her design of coming to the Hague; and that thus in this point there has not been the smallest offence on the part of their Noble Mightinesses: That on the contrary, they ought to have been before as well as be at this moment convinced of the purity of the views by which her Highness was actuated. But as her Highness could not be a guarantee against the ferment of a blind and seduced populace, the Commissioners of their Noble Mightinesses found themselves under the necessity of preventing a turbulence, which they were convinced would have been cured by the sudden, unexpected, and secret arrival

of her Royal Highness, and from which scenes of carnage and confusion might have ensued, which would have sensibly affected the heart of her Highness, by making her a witness of the fatal effects of her unexpected coming, the which it would have been impossible for her to prevent.

“That if this Princess, considering her quality of consort to the Stadtholder, had taken the precaution, which was so natural, of informing their Noble Mightinesses of her designs, they would have had an opportunity of submitting to her their opinions on that subject, as well with respect to the present conjuncture of affairs, which rendered her Highness's intention very critical, as relative to the means which would have been the most proper to restore tranquility and union in this country, and consequently to accomplish the views of her Royal Highness.

“That these sentiments, and this disposition of their Noble Mightinesses continue the same, and therefore they can testify their regret for the necessity under which the Princess was to suspend her journey. That their Noble Mightinesses manifest these sentiments the more willingly, as they flatter themselves that they give his Prussian Majesty satisfaction thereby: That with the same intentions, not less for conveying his Prussian Majesty of their desire to preserve his regard and friendship, their Noble Mightinesses assure his Majesty, that very far from having any intention to oppose the journey which her Highness may be inclined to take to the Hague, their Noble Mightinesses, on the contrary, will invite her Highness with pleasure to effect this journey, as soon as ever the general tranquillity will admit this journey to be undertaken without danger; a danger which, nevertheless, their Noble Mightinesses think that even at this moment they cannot avoid in a satisfactory manner, such as would perfectly secure the citizens of the country. But their Noble Mightinesses particularly wish that her Royal Highness, with these laudable views of reconciliation, would postpone her coming until that salutary work be undertaken, that is to say, until general tranquillity may be assured.

“That their Noble and Great Mightinesses are satisfied, that these explanations, as far as they are meant, will fully satisfy his Prussian Majesty; that they will entirely dispel the clouds, which unexpected circumstances, that have given pain to their Noble and Great Mightinesses, have collected before him; that his Prussian Majesty will retain for them the same sentiments which he has entertained towards them hitherto, after the example of his glorious ancestors; and that by all the good offices of mediation that are in his power,

power, he will concur as a good friend and neighbour, to assist in procuring to this country, that tranquillity it wants at present, and which is the principal object of the cares and wishes of their Noble and Great Mightinesses."

Hague, Sep. 12. "M. de Thulemeyer, Envoy Extraordinary from his Majesty the King of Prussia, after having held a conference with the President of the States of Holland, on Sunday last, respecting the conditions which the King his Master required in satisfaction for the offence committed against his August Sister, delivered him the following note

"The King expects that their Noble and Great Mightinesses write a letter to her Royal Highness, which they must shew to the Minister of his Majesty before they send it, containing an acknowledgment of the error of the supposition that the Princess had any views contrary to the welfare of the Republic

"That they must apologize for the opposition made to her journey, and for the want of that respect of which her Royal Highness complains.

"That their Noble and Great Mightinesses engage to punish at the requisition of the Princess, those who appear to be culpable of these offences against her August person

"That they revoke their injurious and erroneous resolutions which they have taken on account of this journey, the revocation to be accompanied by an invitation,

"That her Royal Highness will come to

"the Hague, to enter into a negotiation

"with her, in the name of the Prince

"Stadtholder, for conciliating by a suitable arrangement the differences which

"subsist at present

"The undersigned is also authorized to declare to Mons. the Grand Pensioner, that in case their Noble and Great Mightinesses, without difficulty, make such a moderate satisfaction, her Royal Highness will interpose with the King, her August Brother, to forbear any further requisition for satisfaction on this subject.

"He has, moreover the honour to inform Mons. the Grand Pensioner, that if the fixing of the Council for negotiation at the Hague should be attended with difficulties, they may chuse some neutral town to negotiate the basis of what is to form a conciliation and mediation.

"The undersigned will not dissimulate to Mons. the Countess Pensioner, that his Majesty expects in the most pressing manner, that in the interim, the States of Holland will sit at Leidschendam in the present state, and that they will be used

"to any suspension, deprivation and other measures offensive and prejudicial to the person of the Prince Stadtholder, Captain and Admiral General, as by doing so, they will render all conciliation illusory, impossible, and will add to the offences"

Hague, Sep. 15. On Thursday last the Prussian Army, under the command of his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, passed the river at Nimeguen, and advanced from thence in three columns. On their approach the Rhingrave of Salm evacuated Utrecht, after having sailed up 140 pieces of cannon, which he was obliged to leave behind him, and destroyed, as far as he was able, the powder and other stores, retiring with what he could collect of the garrison, in great disorder, towards Amsterdam and Nierden. On Sunday the Prince of Orange's troop entered the towns of Utrecht, Montfort, and the Vaart, and no opposition was made in any part of the Province.

Intelligence was received at the Hague, of Circum, Dort, Schoonhoven, and several other of the principal Towns of South Holland having surrendered, without bloodshed, to the Duke of Brunswick. The States of Holland issued orders for breaking and disarming the Free Corps, and late this evening they passed a resolution for restoring his Serene Highness the Prince Stadtholder to all his rights and honours, with the command of the garrisons; and a deputation is appointed to the Duke of Brunswick, and a letter sent off to invite the Prince of Orange to return to his residence here. *La Gazette.*

Hague, Sep. 21. The Prince of Orange arrived here yesterday at two o'clock in the afternoon, and was received by the deputations from the States General, the States of Holland, the Council of State and Committees, the Equestrian Order, the Courts of Justice, and the different Colleges. The Deputies of fifteen towns were present in the Assembly of the States of Holland yesterday, when they unanimously voted an Address to the Stadtholder, and this day they came to a resolution declaring him reinstated in all his rights. It is impossible to describe the universal joy that prevails here among all ranks of people upon this event. *La Gazette.*

Le Havre, Aug. 25. In the morning of the 10th instant, after a public audience of the Grand Vizier, Mont de Bulgakow, the Russian Envoy, with his Secretary Mons. Jacobloff, Mess. Nicolai Piron and Dandria, the two principal interpreters of that mission, and two of the Envoy's servants sent to attend him, were conducted to the Seven Towers. The rest of the Russian Ministers suit was escorted by a guard to his Hotel in Paris, where they continue to reside.

The

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

The formal declaration of war against Russia was read at the Porte on the 22d, with full and absolute power to the Grand Vizir for conducting the operations *Ind.*

The Chamber of Accounts at Paris, the Court next in rank after the Parliament, and Court des Aides, have followed the example of the Parliament and protested against the enregistrement of the new edicts, as being null and void.

The following is said to be the King of France's answer to the Court of Aids.

"It is not the business of my courts of justice to demand of me a consideration of the States General; it belongs to me alone to judge whether circumstances require it, and I have determined in my own mind, that it is not necessary. You should not have renewed your demand. I have done more for my people than you required. I have granted them provincial assemblies, which are most competent to make known the wants and wishes of the whole kingdom, and I shall never suppose whatever their wants may require."

"I have translated my Parliament to Troyes in Paris, where that Assembly had exercised a firm control over the people, which the presence would only serve to foment

and to encrease. I shall judge when the proper time is come for its restoration. The principal object has ever been to maintain the truth. It was my duty to insist upon the power to have my edicts registered. If there were any inconveniences in the execution of them, my Parliament was wrong in not making me acquainted with them.

"I shall receive with pleasure your remonstrances and your supplications. You may expect every thing from my justice and my regard for my people. But you ought to consider the whole combination of circumstances, and that I am under the necessity of pursuing whatever measures will best enable me to preserve fidelity in my engagements."

Paris, Sep 14. An Arrêt, of Prohibition of his Majesty's Privy-Council, was registered at Versailles the 2d instant, which annuls the Resolutions that passed in the Parliament of Paris the 7th, 13th, and 27th of August.

In the above arrêt the King speaks in the following terms — "It is not by protest that my Courts are permitted to make known to me their deliberations on my edicts; but by remonstrances and supplication, which I shall ever cheerfully receive. Withdraw your protests, and do not dare to publish them."

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

AUGUST 22

THE Right Honorable Lord Dunboyne, of the kindom of Ireland, received his election from the votes of the church of Konee, in the parish church of Connell.

Lord Dunboyne was a Romish bishop, is near 72 years of age, and married a young lady a few months ago, aged 17. His grandfather was attainted, and lost a considerable estate by adhering to the fortunes of King James the second.

A Special Court of Directors was held at the India-House for the purpose of taking into consideration the conduct of the captain and officers of the ship *Hartwell*, unfortunately lost in his passage to Chiloé, Bona Vista, one of the Cape de Verd islands, and after an examination into all the particulars, which lasted several hours, came to a resolution to dismiss the captain and chief mate, and suspend the second mate from the service.

The uniform to be worn by the commanders and officers of ships in the India Company's service, in lieu of the one agreed to on the 24th of June, is as follows —

The Commanders. Dress suit.—Blue coat, black velvet lappels, cuffs, and collar, —waistcoat and breeches deep buff, —

the buttons yellow metal, with the Company's crest engraved.

Undress.—Blue coat, without lappels; —waistcoat and breeches deep buff; —buttons 2. above.

The Officers. Blue coat without lappels, —waistcoat and breeches deep buff; —buttons the same as the Commanders. —The embroidery to be as little expensive as may be.

30 Ten convicts were executed before Newgate. One was Williams, the first that has been executed for carrying fire-arms, and attempting to rescue smuggled goods, made death by a late Act of Parliament. The others suffered for burglary and highway robbery.

Sep 4. A ceremony of a very interesting kind was exhibited in St George's Chapel, Windsor. It is called "An Offering from the Knights of the Garter," which generally takes place twice a year, if a chapter can be formed, the chapter consists of three Knights. On this occasion, his Majesty presided as Sovereign of the Order; the other two members of the chapter were his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and his Grace the Duke of Montague. The

ceremony began in the following manner: His Majesty, first bending in reference of the solemn nature of the place, walked up in the middle of the chapel, repeating this reverence at the half-way distance from the altar, at which arriving, he knelt and deposited on it a golden ingot. The Duke of York followed, and repeated the same ceremony with great exactness, placing on their gold ingot on the altar. The Duke of Montague closed the whole, by another repetition of the ceremony, depositing also his gold ingot. Suitable prayers were said on this occasion, and the ingots, with other contributions, are appropriated to the benefit of the poor.

A riot happened among the operative weavers at Glasgow, which was not quelled without calling in the military, and the loss of four or five lives of the rioters.

WHITEHALL, Sept. 8. On Wednesday last the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, Secretary to the Right Honourable Wm. Eden, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, arrived at the office of the Marquis of Carmarthen, his Majesty's principal Secretary of State for foreign affairs, with the convention between his Majesty and the Most Christian King, for explaining the extent and meaning of the thirteenth article of the last definitive treaty of peace; which convention was signed at Versailles, on the 21st of August 1763, by Mr. Ledy, his Majesty's Plenipotentiary, and by the Plenipotentiary of his Most Christian Majesty.

The article in the definitive treaty of peace to which the convention alludes, is, "that no ship of war of any description shall sail on either side for the East Indies, without mutual consent."

One Thomas Stone underwent a long examination before several of the faculty and some Justices of the Peace, which evident marks of insanity having appeared in many parts of his late conduct, he was ordered to be confined till further orders in Beulam Hospital.

Some days before his Majesty received a very extraordinary letter from Stone, mentioning a very warm passion which he had conceived for her Majesty's daughter; and hoping, if their Majesties approved of the idea of his marrying her, he and the Princess Royal would be a very happy couple. After this, the man appeared at St. James's, and begged leave to be introduced to them, as from not having had an answer, he conceived his proposal was declined. Stone gave consent. This however was not much attended to by the people to whom he spoke. On his going afterwards to Kew, he was

was seized, and confined till he could be taken to the public office in Bow-street to be examined, where he confessed to have conceived an attachment for her Royal Highness; also that she had conceived the same for him. A great many papers on the subject of love were found upon him, addressed to her Serene Highness the Princess Royal.

Stone is a heavy-looking man, about 33 years of age: he is a native of Shutebury, and his father is a floor-cloth painter.—He was brought up an attorney, and has an uncle of the name of Sutton living in Ilington. He wrote a letter to Mr. Delaval, of Pall-Mall, saying he proposed a plan for paying off the national debt.

His conversation is truly that of a lunatic. He says, his heart was stole from him three years ago, and till last March he did not know who was the robber, till being at the play, he saw the Princess Royal look up at the two shilling gallery.

The following are the lines which at the time of the above examination, were submitted to the critical examination of Dr. Moore, and which Stone acknowledged to be his production:

To her Highness the Princess Royal.

Thrice glad were I to be your wailing slave,
But not the captive of the fool or knave;
With woe on woe you meet my sighing
breast,
Would you reject your humble would-be
suitor.

August 22.

T. S.

11. A duel took place in Hyde-park between Sir John Macpherson and Major James Brown. It was occasioned by a paragraph being inserted in the Calcutta Gazette by Sir John, which the Major considered as a reflection on him. They fired two or three pistols each, without the least injury to either, after which the affair was amicably settled.—It appeared, that two of the three bullets fired by Major Brown had passed through the skirts of Sir John's coat; and the third, Col. Murray has been intimated, was afterwards found in the pocket of Sir John's coat, where it had lodged in his pocket-book.

14. At the annual meeting of the French Academy on the 26th of August, the Prize of Virtue was adjudged to a maid-servant of the name of La Blanche, who supported, by her work and the little income she had from her master and mistress for upwards of thirty years; and now after their death she takes care of their children, going out to nurse for the purpose of procuring them the necessary assistance.

BIRTHS—PREFERMENTS.

assistance. By recalling to the audience's mind to unparalleled an instance of fidelity and charity, which they had already heard of in the public papers, a degree of enthusiasm spread its influence over every individual; and an eminent Magistrate proposing to make a collection upon the spot for the children, who were present, it was immediately agreed to. Thirty-three pounds were collected, which, added to the prize, fifty pounds, made up the sum of 83*l.* Herling.

20. Writs-warrants were issued out from the Admiralty-Office, and sent off by express to every sea-port in England for impressing seamen into his Majesty's service to man the ships fitting out at Portsmouth.

In consequence of the above order, several row-galleys armed with cutlasses boarded every ship in the river that night and next morning, and took out all the useful hands they could meet with. Upwards of 2000 hands on the river and on shore were pressed.

21. *Jamaica, Sep. 21.* This day his Excellency the Marquis del Campo, Ambassador Extraordinary, and Plenipotentiary from the Court of Spain, had his first private audience of his Majesty to deliver his credentials.

22. This Night's Gazette contains a Proclamation by the King for encouraging Seamen and Landmen to enter on board his Ma-

esty's Ships of War, allowing a Bounty of Three Pounds to able Seamen, Two Pounds to ordinary Seamen, and Twenty shillings to able-bodied Landmen; and also another Proclamation for recalling and prohibiting Seamen from serving foreign Princes and States, and for granting Reward, for discovering such Seamen as shall conceal themselves.

23. Twenty-three sail of the line were this day put in commission, viz.

<i>Cornwall.</i>	<i>Portsmouth.</i>	<i>Plymouth.</i>
Prince George	Victory	Ro. Sovereign
London	Batleur	Atlas
Alexander	St. George	Impregnable
Afred	Alcide	Cumberland
Arrogant	Bellona	Fortitude
Robust	Berwick	Mannibal
Venerable	Elephant	Valiant.
Resolution	Warrior	

At the same time seventeen new Admirals were appointed, whose names are as follow:

Cornwall,	Sir Richard King, Knt.
Elliot,	Faulkner,
Hotham,	Afleck,
Sir John Lindsay,	Sir R. Bickerton, Knt.
Peyton,	Sir John Jarvis, K. B.
Allen,	Hon. J. Leveson Gower,
Sir C. Middleton,	Duncan,
Dalrymple,	Sir C. Douglas, Bart.
Sawyer,	

BIRTHS, SEPTEMBER 1787.

COUNTESS Waldegrave, of a son.
The Lady of John Fownes Luttrell, Esq. of a son and heir.
The Lady of Paul Methuen, Esq. of a daughter.
The Duchess of Beaufort, of a son.
The Lady of Sir Tho. Whittete, of a son and heir.
Lady Ruthven, of a son.
Lady Augusta Lowther, of a son and heir.

The Lady of Sir Edward Smythe, Bart. of a son.
The Lady of William Burrell, Esq. of a son.
The Lady of Lord Eismore, of a son.
The Lady of Sir James Fitzgerald, Bart. of a son.
The Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Stourton, of a son.

PREFERMENTS, SEPTEMBER 1787.

HERMAN Heyman, Esq. to be British Vice Consul at Bremen to advise and act under the direction of Wm. Lambury, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul in the Circle of Lower Saxony, and the Free Cities of Bremen and Lubeck.

William Richardson, of Agher, in the county of Tyrone, Esq.—John Craven Carden, of Templemore, in the county of Tipperary, Esq.—Charles Desvoeux, of India Ville, in Queen's county, Esq.—Edward Leslie, of Tarbert, in the county of Kerry, Esq.—Henry Mannix, of Richmond, in the county of Corke, Esq.—and Richard Gorges Meredith, of Catherine's Grove, in the county of Dublin, Esq. to be Irish Bar-sets.

Capt. William Robinson to be Provisional Commodore of the Marine at Bombay, vice late Commodore John Twiss.

The Rev. Vesney Lovett, M. A. to be one of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Chaplains in Ordinary; and the Rev. Francis Randolph, M. A. vicar of Broad Cark, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of York.

Lieut. Col. John Hardy, of the 56th reg. to be Governor of Dartmouth Castle, vice Arthur Holdsworth, Esq. deceased.

Charles Henry Fraser, Esq. to be his Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Petersburg.

Mark Gregorie, jun. Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul at Malacca.

Mr. Robert Coker to be one of the Commissioners of Hawkers and Pedlars, vice James Turner, Esq. of Oxford, deceased.

Major General William Meadows to be Governor and Commander in Chief of Bombay and its dependencies, vice Rawlin Hart Bodeam, Esq.

MARRIAGES,

MARRIAGES, SEPTEMBER 1787.

- A**T Teymouth, the Rev William Short, jun to Miss Elizabeth Hodgkinson
- Mr Reid, of Chelsea, to Miss Eliza Colens, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Colens, of Teddington
- Sir Isaac Heard, Knt Garter Principal King at Arms, to Mrs Alicia Felton, widow of J. G. Felton, Esq late Inspector General of his Majesty's Customs for the Leeward Islands.
- At Milan, by a dispensation from the Pope, the Marquis Lewis Marfocotti, to Louisa Sophia Butler, daughter to the late Earl of Lanborough
- William George Yelverton Esq eldest son of the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, to Miss Read, daughter of John Read, Esq of Farcham
- Lieut Colonel Malcolm, Adjutant General to the East India Company's troops at Comorandel, to Miss Ramsay, niece to Sir Archibald Campbell
- Solomon Earle Esq. Captain in the East India service, to Miss Rose Rennel, daughter of the Rev Mr Rennel, of Stockingham, Devon
- James Meddowcroft, Esq. of Gray's Inn, to Miss Pocock, of Reading
- Henry Wickman Esq late Commander of the Rodney Falk Indiaman, to Miss Freeman only daughter of William Freeman, Esq of Gaines Hundredshire.
- Michael Blunt, jun Esq of Mapledurham, to Mrs Wright, of Bekeley Street
- Edward Lamplugh Iyton, Esq of Iyton Hall, Cumberland, to Miss Harriet Hayne, of Nottingham.
- The Rev Francis Welles, Rector of Larfcomb, to Miss Elizabeth Parsons, youngest sister of John Parsons, Esq of Kemerton, Gloucestershire
- The Rev Mr. Walon, to Miss Fallowes, daughter of Mr Fallowes, attorney at Leominster.
- The Rev. Thomas Jones, Rector of Naunton Beauchamp, Worcestershire, to Miss Price, only daughter of the Rev. Mr Price, Vicar of High Wycombe
- The Rev John Pridden, Curate of St. Bride's, and Minor Canon of St Paul's to Miss Nichol, daughter of Mr Nichols, printer
- The Rev Bernard Astley, son of Sir Edw. Astley, Bart Member for Norfolk, to Miss Hesse, third daughter of Edward Hesse, Esq. of Sall
- The Rev Edw Pole, Rector of Trusley, in Leicestershire, to Miss Bingham, of Derby
- Mr Nicoll, of Pall Mall, to Miss Boydell, of Chesfield.
- The Rev John Fisher, B D Canon of Windsor, to Miss Dorothea Schweuter, of Wythecombe Rawleigh, Devon
- Ms. A. Highmore, uc at Gray, of Bury Court, to Miss Harriet Hinckley, daughter of the late Dr Hinckley
- The Rev William Probyn Rector of Longhope, to Miss Bund, of Wick, Worcestershire
- Dr Nicholl, of Doctors Commons, to Miss Birt, of Wenvoe Castle
- James King, Esq of Cranborne, Dorset, to Miss Ann Gardner, of Bridgewater
- Mr Oliver Toulmin, of Essex Street, Strand, Navy Agent, to Miss Toulmin, of Hackney
- Capt Baker, of the Coldstream regiment of guards, to Miss Baddeley, of Wyck, only daughter of the late Capt Baddeley
- Lord Compton, son of the Earl of Northampton, to Miss Smith, eldest daughter of John Smith, Esq of Earl Stoke Park, in the county of Wilt
- The Rev. Matthew Babington, Rector of Rhodley, in Leicestershire, and Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge to Miss Drake, daughter of Mr Alderman Drake, of Leicester
- The Rev James Hartley, Rector of Staveley, near Boroughbridge, to Mrs Charlotte Brooke, of Beverley
- The Rev Mr Ord, Vicar of Whitfield, Northumberland, to Miss Branding, daughter of Charles Branding, Esq Member for Newcastle.
- The Rev Charles Campbell, of Westham in Norfolk, to Miss Stratton of Percy Street, daughter of John Stratton, Esq
- Thomas Potter, jun Esq of St Martin in the Fields, to Miss Toulmin of Knightbridge
- George Sewley Holwood, Esq of Gray's Inn, to Miss Chaplin, of Bird's Street
- Frederick Hor, Esq a partner of "He Would be a Soldier," to Miss Drury, of Kingston
- Robert Blake, Esq of Essex Street, to Miss Goble, sister to James Goble, Esq of Hempnett near Chichester
- William Hurst, Esq of Gwalva, Glamorganshire, to Miss Esdaile, of Berners Street.
- At Edinburgh, Major Dickinson, in the East India Company's service, to Miss Lindesey, daughter of Henry Lindesey, Esq
- John Holden, Esq of Sheepy Hall in Leicestershire, to Judith, third daughter of the late William Robinson, Esq of Hill Ridware, Staffordshire
- The Right Hon Lord Viscount Bernard, eldest son of the Earl of Darlington, to the Hon Lacy Catherine Powlett, daughter of his Grace the Duke of Bolton
- Richard Graves, Esq of Hemboley Fort, Devonshire, Captain in the Royal Navy, to Miss Louisa Caroline Colleton, daughter of the late Sir John Colleton, Bart
- Dr T Munro, of Bedford Square, to Miss Wood-

MARRIAGES.—OBITUARY.

Woodcock, daughter of Dr. Woodcock, of Bath.

Dr. John Jeffries, of Rathbone place, to Miss Hannah Hunt, only daughter of the late — Hunt, Esq. banker, in London.

At Chatham, Baron de Rosing, Captain in the Duke of Holstein's body guards, to Miss Cowcher, of Chatham.

Capt. John Bluck, to Miss Mary Morgue, of Putney.

At Bury, the Rev. James Pawsey, Rector of Sufston & Mellis, to Miss Read, of Sufston.

The Rev. John Edge, Vicar of Rushmere,

to Miss Raffe, of Ipswich.

Mr William Wood, job. of Rye, to Miss Louisa Delaval, daughter of Henry Delaval, Esq. of Grosvenor street.

Samuel Unwin, Esq. of Sutton Ashfield, to Miss Heathcote, of Newington-green.

Edward Carey, Esq. of Exeter, to Miss Budge & Ferrall, of St. Croix.

Norton Powlett, Esq. of Hampshire, to Mrs. Peach, of Speen hill.

The Rev. Dr. Horner, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxon, to Miss Medcalle, of Woodstock.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, SEPTEMBER 1787.

AUGUST 8.

AT Petersburg, Walter Sharp, Esq. Consul General in Russia.

15. The Rev. Dr. Sainsbury, Preacher at the Charter House.

17. The Rev. Richard Godwin, of Gateacre, near Liverpool.

21. Arthur Holdsworth, Esq. Member for Dartmouth, and Governor of Dartmouth Castle.

22. At Maestricht, Sir Thomas Wroughton, K. B. Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Sweden.

At Straloch, John Ramsay, Esq. of Barra.

23. Mr. Bateman, distiller, in the Old Bailey.

24. Lady Anstie, in St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

25. Mrs. Wankers, Housekeeper of the Levee Rooms, Whitehall.

The Rev. Mr. Geary, Rector of Great Billing, in Northamptonshire. Vicar of Burton Hufsey, in Lincolnshire, and Prebendary of Peterborough.

At Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, in the 25th year of his age, the Rev. Daniel Walters, Master of the Free Grammar School there.

Lately, Mr. Paxton, of Great Titchfield Street, an eminent musician.

27. Mr. Charles Sarjant, formerly Housekeeper of Covent Garden Theatre.

28. Mr. Ward, master of the Cheesure Cheese public house, Wine Office court, Fleet street.

29. Benjamin Kidney, Esq. at his seat at Knuston Hall, in Northamptonshire.

In Hanover street, Hanover square, Ralph Grey, Esq.

At Oakingham, Berkshire, Mr. Robert Titchborne, formerly a silk mercer in Cheap-side.

Lately, in Nassau street, Dublin, Lieutenant Colonel J. P. Hamilton, Professor of the German Language in that city.

30. At Ipsford, Mr. John Kober, aged 93, one of the oldest River Priests.

Mrs. Elizabeth Henckell, at Hampstead.

Mr. Bevill, surgeon and apothecary at Sutton, near Ely.

Mr. Hughes, Clerk of Kentish Town Chapel.

Mr. Abel Sweetland, bookfeller in Exeter. Lately, at Binsfield, Richard Suff, who had been 44 years Clerk of that parish.

31. Mr. Delaval, of Pall Mall.

At Maidstone, Mr. James Taylor, brother of Clement Taylor, Esq. Member for that town.

At Fulham, Mr. Castells.

Sept. 1. John Falkner, Esq. on Great Tower Hill, aged 96, formerly an Italian merchant.

Mr. John Howson, master of the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate Street.

Mr. Benjamin Dicker, watchmaker, in Aldersgate Street.

Edward Poore, Esq. of North Tedworth, Wiltshire.

Sir Anthony King, Knt. Alderman of Duchy.

2. Mr. Joseph Cowper, tallow chandler, in Holborn.

The Rev. Philip Brown, B. D. Rector of Blechington, and formerly Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

At York, Daniel Bell, Esq. late Officer of Marines.

At Ietbury, John Paul, Esq.

Lately, at Tarporley, in Cheshire, the Rev. Crewe Arden, M. A. brother to the Attorney General.

3. Thomas Sedgwick, Esq. of London Field, Hackney.

At Wolfley Bridge, in Staffordshire, on his return from the Northern Circuit, Mr. Serjeant Bolton.

At Edgmond, near Newport, Mr. Reynolds, many years Curate of that parish.

4. Mr. Richard Kemp, Moorfields.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. C. Casper Greaves, Minister of the Perpetual Curacy of Tissington, in Derbyshire.

5. Mr. William Proctor, of Surrey Street, Strand.

Mr. William Bass, brewer, at Burton upon Trent, aged 74.

Hugh Roach, Esq. Lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy.

6. Edward Taylor, Esq. Mortlake, Surrey.

The Rev. Richard Hewett, Vicar of Thornton cum Atterthorpe, and of Fonglofs cum Barmby, Yorkshire.

Lately,

Lately, at Good Ashton, in Wiltshire, Richard Long, Esq.

7. The Rev. Mr. May, Senior Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

Mr. Christopher Parker, stockbroker, and Common Councilman for Wapbrook Ward.

Mr. Christopher Hargrave, late a Solicitor in Chancery.

William Campbell, Esq. of Liffon Hall, in Essex.

Mr. Croucher, of Woff, near Farnham, hop planter.

Edred Addison, Esq. lately returned from Bengal.

8. Philip Holland, jun. M. P. of Hull, son of the Rev. Philip Holland, of Bolton, in Lancashire.

At Putborough, Mr. John Clement, aged 90 years and 11 months.

9. At St. Alban's, Mr. John Donville.

At Wymfield, Derbyshire, Countess Leicester.

10. At Brixthelmston, James Norman, Esq. of Bromley Common, Kent.

11. Lude Bown, Esq. one of the Directors of the Bank.

At Kensington, Mr. Scaprove.

Mr. Richard Thorn, printer, at Exeter.

Gilbert Laurie, Esq. of Palmston, late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Excise.

Lately, Mr. Peter Farkhoue, poet &c. at Liverpool, in Devonshire, and father of Mrs. Cowley, author of several dramatic pieces.

Lately, in his passage from Jamaica, Gen. Bedward, late Esq. of Spring Garden estate, Wethersfield.

12. George Wright, Esq. Kennington.

Jane Countess of Northanger, relict of the late Lord Chancellor Northampton.

Lately, at Caen in Normandy, John Sawbridge, jun. Esq.

13. The Rev. Moses Browne, Vicar of Olney, Bucks, and Chaplain to Morden College. He was born in 1703, and was originally a pen-cutter. In 1723 he published two dramatic pieces called "Fol-

idus, or Distressed Love, a Tragedy," and "All Bedevilled, a Piece," both acted at a private theatre in St. Alban's Street. On the institution of the Gentleman's Magazine he became a contributor to it, and obtained some of the prizes offered by Mr. Cave for the best poems. In 1730 he published an octavo volume of Poems, and in 1740, "Sunday Thoughts, a Poem" 12mo. In 1756 he published "Percy Lodge, a descriptive Poem." He also was editor of "Walton's Complete Angler," and in 1773 re-published his "Pulchry Elogues." He also translated Zimmerman, and was the author of some Sermons.

Capt. Thomas Robertson, upwards of fifty years, Commander of a ship in the Legion of Honour.

At Leominster in Herefordshire, the Rev. John Bourne, M. A.

At South Park, near Tunbridge, Mr. Arthur relict of Thomas Allnut, merchant, of London.

Mr. John Perkins, bucklayer, aged 85.

14. Mr. John Salt, Pollmaster, at Winkworth, Derbyshire.

Mr. Law, Messenger of the Board of Green Cloth.

15. Mr. William Belloncle, weaver, at Shackleton.

16. Mr. Nathaniel Herbert, master of the White-Hut Inn at Boldon.

Capt. William Newton, of the Royal Navy.

Mr. Taylor, the celebrated oculist in Hatton Garden, aged 62.

Lately, at his house in Arundel street, in the Strand, aged 91, Mr. Harmon Zurhorst, many years a Hamburg merchant.

18. Mr. William Sawyer Galkovne of Morres Court, near Uttingbourn, Kent.

At Tunham Green, Mrs. Palfield.

Henry Hamer, Esq. Collector of the port of Liverpool.

19. Mrs. Waker, at Vauxhall.

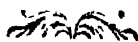
20. Capt. Matthea Kitchen, many years commander of a ship in the Jamaica trade.

Mr. Joseph Farnham of the Bank.

BANKRUPTS.

WILLIAM Brunt, jun. Winterbide, Staffordshire, silk manufacturer. Thomas Gledstones, of Coventry street, near Leicester & H., Middlesex, silversmith. Greave Nickin Hickman, John Ludopp, and John Dawson, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, merchants. George Kidd, of White Horse court, Southwark, factor. John Simmons, Malin Simmons, and William Simmons, all of Liverpool, merchants. Robert Gasbott, of Stockton upon Tees, in the county of Durham, dealer and chapman. Thomas Groves, of Yardley, Worcesterhire, oatmeal dealer. John Meadows Wood, of Norwold, grocer. Thomas Patrick, of Birmingham, iron maker and jeweller. Rich-

ard Jones, jun. of Chorley, William Barrow, John Laister, William Carr, and Hugh Stroup, of Chipping, all in Lancashire, and John Stokethill, of Cataton street, London, cotton manufacturers. Robert Thackray and John Stuckley Lucas, of Scotland yard, Middlesex, ironmongers. Charles Barrow of Belngbriehouse, Buttesfield, Surrey, oil manufacturer. Christian Clouts, of Gerrard street, Belngbriehouse, mechanical instrument maker. Anthony Songa and Bernardino Songa, of Warwick court, Throgmorton street, merchants. William Peddie, of Gosport, Southamptonshire, grocer. Edward Hatfield and Francis Hogart, of Stayley, Lancashire, cotton manufacturers.



THE European Magazine,

AND
LONDON REVIEW;

For OCTOBER, 1787.

[Embellish'd with 1. A Portrait of LIPPO CAVALLO, I. R. S. And 2. A View of
PART OF WANDSWORTH HEIGHT, FROM THE CHURCH OF CHELSEA SIDE OF THE RIVER THAMES.]

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[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Editor's name shall not be lost.
 The Poem on *Morning*, the *Address* to the *Ladies*, and some other poetical pieces received, in our next.
Indignator shall be returned, as he desires.
 Our new Correspondent *H.* must excuse us. What is good in his Poem is all borrowed.
 We shall receive the Biographical Anecdotes in *Obituary* with great satisfaction.
 We repeat that we cannot negotiate with anonymous Correspondents.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Oct 15, to Oct 2, 1787.

	Wheat					Rye					Barl					Oats					Beans				
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.
London	5	4	3	3	3	1	2	3	3	3	5	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
COUNTIES INLAND.																									
Middlesex	5	6	3	6	3	0	2	7	3	0															
Surrey	5	2	3	1	2	1	1	2	4	4	8														
Hertford	5	3	3	6	3	1	2	2	4	0															
Bedford	4	1	3	3	2	9	2	1	3	5															
Cambridge	5	1	3	3	2	9	1	1	3	2															
Huntingdon	4	8	0	0	2	8	1	1	3	3															
Northampton	5	2	2	8	2	7	1	1	3	5															
Rutland	5	1	3	0	2	10	2	4	3	0															
Leicester	5	4	3	3	2	9	2	0	4	2															
Nottingham	5	3	3	4	2	1	2	3	4	5															
Derby	5	1	0	0	3	1	2	6	4	9															
Stafford	5	1	0	0	3	0	2	4	4	7															
Salop	5	8	3	8	2	1	1	0	5	3															
Hereford	4	8	0	0	3	0	1	10	0	0															
Worcester	5	7	0	0	2	1	1	2	5	0															
Warwick	5	5	0	0	2	1	1	3	10																
Gloucester	5	10	0	0	2	8	2	0	1																
Wilts	5	7	3	9	2	8	2	4	4	4															
Berks	5	6	3	4	2	1	2	5	5																
Oxford	5	3	0	0	2	1	7	3	9																
Bucks	5	2	0	0	2	9	2	2	0																
COUNTIES upon the COAST.																									
Essex	4	1	0	0	2	9	2	2	3	6															
Suffolk	4	1	3	1	2	7	2	0	2	11															
Norfolk	5	0	3	1	2	6	2	1	0	0															
Lincoln	5	3	2	1	2	7	1	1	3	7															
York	5	6	3	6	2	1	1	0	4	6															
Durham	4	1	3	9	2	10	2	0	4	6															
Northumberland	5	1	3	8	2	8	2	0	4	5															
Cumberland	5	9	3	7	2	9	2	4	4	1															
Westmorland	6	0	0	0	3	0	2	2	4	2															
Leicestershire	5	9	3	9	0	0	2	2	4	1															
Cheshire	5	5	3	10	2	1	1	0	0	0															
Monmouth	5	1	0	0	2	9	1	9	0	0															
Somerset	5	7	3	3	2	1	1	1	3	1															
Devon	5	3	0	0	2	7	1	6	0	0															
Cornwall	5	7	0	0	2	8	1	7	0	0															
Devonshire	6	0	0	0	2	7	2	0	4	1															
Hants	5	5	0	0	3	8	2	2	3	8															
Suffex	4	9	0	0	2	9	2	3	3	1															
Kent	5	1	0	0	3	0	2	4	3	3															
WALES, Oct. 8, to Oct. 13, 1787.																									
North Wales	5	5	4	3	2	10	1	5	4	11															
South Wales	5	3	3	10	2	8	1	7	4	9															

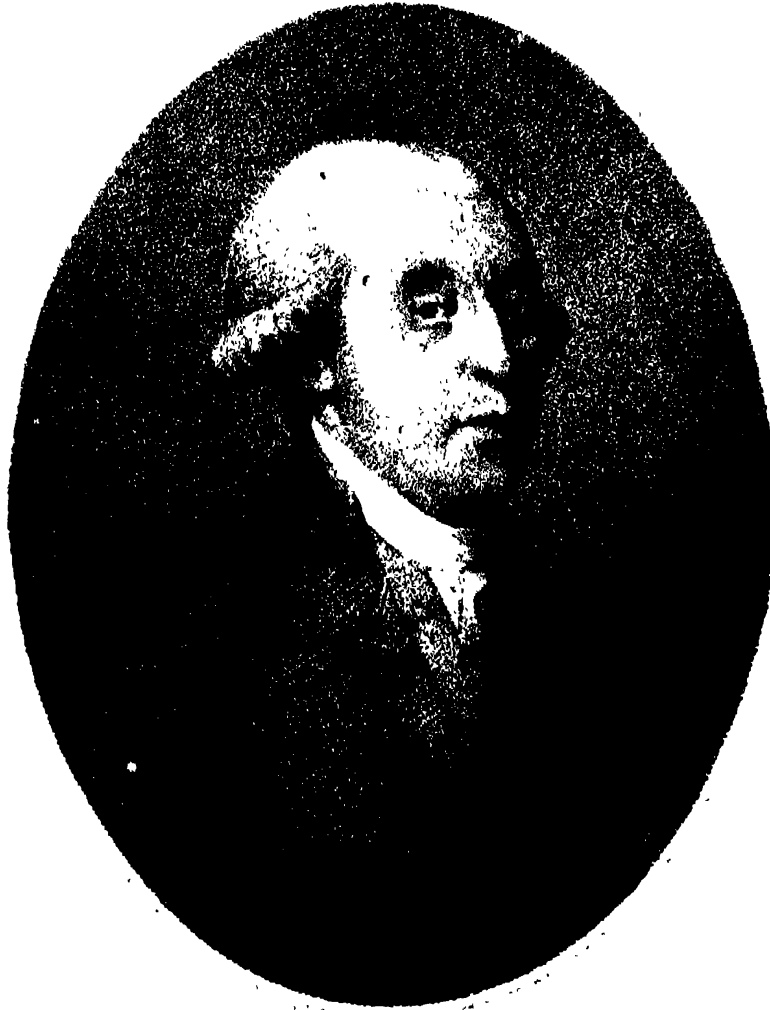
STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER. SEPTEMBER.

BAROMETER.	TEMPERATURE.	WIND.	18-19	20	63	—	—	N.
27-29	75	58	—	—	—	—	—	W.
28-29	99	55	—	—	—	—	—	N.
29-29	73	52	—	—	—	—	—	N.
30-29	70	56	—	—	—	—	—	W.
OCTOBER.								
1-29	77	54	—	—	—	—	—	W.
2-29	75	59	—	—	—	—	—	N.
3-29	62	54	—	—	—	—	—	W.
4-29	56	60	—	—	—	—	—	W.
5-29	62	67	—	—	—	—	—	N.
6-29	70	55	—	—	—	—	—	W.
7-30	00	67	—	—	—	—	—	N.
8-30	12	59	—	—	—	—	—	W.
9-30	10	50	—	—	—	—	—	N.
10-29	47	57	—	—	—	—	—	W.
11-9	51	52	—	—	—	—	—	N.
12-29	34	48	—	—	—	—	—	W.
13-29	24	54	—	—	—	—	—	N.
14-29	42	43	—	—	—	—	—	W.
15-29	77	42	—	—	—	—	—	N.
16-29	73	59	—	—	—	—	—	W.
17-29	70	58	—	—	—	—	—	N.

PRICE of STOCKS, Oct 27, 1787.

Bank Stock shut ex div.	New S. S. Ann.	—
New 4 per Cent.	India Stock.	—
1777, shut 89 1/2 a 7/8	India Bonds.	—
ex div.	New Navy and Vict.	—
5 per Cent Ann. 1785.	Bills, 3 per cent. dif.	—
1.8 1/2 a 1/2	Long Ann. shut 21 1/2	—
1 per Cent. red. shut	2 1/2 a 7-16ths	—
1 1/2 a 1/2 a 1/2	30 yrs. Ann. 1778, shut	—
3 per Cent Conf. 72 1/2	13 1/2	—
a 1/2 a 1/2	Exchequer Bills.	—
3 per Cent. 1726, —	Lottery Tickets 1 a 1/2	—
3 per Cent. 1751, —	17s. 6d a 18s.	—
3 per Ct. Ind An. shut	3 per Cent. for Now	—
South Sea Stock, —	71 1/2 a 78	—
Old S. S. Ann. shut		—

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE



TIBERIUS CAVALLO, F. R. S.

Published by J. Sewall Cornhill

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,
For OCTOBER, 1787.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of TIBERIUS CAVALLO, F. R. S.
[With a PORTRAIT of HIM.]

I N times of peace we deem the most important characters to be those who have produced beneficial discoveries to mankind, or enlarged the bounds of science; and with these sentiments we feel a satisfaction in presenting to the public accounts of such persons as will be remembered when the faint hand of oblivion shall have erased every vestige of the destroyers of their species, and the disturbers of society. The gentleman at present selected has furnished the world with several useful productions, and therefore deserves to be remembered as a benefactor to mankind.

TIBERIUS CAVALLO, we are told, is the son of an eminent physician at Naples, the capital of the kingdom of that name, and was born the 30th of March, 1749. His education was liberal, and his acquirements did honour to his tutors. After arriving at the age of maturity, he felt a desire of extending his information by seeing foreign countries; and in Sept. 1771 arrived in England, where he has ever since continued his residence.

The first knowledge of him which the public obtained was by a volume entitled, "A Complete Treatise of Electricity, in Theory and Practice; with original Experiments." 8vo. This work is divided into Four Parts; in the first of which the author treats of the fundamental laws of electricity, or lays down such propositions relating to it, as, being independent of any particular hypothesis, are deduced from the *phenomena* that have been constantly and invariably observed to take place among electrified and other bodies. After an explanation of the terms peculiar to the science, he gives an useful catalogue

of *electric* and *conducting* substances, disposed in the order of their respective perfection, beginning with the most perfect in each class. He next treats of the two electricities, of the different methods of exciting electricity, of the phenomena exhibited by the electric matter when communicated to conducting substances, and to electricity, and of the Leyden vial, where he relates the more general effects produced by charged electrics.

The second division is appropriated to the hypothetical part of the science. He briefly explains the theory of positive and negative electricity, and offers some conjectures on the nature of the electric fluid. With equal brevity he enquires into the place occupied by the electric fluid in bodies, and into the nature of the principle which produces that difference in their composition, which constitutes some bodies electrics, and others conductors.

The third and principal part of the work is appropriated to the practice of electricity, and commences with a description, illustrated with plates, of the best electrical machines and their various appendages; together with an account of all the most material improvements which the apparatus has received down to the present time.

The fourth and last part of the work contains some new experiments made by the author; particularly a pretty large series respecting the electricity of the atmosphere.

In March 1779, he was elected a Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Naples; and in December the same year was admitted a Member of the Royal Society of London.

The next year he published "An Essay on the Theory and Practice of Medical Electricity," &c. a very valuable work, which has already obtained much praise. In 1781, he produced "A Treatise on the Nature and Properties of Air, and other permanently elastic Fluids. To which is prefixed, an Introduction to Chemistry." This work is also divided into Four Parts. In the first Part he treats of acids, and in the title of An Introduction to Chemistry, the various substances, together with their principal properties, that are necessary to be known by a person before he enters on the examination of the different kinds of air or other elastic fluids. In the second Part he instructs his readers in the principles of hydrostatics, so far as the knowledge of them is necessary for the performance of the experiments described. He likewise here treats of the principal properties of air and other permanently elastic fluids, and gives a description of the apparatus employed in performing the various experiments. In the third and fourth Parts he treats of the nature and properties of the different species of air in particular chapters, and discusses their theory and various interesting circumstances relative to them, terminating the work by the relation of some original experiments made by himself.

In 1775, he published "The History and Principles of Acrostics, or the Art of writing a history of the most useful practice of it, and in 1786 "A Mineralogical Table, or a System of mineralogy, as it is now called, corrected and improved by Bergman, and further enlarged by Klaproth, is disposed in two tables, the first filling one side of a large sheet. On the other side (called the second) contains the names of the different classes of minerals, divided into orders and genera, with the principal properties of each, and the particular species and varieties, ranged under the respective divisions, those which are compounded of two or more simple minerals, placed in that class or order to which their principal ingredient belongs. They are accompanied with a pamphlet, in octavo, containing their explanation and use, in alphabetical index of the names of the minerals, with references to their respective places in the table.

Since this work, our author has published "A Treatise on Magnetism, its Theory and Practice, with Original Experiments," &c. He is also the author of several papers published at different times in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London.

MAXIMS of the late Dr. J. F. B. B.

[PUBLISHED IN HIS WORKS]

SUICIDE is not a crime which should be held meddlesome by the civil magistrate, but it is a criminal and vicious action, because it implies a want of respect to the good of the human race, and medicines are not to be used as a mere amusement, but as a frequent in human, and are to be regarded as means to annihilate the secondary affections, such as modesty, pity, and benevolence.

If the production of happiness be pleasing to the Almighty, attention must be paid to it, as it is the means of living as a people, not as a nation, but to a numerous kind of creatures, who are made men the children of men.

The present state and lot of the human mind, generally, in the present century, is greater than in the former, and it is necessary to guard them, in case that they should be in it.

ed to the first story of the practice, the practice of the practice.

Men in England are in the use of one metal in plants, and in the use of one metal, and the use of one metal, and the use of one metal.

Differences of taste should be as the difference of diets in a patient, and the difference of diets in a patient, and the difference of diets in a patient.

Every thing depends upon the husbandman. The earth, the common mother of us all, she produces, she supports us, and therefore Kings, Bishops, Lawyers, Physicians, soldiers, Sailors, &c. &c. &c. should be with their respective boards, and while they may depopulate the world.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The following Letter from the celebrated Antiquary THOMAS HIRNE, which has never been printed, is transcribed from the original copy in his own handwriting. It was probably addressed to Mr. URRY, the Editor of Chaucer's Works.

S I R,

I CANNOT but highly commend your Industry in going to inquire into the Life and Writings of Geoffrey Chaucer, the Prince of our English Poets, and I am extremely oblig'd to you for the assurance you sent me of the Editions of him that you have hitherto met with. Would you but imitate your diligence, we should understand this excellent Poet much better than we do, and be able to give a far more correct Edition of his Works than has hitherto appeared. Such an undertaking would give more light than there is at this time, and is not only highly received by all true scholars. An opinion I once saw was not only in circulation, but was a mistake, which we have in most parts of Britain, and be it said, that in the present time, and kind in all the universities. In the education of our youth is not to be had, and his character and genius were not to be seen in our schools, but in the world. He is a misfortune into his life, but he came off with it, and he was in any of his life, and he was a native country. I have seen, but he is still to be seen, but he is not without a probability of being seen. I know that Leland, in his collection, followed by Bore, tells us that he was a Bishop of Bath, which seems to be a mistake, that being received as a fact, saying that we know of no firm evidence of that assertion, unless it be from the records of Bath Abbey, we learn that the Chaucers came with the Conqueror into England, and that his father was a Knight. Nor is it uncertain only as to his ancestors and his quality, but there are several other particulars relating to him, which at present we know nothing of, which I am persuaded we may be able to find, by a diligent inspection into ancient Records. I have not time myself to assist in any such attempt, and therefore I leave it to

yourself and others, who have both leisure and opportunity of going through the distribution work. We have several eminent persons for presents in this undertaking, which can only add life and vigour to those who concern themselves in it. For soon after printing was established in this island, William Caxton, besides divers other good books, set himself carefully about translating out and publishing the best pieces of Geoffrey Chaucer, but I am in question whether he printed divers of them together. For though Stow and some others inform us, that he was the first that published his works, yet I believe you are to be understood of some pieces printed by him in distinct and severall times, and not after the method now followed in his translation. For the first by the first, in his Preface to his Edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, (which we have among Mr. Stow's manuscripts, if certainly nothing else) appears, that he printed them from a copy now prepared for the press by the first Bishop of Bath, but gives no other notice that they had been before, and that Caxton and Pinson having spent their time so uselessly upon Caxton, and so much to the content in the same method of edition, other were sent forth to advance and promote what they had begun, and accordingly several Editions followed, with improvement, as you have particularly observed in your paper. But Caxton and Pinson were succeeded in their labours by William Baskerville, alias Tonne, Esq; who having collected all the old copies of Chaucer that he could any ways procure, and having, with great exactness, corrected a vast number of places, and made considerable alterations, amongst which must not be passed by his notes and explanations, published the work in one volume in folio, in the year M.D.XLII, (that is, M.D.XLII) as Mr. Wood insinuates, which was printed at London by Thomas Berthe, as is noted by Mr.

* See Stow Annals, I. di. fol. p. 326, and Mr. Leland de Scri. toribus n. viti. §. 24. etc.
† Athenæ Oxon. vol. I. col. 85.
Vol. XII.
L I
Leland.

dedicated to King Henry VIII. Twenty years after this Year, the Antiquary, collated this Edition with several manuscripts (some of which I suppose are part of those that had been collected a great many years before by James Spil, Esq. who died in the year M,CCC,LVI, and not M,CCCC,LXV, as you mistake) added some pieces of *Chaucer* not printed before, and in the year M,D,ACVII, joined to him divers pieces of *Lidgate*, which being done, he drew up an account of *Chaucer's* life, of his preferment, office, and death, collected out of Records in the Tower and other places, which he at length communicated to *Thomas Speght*, who published them the same year, with the said improvements of *Stow* and his own, and methodized the same according to his own judgment. After the Year 1576, *Thomas Thorne*, Lincolne Herald at Arms, a person very well versed in antiquities, and descended, as it seems, from the beforementioned *William Thorne*, but not his son, as is affirmed by *Syget* in his *Life of Chaucer*, consulted this Edition in several places, drew up several notes on it, and put them into the hands of the said *Mr. Speght*, who remitted them into another Edition of *Chaucer*, printed in *folio* in M,DC,II, which is the most compleat Edition we have yet, and besides the explication of old and obscure words, contains great variety of improvements that were not in former impressions. But I shall not trouble you with a Critique of the Edition of *Chaucer*, which you are acquainted with far better than I can pretend to. I shall however, if I meet with any Edition that you have not seen, let you know of it, and in the mean time I must take notice that I have seen some pieces of him printed separately, & that you have not mentioned, and as likely I have seen some others he called in my fingers. Atton, *Mr. Selden's* printed book in the Bodleian Library is a quarto Collection of old Roman pieces, the first of which is *The Story of the Death of King Lear* printed at London by *Walter de Wolfe*, anno M,D,XXVIII. The author's name is not added, and therefore as printed in

Doctor Hyle's Catalogue as an anonymous Tract; but upon consulting the book, I find that somebody, perhaps one that was formerly owner of it, has writ the following words, at the beginning. "By *J. Free Chaucer, Poet Laureat*" What authority he had for this, I will not pretend to guess, but I thought fit to give you in account of it, that you may at your leisure examine into it. In the same Library we have another Collection of old English pieces, which was from *Mr. Selden's*, in which is "The Poet's Tale, with a short exposition, and a new print at London, M,DC,VI," quarto. This exposition is very useful, and the author, who it may be worth to find *Francis Hall*, shews himself to be a man of skill, and to have been a master of *Chaucer*. Besides these two pieces, I must hint to you that the famous *Mr. Lewis Ashmole* has printed *The Life of the Chaucer's Yeoman*, in his *Theatrum Chemicum*, page 227 (before which he has put *Chaucer's* Picture and Epitaph from Westminster Abbey), and that in his *Museum* at Oxford is "The Miller's Tale, and the Tale of the Wife of Bath, with Comment printed at London in M,DC,IXV," which last I have not yet seen, but I shall take the first opportunity to do so, and I will not fail to let you know the result of my inquiry.

But notwithstanding these excellent persons labour were to succeed it is that they may seem to rise up to some to lay up for all future attempts, yet I may with modestly add, that a much more correct and compleat Edition of *Chaucer* might be given than any that has hitherto appeared. I have consulted some of our Old Manuscripts, and find that the present is in a great many places corrupted, that in other places whole verses are wanting, that some times the titles of the *Laes* are not right, and that little Latin Tracts might be added that we never yet met with. I took more particular notice of one Manuscript there, which is a Collection of Poems, some whereof bear *Chaucer's* name, and others have no name at all, which nevertheless I take to have been written by him, as being in the same style,

* LXXXV

† Sicut dicitur in libro

† Sicut dicitur in libro

† Sicut dicitur in libro

† Sicut dicitur in libro

FOR OCTOBER, 1587.

and all in the same hand, which I guess to have been of the very age of *Chaucer*. From this Collection, from those that were in *Mr. S. A. S. Library*, from that mentioned by *Mr. I. S. Philips* in his *Treatise of Poetrie*, and from a multitude of others, we might in all likelihood make another entire volume of *Chaucer* in folio.

I shall not give myself the trouble of multiplying instances to confirm what is before asserted, since those cannot but be obvious to every one that shall have the curiosity to inspect and examine a little the manuscripts. Yet I think it proper to present to inform you, that in the Prologue of *The Squier's Tale* in an excellent manuscript of *Mr. S. A. S.*, is quite different from that in the print, so there are eight verses in the Tale itself which are not in the common Edition. In which we have recited is yet but a little of the third part, with a note signifying that none of the rest, neither find we any more of it, which might be discovered, and where the following ones, which immediately precede the two already printed, viz.

But here now will make a kinde
To the tymomenax, then to late
For here been felwes kinde a hope
That wolden take a fild
Archidote to the wald
A ctday printh certynly
Heretne Otter k h n s good hede,
Who shal next telle, t w late him sjede

And whereas you mention a passage in the *Parlament of Foules*, by which we are to know that the love of his books, that you find printed in an Edition of *P. S.* with *Mr. Tante's* name, is not seen in any other, I must advise you, that I have found the same in a Manuscript in the *British Library*, which, I call it *British Library*, that you mention, and somewhat different; I shall transcribe a few lines — "Now prey I to hem al t h taken this hear tretise, or reden, that it thir be a vylun in it that liketh hem, that they of that thank our Lorde Jhesu Crist, of whom procedeth alle wite and good nesse. And if there be any thing that displeaseth us, I prey hem also that it be amended to the

defaute of myn unknowynge, and not in my will, that wold I had have said better, if I hadde knowynge for oure boke that thal that is writen for our doctrine, and that is meyn entent. Wherefor beseeche you meekely for the mercy of God, that ye pray for me that Crist have mercy of me and forgeve me my gyltes, and namele my transgressions and encheignes, worldly vanities, the which I revoke in my retractions, as is the boke of *Troilus*, the boke also of *Panic*, the boke of the *Fyve and Twenty Ladies*, the boke of the *Duchess*, the boke of *Saint Valentyn's Day*, of the *Parlament of Birdes*, the *Fables of Canterbury* (tho' that I have not into syn) the boke of the *Leone*, and many another boke if they were in my remembraunce, and many a longe and many a lecherous ly, of the which Crist for his grette mercy forgeve me the syn. But of the translation of *Boete de Consolation*, and other boke of *Legende of Sinte*, and *Omelic*, and *Moralite*, and *Devocion*, that thank I our Lorde Jhesu Crist and his blissful moder and all the Sintes in Heaven, beseeching hem that they be henceforth unto my lyves erde send me grace to bewaite my gyltes, and to stede to the favour of my soule, and graunte me grace of every penitence, continence, and satisfacion to don in this present life, through the benygne grace of Him that is King of Kinges, and Priest of alle Priests, that bought us with the precious blood of his chere, so that I may be noon of hem at the day of dome that shullen be saved, and he that wrote this boke also *Amen Our Father*. This passage immediately follows these words, "and the rest by travale, and the life by death and mortification of syn, and is to connect with the Tale, as if it were part of it. But though the Revocation be also extant in the above-mentioned manuscript of *Mr. Selden*, yet it is written as distinct from the *Fables*, which conclude with that of the *Parlament*. For thus it is brought in — "Hence enden the *Fables of Canterbury*, and he outour taketh leve. — Now prey I to hem al t h taken this hear tretise, or reden, that it thir be a vylun in it that liketh hem, that they of that thank our Lorde Jhesu Crist, of whom procedeth alle wite and good nesse. And if there be any thing that displeaseth us, I prey hem also that it be amended to the

Likewise the *Index* find in this Revocation to have been written by *Chaucer*, and the difference of the three copies,

being warranted from a manuscript in Mr. Stow's Library; though it must be confessed that it is not properly termed a Tale, and it does not seem to have been put as one of the Tales by the author himself for they are supposed to have been spoken and not written, as this is plainly said to be, the Plowman concluding thus.

Tol'oy ev'ich I will me bow,
Ech man to amend him Christ send space;
And for my writing, me allow
He that is almighty for his grace.

The same word of *writing* is three or four times used, as, "For my

writing if I have blame;" and, "Of my writing have me excused;" which seems to me an undeniable argument, that it was not delivered as a Tale told by mouth, as all the rest were.

I might from this occasion insist upon divers other particulars, but I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter; and I'm afraid I have quite tired your patience. I hope, however, you will take what I have said as an instance of my readiness to serve you, being, with all sincerity,

S I R,
Your very humble servant,
THOMAS BLARNE.
Oxon, May 25, 1709.

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A CORRESPONDENT, after observing that the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE has lately furnished the World with several curious anecdotes, desires we will insert the following NOTES on OVID'S *Book of Love*, (Vol. 170), which are translated with the most perfect fidelity from the original copy, formerly belonging to Mr. Pope, and now in the hands of the Hon. Mr. ...

NOTES BY M. POPE.

AMONG the fables in the notes to this book, the following (as the note on *Book I*)

"P. 63. Ovid relates the story of the Priest of Chiron's Son, I've to Phil-
"The Fall of Saturn and Prometheus

The Fall of Saturn and Prometheus is not told there, but only the death of Chiron related.

"P. 68. (The Romans met in the Temple of Venus to mourn Adonis, and infamous acts of lewdness were there committed, if we may believe Ju-
"Send, S. C. *Annus n. 1709* at
"femina implere")

This verse is in the 9th Sat. and makes nothing to the point, regard to Venus's Temple more than by their temple. In Juvenal's men-
"P. 75. (The number of the Sabines ravished Valerius Annius makes to be 427, and Jubas (as Plutarch writes in the life of Romulus) swears it to be 600.)

Plutarch himself quotes Valerius Annius affirming the number to be 500, and Jubas 663. Vid. Plut. in Rom.
" (P. 86. After Ovid had treated the

"subject of Paphia and the Fall so distinctly, in the 15th of the Met. he speaks of the excellence of his genius, in
"Ovid does not treat of this story at all in the 15th of the Metam. he only just mentions Paphia in line 500. So this report is unjust.

"P. 94. (Acontius wrote on a golden apple the verses which are cited in
"Cydippe's Epistle")

The verses are so far from being cited there, that Cydippe expressly avoids citing them, in these words.

"Mitt' ante scelus malum cum car-
"re tali—
"—Hec mihi paravi nunc quoque parvi
"tali"

Ovid Ep. Cvd. lin. 107.
The verses in the History of Love, page 429 beginning—You haunt me still, &c. to the very end of that poem, are excellent, and worth all the rest of the book (*quo se stem jud. o*).

To this may be added, that Mr. Pope had put the name of Mr. Yalden as translator of the 1st Book, which is anonymous, and A. Manwaring, Esq. of the Court of Love.

‡ See a note at the beginning of the Tales in manuscript, in Bibl. Bodl. inter Codd. Laud. K. 50, by John Leeson

To the Editor of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE enemies of the late Dr Johnson, who have so maliciously related anecdotes of him, and attempted to detract from his reputation, have received their deserved punishment. The public at first despised, and have now condemned them to neglect. A cloud of insinuations, indeed, by their insignificant have been protected from disgrace, for as Johnson was the common object at which impertinent vanity directed its darts, it would have been a narrow task for any one to have attacked such a crew. To expose to the public the grounds on which their scurrilous have generally attempted to found accusations against Johnson's character and writings, I think it worth while to make some remarks on a paper written by Dr. Percival of Manchester, which I accidentally looked at the other day in a bookeller's shop. It is intitled, "On the Necessity of Excitation in Literary Pursuits." The paper begins with an account of Locke as a feeble & studious man, and that under the circumstances of delicate and morose constitution it could not be admitted.

"Locke was a soul wide as the sea," &c

How advantageous to a writer is anatomical knowledge! Who but a person grossly ignorant of anatomy could entertain a notion of putting the text to the test of an anatomical dissection? The Doctor's scurrilous hints are as absurd and original, and had it not been for an only instead of natural diffidence, might have been introduced with perfect propriety into his "Essay on the Mind" or "Natural History and Philosophy with Poetry." He proceeds to tell us, that Dr. Watts "passed a life of lingering sickness," that "Mr. Pittall lived three years under a distemper," that "Poetry's distractions were disorderly," that he "had a head-ach," that "his learned colleague," Dr. Johnson, records with all the severity of latitude, that in the "winter of 1740, one of Lord Oxford's domestics was admitted to bed four times in one night, to supply Pope with paper that he might not lose a thought," that Dr. Johnson acknowledges, "he has felt several times a day, a swelling in his head, which he has been obliged to bleed," that "he has been several times seized with a distemper," that "he has a pain in his

Thomson applicable to this kind of "soliloquy." I cannot help stopping here to pay my tribute of gratitude to the learned author for his minute account of the diseases of great men, which, very correctly, ushers in his remarks on Johnson. Had he been as well acquainted with the ancient as the modern history of literary men he would, no doubt, have told us, that Cæsar paid Cicero the compliment of taking a vomit before he went to dine with him, and that the Dictator was troubled with a diarrhoea. Such anecdotes should not have been omitted in "An Essay on Inconstancy of Expectation in Literary Pursuits," and I hope, when the Doctor publishes another edition of his works, that he will not fail to take advantage of the hint which I have suggested to him.

But to attend to his strictures on Johnson. His ingenuity is here unparalleled, for without Johnson's doing more than relating the above-mentioned fact of Pope's in order to prove that his contempt of his own poetry was affected, Dr. Percival, as he expresses it, with elegant allusion, does fevers the "severity of farce." Our author's manner is in his explanation of what is said, & of what is omitted. Johnson, in his Preface to his Dictionary, tells the reader, that his plans were too comprehensive for execution, "that they were the dreams of a poet dreamt to wake a lexicographer." This gives the essayist occasion of introducing a general implied charge of vanity against Johnson. In whom then is the "severity of farce?" In Dr. Johnson or Dr. Percival? To attempt more than he is able to execute, is surely undervaluing of talent in epithesis. Dr. Percival utters—
 It is the common fire of genius, "not is it the common fire of genius," as Johnson observes) satisfied with himself that he has done much, but he is he can do no more. I was not at all the understanding of Dr. Percival's readers by asking whether the charge is applicable to him? The passage quoted from Thomson, "This globe you traced," &c which he applies to Dr. Johnson, accuses him of "the folly" of turning at his books, "turning over pages backwards and forwards," writing and blotting, scrawling and scribbling, losing the present to gain a future page, to be profitable when he can not hear, and enriched with that me when we do. Care is useless. These charges in general are equally

equally applicable to Dr Percival; for
to a hi, from what he has said of John-
son, it does not appear that he reads ac-
curately, yet it must be acknowledged
that he "turns over pages, writes and
blots, scribbles and scribbles," with some
very no doubt, though one cannot sup-
pose it to be a regard for fame either
present or future.

After having examined Dr Percival's
Reflections on Johnson, which was the
subject of my present address to you, I
cannot resist the inclination of continuing
to you this exquisite essay, which
contains a great deal of information un-
expected from the title, and indubitably
of great use in its application.

When the Doctor has taken leave
of Johnson, he tells us that "I have de-
voted my life to the busy scenes of
the law, the Temple, the City, the Court,
and Temple, a crowd of business,
that "genius and industry cannot avoid
off themselves, and that the
necessity of returning to the
one of his country is in itself to be
silent and melancholy — But I can go
no farther — I have as bad a head as
ever Pope had — Sleep, which has been
stealing on me ever since I opened the
book, has got so much the better of me,
that my pen has just now dropped from
my hand — I must content myself with
the service of Johnson, and submit myself
to the impulsion of your pen, but the
idea I had projected to visit a place
which I find it is impossible to execute.
What, to give you nothing, an account of
such an essay? Not that the protec-
tion of your pen could make me think of
it — Sleep, which has been
stealing on me, cannot be read with-
out long thought and the most steady
attention. The reader must feel it
himself, and while he is doing it, I
advise him to look at that part of the
essay, which I have given to you as a
specimen of the kind I have
written.

An ACCOUNT of the

THE Riots of the next year gave oc-
asion to another publication of our
author, entitled, "An Inquiry into the
Mode of suppressing Riots, with a
Constitutional Plan of future Defence," and
in 1781 he published "An History of the
Law of Bailments," 2vo. a very methodical
Treatise, which did great honour to his
name.

ought to be answered. Mrs. Barbauld
wrote an excellent essay with a similar
title. Doctor Percival, wisely judging
that it is not the execution, but the title
of a work that stamps its merit and cor-
ruption, wrote a paper, and then pre-
fixed Mrs. Barbauld's title to it with
some trifling variation. The success was
equal to his expectations, and I may
add that, for surely the inventor of
this method of a species of plagiarism is
well entitled to public thanks. The
Doctor has applied his invention to ano-
ther essay in the Alliance of Natural
History and Philosophy with Poetry,
which the Mr. Aikin very happily re-
turned him with.

To express to the reader the high re-
spect which I have for the Doctor's tal-
ents, and to convince him that I am ca-
pable of distinguishing between what re-
quires censure and what deserves praise,
I will leave to refer him to a very pathetic
story of a woman in the paper last men-
tioned, which reflects equal honour on the
Doctor's descriptive talents, and the bene-
volent and sympathetic feelings of his
heart. *Officium*. As the Doctor's
claim in publishing this exquisite story
was to invite others to an observation of
similar facts for the improvement of
poetry, in conformity with so laudable an
intention, I attempted the other day to
verify his narrative in a narrative, which as
you have inserted in your last Maga-
zine, I may hope to be entitled to the
thanks of the sentimental projector for
my success in it.

Before I take leave of you, I cannot
pass over some very ingenious criti-
cisms on Milton in the paper last men-
tioned, which furnish me with some
hints for the above poem.
The sword of "flint wide-sword born
to the champion stationed at the gate of
Paradise," the Doctor thinks must have
been described in a "more minute and
particular manner, if "the poet" had been
acquainted with the modern discoveries
in electricity.

"I assist the reader's imagination,"
said the poet, "with a experiment on a
glass tube, sealed hermetically, and ap-
plied to an electrical conductor, which
the human body to a long time 'resists'
the more by rubbing. It is a
poem. How sublime must be
the force of the electric fluid beings
glide tube with the hand, and
the electrical machine with the
that we must such an exhibi-
tion in the minds of our
fallen

fallen parent.' But the Doctor is not content with this discovery. He tells us that perennia springs, odoriferous plants, and the spicy beauties, and pearly treasures of the East, do not accord with an English landscape. We are then informed that Milton thus addresses the Godets of the Severn :

" May thy billow roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore.
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round;
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon."

The Doctor's careless method of reading prevents him from discovering, that Milton does not here assert that the Severn's banks are crowned with groves of myrrh and cinnamon; he only expresses a wish that they may be, and this does

not imply that the spices should grow there, but that they should be brought by commerce. After these very elegant criticisms, the Doctor, fearing that Milton's reputation should be entirely overthrown, thinks it necessary to apologize to the reader for "plucking a leaf" from the poet's brow. He seems to think that Milton's motto was prophetic of this attack :

" *Ne vati noccat mala lingua.*"

Dr. Percival's effort to "pluck a leaf" from Johnson and Milton's brow is like a dwarf's attempt to mutilate a trophy by the elevation of a three-legged stool. We are in distress for the pigmy animal, and expect every moment that he will overreach himself, and break either his neck or his thins. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PHILO JOHNSON.

• OBSERVATIONS ON TWO OF GRAY'S ODES.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

FEW authors have attempted poetical composition who have not celebrated the approach of spring. The poet is not so much alive from personal observation and natural feeling, but from a glow kindled in the fancy by reciting the descriptions of the Greek, Roman, and Italian poets. An imaginary beauty is often more powerful than a real one. Thus from reading romances and novels we conceive the idea that women are unreal, and though an angel's petticoats was never discovered any where but in romance, we are under the influence of this delusion near one half of our lives.

" LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year;
The Attic warbler pours her thro' it,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The midnight harmony of spring.
While, whistling pleasure is thy fly,
Cool Zephyr thro' the clear blue sky
Thou gather'd'st fragrance fling."

Why are the hours said to be rosy, and to be in the train of Venus? should rather take them to be her attendants. The rosy bosom'd hours, Dr. Johnson, forms a splendid composition, that no painter could draw, and that no man of taste can understand. Where grandeur is studied, all things are proper; where beauty is the particular images have a happier effect. Who is the "Attic warbler?"

I do not know. There is no harmony in the cuckoo's note. This bird is remarkable as being the messenger of the spring, but not as a songster. The three last lines of this stanza are very good.

"Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown bench
O'er-canopies the gate,
Beside some water's rusky brink
With me the Mute shall sit, and think,
(At ease the mind in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how indigent the proud,
How little are the great!"

A Northern poet, if he was to consult his own feelings, would on the arrival of spring, walk on a green hill, bask in the sun, and enjoy the beauties of nature around him. He has no occasion for the broad browner shade of the oak, or the rude canopy of the moss-grown bench. I will therefore understand of Dr. Percival's readers by asking whether the character is applicable to him? The passage quoted from Thomson, "This globe painted, &c." which he applies to Dr. Johnson, accuses him of "the folly" of turning over pages backwards and forwards, writing and blotting, scrawling and scribbling, losing the present to gain a future age, to be patient when he cannot hear, and enriched with fame when would, force is useless." These charges in general are equally

“ Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose;
Yet hark, how thro’ the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some slightly o’er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the sun.”

The first stanza plainly refers to morn-
ing, here it is noon. “To glow,” I ima-
gine, is an object of sight, not of hearing.
This stanza however is classical.

“ To Contemplation’s sober eye,
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro’ life’s little day,
In Fortune’s varying colours drest—
Brush’d by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chid’d by Age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.”

Very good *night-thoughts*, not vernal
contemplations at all. In the eighth line,
“swept” is a more proper word than
“brush’d,” as the besom of destruction is
an image of more dignity than the brush
of mischance.

“ Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive Lind reply;
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no ght’ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while ’tis May.”

By far the best, and worth all the rest
put together. This insect speaks like an
angel, and gives an excellent rebuke to
the poet, for having forsaken the path of
nature to indulge in an unreasonnable mor-
tality.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of Sir WILLIAM JONES,

(Concludes from Page 183.)

THE Riots of the next year gave occa-
sion to another publication of our Au-
thor, entitled, “An Inquiry into the legal
Mode of suppressing Riots; with a consti-
tutional Plan of future Defence,” &c. and
in 1781 he published “An Essay on the
Law of Bailments,” &c. a very masterly
Treatise, which did great honour to his re-
VOL. XII.

Quære. Why are most vernal odes me-
lancholy? Is it not from the natural feel-
ings of men getting the better of their
early prejudices; and the demon of the
East counteracting the genius of the
West?

N. B. Uona wrote An Ode on Spring,
which I shall not look at for the present,
lest I should find myself the object of my
own criticism; an incident very likely to
happen in the fluctuations of this present
evil world.

SECOND ODE.

A CHILD forms a error into the
figure of a man; a clown gives a human
head on his staff. (often the best head of
the two) and men of genius entertain
themselves by animating inferior objects
with their own passions and delusions. The
amusements of people have often a refer-
ence to their serious pursuits; and great
poets, from Homer to Gray, have amused
themselves and their readers, by giving a
kind of heroic consequence to the little
incidents of the hour. A trifle is more
than a trifle from a great man; and
though we are sorry to hear that Hercules
hurdled the distaff, and that Achilles wore
petticoats, we are well pleased to find that
Alcibiades diverted himself with chil-
dren, and that Addison sought birds’
nests.

In works of this kind the concealed al-
legory forms one of the great beauties of
the piece. Homer’s mice and frogs are
Greek and Trojan heroes in disguise; and
Gray’s Selima, excepting her tortoise
coat, her snowy beard, her purring and
her paws, (not forgetting her conscious
tail) is a real woman, and actuated with
female passions. This observation, I
think, obviates the objection which John-
son made to this pretty poem, which is
a happy specimen of that humour which
Gray often shews in his letters.

gal abilities. In this year also he recalled
his Muse in an Ode, bearing that title, on
the nuptial of Lord Viscount Akhorpe to
Miss Laura Bingham, March 6, 1781.
This excellent performance is preserved in
our Magazine for January 1785, page 62.

From many circumstances which might
be collected together it would appear, that

Our Author at this juncture did not coincide in opinion with those who had the direction of Government, nor did he approve the measures at that period adopted.

With these sentiments he seems to have been selected as a proper person to be introduced as a Member of the Constitutional Society, and accordingly in 1782, he was chosen, and accepted the honour in the following letter:

Lamb's-Buildings, Temple, April 25, 1782.

"SIR,

"IT was not till within these very few days that I received, on my return from the circuit, your obliging letter, dated the 18th March, which had I been so fortunate as to receive earlier, I should have made a point of answering immediately

"The Society for Constitutional Information, by electing me one of their members, will confer upon me an honour, which I am wholly unconscious of deserving, but which is so flattering to me, that I accept of their offer with pleasure and gratitude: I should indeed long ago have testified my regard for so useful an Institution, by an offer of my humble service in promoting it, if I had not really departed, in my present situation, of being able to attend your meetings as often as I should ardently wish.

"My future life shall certainly be devoted to the support of that excellent Constitution, which it is the object of your Society to unfold and elucidate; and from this resolution, long and deliberately made, no prospects, no connections, no station here or abroad, no fear of danger, or hope of advantage to myself, shall ever deter or allure me. A form of government so apparently conducive to the true happiness of the community, must be admired as soon as it is understood, and, if reason and virtue have any influence in human breasts, ought to be preserved by any exertions, and at any hazard. Care must now be taken, lest, by reducing the Regal power to its just level, we raise the Aristocratic to a dangerous height; since it is from the People alone that we can deduce the obligation of our laws and the authority of magistrates. On the People depend the welfare, the security, and the permanence of every legal government; in the People must reside all substantial power; and to the People must all those, in whose ability and knowledge we sometimes wisely, often imprudently, confide, be always accountable for the due exercise of that power, with which they are for a time intrusted. If the properties of all good government be considered as duly distributed to the different parts of our limited republic, goodness ought to be the distinguished attribute of the Crown, wisdom of

the Aristocracy, but power and fortitude of the People. May justice and humanity prevail in them all! I am, Sir,

"Your very faithful and obedient servant,
"W. JONES."

To Mr. THOMAS YEATES.

At this period he began to engage himself warmly in the politics of the times. On the 28th May, 1782, he delivered a speech to the assembled Inhabitants of the Counties of Middlesex and Surrey, the Cities of London and Westminster, &c. at the London Tavern, which he directly published in 8vo. To shew that he was not unmindful of the object of the Constitutional Society's institution, he transmitted to it the following letter:

Lamb's-Buildings, Temple, June 7, 1782.

"SIR,

"I lately met with some dangerous doctrine concerning the Constitution of England, in the work of an admired English writer; the doctrine so dangerous, that an immediate confutation of it seems highly necessary; and the writer so admired, that his opinions, good or bad, must naturally have a very general influence. It was the opinion, in short, of the late ingenious Henry Fielding, that "the Constitution of this island was nothing fixed, but just as variable as its weather," and he treats the contrary notion as a ridiculous error. Now, if this doctrine be well founded, our Society will soon, I imagine, think it wise to dissolve themselves, since it is hardly consistent with the gravity of sensible men to collect and impart information, like the makers of almanacks, upon any thing so uncertain as the weather: if, on the other hand, the error be palpably on the side of Mr. Fielding, you will not only proceed with assiduity in your laudable design of rendering our Constitution universally known, but will be at least equal in usefulness and true dignity to any society that ever was formed. His words are these, in the preface to his tract "On the Increase of Robberies," dedicated to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: "There is nothing so much talked of, and so little understood" in this country, as the Constitution. It is a word in the mouth of every man; and yet, when we come to discourse of the matter, there is no subject on which our ideas are more confused and perplexed. Some, when they speak of the Constitution, confine their notions to the law; others to the legislature; others, again, to the governing or executive part; and many there are, who jumble all these together in one idea. One error, however,

is common to them all; for all seem to have the conception of something uniform and permanent, as if the Constitution of England partook rather of the nature of the soil than of the climate, and was as fixed and constant as the former, not as changing and variable as the latter.

Now in this word, The Constitution, are included the original and fundamental law of the kingdom, from whence all powers are derived, and by which they are circumscribed; all legislative and executive authority; all those municipal provisions, which are commonly called the Laws; and lastly, the customs, manners, and habits of the people. These joined together, do, I apprehend, form the political, as the several members of the body, the animal œconomy, with the humours and habit, compose that which is called the natural constitution."

He adds a paragraph or two of elegant but idle allusions to the Platonic philosophy, as if we lived under the polity of Plato, not in the reigns of William the Norman.

Now of all words easy to be comprehended the easiest, in my humble opinion, is the word Constitution; it is the great system of public, in contradistinction to private, and criminal, law, and comprizes all those articles, which Blackstone arranges, in his first volume, under the rights of persons, and of which he gives a picturesque analysis. Whatever then relates to the rights of persons, either absolute rights, as the enjoyment of liberty, security, and property, or relative, that is, in the public relations of magistrates and people, makes a part of that majestic whole, which we properly call The Constitution. Of those magistrates some are subordinate, and some supreme; as the legislative, or Parliament, which ought to consist of delegates from every independent voice in the nation; and the executive, or the King, whose legal rights for the general good are called prerogative. The People are the aggregate body or community, and are in an ecclesiastical, civil, military, or maritime state.

"This constitutional or public law is partly unwritten, and grounded upon immemorial usage, and partly written or enacted by the legislative power; but the unwritten, or common law, contains the true spirit of our Constitution: the written has often most unjustifiably altered the form of it; the common law is the collected wisdom of many centuries, having been used and approved by successive generations; but the statutes frequently contain the whims of a few leading men, and sometimes of the mere individuals employed to draw them: lastly, the unwritten law is eminently favourable, and the

written generally hostile, to the absolute rights of persons.

But though this inestimable law be called unwritten, yet the only evidence of it is in writing, preserved in the public records, judicial, official, and parliamentary, and explained in works of acknowledged authority. Positive acts of the legislature may, indeed, change the form of the Constitution; but, as in the system of private law, the narrowness or rigour of our forensic rules may be enlarged or softened by the interposition of parliament (for our courts of equity are wholly of a different nature) so all legislative provisions, which oppose the spirit of the Constitution, may be corrected, agreeable to that very spirit, by the people or nation at large, who form, as it were, the high court of appeal in cases of constitutional equity; and their sense must be collected from the petitions which they present, expressed with moderation and respect, yet with all the firmness which their cause justifies, and all the dignity which truly becomes them. I am, Sir,

Your very faithful, humble servant,
W. JONES.

To Mr. THOMAS YFATES, Secretary to the Society for Constitutional Information.

It was in this year that he published "The Mahomedan Law of Succession to the Property of Intestates, in Arabic, with a verbal Translation and explanatory Notes." 4to.

At length the post of one of the Judges in the East-Indies, which had been kept vacant five years, was determined upon being filled up, and our Author on the 4th March, 1783, was appointed to that station, and on the 20th received the honour of knighthood. On the 8th of April he married Miss Shipley, eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, and almost immediately embarked for the Indies. He had previously written the celebrated Dialogue which was printed by the Constitutional Society, and is well known from the legal prosecution which has since been carried on against the Author's brother-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph, for the publication of it. A short time before his departure from England he also published "The Moallakat; or, Seven Arabian Poems, which were suspended on the Temple at Mecca, with a Translation and Arguments." 4to. To this it was intended to add a preliminary discourse and notes. The former to comprize observations on the antiquity of the Arabian language and letters; on the dialects and characters of *Himyar* and *Korais*, with accounts of the *Himyarick* poets; on the manners of

the Arabs in the age immediately preceding that of *Mohamed*, on the temple at *Meca*, and the *Moad*... depended on its... of the *Seven*... of their work... editions of... in *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*... to contain authorities and... of controverted passages... all the obscure couplers... amendments... to direct the reader's attention to particular beauties, or point out remarkable defects; and to throw light on the images, figures, and allusions of the Arabian Poets, by citations either from writers of their own country, or from such of our European Travellers, as best illustrate the ideas and customs of the Orientals. This discourse, and the other, have not yet appeared.

During his voyage to the East-Indies he planned the scheme of a Society, which has already afforded considerable entertainment and instruction to the public in *The Asiatic Miscellany*. In the *Dissertation* read before them, 15th January 1784, he says, "When I was at sea last August on my voyage to this country, which I had long and ardently desired to visit, I found one evening, on inspecting the observations of the day, that *India* lay before us, and I profited myself, whilst a breeze from *Arabia* blew gently over our stern. A *Mermaid* appeared in sight, and to me so new, could not fail to awaken a train of reflections in a mind, which had early been accustomed to contemplate with delight the eventual blessings a disagreeable situation in this Eastern world. It gave me inexhaustible pleasure to find myself in the midst of so fertile an atmosphere, and it increased by the visitations of Asia, which have ever been the nurse of knowledge, the increase of delightful and useful... the seat of glorious actions, fertile in the pro-

ductions of human genius, abounding in natural wonders, and infinitely diversified in the forms of religion and government, in the laws, manners, customs, and languages, as well as in the features and complexions of men. I could not help remarking, how important and extensive a field was yet unexplored, and how many solid advantages unimproved, and when I considered with pain, the in this fluctuating, imperfect, and limited condition of life, such enquiries and improvements could only be made by the united efforts of many, who are not easily brought, without some pressing inducement or strong impulse to converge on a common point; I considered myself with a hope, founded on opinions which it might have the appearance of flattery to mention, that if in any country or community such a union could be effected, it was among my countrymen in *Bengal*, with some of whom I already had, and with most was desirous of having the pleasure of being intimately acquainted."

In consequence of the plan laid down in this Discourse, a Society has been established from which great expectations are formed, and from the beginnings, it is hoped, these expectations will not be disappointed. Five Numbers of their Papers have been already published, and from those we are led to believe that the institution will be productive of great advantages to Science and Literature.

Sir William Jones's *Discourse* was delivered to the Grand Jury at *Calcutta*, December 4, 1783. It has been since published, and contains sentiments worthy of a Judge, equally agreeable to the principles of law, and consistent with the dictates of right reason. In his situation he has distinguished himself with ability, firmness, and discretion; and we doubt not that his residence in *India* will be equally beneficial to himself, to the natives of that distant part of the globe, and to his own country.

VII W of Part of WANDSWORTH HEIGHT, from the Church, looking South of the River THAMES.

THIS view is copied from a painting by the Rev. Mr. GARDINER of Lambeth, who has a well in his garden, which forms a very pretty description from the front, looking through the palliades, and is taken from a view near the bridge on the Chelsea side of the river Thames. It is so happily conceived and so well executed, as to call for the attention of a traveller to stop and behold, who seldom departs unentertained. When he turns his back on it, he sees a

cheerful landscape well adorned with the ruins of the Middlesex side of the Thames, together with the budge and *Bartholomew* church, which forms a picture of the most pleasing kind.

It may not be unentertaining to our readers to inform them, that the great *Booth*, whose writings will be read for ages to come, had formerly a large garden near this place, which was pulled down, and the site occupied by va-

rious manufactories. It was in this place he spent his hours of retirement with such of his friends, which were no inconsiderable number, as visited him in this retired situation. He frequently regaled them with a walk to the vestry-room at Battersea old church during the time of high water, remarking, though he had travelled much in various parts of Europe to view the magnificent icees which present themselves in more serene climates, yet he declared he had never beheld a more beautiful sheet of water.

What would his Lordship think now there is a bridge over the same, many elegant villas on each side, a new church on as pretty a construction as ancient and modern improvements united can admit of— together with good roads to all the adjacent villages; and such affluence at present, that there are no fewer than twelve coaches kept in the village, which in its time only afforded one?

We shall take this opportunity to observe, that in this neighbourhood, the hill and part of the low ground adjoining to York-house, formerly the residence of Cardinal Wolsey, (which, with little expence, a cut from the river Thames could be made navigable to the foot of Wandsworth hill) were the place, judged by the committee appointed, and by an act of parliament the most eligible spots (for health and good water, articles particularly intended by the act) for building penitentiary houses, or places of industry; where by separate confinement and labour it was hoped the young offenders against the laws of their country might be reclaimed, and made useful members of the community; a plan greatly recommended by Mr. Howard and Mr. Hanway.

The original committee consisted of the late Dr. Pothergill, George Whately, and John Howard, Esqrs. but not agreeing in their opinions; the former insisting on the vicinity of the ground near Baginbun Wells with that degree of obstinacy peculiar to his sect, another on the new cut from Blackwall to Limehouse, and the third on another place; their contention continued so many years, that the public lost the advantage of a very excellent plan, which might have been matured greatly to the advantage of society.

The expence and insufficiency of the hulks at Woolwich, soon after revived the design, on the prospect of peace. A new committee was chosen, and plans advertised for, with a reward of an hundred guineas

for the best, and fifty for the second best. Many ingenious designs were sent, which employed the committee many days to examine; at length they adjudged Mr. Blackburne's, as first, and Mr. Hardwick's as second. The contrivance of all the building and apartments appeared to have every convenience that could be wished, aided by the natural situation and rise of the ground. Nothing seemed wanting to make so laudable an undertaking complete but unanimity. The governor's house was so admirably contrived, that the first appearance of riot or idleness could not escape his notice, he being able to see the whole without being perceived by the culprit. Idleness, or a more than ordinary disobedience, were to be punished not by stripes, but by confinement in a room of ten feet square, with smooth perpendicular walls, and lighted from above; the floor made of triangular hard pieces of wood, about three inches each triangle, thus sharpened close to each other. Here the culprit was to be shut up without shoes, stocking, or any other covering than a pair of trousers; by which means, whether he moved, stood, sat, or lay, he could receive little enjoyment of his favourite vice *Idleness*.

The ground, about eighty acres, was surveyed and properly laid out, its price ascertained by a jury, we believe 85l. per acre; when behold, it was discovered there was no provision in the act to raise the money to pay for the ground and such an expensive undertaking!

Thus those visionary hopes of reformation that had been so fondly adopted by Mess. Howard, Hanway, and other friends to the community, fell to the ground, to the great joy of the inhabitants adjoining, who presented strong remonstrances against the erection on such an admirable spot. How far their fears of inconvenience were well-founded we are at a loss to judge, since elegant buildings well fenced and guarded, would have stood on church land that can never be improved further than by agriculture; and from its tenure, that improvement not carried at best further than mediocrity. But what we most lament is, that the committee did not pay for the land, which under the act would have been made freehold. Had it then been sold in small parcels, doubtless many pretty villas would have been erected on this delightful spot, which must now remain in its present state, being, as already observed, subject to the inconvenience of church tenure.

T H E
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
A N D
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L .

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

An Hasty Sketch of a Tour through Part of the Austrian Netherlands and great Part of Holland. 8vo. 4s. Sewell. 1787.

THE very great modesty with which the author submits this little volume to the world, joined to his motive for publishing it, disarm us at once of the severity of criticism.—His intention in printing it is to devote the profits to the relief of an unhappy lady, reduced by unforeseen misfortunes from affluence and elegance to actual want and misery, aggravated by the additional distress of beholding four helpless children looking up to her for that support, which the cruelty of fate deprives her of the means of affording them.—Under such circumstances we must overlook much more capital errors than occur in this little work, for charity covers the most ample of sins.

This Tour is, in our respect, but not only entertaining but useful. The author has been enabled to give a list of the objects worth viewing in every place through which he passed, with a very exact account of the expenses, which to future travellers may be found highly convenient. He has likewise given a full account of the constitution of the *Pays Bas Belges*, and a very particular and accurate description of *Amsterdam*, which, from the present political situation, will not, we presume, be an uninteresting subject for the inspection of our readers; we therefore submit it to their perusal.

You are immediately struck with the extreme neatness and grandeur of the city of Amsterdam.—Trade here wears a most flourishing and beautiful aspect, nor do you see one idle fellow in the streets.—This city is situated on the river Amstel, and is esteemed the greatest port in the world, yet the entrance to it is so very dangerous, and attended with such disadvantages, that it is very inconvenient, as well as hazardous, for loaded ships, and men of war, to enter it.—The foundations of this city are laid on large piles of wood, driven into the morass, and Stadhouer alone, being near the city, supports it.—This city, in the fourteenth cen-

tury, was only a little insignificant fishing town; since that time it has risen to the state in which it is at present—a state of magnificence, grandeur, and riches, not to be surpassed, and scarcely to be equalled by any city in Europe.—It has in several instances evinced the resources it possesses within itself, independent of the other provinces.—It was amongst the last cities which acceded to the confederacy of the States, nor did it shake off its allegiance to Spain till the year 1578, six years after the first breaking out of the disturbances in the Low Countries.—Surrounded at this time by enemies on all sides, deprived of its inland trade by the States, who forbade any communication with them, while under the Spanish yoke, it was obliged (though with reluctance) to accede to the confederacy, and submit to the government of the States.—In the year 1672, Louis XIVth invaded the United Provinces, and such brilliant success at first attended his arms, that, in the course of a few weeks, he gained possession of the provinces of Gueldres, Utrecht, and Overijssel, and had he not wasted his time at Utrecht in vain pomp and useless parade, all the United Provinces would undoubtedly have fallen under the domination of France.—At this period Amst. Jam alone retained the smallest degree of courage or resolution.—The rapid success which had attended the arms of the French Monarch had struck such a panic into the other provinces, as deprived them of all ability to make any exertions for the common good.—The conduct of Amsterdam raised them from the Ruin into which they were fallen.—That city alone made those exertions which astonished all Europe.—The Magistrates appointed an extraordinary guard of the Bourgeois—the populace were kept under subjection by the influence of money—ships were stationed to guard the coast, and prevent supplies from coming to the French army—the greatest part of the adjacent country was also laid under water.—These precautions (interdiction of which was constantly

and transmitted to the French Monarch) induced him to give up the attempt of any further conquest that campaign, and he returned, crowned with laurels, to Paris, amidst the congratulations and rejoicings of his subjects, who, in viewing the glory he had acquired from his rapid successes, forgot the price at which they had been purchased, as well as the little advantage they were likely to derive from it. Not more than three months after his return, the Provinces were recovered by the States and their old masters resumed the government.

The Government is composed of the following Civil Officers

- Thirty-six Senators, or Members of the Grand Council.
- Grand Bailiff.
- Four Pensioners.
- Procureur General.
- Treasury Ordinary.
- Treasurer Extraordinary.
- Intendant of Orphans.
- Clerks of Account.
- Commissioners of the Bank.
- Commissioners for Insolvents.
- The Borrowing Bank.
- The Office for settling fishing affairs.
- The Office for the affairs of the Manne.
- Receivers of the Excise and Customs.

The thirty-six Senators represent the body of the people, and were elected by a majority of the citizens, to take care that the laws are not abused or altered. The Burgomasters make a distinction in their view about their office. All the municipal affairs, either of the republic or city, are entrusted to them, and manage them. On the decease of one of them the office is filled up by election.

The Grand Bailiff is a kind of Chief Justice, whose office it is to see that the laws of the land are observed, and to apprehend any person whose power or authority is contrary to the law—The power of the Grand Bailiff comes from him—He is to receive them in person, and afterwards to send them to the prisons, and to command the imprisonment of parents delinquent in their crimes, and to see that they are kept in prison. He has a military company of 500 Archers—The Burgomasters draw 2000 men to the defence of the prison. The Sergeant of the Burgomasters leads the prisoners before the Grand Bailiff—The Archers follow him either in person or the whole wherever he goes—they are to catch all the delinquents to prison, apprehend them, and are present at their execution—The office of the Keeper is chiefly to execute the commands of the Grand Bailiff and Schepens.

The dignity of Burgomaster is the most considerable of any in the States—There are always four governing Burgomasters—Every year, on the first of February, three are elected, who, with one of the predeceasing year, take charge of the affairs in their department—Generally the citizens are employed as Treasurers, or as Deputy Counsellors to the States of Holland, or to the Admiralty—No person can be admitted to the rank of Burgomaster, till he has been a Bourgeois for seven years, and exercised some considerable civil employment—The four reigning Burgomasters may convocate the council whenever they shall think fit—their inspection extends to most departments—Conjunctly with the Treasurer, they have the superintendance of all public edifices, of the streets, and fortifications, &c. They are not, however, in the capacity of Judges, nor do any civil or criminal offences come under their cognizance, but (as I have before said) belong to the jurisdiction of the High Bailiff—The Burgomasters are, nevertheless, at the execution, and in either civil or criminal cases, are often asked by the Grand Bailiff for their advice—All the offices of the city are in their nomination—and the Directors of the different churches, the Governors of the hospital, are all under their direction, and must use in their different accounts to them—There cannot be a more disinterested, impartial office than that of Burgomaster—They will shew more favour in their decisions to their own countrymen than to strangers.

The office of a Schepen is a very different one—they were formerly called Jurats, because they were called before they enter into office, to swear that they will preserve the laws and customs of the State inviolate—There are nine of them—Seven of them are elected annually, and the three others are the Burgomasters—The city tax is levied by the Schepens, and is collected by the Burgomasters, who are preferred by them to the Grand Bailiff, and the Burgomasters have out of the number—the sword-bearers of the listve unit with their execution, and a quarter of the profit, the offices of Vice-Justices—The Schepens give sentence and pronounce sentence, in all civil and criminal matters, and in the absence of the Grand Bailiff discharge the functions of his office—Immediately after the execution of the Burgomasters and Schepens, all the different vacancies in the public offices are filled up by election, which relate to civil affairs, are the continuation of the Burgomasters—the Schepens relate to criminal and that of the Schepens.

The Burgomasters are men well versed in the laws of the country, as well as in those

those of foreign nations—They act in the same light as counsellors to the Burgomasters and Schepens, who seldom transact any business of consequence without previously consulting them. In any treaty with foreign nations, one of them is generally sent in the capacity of Ambassador from the States.

The military force of the city consists chiefly of the Bourgeois.

They compose five regiments, in each of which are twelve companies—these are all distinguished by particular colours, as blue, green, yellow, &c. like our trained bands in the city of London—Every night four companies mount guard at the Stadtholder's house, and other public buildings. The turn of these sixty companies comes only once in fifteen days—on the day, two drums beat near the houses and lodgings of those who are to mount guard. All who are sixty years of age, as also Jews, are exempted from mounting the Bourgeois guard—unless any who dislike this office may have their attendance dispensed with, by procuring a substitute, or paying a fine, which is not very great—There are also at Amsterdam, as well as in all the cities of the United Provinces, another kind of guards under the title of *Les Vindes d'Armes*.—The number of these are in proportion to the size of the cities, and number of three.—At Amsterdam, I am informed there are between two and three hundred—each of them are paid five stivers a night during the summer, and half that sum in the winter, as they are relieved—This money is raised by a tax on beer, vinegar, paper, the tolls of the city, &c. &c. In most of the cities in Holland, these guards walk about with a sword dangling at their side, and a large stick in their hand, like our watchmen in London, which does not give them a very martial appearance. I must do them, however, the justice to say, that they are in general a very fine, healthy-looking body of men, resembling in nothing the poor decrepid watchmen which we see in London, save in their office.—At Amsterdam, in the room of trucks, they carry a long pole similar to our halberd, and walk two by two; in other cities they walk singly.—They are on duty in winter from six in the evening to the same hour in the morning; during the summer season, only from ten till three. The inhabitants call this guard by several different names, as *Raatsman*, *Klapperman*, *Wasker*, &c. all descriptive of the clattering noise they make with an instrument they carry about with them, called *Mangins de Bois*.—I do not find very easy to let the people know that they are upon the watch, and that they are the defenders of their persons and property

—Indeed, you are all might disturbed with the noise of these instruments, so that a stranger, instead of supposing himself in a state of security, rather fancies he is an inhabitant of a besieged citadel—I think, exclusive of the aforementioned guards, there are but two companies of regular troops, which are of North Holland—No inhabitant of Amsterdam can attain the right of Bourgeois except by marriage, or paying a particular sum—and every one who quits his country, and goes to reside in any other part of Europe, forfeits immediately all his privileges, except he keeps a house and domestics at Amsterdam, in which case he retains all his rights. The Bourgeois (or *Burgessie*) are exempted from tolls of every kind, both for themselves and their property; though for the latter, I believe it is necessary to have a kind of passport—No city exceeds Amsterdam in its number of charitable institutions, or in the regularity and order preserved in them.—It is computed, that no less than ten thousand paupers (including those at the hospital) are supported at the expence of the States, and by private contributions. What country in Europe can boast of charitable institutions superior to the following, viz. *La Maison de Charité pour les pauvres Familles*, where more than one thousand four hundred are supported—*L'Hôpital*, where a certain number of sick and wounded are admitted, and maintained at the expence of the States, and under the immediate direction of the chief magistrates of the city.—*Maison des Loges*, an institution originally designed for the relief of those who were afflicted with the leprosy, but (which disorder having been for some time happily unknown) is now converted into an asylum for old men and women, who, on paying a small sum of money, are maintained the remainder of their lives.—*L'Hôpital des Orphelins Bourgeois*, for the reception of the poor unfortunate children bereft of their parents in infancy, who are maintained and educated at the expence of the States, and when arrived at a proper age, are put out to different trades, as the boys from Christ's Hospital in London.—*La Cour de Veuves*, a building erected for the reception of widows who have fallen into distress.—An house called the *Bayard*, which receives indiscriminately all descriptions of paupers, and affords them three nights lodging, and three days meat and drink.—To this institution, we may, I think, attribute the scarcity of beggars to be met with in the streets of Amsterdam, and which, when we consider the extent of the city, is no small matter of astonishment.—There are a few, out of a great number of public edifices, erected for the purposes of charity.

Notes on the State of Virginia. Written by Thomas Jefferson. Illustrated with a Map, including the States of Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. 8vo. 6s. Sto kalale.

(Cont. nued from Page 112.)

IN our Magazine for August, we left Mr. Jefferson upon the "high stilts" of political braggadocio, and in the midst of what, even physically considered, is at most, to use his own expression, but a "proud theory." In all men, the *amor patriæ* is a spontaneous and a laudable passion, but when, contrasting itself into a *pueril præ possessum*, it will admit of no distinct or exclusive superiority in any other country, ceasing to produce praise, it begins to excite contempt. Thus, when (in the ardour of his zeal to aggrandize the intellectual powers of "the Man of America," and to belittle those of the Man of Europe) our author betrays, in almost every sentence the imbecility of his own nation, what idea can in his mind be formed of those transcendent gifts of understanding which he so hyperbolically attributes to the "sons of his countrymen?" Certain it is, that, if we may judge of the general stock from the particular sample exhibited by Mr. Jefferson himself in the volume before us, no very flattering opinion can be entertained of it.

But our author, if unqualified to appreciate the mental qualities of Man, is by no means unequal to the task of enumerating the various species of birds, and even of quoting the respective designations from Linnæus and Cuvier. Of those belonging to Virginia, he enumerates and a hundred, he says, have been described by Cuvier alone, and a catalogue of the indigenous birds of the country, he adds a full account of an anomaly of Nature in the case of Negroes brought from Africa, who, though black themselves, have sometimes white children, called *Albinos*. Of such a species Mr. Jefferson had access himself to know four, and of three of these he had received faithful accounts. In a country where, which all the individuals are black, as really in them is common, a curiosity of physical investigation as to their cause.

"They are of a pale, cadaverous white, untinged with red, without any coloured spots or seams, the colour of the same kind of white, short, coarse, and curled, as is that of the Negro, all of them well-formed, strong, healthy, perfect in their senses, except that of sight, and born of parents who had no mixture of white blood. Three of these *Albinos*

were sisters, having two other full sisters, who were black. The youngest of the three was killed by lightning at twelve years of age. The eldest died at about twenty-seven years of age in child-bed with her second child. The middle one is now alive in health, and has issue, as the eldest had, by a black man, which issue was black. They are uncommonly shrewd, quick in their apprehensions, and in reply. Their eyes are in a perpetual tremulous vibration, very weak, and much affected by the sun but they see better in the night than we do. The fourth is a negro-woman, whose parents came from Guinea, and had three other children, who were of their own colour. She is freckled, her eye-sight so weak that she is obliged to wear a bonnet in the summer, but she is better in the night than day. She had in *Albinos* child by a black man, it died at the age of a few weeks. — A sixth instance is a woman of the property of a Mr. B. near Peterburgh. Sweet stout and robust, has issue a daughter, yet black, by a black man. I am not informed to her eye-sight. The seventh instance of this being, is to a Mr. L., of Cumberland. His eye-sight is not so weak, but still of this nature, and now advanced in years. He is the only one of the *Albinos* with whom I come within my acquaintance. Whatever be the cause of this disease in the skin, concerning its colouring matter, whether it is the same, it is more evident in the female than in the male. I have seen a female *Albinos* than a male, and in my own knowledge, had a black and a white pair of children, even a black and a white pair of children, by which time it had been over his own, lips, on cheeks, the under lip, the ears, the sides of the face, white, with many more defects, which he has seen a year before now. He is a stout and healthy man, and the cause of it was not connected with any sensible disease, either general or topical.

Of phenomena like these we recall to other instances, various in their appearance, but upon the whole, substantially the same, and it cannot be within the memory of most of our readers, when the circumstance of the colour being taken place of the

* A new, but a true expression of our author — See p. 114

skin of a female negro in Virginia, was recorded among the Transactions of the Royal Society; but unhappily without the addition of a single remark by which the *cause* of it might be ascertained either on rational or scientific grounds.

It is rather remarkable, that of the fish and insects of America there has been nothing like a full description or collection. More of them are described by Catesby than by any other writer; and many are also to be found in Sir Hans Sloane's Jamaica, as being common to that Island and the American Continent.

According to Mr. Jefferson, the honey-bee is not a native of America; for though Moregrave mentions a species of honey-bee in Brazil, yet, from his description, it has nothing, and is therefore different from the one found in the United States, which resembles perfectly the European honey-bee. The Indians themselves are also of opinion, that bees were originally brought from Europe; but when and by whom no man can tell. They call them the *white man's fly*, and consider their approach as indicating the approach of the settlements of the whites.

Here a question of local curiosity occurs to our author, namely, "How far northwardly have these insects been found?"—That they are unknown in Lapland, he infers from the information of Schaffer, that the Laplanders eat the pine-bark, prepared in a certain way, instead of that which is sweetened with sugar. *The essential principle is the same.* Schaff. Lap. c. 18.—and certainly no potato can be more distant than that honey, if they had it, would be found a better substitute for sugar than any preparation of the pine-bark. But, if it be true, as Mr. Lin. tells us, that the honey-bee can not live through the winter of Canada, Mr. Jefferson is perfectly justifiable in his inference, that this valuable insect furnishes an additional proof of the remarkable fact, first observed by Buffon, that "no animals are found in both continents, but those which are able to bear the cold of those regions where they probably join."

We now come to the seventh query submitted to the consideration of our author. Of this query so vast is the object, that it requires nothing less, to use Mr. Jefferson's own elegant and correct language, than "a notice of *all* what can increase the progress of human knowledge." Under the latitude of this question he endeavours

to furnish certain data for estimating the climate of Virginia; and for this purpose, conceiving journals of observations on the quantity of rain, and degree of heat, to be "lengthy," confused, and too minute to produce general and distinct ideas, he exhibits the result of "five years observations, to wit, from 1772 to 1777, made in Williamsburgh and its neighbourhood;" reduces that result to an average for every month in the year; and states the various averages so reduced in a table, which is also enriched with an analytical view of the winds during the same period.

Though by this table it appears, that in Virginia there are "on an average 47 inches of rain annually, which is considerably more than usually falls in Europe," yet our author supposes there is a much greater proportion of sun there; and is even inclined to think, that "there are twice as many cloudy days in the middle parts of Europe, as in the United States of America.

The changes from heat to cold, and cold to heat, he represents to be so "very sudden and great," that "the mercury in Fahrenheit's Thermometer has been known to descend from 92° to 47° in thirteen hours." A change in the climate, he observes, however, is taking place very sensibly. Both heats and colds are become much more moderate within the memory even of the middle-aged. Snows are less frequent, and less deep. They do not often lie below the mountains more than one, two, or three days, and very rarely a week. They are remembered to have been formerly frequent, deep, and of long continuance. The earth used to be covered with snow about three months in every year. The rivers, which then seldom failed to freeze over in the course of the winter, scarcely ever do so now. This change, nevertheless, we are told, has produced an unfortunate fluctuation between heat and cold, in the spring of the year, which is very fatal to fruits.

The population of the State next occupies the attention of Mr. Jefferson; and to illustrate it, he furnishes a table, shewing the number of persons imported for the establishment of the colony in its infancy, and the census of inhabitants at different periods, extracted from different histories and public records. According to our author, it appears, that from the year 1654 to the year 1772, the *17th*

* A term which includes the free males above 16 years of age, and slaves above

the age of both sexes.

of Virginia had increased from 7209 to 153,000. The whole term, being of 118 years, yields a duplication once in every 27 $\frac{1}{4}$ years. The intermediate enumerations, taken in 1700, 1748, and 1759, furnish proofs of the uniformity of this progression; and should this rate of increase continue, he infers, that within 95 years Virginia will have between six and seven millions of inhabitants, amounting (on the supposition that his country will be bounded, at some future day, by the meridian of the mouth of the Great Kanliway) to one hundred souls for every square mile; which, in his opinion, is nearly the state of population in the British Islands.

In his objections to "the present desire of America to produce rapid population by great importations of foreigners as possible," we perceive no accuracy of calculation, no truth of argument, but much of the visionary spirit of an illiberal patriot.—"Let us suppose," says he, "that, in this State, we could double our numbers in one year by the importation of foreigners; and this is a greater accession than the most sanguine advocate for emigration* has a right to expect; then I say, beginning with a double stock, we shall attain any degree of population only 27 years and 3 months longer than if we proceed on our single stock." To evince the impolicy of the measure, he observes, "Every species of government has its specific principles. Ours perhaps are more peculiar than those of any other in the universe. It is a composition of the best principles of the English constitution, with others derived from natural right and natural reason. To these nothing can be more opposed than the maxims of absolute monarchs. Yet from such we are to expect the greatest number of emigrants. They will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their early youth; or, if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness, passing, as is usual, from one extreme to another. It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty. These principles, with their language, they will transmit to their children. In proportion to their numbers, they will share with us the legislation. They will mingle into it their

spirit, warp and bias its direction, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass."

Leaving our author to the undisturbed enjoyment of these and other political reveries on the subject of American population, and passing over the answers to the ninth and tenth queries (which contain nothing but a retrospective view of the number and condition of the Virginia militia and regular troops, and their pay, in the years 1780 and 1781; together with a similar one of the marine of the State, which, *wiseful and wonderful to tell!* when the English obtained the possession of their rivers, was "*left with a single armed boat only!*") we proceed to the eleventh query, which leads the author to give a description of the *Aborigines* of Virginia. Tracing them from 1607, when the first effectual settlement of the colony was made, he observes, that the country from the sea-coast to the mountains, and from Patowmac to the most southern waters of James's river, was occupied by upwards of forty different tribes of Indians. Of these the most powerful were the Powhatans, the Mannahoacs, and the Monicans; who all, it is remarkable, spoke languages so radically different, that interpreters were necessary when they traded bulwicks.

The enmity of the Indians being separated into many little societies, Mr. Jefferson ascribes to their having never submitted themselves to any laws, any coercive power, any shadow of government.—"I have only controls," says he, "are their manners, and that moral sense of right and wrong, which, like the sense of tasting and feeling in every man, makes a part of his nature. An offence against that is punished by contempt, by exclusion from society, or where the case is serious, as that of murder, by the individual whom it concerns. Imperfect as this species of coercion may seem, crimes are very rare among them: inasmuch that were it made a question, *whether no laws, as among the savage Americans, or too much laws, as among the civilized Europeans, submits man to the greatest evil, one who has seen both conditions of existence would pronounce it to be the best, and that the SHEEP are happier of themselves than under the care of a WOLF.*—It will be told, that great societies

* We are at a loss to know what our author means here by *emigration*. It is for *importation*, if we mistake not, and not *emigration*, that the Americans are such strenuous advocates.

cannot exist without government. The savages therefore break them into small ones.

To this preference of *no law* in a savage condition to *too much* in a civilized one, succeeds a table containing a state of the several tribes in question, according to their confederacies and geographical situation, with their numbers when the first settlers became originally acquainted with them, where these numbers are known. From the census of 1669, it appears that in the space of 62 years several of the tribes were reduced to about one-third of their former numbers. This melancholy circumstance our author ascribes to the abuse they made of spiritous liquors; to the introduction of the small-pox among them; to wars; and to abridgments of their territories. By no means, however, will he allow, that the lands of the country were taken from them by conquest. On the contrary, he declares, that "in histories and records he has found repeated proofs of purchase which cover a considerable part of the lower country; that many more would doubtless be found on further search; and that, as he phrases it, the upper country, *we know*, has been acquired *altogether* by purchases made in the most *unexceptionable form*."

Having thus relieved his own forefathers, and the forefathers of his countrymen in general from the odious imputation of having obtained that by *fair means*, which hitherto it was suspected they had obtained by *force*, and added a few remarks, neither new nor interesting in themselves, on the indolent disposition and rude customs of the Indians, Mr. Jefferson proceeds to a discussion of the grand question, "From whence came those aboriginal inhabitants of America?"

On this head, the observations of our author are most interesting.—In adverting to the discoveries long ago made, which were sufficient to shew that a passage from Europe to America was always practicable, even to the imperfect navigation of ancient times, and that in going from Norway to Iceland, from Iceland to Greenland, from Greenland to Labrador, the first traject is the widest; he infers,

that this having been practised from the earliest times of which we have any account respecting that part of the earth, there is no difficulty in supposing that the subsequent traject may have been sometimes passed. Again, as the late discoveries of Captain Cook, in coasting from Kamschatka to California, have proved that if the two continents of Asia and America be separated at all, it is only by a narrow streight, so it is probable that from this side also inhabitants may have passed into America. Beside, the resemblance between the Indians of America and the eastern inhabitants of Asia would induce a conjecture that the former are the descendants of the latter, or the latter of the former; excepting indeed the Eskimaux, who, from the same circumstance of resemblance, and from identity of language, must be derived from the Greenlanders, and these probably from some of the northern parts of the old continent.

Perfectly do we agree with Mr. Jefferson, when he observes, that "a knowledge of their several languages would be the most certain evidence of their derivation which could be produced."—This, in fact, is the best proof of the affinity of nations which ever can be referred to; and, as he again remarks, "How many ages have elapsed since the English, the Dutch, the Germans, the Swiss, the Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes, have separated from their common stock; yet how many more must elapse before the proofs of their common origin, which exist in their several languages, will disappear!"—Viewing the matter in this light, it is certainly not a little to be lamented, that the Americans should have suffered so many of the Indian tribes already to be extinguished, without having collected and deposited in the records of literature the general rudiments, at least, of the languages they spoke.

To these observations succeeds a state, drawn up in the form of a catalogue, of the nations and numbers of the Aborigines that still exist in a respectable and independent form; as also of their respective boundaries within, and circumjacent to, the United States.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Prose on several Occasions, with some Pieces in Verse. By George Colman, 3 Vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Cadell.

(Concluded from page 213.)

THE Second Volume of Mr. Colman's Prose opens with a series of detached letters, published at different times in the

newspapers. They are in general sprightly, and there are some good laughs at the politics of those days; but the subjects

are now too far *passé* to be interesting. One of the best of them is a ridicule of the passion of Englishmen for quack medicines, with a medical case subjoined, which, as we think it well told, we shall present to our readers.

MEDICAL CASE.

"A gentleman who had long been complaining and complaining, and ailing and ailing, and who had taken all the medicines in and out of the dispensatory, at length applied to the celebrated Doctor Radcliffe. The Doctor soon perceiving the nature of his case, told him, that he was in possession of a secret, which was infallible for his disorder; but that unluckily it was at that time in the hands of Doctor Pitcarne at Edinburgh, to whom he would write to apply it in favour of the patient, if he himself thought it worth while to go so far in quest of it. The patient readily undertook the journey, and travelled to Edinburgh: but when he arrived there, he had the mortification to find that just before Doctor Radcliffe's letter reached Edinburgh, Doctor Pitcarne had sent the medicine to Doctor Musgrave of Exeter. The patient however had resolution enough, on Doctor Pitcarne's advice, to go across the country to Exeter, in further pursuit of it. but as ill-luck would have it, Doctor Musgrave told him, that he had, the day before, transmitted it back again to Doctor Radcliffe in London, where the patient naturally returned, to take the benefit of it at home. He could not help laughing with the Doctor at the tour he had taken, and at his strange disappointments. I went after the medicine, said the patient, to no purpose; and yet I cannot tell how it happens, but I am much better than I was when I set out. I know it, cries the Doctor, I know it. You have got the medicine. The journey was the secret. And do but live *temperately* and keep yourself in exercise, you will have no occasion for any physick in the world."

Mr. Colman next offers several remarks on Johnson's Edition of Shakespeare in 1765. In general he agrees with the critic, and where he differs it is with candour. We, however, are in general inclined to coincide with Johnson rather than his corrector. In one place, for example—in Henry the Fifth—Shakespeare speaks of an usurper endeavouring "to *fine* his title with some *shews* of truth." Johnson proposes to read "*line* his title," and justifies it by a passage in Macbeth, where the Thane of Cawdor is laid "to *line* the rebel with *hidden* hope and *wantage*," and we think

him right. Mr. Colman however contends for the old reading, and explains the word "*fine*" to signify "*refine*." But how can a man be said to *refine* with a *shew*? Though Shakespeare is loose in his metaphors, he is not often absurd. If "*fine*" stands, we would rather suppose it a verb coined from the adjective, and interpret it to *make* fine. In Henry the Fourth the King talks of "*facine* the garment of rebellion with some *fine* colour," which is precisely the same idea; and besides, if "*fine*" signified to *refine*, it would have been written "*fine*" with an apostrophe. We would however, on the whole, rather adopt Johnson's correction.

These fugitive pieces are followed by "Critical Reflections on the old English Dramatic Writers," addressed to David Garrick, Esq. The drift of these remarks was, to invite Mr. Garrick, then Manager, to revive several excellent old plays, and to do the same justice to Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, which he had so liberally imparted to Shakespeare. Mr. Colman states some of the objections against the older plays: that

"Many of them, though they abound with beauties, and are raised much above the humble level of later writers, are yet, on several accounts, unfit to be exhibited on the modern stage; that the fable, instead of being raised on probable incidents in real life, is generally built on some foreign novel, and attended with romantick circumstances; that the conduct of these extravagant stories is frequently uncouth, and infinitely offensive to that dramatick correctness prescribed by late critics, and practised, as they pretend, by the French writers; and that the characters exhibited in our old plays, can have no pleasing effect on a modern audience, as they are so totally different from the manners of the present age."

But to this he answers, that

"The mind is soon familiarized to irregularities which do not sin against the truth of Nature, but are merely violations of that strict decorum of late so earnestly insisted on. What patient spectators are we of the inconsistencies that confessedly prevail in our darling Shakespeare! What critical censure ever proclaimed the indecency of introducing the stocks in the tragedy of Lear! How quietly do we see Gloster take his imaginary leap from Dover cliff! Or to give a stronger instance of patience, with what a philosophical calmness do the audience close over the tedious and uninteresting love-scenes, with which the bungling hand of Tate has

* Macbeth says, "For Banquo's sake have I *defied* my soul," for *defied*; and the apostrophe is inserted.

carefully pieced and patched that rich work of Shakespeare!—To instance further from Shakespeare himself, the grave-diggers in *Hamlet* (not to mention Polonius) are not only endured, but applauded; the very nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* is allowed to be nature; the transactions of a whole history are, without offence, begun and completed in less than three hours; and we are agreeably wadded by the chorus, or oftener without so much ceremony, from one end of the world to another.

“It is very true, that it was the general practice of our old writers, to found their pieces on some foreign novel; and it seemed to be their chief aim to take the story, as it stood, with all its appendant incidents of every completion, and throw it into scenes. This method was, to be sure, rather marvellous, as it at once overloaded and embarrassed the fable, leaving it destitute of that beautiful dramatick connection, which enables the mind to take in all its circumstances with facility and delight. But I am still in doubt, whether many writers, who come nearer to our own times, have much mended the matter. What with their plots and double-plots, and counter-plots and under-plots, the mind is as much perplexed to piece out the story, as to put together the disjointed parts of our ancient drama. The comedies of Congreve have, in my mind, as little to boast of accuracy in their construction, as the plays of Shakespeare; nay, perhaps, it might be proved that, amidst the most open violation of the lesser critical rules, one point is more strictly pursued, one character more uniformly drawn, and one grand purpose of the fable more evidently accomplished in the productions of Shakespeare than of Congreve.”

In these fondments we perfectly agree with Mr. Colman. It is certain that the most powerful effects are produced on the fancy by that noble thing, which keeps away the flocks of colder criticism; and he alone excites our passions and glances our feelings, “*qui spiritus tragico-juravit se esse poetam*.” In short, our author’s reflections on our old English Dramatists are acute, sensible, and judicious; and he beautifully shows they had been successful in their aim. But how does it happen that since himself has been one of the *urbani elegantissimi*, he has never put his own opinion in practice? Maffinger, Beaumont and Fletcher are at least as great strangers in the Hay-Market, as in Covent Garden, or old Drury.

In the “Preface to Beaumont and Fletcher’s Works,” published in 1778, we find little more than common-place

observations, and a repetition of the arguments in his “Critical Reflections.” The only amusing passage is a note on the orthography of the name of Shakespeare. We trust our readers will excuse the insertion of it; for every circumstance, however otherwise trifling, becomes of importance when it refers to our immortal Bard.

“The name of Shakespeare is spelt at least a dozen ways. We are told, in the first note on the *Dunciad*, of “an autograph of Shaktpeare himself, whereby it appeared that he spelt his own name without the first *s*.” Yet even this autograph is not decisive. In the register-book at Stratford upon Avon, the name of the family is regularly entered Shaktpeare. In the poet’s own will, which now lies in the Prerogative-office, Doctor’s Commons, his name is spelt three different ways. In the body of the will it is always written Shaktpeare; this, however, may be ascribed to the lawyer. The will consists of three sheets, the first of which is legibly subscribed Shaktpeare; the two others Shakespeare. It must be acknowledged that the hand-writing, as well as situation of the first signature, is different from that of the two following; but it appears extraordinary that a thing should attempt to falsify a signature, which is usually subscribed to each sheet for the sake of giving authenticity to to solemn an instrument, and is, therefore, always taken to be the hand-writing of the testator. Mr. Garrick, however, had in his possession the leaf of a book formerly situated in Black-Friars, and but lately taken down on account of the new bridge, which belonged to that poet. As a party to that leaf he signs his name Shakespeare; and the first syllable of his name is now pronounced in his native county, Warwickshire, with the *pro*, Shak-and not Shakespeare. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that the dialect of that county is more provincial than classical, and we believe that all the natives, who are now known by the poet’s name, both spell and pronounce it Shaktpeare; which indeed seems most reconcilable to etymology, if etymology be at all concerned in so capricious a circumstance. Many of the quartos published in his lifetime, not only followed this mode of spelling, but seemed solely to mark the proper pronunciation, by printing his name in the title-page with a hyphen between the two syllables that compose it, thus, Shaks-(peare). His contemporary Jonson, as well as Milton and Dryden his successors, adhered to the same orthography.”

To the Preface succeeds a litigation between Doctor Farmer and Mr. Colman, relative to the learning of Shakespeare;

peare;—the Doctor attacking, and the Manager defending it.—That the Poet had some learning is easily proved, and that it was but little is equally certain. He did not need the spectacles of books to look through Nature. His learning is intuition; but as

“ Learn'd commentators view
“ In Homer more than Homer knew,”

so do we think on the present occasion Mr. Colman has overshoot the mark; or, if he thinks this decision too hard, we will tell him in the words of Sir Roger de Coverley, that “ much may be said on both sides.”

Mr. Colman next seats himself in the chair of Aristarchus, on the celebrated reply of the Jew in the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice. Many a man has thought himself very clear in a point of law or of conscience, until he has gone to consult a lawyer or a casuist. In commentaries, generally speaking, our knowledge is inversely as our study—the more we read, the less we understand; and thus much we will boldly assert, that every man who reads Mr. Colman's remarks on the passage he treats of, will find himself at the end ten times more confused than at the beginning. He will probably have lost his own opinion, and certainly have got no other in exchange.

The passage is this, as it stands in Rowe's, Theobald's, Pope's, and Hume's Editions :

“ And others, when the bag-pipe sings
“ I' the note,
“ Cannot contain their urine for affection.
“ Matterless passion sways it to the mood
“ Of what it likes or loaths.”

The sense here is tolerably obvious.—“ Affection” signifies sympathy;—but then arises a difficulty. “ Passion,” in the next line, is said to *sway* it;—that must be *affection or sympathy*. Now a sympathy *sways* away our passions, but not *contraria*. To remedy this, an amendment is proposed, and the passage read and pointed thus :

“ And others, when the bag-pipe sings
“ I' the note,
“ Cannot contain their urine. For affections,
“ Matters of passion, sway it to the mood
“ Of what it likes or loaths.—”

This cannot stand. If this were the reading, it in the last line should be

they. Sympathies or affections *sway* our passion to what *they* like or loath; but this is too great a violation of the text. Capel's reading is,

“ ————— For Affection,
“ Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
“ Of what it likes or loaths :”

which makes in our judgment a perfect and an elegant sense. But it seems the stop at the word “ *urine*,” in the second line, hurts Mr. Colman's ear: and how does he remedy it? His method is as ready as a Borrower's cap: it is but supposing a line or two dropped from the press, which he fills up thus :

“ And others, when the bagpipe sings I' the
“ nose,
“ Cannot contain their urine for Affection.
“ Sovereign Antipathy, or Sympathy,”
“ Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
“ Of what it likes or loaths.”

At this rate of criticism, all difficulties vanish. It is but supposing a line or two dropped, and the passage may signify any thing. But Mr. Colman must not think with his finger to patch the velvet of Shakespeare. No man who ever read one play of the Jew's could fail in an instant to separate the metal from the clay. Mr. Colman's reading is unnecessary, inelegant, feeble, and as like Shakespeare as he to Hercules.—Shall we venture to offer a conjecture of our own?

“ And others, when the bagpipe sings I' the
“ nose,
“ Cannot contain their urine for Affection.
“ Matterless passion sways it to the mood
“ Of what it likes or loaths.”

Colman's conjecture by rhemus crura
[?] [?] [?] We have spoken freely of Mr. Colman's conjectures, we leave ourselves to the candid censure of our readers.

From Christ Church Mr. Colman betakes himself to education, and in a very respectable little tract combats and, in our mind, overthrows Mr. Locke's System, which indeed in many instances is so absurd, that nothing but his great name could bear it out. Mr. Colman is *probus antiquarius et restitutor* a public education, and in this the universal practice of the nation is with him.

The Third Volume is filled with a translation of Horace's Art of Poetry in verse, with very copious notes. Mr. Colman differs from all the commentators with re-

and to the design of this work. His idea of it is, that "one of the sons of Piso, undoubtedly the Elder, had either written, or meditated, a poetical work, most probably a Tragedy; and that he had, with the knowledge of the family, communicated his piece, or intention to Horace: but Horace, either disapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the Elder Piso, or both, wished to dissuade him from all thoughts of publication. With this view he formed the design of writing this Epistle, addressing it, with a courtliness and delicacy perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family,

the father and his two sons. *Epistola ad Pisones, de Arte Poetica.*" In this idea he is supported, if we are not mistaken, by some late German Commentator, who has taken up the same ground—*Sed non nostrum tantas componere lites.*—The translation, though tolerably faithful to the sense of Horace, has little of his spirit, and less of his elegance.

The Work concludes with several excellent Prologues and Epilogues, in which Mr. Colman has hit off the fashionable topics and follies of the day with very great success. On the whole, these little volumes may furnish out a very agreeable relaxation from severer studies.

An Essay; containing a few Strictures on the Union of Scotland and England, and on the present Situation of Ireland. Prefixed to De Foe's History of the Union. 4to. Stockdale.

THIS Essay is partly the work of the celebrated J. L. De Lolme, and concluded by another hand. It is not easy to speak of its merits. M. De Lolme's part consists of nothing but historical facts, and indeed may with more propriety be esteemed materials for a work, than a work itself. He contents himself with a simple statement of facts, without attempting, unless very rarely indeed, to draw any inference. What use he might have made of them, had he completed the Essay, we cannot pretend to judge; but at present we look in vain for the deep research, the philosophical enquiry, and the ardent spirit of liberty that breathe so strongly through the Essay on the British Constitution.

Any thing that falls from the pen of M. De Lolme must be valuable. We therefore regret exceedingly to find his production in this mutilated state, *ut nec pars nec caput uni reddatur forma.* As far, however, as he goes, he leaves uniformly to the cause of liberty, of justice, and of Ireland. He proves from history, that Ireland never was in any sense a conquered country, until the times of Elizabeth and James the First; the petty chieftains there both were and considered themselves as perfectly independent, inasmuch that a curious challenge is yet preserved, sent by one of them to Henry VIII. The Irish ambassador met the King coming from chapel, and addressed him, *Sto pedibus tuis Domine Rex! Mac G. hie patr. tuus, dominus meus, tibi me nescit, ut donacionem quod, nisi contineas firmitates et latrocinia Johannis de Bregi, ipse bellum faciet contra te;* and the matter was redressed accordingly.

In short, the English dominions in Ireland consisted but of four shires, called the Pale; and out of this pale the English laws were neither acknowledged nor obeyed. No magistrature was appointed, no justice went circuit, no revenue was drawn. When the English Lord Deputy endeavoured to soothe Mac Guire, Lord of Fermanagh, into accepting a sheriff, he answered him with great good-humour, "Your sheriff may come, and welcome; but let me know the price of his head, that when my people cut it off, I may know what to fine them accordingly:" and John Allen, Irish Master of the Rolls, informed Henry VIII. that his laws were not obeyed twenty miles in compass.

The only way to form a true idea of Ireland, and of the dominion of the English Crown and Nation there, previous to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and indeed of James the First, is by considering the English colony that had been settled on that island in the same light as the settlements or colonies formed by Europeans in remoter parts of the world. It was a settlement of the same nature as those at Senegal or Goree, on the coast of Africa; or like Bombay, on the coast and country of the Mahrattas; or Madras, thirty years ago, on the coast of the Carnatic; or the Dutch settlements in the Island of Java, and at the Cape of Good Hope. But the justest idea that may be acquired of the nature of the English colony in Ireland, from the times of Henry the Second to those of Queen Elizabeth, is by comparing it with the Colony at New-York, as it would now stand, if the late treaty had not taken place, and the Americans, in conjunction with the North-Indians, did continue to beset its territory, and oppose the extension of the English

government. The North-Indians, in such case, would represent the Irish; and the Americans would be the degenerate English,—or some of them the English subjects of blood, according as it might suit them to keep some intercourse with the government of the colony; with this difference, however, that the Irish were the more numerous nation, and continued to occupy about two-third parts of the island.*

Such was the situation of Ireland until the death of Queen Elizabeth. During her reign the hands of the English government had been strengthened, the petty chieftains gradually subdued, but the treaty with O'Neal, the last of them, was not signed till a few days after her death. James the First is therefore to be named the first English Sovereign who really possessed the dominion of Ireland.

“At this era, all violent opposition to the government was put an end to. The spirit of Irish resistance was braced, to use the expressions of Sir John Davies, as it were in a mortar, with the sword, famine, and pestilence altogether. The law now penetrated into every remote corner of the island.—Justice, the sword having first cleared the way, took the whole country in her progress, in the same manner as the *Uranus* moves in the Zodiac preceded by *Jove*, as Sir John classically and elegantly expresses it; and the judges were now enabled to proceed round the whole kingdom, like planets in their extensive orbits; whereas then circuits had till then been confined to the small precinct of the Pale, like the narrow circle which the *Cynosura* describes about the *Pole*.”

“At the same time that the power of the judges and of the English government was thus extensively fixed, the *Irish* laws and customs were abolished, and the English laws established in all cases without exception, through the whole island. Lawyers had then business enough; and even more than enough. The harvest was great, to use once more the expressions of Sir John Davies, *the labourers few; (magna mensura, sed operibus paucis)* and “the number of the judges was increased in every bench*.”

“As a further step for the settling of Ireland, numerous colonies were sent from Great-Britain to occupy the lands which had been taken from those tribes and chieftains who had been more particularly engaged in the war that had been lately terminated. King James gave uncommon attention to the fra-

ming of the ordinances that were made for the proper settling of these colonies; and all writers have agreed in praising the judicious measures that were adopted, and in considering the zeal and success of the king in that respect, as the most laudable part of his reign.”

But though Ireland was thus for the present reduced to order, the independent spirit of the nation, and their dislike to the domination, and indeed the name, of England, soon broke out. The Reformation was introduced into Ireland by the point of the sword; but as the colourable pretext of law was necessary to support this, it became necessary to procure a majority in parliament.

“There had been no parliament held in Ireland for twenty-seven years before the time we are speaking of, which was the eighth year of the reign of King James the First. The protestants were so few in Ireland, in Queen Elizabeth's time, that the government of the colony could not venture upon calling a parliament: there was too little certainty of getting a majority on the protestant side, even with the power possessed by the crown of erecting new counties and corporations: this had been the cause of the long intermission of parliaments that has been above mentioned. The council of James the First, in the eighth year of his reign, had a more advantageous scope, now that the island was universally subdued, and a numerous colony of the protestant religion had been introduced, that was settled upon extensive tracts of land. New boroughs were erected in those quarters occupied by the new settlers. Even then the government found themselves, at first, mistaken in their reckoning, through the remarkable ardour with which the opposite or catholic party exerted themselves, especially in the elections for counties. elections were lost where there was thought to be little danger of it; and even privy-councillors excluded. The disappointment was made up by speedily erecting fresh corporations, or boroughs, and conferring upon them the right of electing members. Hence the complaints made afterwards by the catholic party, that several new corporations which had sent members, had been erected, in order to the sending of precepts to them for elections, after the first issuing of the writs for calling the parliament.”

By these means a majority was procured; Government proceeded with vi-

* “The power of the law and of the judges did not become, however, quite so completely established in Ireland, at the beginning of the reign of James the First, as Sir John Davies describes it. Several insurrections took place in this reign, that were raised by Irish Christians, though they were quelled without any great difficulty, as their power and resources had been so broken by the late war.”

four; and the penal statutes of Elizabeth were put in force.

"By virtue of these statutes, no man who refused to take the oath of supremacy, could be invested with an office in a corporation, or be a justice of the peace, or a magistrate: he was not to be a privy councillor, nor to be preferred to any post in the government: if a lawyer, he was not to be admitted to plead at the bar, or to fill the office of judge. All the higher dignities of the church, together with church livings, and church emoluments, were moreover allotted to the protestant clergy, as a reward for their orthodoxy. A weekly fine was also to be laid upon every person who should neglect to attend the church service.

"By all the above ordinances and measures the protestant became established, to the complete exclusion of the catholic religion; and at that period arose those formidable party distinctions of catholics and protestants, into which the inhabitants of Ireland have since been divided.

"By these strong measures, an union was now formed between the Irish chieftains and tribes, who, after losing their lands and their laws, were now to lose their religion, and the whole of the old English colony, whose lords and men of influence were now to lose their consequence, whose lawyers and priests were thrown out of employment, while the numerous commonalty had their churches taken from them, and were insulted by penalties for not conforming to the religious rites of their opponents. All were now united together under the common banner of the catholic faith, and turned their eyes towards the protestant party as a common aggressor and enemy."

The consequence was, the terrible war in 1641, and the horrid massacres committed by both parties—cruelities which, for the honour of human nature, it would be well to bury in eternal oblivion. At length Cromwell landed in Ireland with such an army as had never been seen there before, 30,000 foot and 15,000 horse; and after a course of exemplary, though perhaps necessary severities, he finally and decisively conquered the kingdom, so that the old distinctions of old Irish and English were destroyed, and the people run into one common mass.

The Revolution, happy and glorious as it was for the general interests of the British empire, was attended by peculiar hardships on the Irish Catholics. After a brave struggle for the interests of King James II. they had, by the magnanimity and wisdom of William, secured several advantages to themselves at the surrender of Limerick, which, during the

life of that wise monarch, were well and faithfully observed.

"But the just line of conduct, in regard to Roman Catholics in Ireland, we have above mentioned, ceased to be pursued in the reign of Queen Anne. Several acts of the Irish parliament were passed by which the conditions of Limerick were gradually violated; and at length the famous laws of *discovery* were enacted, by which the triumph of the protestant over the catholic party was finally completed, after an hundred and ten years struggle.

"By these laws, the Roman Catholics were absolutely disfranchised. They could not purchase land. If one son did abjure the catholic religion, he inherited the whole estate, though he was the youngest. If he made such abjuration, and turned *discoverer* during the life-time of his father, he took possession of the estate; his father remaining a pensioner to him. If a catholic had a house in his possession worth fifty or an hundred pounds, or more, a protestant might take the same from him, upon paying him down five pounds. If the rent paid by any catholic was less than two-thirds of the full improved value, whoever *discovered*, or turned informer, took the benefit of the lease, &c. &c."

From the death of King William, the affairs of Ireland have taken a different turn. The Catholics being finally subdued, had left the external peace of the country secure, and Irishmen had leisure to regard their internal situation. And here indeed they found ample ground for discontent and alarm. During the troubles, and for some time after, England had assumed a right to bind Ireland by specific acts of parliament, which *ex necessitate rei* had been acquiesced in. But now that the cause was removed, the Irish thought it reasonable the effect should cease; and at length, in 1698, the noble tract of Molyneux appeared under the title of "The Case of Ireland being bound by English Acts of Parliament." This pamphlet may be considered as the commencement of those political hostilities which, after a struggle of above fourty years, have at length terminated in the Independence of Ireland. At the publication of this book the parliament of England took the alarm, and voted it a seditious libel, burned it by the hands of the common hangman, and boldly declared that "Ireland was, and ought to be, subordinate and dependent on the Imperial Crown of England." The situation of Ireland at that time would not permit her to struggle, and under a gloomy silence the whole business rested, Molyneux's book, however, was not forgotten.

gotten. The next open dissention was in the year 1719, in which, on the occasion of an appeal to the British House of Lords, and the denial of their jurisdiction by the House of Lords in Ireland, the famous Declaratory Act was passed, better known by the name of the 6th of George I. which sets forth, that

"Whereas attempts have been lately made to shake off the subjection of Ireland unto the imperial crown of this realm: And whereas the House of Lords in Ireland have of late assumed, against law, a power to examine and amend the judgments of the courts of justice in Ireland: Therefore, be it enacted, that the said kingdom of Ireland is subordinate unto, and dependent upon, the imperial Crown of Great-Britain: and that the King's Majesty, by and with the consent of the Lords and Commons of Great-Britain, has full power and authority to make laws and statutes to bind the people and the kingdom of Ireland. And be it farther enacted, that the House of Lords of Ireland have not any jurisdiction to judge of, affirm, or reverse, any judgment or decree given in any court within the said kingdom."—The bill having met with the concurrence of the commons, and received the King's assent, became an act of parliament; so that the claim laid by the British House of Peers to jurisdiction over the kingdom of Ireland, was, in case of future opposition, to be backed by the whole strength of Great Britain.

This is rather a singular mode of deciding a difference. Two parties differ; the stronger oppresses the weaker; the weaker remonstrates, and is answered by a declaration: so that what to-day is fact, to-morrow is precedent; what to-day is injustice, to-morrow is law! The House of Lords in Ireland did not tamely submit to this infringement of their privileges and the national liberty; but Ireland was still poor, weak, and divided; so that after a very short and ineffectual struggle in parliament, she quietly yielded her mouth to the bit, and the authority of England appeared as firm as the Pyramids of Egypt. But the great day of redemption was now at hand. The unfortunate war, as to Britain, of 1775, which exhausted her force and broke her empire, was attended with a recovery of the constitutional independence of Ireland.—The exigencies of England compelled her to withdraw her troops, and the nation was left to her own resources for defence. An army of citizens, self-appointed, self-armed, self-paid and disciplined, rose like an exhalation: from one extremity of the island to the other nothing was heard but the din of arms. Their officers were men of the

first rank, fortune, and abilities; of whose very not to be doubted, and who approved by their conduct that their wisdom was not less: by the most moderate computation they amounted to forty thousand men. Government, which at first had affected to ridicule, was soon taught to respect, and not to dread them. The Volunteers took their own strength, and were supported by the unanimous voice of the people at large. They formally required a total liberation, first of their trade; and then of their constitution. Great-Britain, and greater in her fall than in her proudest success, felt the justice of their claim. She saw the long and patient sufferings of Ireland; she knew that, in fact, by acceding to her demands she did but sacrifice national pride to national justice; and with equal wisdom and magnanimity gave up what Ireland was resolute to obtain, and the refusal of which would certainly have been followed by a struggle ruinous to the interests, perhaps subversive of the very name of both countries. On a fair statement it will appear, that Ireland gained much; England lost little, if any thing. The repeal of the declaratory law, the supreme jurisdiction of the Irish House of Peers, the power of framing bills originally in the Irish parliament, the mutiny law, and the independence of the Judges; these do not appear to have been unreasonably demands, and therefore they were successful. Ireland having thus secured her external independence, set herself to reform her parliament at home, in the election of which great grievances appear to exist: but here her efforts were not successful; there is, however, a pertinacity in the people of that country which renders it highly probable they will persist until they obtain a reform in the representation.

Such is the account given by M. De Lolme of the past and present state of Ireland, which is, as was observed, merely historical. The remainder of the work is said to be "by another hand." This gentleman is a strenuous and an able advocate for an union between Great-Britain and Ireland. He quotes the opinions of several eminent politicians in its favour; but then—"we lions are none of us painters,"—they are all Englishmen. Whether an union would be a measure advantageous to Ireland or not, we confess ourselves incompetent to decide; but it is certain no measure can be more unpopular on both sides. The English evidently do not wish to give up a share in their commerce, and the Irish are as little inclined to part with their newly-recovered constitution. It is not pleasant to confess it, but we fear it is so

that there is not a very cordial national affection between the countries; nor do we hear of any inconvenience resulting from their present mode of connection, which therefore we do not wish to see drawn closer. At any rate, very

many years must elapse before such a measure can become advisable to attempt, it indeed the prejudices both of England and Ireland will ever admit it to be carried into execution.

An Account of the Landed Property of the Crown, as contained in the Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the Land Revenue *. 4to. 12s. 6d. Hooper.

IN our Magazines for July and August we gave an abstract of a very useful and well-written work on the Land-Revenue, by the Hon. Mr. St. John, to which the present publication forms a valuable supplement. It is indeed no other than a *rent-roll* of royal estates, containing a description of all the landed possessions and revenues of the Crown in England and Wales, so far as is entered in the office of the Surveyor-general of the Crown Lands, for the remainder of long terms granted prior to the passing of the civil list act of the first year of Queen Anne, and not yet expired; or under leases granted since that period for terms not exceeding thirty-one years, or three lives; excepting in cases of mortgages and tenements, which are allowed to be granted for fifty years, or three lives, conformably to the limitations of the said act. It may be here necessary to observe, that, besides the estates before mentioned, there are others not entered in the office of the Surveyor-general, which were granted by the Crown on long term, prior to the accession of Queen Anne; these will become the objects of future attention.

To render this account and abstract as intelligible as possible the substance is arranged in columns under different heads. The first gives the counties in alphabetical order, with a brief description of the lands, houses, or other hereditaments, demised in each county; then follow the names of the lessee—the date of the lease—the terms which they grant, and the periods of expiration—the value of the premises by the latest survey or estimate, according to the Surveyor-general's report—the fines received on renewal—the old rents formerly received—the increased and new rent, such as is to be taken place in case new leases shall be granted—Lastly, some observations applicable to the particulars contained in the respective tables.

On looking through this schedule, the first observation that strikes us is the grievous mismanagement of the Land-Revenue in prodigal grants to opulent individuals, by which the Crown is impoverished, at the same time that the receiver is by no

means proportionably benefited. It appears that the actual value of the Crown Lands is 102,626l. 14s. 1½d. while the rents received amount at present to 10,563l. 12s. 1d. with an eventual rise at remote periods and contingencies of 6,221l. 2½d. so that the estate is under let no less a sum than 55,542l. 1s. 9½d. per annum;—for somewhat less than *one-sixth* of its value! In Berkshire, the value is 1,428l. 19s. and the actual rent 213l. 18s. 3d. In Essex the disproportion is greater, the value being 2,897l. 5s. 4½d. and the rent but 225l. 2s. 7½d. In Kent, the estate is 65,178l. 12s. 10½d. the rent 500l. 18s. 1d. Lincolnshire is estimated at 3,574l. 12s. 6½d. and produces 352l. 10s. 0½d. Norfolk is valued at 1,644l. 12s. 5d. and the rent is 158l. 4½d. Surrey is not behind-hand in mismanagement; her value is 6,969l. 18s. 2½d. her produce 639l. 6s. 9½d. or somewhat under *a tenth* of what it should be. Yorkshire is rated by the Surveyor-general at 4,942l. 4s. 7½d. and yields 550l. 6s. 10d. which is very nearly *a sixth* of the real value. But Middlesex out-does all, the rate is 61,024l. 11s. 11d½. and the produce 4,709l. 8s. 7d. or very nearly *three times* less than the real value.

This gross mismanagement we can hardly hope to see remedied, while the Land-Revenue remains on its present footing; at the same time that it is evident, if it were put in a proper train, it might become an object of national concern. As it now stands, it is an appendage to the Crown's military, and so to be even disgraceful, producing but 10,000l. a-year; and of those who are benefited by it, a great majority would not feel the loss, if they were even to pay the real value of their *fermes*, instead of a nominal *six-and-eight-pence*. It is therefore our earnest wish that the whole of the Land-Revenue, or at least such part as can be sold without a great loss, be immediately disposed of, and the principal vested, part of it to make good the charges at present sustained by the Land-Revenue, and the remainder for the general service of the nation. The liberality of Parliament in granting one million sterling annually to his Majesty's private use, may well justify the kingdom

* A similar publication of this Report is sold also by Mr. Debrett (the publisher of Mr. St. John's work) in 4to. Price 12s. 6d. Bound.

in expediting, and the King in granting, what, though of little Service and less Honour to him, may yet contribute in some degree to lighten that heavy and almost intolerable burden under which Great-Britain at present staggers.— Indeed the recent enquiries into this subject, the publication of Mr. St. John's book, which from his situation may be looked on as official, and this last Report of the Commissioners, induce us to hope that Administration meditate a reformation of the Land Revenue. How very necessary some reformation is, will appear from a few extracts, which we shall submit from the Schedule, and which will shew in what a prodigal manner that business is at present arranged.

In Essex, Sir John Stawley holds the manor of Echim, value 1857l. per annum, for which he pays a rent of 1500l. and a fine of 1800l. of one year's income: for this he has a tenure of thirty-one years. Sir Sampson Gorton, in Lincolnshire, holds an estate of 1000l. a year for thirty-one years, for which he pays 1100l. and about 2000l. fine. In Middlesex, the Duke of Marlborough pays for his house in the Park 25l. per annum for fifty years, and a fine of 300l. when it is rated, and certainly under-rated by the Surveyor-General 600l. yearly. The Earl of Godolphin has been another hard bargain: his lordship's house in the Park is only worth 300l. a year, and he is charged with 1000l. rent, and the unconscionable rent of 1600l. His lordship's tenure is fifty years. Lady Chifford has an estate from the Crown about Spring-Gardens, granted in 1770, value annually 1130l. for fifty years, for which her ladyship paid 1000l. and for one year's income a fine, which in all amounts to the gross term of 2500l. per annum. Earl Gower pays 56l. per annum for fifty years, and a fine of 1700l. for his house in Whitehall, estimated at 500l. per annum. His Grace of Richmond, in 1770, was unjustly charged 70l. a-year for fifty years, for a house in Privy-Garden, which is now worth above 400l. per annum. The Duke of Portland pays for his house in the same place 160l. 8d. whereas the real value is but 200l. annually. Lord Cadogan pays 14l. 6s. 8d. for 150 messuages in the Privy-Garden, valued at 354l. annually. The Duke of Northumberland is charged for his bargain in Scotland-Yard 13l. 6s. 8d. and it is worth barely 532l. per annum by the valuation. For six separate grants to Rich. Glynn, Esq. the Bishop of Coventry, Lord Germaine, Benjamin Leithculther, Esq. Wilham Graves, Esq. and Lord Walpole, amounting to the gross rent of 2000l. per annum, the

actual receipt is 150l. Earl Temple pays for his house in Pallmall, value 350l. a-year, no more than 25l. Sir Cesar Hawkins for seven houses, value 270l. pays 29l. a-year; about a tenth of the value. Lord Cadogan, to make him amends for his bargain in the Privy-Garden, which clears but 370l. annually, has five messuages in Pallmall for 30l. a-year, which are estimated at 240l. Samuel Rush, Esq. for his farm in Piccadilly, value 500l. a-year, is charged 34l. Daniel Graham, Esq. for 460l. annually, is loaded with 20l. a-year rent. Francis Paddley, Esq. is still worse off; for he pays 55l. a-year for 480l. Sir Joseph Andrews, for 520l. a-year, pays 30l. James Jurin, Esq. pays the enormous rent of 12l. 10s. a-year for twenty-one messuages in Swallow-street, Glasshouse-street, and Leicester-street, which cannot produce him above 700l. a-year. Lord Robert Manners, for 1200l. a-year, pays 85l. Thomas Lee, Esq. for 600l. pays 50l. Thomas Pitt, Esq. pays 17l. 4d. for a neat 1000l. per annum. The Hon. George Hamilton, for 2400l. a-year, pays 10l. and Edward Russell, Esq. for 1800l. pays 20s.—Of all these estates, where they are in land, the terms are for thirty one years; where in houses, for fifty.

From these extracts, and they make but a very few of the kind which we could select, it appears how very necessary reformation is. The grants we have selected are all to men of the greatest consequence, highest rank, or highest fortunes in the Kingdom. To such men the rent of their houses must be a very poor consideration; the rents to individuals would be trifling, while the sum produced by proper management might become of material service to the public.

To this general rent roll are subjoined other Appendices. No. I. states the Total Revenue in Queen Mary's time to produce annually 86,690l. 15s. 2d. No. II. is a Compendium of the whole Revenue and Profit of the Estates of the Crown under James the First, amounting to 426,300l. 17s. 1d. net; and No. III. a List of the Names of all the Mansions, &c. taken by Survey in the reign of Charles the First.

Referring our readers to Mr. St. John's excellent observations on this subject, we shall conclude the present article with a wish that the Minister may take speedy, politic, and effectual steps to rescue the Land Revenue of the Crown from its present state of profligate dilapidation, and put it on a footing at once respectable to the King, and serviceable to the Nation.

An Academy for Groom-Morsemen. By Geoffrey Gambado, Esq. Folio. 11. 1s. Hooper.

THIS ludicrous work, formed on the model of Swift's "Advice to Servants," which has produced so many imitations, is, in many instances, executed with very great humour, and irresistibly provokes our laughter. The author gives directions for every possible mode of horsemanship, walking, trotting, cantering, galloping, stumbling and tumbling, illustrated with copper-plates; of which it is enough to say, that they come from the port-folio of Mr. Bunbury.

Mr. Gambado arranges his work in the following order: How to chuse a horse; how to tackle him; in what sort of dress to ride him; how to mount and manage him; how to ride him out; and above all, how to ride him home again.

As to the first head, the choice of a horse, he leans mostly to that particular class known by the name of dray-horses, in preference to blooded ones.

"On the road, what dangers do we incur from the weakness of our horses! The pitiful spider-legged things of this age fly into a ditch with you at the sight of a pocket handkerchief, or the blowing of your nose; whereas mount one of these, and the world cannot alter your route:—Meet a higler's cart, he will stop it, either with his own head or your leg; fall in with a hackney coach, and he will carry you slap dash against it."

"The height of a horse is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleasing to a traveller than the tentation of continually getting forward; whereas the riding a horse of a contrary make, is like twarming the banners of a stair case, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

"Let him carry his head low, that he may have an eye to the ground, and see the better where he steps.

"The less he lifts his fore-legs, the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush all the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he should do, he will then disperse them to the right and the left, and not have the trouble of kicking the same stone a second time.

* * * * *

"A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (your horse is not a grey one), is to be preferred; as, in the night, although you may be against what you please yourself, no one will ride against you.

"His nose cannot project too much from his neck, for by keeping a constant tight rein on him, you will then sit as firm as if you were held on.

"A horse's ears cannot well be too long: a judicious rider steers his course by fixing his eyes between them. Were he cropt, and that as close as we sometimes see them now-a-days, in a dusky evening the rider might wander the Lord knows where.

* * * * *

"I have found many persons who have purchased horses of me, very inquisitive and troublesome about their eyes; indeed as much so, as if their eyes were any way concerned in the action of the animal. As I know they are not, I give myself very little trouble about them. If a rider is in full possession of his own, what his horse has is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his snouth to direct him where to go, and to lift him up with again, if he tumbles down. Any gentleman chusing, indeed, to ride without a bridle, should look pretty sharp at a horse's eyes before he buys him; be well satisfied with his method of going, be very certain that he is docile, and will stop short with a "wohey *," and after all, be rather scrupulous where he rides him. Let no man tell me that a blind horse is not a match for one with the best of eyes, when it is so dark that he cannot see: and when he can, it is to be supposed the gentleman upon his back can, as well as he; and then, if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear?"

In the article of dress, our author recommends a large white wig, a cocked hat, black plush breeches in summer, and a pompadour or some other flashy-coloured coat, that in case of an accident, as your horse running on across the country, or the like, you may be a more conspicuous object for the pursuit of your friends; or at worst, that they may know in what part of the world to have you *et cetera*. Your boots and breeches knees must never meet, so that the flap of your saddle chusing you agreeably between them, may satisfy you that your leg is in a proper position.

"Be very careful to spur your horse in the shoulders only; there he has most feeling, because he has most veins; besides, by spurring at his body, five times in six your labour is lost: if you are a short man, you spur the saddle-cloth; if you are leggy, you never touch him at all; and if middling, you

* * I have searched Chambers and Johnson for this Wohey! but cannot find him. I do not recollect such a word in all Shakespeare, and he dealt at large in the language. Neither is it to be met with in Master Bailey's delicate Collection of Provincialisms. What is Wohey?"

only wear out your own girths, without your horse being a bit the better for it."

"On riding eastward or westward, keep your toes due north and south, and converse."

"Thus your spurs may be brought into play, with little or no exertion; and this, in turning sharp round a post, your horse may be prevented from hurting himself by running against it."

"The being able to guide a horse, is a matter of some moment on the road, though it may not be so any where else; and I would advise you always to ride with a lash whip, it shews the spiritman, and will assist you much in your steering. If your horse bears too much to the right, of course you drop the reins entirely on that side, and pull them up sharp with both hands on the other; but if that does not answer, you must refer to your whip, and a good smart cut over his right cheek and eye, will soon set him straight again. This is the mode you will see adopted by every judicious pig-driver †, and I am told that a pig is esteemed by judges, to be far more averse to direct progression, than a horse."

"Before ever your horse gets into motion, clap both your spurs into him pretty sharp, this will set him going for the whole day, and shew him you have spurs on, which if he did not know, he might incline to be idle. Thus then you go off with eclat, provided nothing is in your horse's way, and if there is, you have probably put him so on his mottle, that he will leap over it and run away with you. If he should, however, you will make a most spirited and magnanimous appearance."

"When a man is once well run away with, the first thing that occurs to him, I imagine, is how to stop his horse; but men by no means agree in their modes of bringing this matter about. Some will run him at a ditch, which I allow to be a promising experiment, if he leaps ill or not at all. Frenchmen (and the French are excellent horsemen) will ride against one another, no bad way either, and I have seen riders make directly for a stable (if a door happens to be open), and with good effect."

"Of all these methods, I am clearly for"

the stable door; because, if carrying full speed, you should be afraid of your horse, spread out your legs immediately, and your horse will go without you."

"In riding the road, observe in passing a whisky, a phaeton, or a stage-coach, in any carriage where the driver sits on the right hand, to pass it on that side; he may not see you on the other; and though you may meet with a lash in the eye, what is the loss of an eye to a leg, or perhaps a neck."

"Should a man on horseback be on the road, and leading another horse, always dash by the led one; you might otherwise let the man's horse creeping, and perhaps throw him off; and you can get but a kick or two for obeying my instructions."

"In passing a waggon or any tremendous equipage, should it run pretty near a bank, and there be but a ditch and an open country on its other side, if you are on business and in a hurry, dash up the bank without hesitation, for should you take the other side, and your horse shy at the carriage, you may be carried many hundred yards out of your road, whereas by a little effort of courage, you need only graze the wheel, fly up the bank, and by slipping or tumbling down into the road again, go little or nothing out of your way."

Having laid down these admirable rules, Mr. Geoffrey Gambrill concludes poetically with a hope to see his pupils yet on Sunday,

"—————Fearful to be late,
Scour the New Road, and dash thro' Grosvenor-gate;
Anxious and fearful too his steed to shew,
The proud Bucephalus of Rotten-Row;
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly fly,
Woo's the stray glance of ladies passing by;
While his left noel, unobtrusively aside
Provokes the caper that he seems to chide."

The Plates, which are most happily adapted to the work, particularly "How to stop your horse," "How to turn any horse, mare, or gelding," "How to ride genteel and agreeable up Hyde-Park," and "How to stop your horse at pleasure," which are immensely ludicrous, conclude this very laughable performance.

† "A very in-judicious remark this: were a pig to be driven in a hard and sharp, or a Weymouth, and a horse in packthread tied to his hind-leg, it is a matter of doubt with me, whether the latter would drive so handy as the former. As pigs now can play at cards as well as horses, I think it is but fair to suppose them capable of dancing a minuet with equal activity and grace, whatever Mr. Astley may alledge to the contrary. The author is very hard upon pigs."

THE LONDON REVIEW,

Comparative Reflections on the past and present Political, Commercial and Civil State of Great Britain. With some Thoughts concerning Emigration. By Richard Champion, Esq. late Deputy Paymaster General of his Majesty's Forces, and Author of Considerations on the Situation of Great Britain, with respect to the United States of America. 8vo. 6s. Debrett.

(Concluded from Page 205.)

THE Sixth Letter is entitled, "An explanation of the apparent contradiction in the actions of the principal leaders, with respect to America, at two different periods of time."—"The first of these periods (he says) was when Lord Rockingham came into office in April 1782. That excellent nobleman refused to accept the Administration, until the conditions which he stipulated to be performed, were previously agreed to by the Court. One of these stipulations was, that an immediate end should be put to the American war, and the independence of the United States unconditionally granted."—This is a full confirmation of what we stated in a former Review, that the Marquis of Rockingham's last and the best Administration laid the foundation of an eternal separation between Great-Britain and her refractory Colonies. "The last of these periods (says he) was when the Duke of Portland came into Administration in conjunction with Lord North, Lord Stormont, and Lord Carlisle, men who had hitherto acted upon opposite principles to him."—*Quis talis tandem interfecta lachrymis?* Here the names of the managers and other Members of the Coalition are carefully avoided which ought to stand foremost on the list, names which constituted the very essence of the Coalition, one side of it at least; but we must leave our Author to wander by himself through the maze which forms the remainder of this letter, and pass by the Seventh Letter, explaining the circumstances attending the formation of Lord Rockingham's Administration, a subject we are not very competent to traverse.

The Eighth Letter, on the necessity of vesting the administration of government in an able and vigorous Minister, begins thus: "Could we suppose a Prince in the situation of having committed faults, it might follow, that he would find a full remedy in expiation; and this by throwing himself into the hands of those, but those only, who had been the tried friends of his family." "This country can bear a subject whose character is exactly adapted to

take the lead in administration, even during the most distasteful state of affairs."—This is saying a vast deal indeed, in a few words, if these words can be made good; but after the most careful and attentive perusal of this letter, consisting of eighteen pages, describing the man in the most highly-flown style of panegyric, we confess ourselves utterly unable to make the application to any man living; or even to guess, with any satisfaction to ourselves, at the man here pretended to be pointed out to public approbation, and as an object of Royal confidence and universal applause; which description he concludes with these words.—"Any Prince whatsoever might accomplish the purposes of ease to himself, his family, and his people, by vesting the administration of his affairs in the hands of such a man as I have here described—a man of integrity, of honour, of ability; supported by families of great property and extensive connections; in fine, possessed of those qualifications, which, by engaging the confidence of all honest men, would put an end to any distractions of the Empire, even in the moment of their arising, and timely guard against the calamities which, in such a case, would threaten the kingdom; and hence peace and happiness to the Prince and people would certainly ensue."—Now we say without reserve, that if there exists such a man as is here described may he be the Man whom the King shall delight to honour and place all his confidence in, and invest with ample unconfined powers to manage all his affairs foreign and domestic, to the satisfaction of the Prince upon the throne, and the great joy and comfort of all his loyal loving subjects; to which we believe all the people will say AMEN!—Who? where is the man?—Let him be pointed out immediately, without loss of a moment of time. There is not a moment to lose.

The Ninth Letter is on the state of the commerce of Great-Britain before the war; and, indeed, goes on to trace the progress of trade in the war, which he considers principally to have arisen from the

the trade of war, as a vast trade in itself, which employed many hands; but the consideration of this article we shall leave to merchants, manufacturers, and others concerned in the trades of peace and war.

The Tenth Letter treats of the State of Commerce of Great-Britain since the peace—reflects severely on the British Administrations for their prohibitory laws and regulations enacted and carried into execution against the Americans, but carefully avoids saying any thing reflecting the least on the United States, for the provocation on their part given to the British Legislature to use these methods.—

He says, "It is very probable, that the dreadful prospect which opens itself to Great-Britain will soon be matured. The two great wounds which the commercial part of it may expect, will be received from the East-India Company, and the American Merchants. Of the latter enough has been said: the former cannot be mentioned without horror."—It is somewhat remarkable that our zealous Author should here couple his beloved Americans with his execrated East-Indians, as the joint cause of the downfall of the British Empire. He then proceeds to draw a pretty striking and true picture of the present state of the East-India Company, and the conduct of their upper-servants; touches upon the conduct of Administration loading the people with taxes for the support of that Company; the commutation act, and the pernicious consequences accruing to the public from the tea-trade; and adds the following emphatical words: "The people, who have been plundered by the present Ministers, to pay their duties and their dividends, are still to be plundered to pay off their debts, in order to re-establish this monopoly for farther oppression and distress."—It is well worth the while of Ministers and Parliament to consider attentively, and see whether these things are so or not?

Our Author then goes on to enquire into the advantage or disadvantage derived from a trade with India, and thinks it terminates in an exchange of the silver of Europe for the manufactures and luxuries of the East. He then relates the different ancient modes of merchandize with the East, by the way of the Caspian and Buxine Seas, through Alexandria in Egypt and the city of Venice, which terminated at last in a voyage by the way of the Cape of Good Hope. How long that will continue, he does not take upon him to say, but thinks it would be a much more

natural communication, if the trade should fall back into its ancient channel through Egypt; for which he offers several plausible reasons, through which we cannot spare room to follow him, nor yet through various other speculations on bullion, gold, and silver, and their effects upon Spain and Portugal.

The Eleventh Letter, upon the former and present State of the Manners of the People of Great-Britain, contains many excellent observations, well worthy of the serious consideration of all ranks of people in Great Britain.

In the Twelfth Letter he ascribes the change of our manners chiefly to the effect which the East-India wealth has produced; wherein he glances at "rings, bracelets, stomachers, and other equally valuable jewels, torn out of the mines in the East-Indies, and brought in haste to ornament the persons of some of the most fashionable and exalted members of the community in England;" and at other extraordinary circumstances of India Governors supplanting ancient families in their parliamentary interests and connections, and taking their places, vying with them in magnificence, splendor of mansions, and extravagant living in town and country.

In the Thirteenth Letter, after touching a little on the diminution of respect paid to our Nobility, and the probable causes of the same, Mr. Champion throws out some very severe animadversions on the conductors of our daily newspapers, comparing their number, use, and application formerly, with their present overgrown number, abuse, and deviation from their proper objects, ends, and designs of public utility, to contrary and sinister purposes. We leave these things with a recommendation to the Gentlemen concerned to consider well the charge, how far it is justifiable, and to profit by the reproof, and to shew it in their future diurnal productions, by a careful, circumspect, and manly conduct of their respective papers. He then compares the vices of our Nobility with those of the degenerated Romans, as described by *Cicero* and *Ammianus Marcellinus*; adding, that the debasement of manners we have added its natural consequence, servility of mind; and concludes this letter with some gloomy remarks on the public debt, and the confusion it is likely, some time, to occasion.

In the Fourteenth Letter he makes a more ample, general, and striking comparison between the manners of London and Rome, in the days immediately preceding

the destruction of that famous city of the Republic, which he alleges the fires and conflagrations of 1780 had very nearly realised. "The vast body of the citizens, says he, were then incapable of defending her against an unarmed banditti.—In the year 1780 they did not appear to have the power of action. Had not the military arrived at the very instant in which their fate seemed to be suspended in a doubtful balance, the great and opulent city of London would most probably have been plundered and destroyed: a devastation, which, like that of Rome, would have filled the world with horror and apprehension."—We do not coincide in opinion with our author on this point. If such a thing had happened to London, great would have been the catastrophe, no doubt; yet, even in that case, there would have been a very material and essential difference between the state of ancient Rome in the moment of destruction, and the modern Commonwealth of Great Britain suffering such a calamity in her metropolis. All praise and thanks to Divine Providence that the dire experiment was not made!

The 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th Letters are wholly dedicated to the doctrine of emigration from England—as a land of evils and impending calamities—to America, painted as a land flowing with milk and honey, abounding with plenty springing spontaneously out of the earth, without the husbandman's labour, and almost without his care, pointing out the most eligible situation in America for emigrants to resort to, and be blessed in that happy land,

*Offering us blissful isles and happy seats,
Where annual Ceres crowns th' uncultured field,

And vines unpruned their blushing clusters yield,

Where olives, faithful to their season, grow,

And firs with nature's deepest purple glow.

From hollow oaks where honey'd streams distill,

And bounds with noisy foot the pebbled rill;

Where goats, untaught, forsake the flow'ry vale,

And bring their swelling udders to the fall.

Here for the just preserv'd that happy

To which the gods their chosen race have led,
And bid me, raptur'd, fly to that happy flight."

Here is a picture, though somewhat curtailed by us, of something better than Canaan, the ancient Land of Promise, and rising near to the description of Paradise, or garden of Eden itself. Now what man or woman, reading and believing all this, would not be tempted to fly upon the wings of the wind to this beautiful country, as here represented?

Our author, however, seems to have believed himself, in hopes of seeing these visions realised, and actually proceeds to point out the most proper employments of emigrants in America, and what descriptions of men are best adapted to the calls and necessities of that country. He goes even so far as to suggest a regular systematic plan for whole bodies to emigrate from Great Britain and Ireland, to form new colonies in America, and for one colony to be the means of seducing, aiding, and assisting another to abandon their native country, with their wealth, riches, arts and sciences, tools and implements of manufactures, mechanics and husbandry, until all the valuable, useful members of the community should be drawn out, and so leave this depopulated country a mere desolate deserted island. Such a delusive romantic dream, portending destruction to the Commonwealth, and ruin to many, many individuals, is not to be endured even in a land of liberty. We therefore reprobate these whole six Letters.

Upon the whole, we look upon the work under consideration as a kind of a political creed, or confession of faith, as now generally adopted among our Anglo-American enthusiasts and furious oppositionists, both in high and low life, containing all their sentiments collected into one point of view; the chief object whereof seems to be to paint Great Britain as a once great and glorious kingdom now crumbling to pieces, and sinking into irretrievable ruin, coloured with the very blackness of despair, apparently with a view to turn the attention of the readers from this gloomy object to the new United States of America, which he paints as a Phoenix of a new unrivalled Empire, rising out of the ashes of the parent kingdom, possessing all her former excellencies and glory, uncontaminated with her spots and blemishes; and to press home upon the minds of Britons a general emigration to America, as the only just means of avoiding those evils pre-

this devoted instructor, who, in the difficulties, already great in England, should increase to such a degree, as to make the removal of a family unpleasant and inconvenient. Indeed, the whole drift of the book seems to be to induce the good people of Britain to their native country, and to urge them on to seek an asylum in America; and to point out the best method of emigration for individuals, families, kindreds, and whole communities or colonies to embrace and pursue with the most vigorous attention and assiduity. We therefore recommend the readers of the work before us to use great care and circumspection in the perusal, and to make large and liberal allowance for the very strong bias they may see was upon the mind of the author when he wrote it.

We cannot avoid, at the same time,

giving a caution to men in power, to take special care, that, by the conduct and management of national affairs, they do not realise many of those predictions which the author holds out so powerfully. And we scruple not to tell them, that many melancholy truths are incontrovertibly stated by him, which well deserve their most serious consideration, in order to profit by the lessons even of our enemies, more salutary and beneficial to us, when attended to, than the false and exclusive flattery of pretended friends.—*Non est ab hoste doceri!*—It is lawful, nay it is commendable and truly praiseworthy to be taught by the sarcastic and ill-natured admonitions of our adversaries. And with such restraint and caution, we could wish every Minister and servant of the Crown would read and ponder well the contents of this extraordinary production.

The Odes of Anacreon; translated from the Greek. By the Rev. D. H. Urquhart, M. A. 4to. 2s. Cadell.

TO transfuse the beauties of old Anacreon into the English tongue, it requires the nicest touches of art, added to no small share of congeniality of disposition in the translator. To neither of these requisites has Mr. Urquhart any pretensions. Instead of aiming to catch the spirit or fire of the author, his sole object seems to be, to render the meaning li-

terally, faithfully, and, as it were, *verbum verbo*. This being the case, insipidity is the sole characteristic of the version before us; which has not even the merit of being illustrated with notes, either critical or explanatory, or with the smallest remark tending to exhibit in its true light the character of Anacreon, or the period at which he lived.

A Trip to Holland; containing Sketches of Characters: together with Curious Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Dutch. 12mo. 2 vols. 6s. Becket.

THIS trip is of the *sentimental* class, and confessedly formed on the model presented to the fancy of the author by the *Sentimental Journey* of "poor Yorick." The work, though upon the whole rather frivolous, and abounding more in caricatures than faithful pictures of the manners and customs of the Dutch,

is not destitute of merit. We are apt to think, however, that the author would in general have pleased more, had he in general endeavoured to please less, merely by an affectation of—what he is incapable of imitating with success—the *Shandean* manner.

The Romance of Real Life. 3 vols. 12mo. Cadell. 9s. 1789.

THIS Romance, or more properly these Romances are abstracts of several remarkable cases in the jurisprudence of France. The incidents in many of them, though indisputably authenticated, are infinitely more astonishing, and, at least, as instructive as those of the romances of fiction. The great design of this little work is, to caution us against hasty and premature judgments, even when appearances are most strong, and most especially when the life and character of an individual are

at stake, by shewing us how often the high courts of justice in France, after mature thought and close investigation, have been grossly and palpably erroneous in their decision, to the murder of many unhappy wretches, and the eternal degradation of their families. To an Englishman it is meet cause for triumph, that while not a year elapses in France without instances of such misjudgment, in his own country centuries have passed over without a blemish on our tribunals.

THE LONDON REVIEW,

thousand proofs, of the superior excellence of the British constitution, and its sacred palladium, Trial by Jury.

These little stories are related in a plain, but pleasing style; and the name of the

author from whom they are abstracted, is subjoined to each. On the whole, we found it an amusing little work, and we recommend it.

Select Odes from the Persian Poet Hafez. Translated into English Verse, with Notes critical and explanatory, by John Nott. 4to. 10s. 6d. sewed. Cadell.

TO the lovers of oriental literature—those especially who are yet but young in the study of the Persian language—this elaborate but ingenious production will be found a valuable present. With all the sprightly endowments, and voluptuous propensities, which endeared Anacreon to ancient Greece, Hafez, the celebrated Bard of modern Shiraz, not often unites a vein of morality and sentiment which places him in a point of view superior to that in which the old inspired son of Bacchus chose generally to exhibit himself*.

Of the Poet Hafez it is, indeed, no small praise, that in the brilliancy of his wit, added to the charms of his versification, there were such charms as to induce the most powerful sovereigns of the East to solicit the encomiums of his Muse; that even by all the professed pomp and splendor of Courts he could not be induced to relinquish the humble enjoyments of literary retirement; and that the effusions of his imagination were not only the admiration of the jovial and the gay, but the manual, as it were, of piety to the superstitious sons of Mahomet, *occasionally* determining to them the councils of the wise, and prognosticating the fate of armies, and the rise or the downfall of nations.

In his preface, Mr. Nott disclaims all pretensions to novelty of remark upon the productions of his author, but pays a just tribute of respect to the Count Ravuski,

to Mr. Richardson, and to Sir William Jones; professing to have trodden in their steps, though not so implicitly as to preclude the exercise of his own judgment. For the merit of having endeavoured to direct the attention of the public to what had been before said by others, our translator courts no praise. In the work now published, he has exhibited in an English dress, only *seventeen* of the Odes of Hafez; but he has accompanied them with the originals, which, when carefully compared with the elegant versions of Mr. Nott, and particularly with his notes upon them, will, in our opinion, be of no small utility in promoting—what has long been wanted both in a literary and commercial view—a scientific knowledge of the Persian tongue.

In the farther prosecution of this idea, Mr. Nott gives us reason to expect, that should the specimen before us be favourably received, his future labours will contain more accurate and more profound researches into the language of Persia; claiming to himself, in the mean time, the privilege (which far be it from us to deny him) of being tried not by the excellence or imperfection of his work, considered abstractedly, but by its correspondence with the plan he professes to have laid down—a plan, in the execution of which he discovers, it must be confessed, no small degree of ardour, if not actual enthusiasm.

The History of Miss Greville. 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. bound. Cadell.

IN these volumes we discover little novelty of character, little variety of adventure, but much *moral*ty of instruction, lodged in language which if it does not

always deserve the praise due to grammatical purity, seldom fails to please by its vivacity, or to interest by its animation. The grand object of the work being to

*From the life prefixed of Hafez by our Translator, we learn that he was cotemporary with Amurlan, who was exceedingly displeas'd with him for having said in one of his Odes, that he would give for the mole on the cheek of his beloved all Samarcand and Bekbara."—

In the comment on this little passage, a curious portrait is presented of Oriental manners.—It seems, thought that Hafez meant to undervalue the towns of Samarcand and Bekbara, when he had offered to barter *their riches* for the mole on his favourite's cheek. Upon our bard is reported to have said, How can the gifts of Hafez impoverish Timur? mean-
ing that in general had nothing to give; and that they might lavish away kingdoms in gifts, without doing the smallest injury to their royal possessors. Tamerlane acknowledged that he was more pleas'd with the poet's *cost*, than with the utmost panegyric his *king* have bestowed."—

evince

evince by example, that a first attachment of the heart may be weakened, at least, if not wholly conquered, by the united aids of reason and resolution, let us see with what powers of imagination our author has established a doctrine which has created a world of words among philosophers of "school-taught pride," but about which, we believe, among those who ever truly felt in their early years the force of a first impression, there never was, nor is likely to be, but one opinion.

Into the morality of the question we look not, nor have we, at present, any business to look. It is to the general utility or fallacy of the system we should direct our enquiries.

From the story of Miss Greville we learn that the heroine of the piece is deeply enamoured of an amiable and delicate youth, Lord Rivers, who in return loves her with a boundless affection. Before the virtuous purpose of their mutual flame can be accomplished, his friendship finds it necessary to repair to America, and, during the interval of his absence, all the letters he writes to the young lady are intercepted by her father. Stung with this apparent inattention in the mistress of his affections, he is told, and he believes, that she has formed an engagement with another, while she, from the mere enmity of his inuence, concludes him to be, *the rest of his life, such as a constant*

proceedings, the lovers are rendered anxious and unhappy about each other; the father of Miss Greville becomes involved in pecuniary difficulties; and his generous friend in those difficulties he introduces to her acquaintance Charles Mortimer. Miss Greville is charmed with generosity, and she is charmed with it when, by a stratagem that cannot adorn the modesty, he relieves her wants with still more generosity than he had relieved those of her father.

Of all these generous proceedings the consequence is that in a very short space of time Miss Greville becomes Lady Mortimer. While they are yet at the height of ascended happiness, Rivers returns; and all the frauds that had been practised to delude both him and his still-loved Greville, are exhibited in their naked colours. It now appears, that Rivers and Mortimer had themselves lived for nearly in habits of intimate friendship. The lady, however, is superior to the error of her eyes, and she is surprised and the vast debt of gratitude she owes to Mortimer; nor will she deviate from the line of conduct which *virtue* prescribes to his wife. The consequence is—thanks to the influence of her husband she remains a silly person, and she is the bosom of her father-in-law—the dupe of her father-in-law's schemes to America, and—

While, in consequence of the

Alan Fitz Osborne, an Historical Tale

IN this "Historical Tale," we behold truth and fiction intermingled, and defiance, which might be expected in a fiction intermingled with many instances of truth.

The story of the piece is that of a young man, who, after the death of his father, is left in possession of the estate, while the mother is in a state of "puzzled in maze" while endeavouring to develop the various incidents of *incongruity* which compose the work, that he must be blessed with more patience than has fallen to our lot, if he does not "ever and anon exclaim to himself, 'How come I was'."

But from this rude, heterogeneous fiction, let us endeavour to form for *itself* like a regular fabric of truth.—An outline, then, we will attempt to give of the story, as exhibited before us, not, ho

by Mrs. L. 2 vols. 1810. 6s.

ever, we will endeavour upon it every attempt to be made, and we will endeavour to be as faithful as we can to the original. The story is a tale of a young man, who, after the death of his father, is left in possession of the estate, while the mother is in a state of "puzzled in maze" while endeavouring to develop the various incidents of *incongruity* which compose the work, that he must be blessed with more patience than has fallen to our lot, if he does not "ever and anon exclaim to himself, 'How come I was'."

Walter is the name of this brother, and by the name of Matilda his beautiful sister, who is loved with equal indignation and love.

In the character of a man possessed of feminine virtues, we are told that those of Walter,

a sudden transition from extreme love to extreme aversion is natural. But *reason alone* pervades not the bosom of Walter after his repulse from Matilda. He meditates, and he accomplishes his death, after having by the basest machinations contrived to send her husband to the *Holy Land*, where rumour spreads it that the good Earl had fallen in battle.

In the mean time, Edward, the eldest son of King Henry, having passed the years of infancy, begins, with all the vigour of manhood, to join the pious followers of the Cross*. At the departure of the Earl—the meek, it would appear, the *simple* Earl—Alan was entrusted to the care of the perfidious Walter, who, thirsting still for blood, not only persecuted him with a relentless, though unprovoked vengeance, but made a base attempt upon his life.

At length the illustrious youth, in defiance of all opposition, arrives safely in the *sanctified* territory of Palestine. There he behaves like a Hero—a *Christian Hero*; and after many triumphant engagements, as a Champion of the *Cross* against the multitudinous and multiform Champions of the *Crescent*, he obtains a truce from the mighty Sultan of Baby-

In the course of this truce the victorious Alan, overcome with melancholy, becomes, amidst all his conquests, enshrouded of solitude; and, throwing from him the *laurels* he had acquired,

passes the interval in "*inglorious ease*," among the woods of Joppa.

In those woods—mark it, reader!—the youth discovers his *long-lost father*, who was *supposed* to have fallen in battle, but who—mark it again!—(sunk into melancholy like his son—had become an ANCHORET. But *why* did he become an Anchorer? The beaux and belles of *our day* will laugh when we tell them, that the reason was, *he doubted the fidelity of his WIFE*.

Wars, however, and even the *rumours* of wars, at length cease. And what is the consequence? An incident from which we are informed, that the dutiful youth brings his father back to England; where, uniting himself to a woman of virtue, he is represented to be blessed, *supremely* blessed, in the arms of Love, Peace, and Friendship.

Love, Peace, and Friendship!—Often in the course of these volumes have such *care- soothing* expressions met our ears; but so it has happened, that they have but few, striking instances truly reached our hearts. Miss Fuller, however, must not be dismissed till we have paid her the compliment (and it exceeds a compliment, for it is a *truth*) of observing, that amidst all the imperfections of her work, there is a *nerve* in her style of which many *gentlemen*-authors might be proud, and of which it will please us to see a repetition on a subject more favourable to her talents than that of Alan Fitz-Osborne.

The Adventures of Monsieur Provence, Fortnight at Paris. Translated from Kearsley.

being a Supplement to the Englishman's the French. 12mo. 2 vols. 6s. sewed.

THERE are few of our readers, we should suppose, who do not recollect—recollect too with some pleasure—the *Milord* who shone so conspicuously in the *Quinzaine Anglois*, or "Englishman's Fortnight at Paris." Be this as it

may (as in the world of literature there are many *strange* disguises) we cannot help suspecting the "Supplement" before us to be a production of the very pen that produced the work itself.

In the moral of each, certain it is, that

* In perusing a *Tale*, even when dignified with the epithet *historical*, we expect not to "see things as they are," nor even as they literally were; but here, or rather in what follows, we find a gross, an improper, and—what is unpardonable—an *unnecessary* deviation from truth. On this subject what says History?—What, consonant to History, does even the Muse of Thomson say in his Edward and Eleanor?—There we learn that Edward was accompanied to the Holy Wars by his dear, his virtuous Eleanor; that he was wounded by a poisoned arrow; and that, with an affection and a fortitude that have already immortalised her name, she sucked from his deadly sore the venom, preserving his life by the deed, while she manifestly endangered her own.—Alas! Miss Fuller, where was your recollection, when you omitted this *grand* historical fact? Of what avail might it not have been to you, even in the formation of a *Tale*? In such cases, Miss, *away* with your "SALVES!"—At present, criticism—and sorry are we to say it—CRITICISM admits not of a *single SALVO* for you, when, like another good Lady Bountiful, you represent the cure in question to have been accom-

no two pieces can be more different; for as in the one we behold a man of real merit, who, with all the advantages that might be supposed to flow from superior birth, superior education, and even superior talents, is suffered to pine in obscurity and want, so in the other we have the picture of a wretch, who, merely through stratagem and intrigue, obtains both wealth and honour.

The object of the present work is to shew, that "genius, however rare, is almost every where to be found in him who possesses them;" and that there were not some truth in the saying, when the author boldly declares, "Genius is often despondent and timorous, while Folly stalks abroad successful and triumphant."

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Bromley, Oct. 4, 1787.

GENTLEMEN,

NOI any of the Grammars or Dictionaries I have yet seen, have taken any notice of the word *as*, but as a Conjunction.—It has even escaped the observation of the late learned Dr. Johnson, though in his Dictionary he has quoted a sentence from Illation in which it occurs twice, but not reconcilable to that part of speech which is called a Conjunction. The sentence alluded to is this "Is it not every man's interest, that there shou'd be *such* a Governour of the world *as* designs our happiness, *as* wou'd govern us for our advantage?" Vide Johnson's Dict. A. 19, answering to *such*.

In remarking upon this, I would not be thought by any means to dictate to *such* a one *as* Johnson was, but if any future English Grammar or Dictionary shall make its appearance, may it not be thought worth the author's while to take more notice of this word than what has been hitherto done, and give it a place among

Relative Conjunctions? I admit that all Relative Conjunctions have the nature of Conjunctions—but few Conjunctions have the nature of Relatives. In the above sentence, and others of the same kind, the word *as* must (in my opinion at least) be as much a Relative as the words *who*, *which*, *that*, &c. But admitting it a Conjunction, where is the nominative case to the verbs *designs* and *wou'd govern*? If it be a Conjunction, this case, the sentence must be elliptical, which, I think, is not necessary. Translating it into any other language, *Latin* or *French*, should we use *et* and *qualis*, *tel* and *quel*, &c. These are crude observations I have thrown together in hopes of seeing it more intelligently handled by some of your more ingenious Correspondents, if these observations should be deemed worthy of an insert in your useful and entertaining Magazine.

Your's, Gentlemen,

K—II—

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

Dover.

THE following Anecdote may be depended on as a fact. Its insertion in the *European Magazine* will further oblige your correspondent.

RUSTICUS.

ANECDOTE OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

IN the year 1767, Rousseau, piqued at the neglect with which he found himself treated in this Kingdom after his ridiculous charges against his friend David Hume, quitted Wootton in Derbyshire very abruptly—even without acknowledging the many civilities he had received from Mr. Davenport, to whom the house he had selected as belonging to, and for the use of

which he was indebted to that gentleman's friendship for Mr. Hume. On his arrival at Dover, in Kent, as the wind or tide did not serve for the passage-boats to London, immediately, he received an invitation to dine with P—— F——, Esq. a respectable character of that place. Whilst at dinner, he expressed the greatest impatience to be at sea, and could not be persuaded

... had been requested by Gene-
... way, then Secretary of State, to
... him. In this belief he fled from ta-
... repeat. By, ran to the ... and ex-
... ly looked if the wind was fair. At last,
... of every assistance from his kind
... tainer, that he was at liberty to do as
... pleased, his fears to overcome his reason,
... he hasted on board the boat, which
... lay dry in the harbour, and shut
... self up in the cabin. At this want of
... sistance in John James, Mr F—— ask-
... his governante, a delicious lady who re-
... with him under that appellation,
... method it would be most eligible to
... to bring the eccentric philosopher
... his hiding-place. She, well ac-
... with all his extravagancies, and
... her own power over him, went, at
... request, after the runaway.
... began with displaying the very impo-
... manner in which he had returned the
... intentions of that gentleman, and how
... which begeth a man of sense to act
... he had done. Even those who know
... thing of Rousseau, express the opinion
... entertained that every individual, every
... to render him an object
... and misery. He supposed
... every one knew his person and his
... and thence became suspicious of
... one. With this idea ever in his
... he was apprehensive that the ac-
... of the wind's not being fair, was
... a pretext to detain him in this king-
... What could induce him to invite
... the English vishe I to his return to
... France, it would be difficult, I believe, to
... account. But that it may, the good
... rhetoric was all given to the wind.
... At last, vexed at the obstinacy of John
... she began to menace and abuse
... imperceptibly, with all the
... of female indignation. This had
... desired effect; the poor philosopher,
... for wishing to live in peace, and yielding
... to the violence of his rage in the
... of her arguments, followed the good
... woman, to the shore
... returned to Mr F——'s house, and
... comfortably with that gentleman and
... lady till late in the evening. A
... other things he expressed a fear that
... might be in his writings some un-

... ments which the vulgar misundersand-
... ing, and his enemies misrepresenting,
... would prove prejudicial to the interests of
... religion. He said he wrote to men of
... sense and feeling only—always from the
... heart, and with the purest intentions —
... I am not ignorant of the human mind,
... (continued he) I know what influence the
... writings of a man even so little known to
... some as I am, may have upon the thought-
... less part of mankind. I never tremble to
... think of the effect which the Confessions of
... Faith of a Savoyard Vicar, published in my
... Treatise on Education, may produce in
... the minds of the weak and undiscerning.
... I am the most miserable of men. Before
... I commenced author, no one enjoyed life
... with greater delight than I did. At the
... age of forty, a question proposed by the
... Academy of Sciences at Dijon in Burgun-
... dy, raised my ambition to become an au-
... thor. Success made me foolish enough to
... continue one, and from that period have I
... been the most persecuted, banished, and
... unhappy of the human race. Every cir-
... cumstance of my life has been maliciously
... held forth to the public view, and always
... in a false light.

Rousseau was a man of great sensibility,
... but that sensibility degenerating into
... weakness, proved a source of distress and
... inquietude to himself and all that sur-
... rounded him. With all his powers of mind he
... had but little knowledge of what is termed
... the World. He knew the heart of man,
... but he knew it only in its state of purity,
... before custom, luxury, and necessity, had
... made it what we now see.

A few years after his return to the con-
... tinent, Rousseau married the woman men-
... tioned above as his governante. To the
... best of my information she is still living.

I have, somewhere, a copy of French
... verses written by Rousseau on his wife,
... which a gentleman, just returned from
... France, put into my hands a few weeks
... since. As I have not taken time to print,
... they shall be at your service very soon, be-
... lieve me, at present.

N. B. In your last Magazine, p 10235,
... column 2, line 12, for *it* read *itself*,
... as it was in my copy — "An epistle
... drawn from art de gales nature," says
... Dr Johnson.

DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD
BETWEEN A FAQUIR AND A VESTAL.
By Mr. MERCIER.

Faquir.

OP what service has it been to me, during forty years, to be driving nails in my buttocks, sleeping whilst upon my legs, suspending myself by a rope over the flames, or looking at the tip of my nose until it was illuminated? I believed I should have gone straight to the paradise of our Holy Prophet, and there enjoyed the blue-eyed Houries. I am finely deceived! I have neither Holy nor wife; I am no longer any thing but a poor wandering shade, that a blast of wind sends from one side to another; I have not even the desires I restrained; and all this the better to taste the celestial enjoyments.

Vestal. You have great reason to complain truly! Were you buried alive, like me? They certainly waited until you were dead before you were buried.

Faq. You must surely have been, then, in a desperate trance?

Vest. No. A senate who called themselves the legislators of the earth, and a people who conquered it by their arms, condemned me to that punishment.

Faq. You must, then, have been a traitress to the state?

Vest. No.

Faq. What had you done, then?

Vest. What did I do!

Faq. You hesitate.

Vest. There are certain things we cannot relate without reluctance.—

Faq. Why? What we did with our bodies above has no relation to our present situation; it is a kind of covering we have thrown off, and is now foreign to us. Let us honestly own our past follies; I was an idiot all my life, mortifying, scourging, flashing my poor body that could not but—You do not seem to have done as much.—Come, do not blush, tell me all; what signify a few spots on the clothes that are no longer ours?

Vest. (*sighing*) Do you know Rome?

Faq. No.

Vest. How! Yet it conquered the whole world.

Faq. The whole world! Not so neither; I protest I never heard any mention made of Rome. But what connection is there between that city and your extraordinary interment?

Vest. I was born in that city, the mistress of the Universe. They attributed their preservation to some bucklers which fell from Heaven, and keeping up a fire which came down in the same manner.

Faq. That was a strange kind of super-

sition in a people whom you represent as governing the whole earth by their arms and laws!

Vest. The keeping up this sacred fire, deposited in a temple, was entrusted to young girls. I was chosen to watch over this celestial fire; and as they believed the empire would be endangered if it was suffered to go out, the law punished our negligence with death. We were, moreover, commanded to preserve our virginity on pain of being buried alive.

Faq. Ah! I now distinctly perceive why you were buried before you died. But I am much astonished that such a conquering nation should attach its great and proud destiny to the frail security of virginity.

Vest. They did every thing to make us forget this sacrifice; rank, dignity, respect, riches, every thing was granted us. The most honourable seats at public spectacles were reserved for us. The axes and fasces were carried before us, and those of the Consuls bowed down to us. If a criminal fell in our way, our meeting confirmed his pardon and saved him from punishment.

Faq. Those were extraordinary privileges. But amidst those honours and universal respect, you did not think you had amends enough made you?

Vest. Notwithstanding the tremendous law, the shame, the most cruel death with which I was threatened, I became—sacrilegious.

Faq. The violation of your oath had, then, very alluring charms, madam?

Vest. The executioners, the desolation of Rome, of my family, the pontiffs, the fulminations of Heaven and earth, all vanished in presence of my lover.—He risked as much as I.

Faq. Then I have nothing more to say.—

Vest. When I promised to live chastely, serenity then filled my soul, and the innocent life I led could not inform me of the extent of the sacrifice. But solitude soon destroyed the veil of infamy. I felt an insupportable void; my imagination penetrated the temple's walls, and far distant from its melancholy enclosure sought the object it delighted to adorn with all manner of perfection. My duty appeared severe; encompassed with the homage of my country, I envied the obscure liberty of the meanest citizen. I saw nothing at length in this unextinguishable fire, placed on Vesta's altar, but the emblem of the useless flame that fired my breast.

Faq. You were more enlightened at least than

than me. I was first the dupe of all the extravagancies to which I became a victim. I was honestly a martyr, which is very rare. But tell me something of your lover, the name of this sacrilegious man.—The story is interesting.

Vest. His name was Valerius. One day I saw him at the temple viewing me attentively; it seemed as if a fiery dart had pierced my heart: I caught a look, and was enlightened, as if surrounded with a new existence. Nature seemed embellished; I tasted, for the first time, the forerunner of happiness. Whenever I suspected my lover to be within the enclosure of the temple, I walked with more grace and dignity: he viewed me, concealed, in the crowd; frequently on great solemnities. I was surrounded with acclamations, and this profane crowd knew not for whom I assumed the noble deportment, and added to the pomp of the worship of which my lover was the secret divinity. But when the crowd retired, the temple being shut, every thing around me was gloomy darkness; my soul was engrossed by squalid melancholy and wretched despair. I rent the solitary walk with my groans.—I said to myself, I love; and Valerius, in the midst of Rome, surrounded by easy and seducing beauties, will condemn a conquest which will be dangerous: he will not have the resolution to encounter death for me; the charms of all the Roman ladies are offered him, they vie with each other for him, they attach him, they draw him away by turns. Must I, then, remain in ignorance whether I am beloved? and am I condemned to live in so cruel an uncertainty?

Luz. Your lover, perhaps, said as much on his part?

Vest. He guessed my thought, and from that moment he was worthy of me.—On the first festival he came to the temple. My companions and I were all arranged in order; we carried the sacred vates, and went round the sanctuary in procession with solemn steps: a slight veil concealed us, but did not prevent us from seeing every one of the spectators. Valerius had fixed himself in the foremost rank of the people. When I came very near him I cast a glance at him, which was half concealed by my veil. In reply, he laid his hand upon his heart, and in an instant his eyes darted lightning, and were moistened with tears. My sight almost failed me. Fainting, I had like to have dropped the vase from my hand, but hope and joy filled my heart. Satisfied and proud of my conquest, I advanced boldly to the steps of the altar, and no longer doubted but he would undertake every thing for me.

Luz. You interest me, priestess. I, who

never heard of love in my life, you give me a description of it after my death. Still I feel that there is something in it.—Come, let me hear the end of this adventure.

Vest. The night following I watched in the temple, to keep alive the sacred flame. This only glimmering fire enlightened the majestic space; when it grew pale, the vaulted roof inspired a religious awe; but in the dreary solitude, I thought I saw the image of my lover, wandering and multiplied about me. I extended my arms towards Heaven, with some inarticulate expressions, deterred at the thoughts of a culpable vow; and by an opposite sentiment, I clasped the statue of Vesta, and exclaimed—“Oh, goddess! if I offend thee, grant that the coldness of the marble may possess my heart! I burn, and am the votary of another power. What avails it thee, that the sacred fire should be constantly fed by the hand of a virgin? Why should my homage be less pure by dividing my heart between thy worship and that of Love?”—Whilst I pronounced these words, I heard a noise in the dome of the temple. Turning my head, at one of the avenues I perceived a man ready to pass the barrier that separated us. I endeavoured to cry out, but my voice was reluctant. Sliding down by the cord, he fell with all his weight at my feet. I trembled all over, because I expected the pavement of the temple to be covered with his blood.—I ran to him and raised him.—’Twas Valerius; but he could not speak. He rested his head and hands on one of the pillars. My heart was rent, but he soon recovered himself, and we strayed, hand in hand, in the vast labyrinth of this solitude. Our expressions and our hearts were confused: the intoxication, the sweet delirium of love, deprived me of all ideas of the place wherein I was, as well as of the deposit confided to my charge. Wandering absorbed in transports unfelt before, and more overwhelmed with my lover’s ecstacy than my own, the hours fled; the past and future all disappeared. Valerius became the god of the temple, and, entirely devoted to him, I did not perceive that darkness was surrounding me every where, that it augmented, and that it was overspreading the sacred recesses. The glimmering fire now cast its last expiring shade.—I perceived the danger; I broke from my lover’s arms; I ran, the flame grew pale, wavered, and seemed, for an instant, to revive, but its rays expired just as I came up to the altar. A slight smoke which exhaled, pronounced my death and punishment. Valerius instantly joined me; he seized my cold and frozen hand, and, whilst I was just dying, supported me.—I implored Vesta, I implored Love.—Valerius, with a bold blast, recalled the extinguished flame.—

Gods!

Gods! he was not guilty.—In an instant I saw the facied fire revive and shine again.

Fag. What obligations were you not under to Vesta!

Vest. What obligations was I not under to Love! Valerius appeared more adorable to me; the danger I had experienced made him still more dear to me. I pressed him in my arms, and, for the first time, the tears of Gratitude equalled those of Love.

Fag. I imagine you were not very ungrateful.

Vest. Alas! amidst the expressions of the most lively tenderness, my joy was not complete; I already felt the horror of reputation. The dawn appeared, and I had occasion for a supernatural courage to chase him from the temple. The seventh day resumed my duty of priestess in rotation—

Fag. Which you long hoped for.

Vest. I appointed to meet him in the same place at the same hour, and he was certain of the same return of love, as I could have wished to annihilate the interval of those slow and cruel hours between moments so short and delicious.

Fag. You have made me shudder at the risks you ran, whilst the flame was glimmering. How, then, did you dare to venture again seven days after?

Vest. Ah! Faquir, thou hast never loved, I see; thou hast only seen the Houes by the strength of thy imagination. Now learn what thou art a stranger to.—Observe that desire, youth, the novelty of objects may have seduced and influenced me to take the first step; but love caused the second: love had imprinted on my soul a certain character of impatience and eagerness to which I totally abandoned myself. I was proud to love; a sentiment for novel filled every object which had any connection with my happiness with the same fire that influenced me. I wished for the seventh day; I implored the sun, impatient of his tardy approach—Wished to hasten his western fall, and to see him to accomplish in one day the revolution of the tedious period. Ah! Faquir, surely I may be allowed to lay open the weakness for which I have suffered so cruelly.

Fag. I cannot but admire how much you were an *Anti-Vestal*.

Vest. Consider this temple as removed, and you might view me as a lover, a spouse, perhaps a happy mother!

Fag. That is all very well; and whilst, during forty-five years, I have mortified myself, what good has it produced to the world? I previously thought I was exercising airs of virtue.—I find there were as great fools in Rome as in my country; that is some consolation at least, and I may imagine the epide-

mic disorder is universal.—But did Valerius come back on the seventh day?

Vest. Alas! he did, to his misfortune, and to mine.

Fag. How?

Vest. Some suspicions having arisen, his steps were traced.

Fag. Ah, I tremble for him; that was bold indeed.

Vest. Faquir! Vesta was revenged!

Fag. Oh! what a cruel goddess! But why would you create such deities yourselves?

Vest. She reigned before I was born; consequently I was subservient to such powers, even when I came into the world. Ah! Faquir, pity me! I gave myself up to the ecstasy of a happy and contented love. Grief and fear were banished from my mind. Serene as if fortunate, I indulged myself in a silent tenderness, where voluptuousness, less poignant but milder, seems to identify us to the object we adore. Our souls in unison, accorded in the same thoughts and sentiments. But how shall I describe the horror that succeeded this happy state! Doleful and increasing screams resounded from the vaults of the temple; the attendants entering with flambeaux in their hands, dispelled more welcome darkness—Enraged priests—

Fag. Priests! Ah, you were undone! I think I already see you in the fatal dungeon.

Vest. The dejection of my afflicted companions, the silent reproaches visible on their countenances, the indignation of all the spectators, but, above all, the sight of my lover bound, struggling in vain, and casting his last pining looks on me—image but to yourself all those circumstances, which at once attacked my eyes, my ears, my heart! I instantly perceived the consternation which, from the narrow limits of the temple, would extend over Rome and the whole empire. One would have thought it was on the point of ruin. I was stripped of my priestly ornaments, which were handled with horror; all orders of the state forboded the most dreadful disasters; all manner of business, as well public as private, was suspended; you would have imagined that Valerius, by having captivated me, had broken the talisman that supported not only Rome but the whole universe.

Fag. It was very extraordinary that a people of so much importance should have chosen such a talisman.

Vest. Sentence of death was soon pronounced on me by the unanimous voice of all the pontiffs, who condemned me to be interred in a cave, where with cruel pity they had provided bread, water, milk, and a funeral lamp, as to make the victim taste the apparatus of death, and to lengthen out its torment.

As I was led to my grave, the crowd fell back; I was forsaken by all friends and relations. I was surrounded by priests, judges, executioners, who, with a gloomy silence, held down their dejected heads. The grand pontiff, when on the point of compelling me to the fatal ladder, which was to separate me for ever from the living, began to exhort me, and talk to me of the Gods, but I silenced him. "Stop, barbarian," said I, "do not touch me. I can descend without thy help into the bowels of the earth; there I shall hear no more of thy sanguinary rites. Dost thou pretend to judge of love? I die, since Valerius is to die. I have transgressed the laws of Vetta, but those of Nature are more sacred and more ancient. It in my youth and inexperience I blindly wore the chains of superstition, I had a right to cast them off when I attained to reason and sentiment. Avaunt! your fire will die on the altar of Vetta; but the fire of love will never be extinguished, because it is lighted up by the hand of the great Author of Nature. This is the fire I cherish, this I have carefully preserved, and in death only it will abandon me; I should say rather, it will survive my ashes."

Faq. This discourse had no effect upon the priests?

Leq. No. I descended into the tomb that

awaited me, whilst they filled up the entrance. Judge what I suffered, seeing the earth falling around me, and burying me in a narrow space, near a lamp which was to be extinguished only with my life. What remains to be told is inexpressible; a slow death; a thousand deaths; from despair to annihilation, and from annihilation to despair. To suffer thus for love, what dreadful moments! But during the long course of this misery I never reprobated my lover. Love was in my heart, and seemed to alleviate my horrible sufferings. I murmured the name of Valerius, and my greatest torment was to be ignorant of his fate. The only remorse I had was to have been the cause of his misery. I executed my own, and I never ceased thinking of Valerius till an end was put to my existence.

Faq. We must forget what is past, as it is pretty equal at present whether we were happy or unhappy above. Life is only to us as a dream half effaced. Let no gloomy remembrance trouble the peace we now enjoy. Leave that wretched Rome and her priests to themselves. Do you think they still have Vetta's there?

Leq. Do you think there are any Faquirs yet existing?

Faq. Yes—Farewel, priestsels.

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE.

(Continued from Page 135.)

LETTER XVI.

To ———,

Sunday Evening.

DO not imagine, my dear fellow—and do not suffer, I beseech you, any pedantic, cold-hearted fellow to persuade you—that *sensibility is an evil*. You may take my word on this subject, as you have been pleased to do on many others—that sensibility is one of the best blessings of life—as well as the brightest ornament of the human character.

You do not explain matters to me, which, by the bye, is not fair; but I suppose, from the tenor of your letter—which is now beside me, that you have been made a dupe of by some artful person—who, I am disposed to think, is some *sunning beggar*—and that, under the impressions of this game that has been played you, your vanity is alarmed, and your understanding piqued; and then you lay all this dire grievance, in a very pettish manner, let me tell you, at the door of your sensibility. And, which is worse than all the rest, you write to me as if you really believed yourself to be in earnest, in all the see-saw observations you have written to me on the subject.

Be assured, my dear friend—if I thought the sentiments of your last letter were not the

sentiments of a sickly moment—if I could be made to believe, for an instant, that they proceeded from you in a sober, reflecting condition of your mind—I should give you over as incurable, and give up all my hopes of your rising into that proud non-ent, and brilliant reputation, which, I trust, you will one day possess.

I was almost going to write—and wherefore should I not—that there is an amiable kind of *callousity*, which is as superior to the slow precaution of worldly wisdom, as the sound of *Bel's Viol di Gamba* to the braying of an ass on the other side of my paleis.

If I should, at any time, hear a man pique him'self upon never having been a dupe—I should grievously suspect, that such an one will, some time or other, give cause to be thought, at best, a mean-spirited, dirty rascal.

You may think this is strange doctrine—but, be that as it may—I am not ashamed to adopt it. What would you say of any character who had neither humanity, generosity, nor conscience? Why, you would say, I know you would—such a man

“Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils”—And yet imposition—dupery—deception—call it by what name you will, attends upon these virtues like their shadow. For virtue, my dear

dear

dear friend, like every other possession in the world, though it is the most valuable of all—is of a mixed nature; and the very inconveniences of it, if they deserve the name, form the basis on which its important natural excellence is established.

Sensibility is oftentimes betrayed into a foolish thing;—but its folly is amiable, and some one or other is the better for it. I am not for its excesses—or a blind submission to its impulse, which produces them;—yet somehow or other, I should be strongly disposed to hug the being who would take the rag off his back—to place it on the shivering wretch who had ought to cover him.

Discretion is a cold quality—but I have no objection to the possessing as much of it, as will direct your finer feelings to their proper objects.—But here let its office finish;—if it proceeds a step further—there may be mischief:—it may cool that current which is the life-blood of all virtue, and will, I trust, warm your heart, till it is become a clod of the valley.

Sensibility is the source of those delicious feelings which give a brighter colour to our joys, and turn our tears to rapture. Though it may now and then lead us into a scrape, as we pass through life—you may be assured, my dear friend, it will get us out of them all, at the end of it;—and that is a matter which wiser men than myself will tell you, is well worth thinking about.

So leaving you to your contemplations—and wishing them, and every thing else, an happy issue—I remain, with great truth,

Your affectionate,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XVII.

To ———.

Read this, the Friday Morning.

SO, my dear friend, you are pleas'd to be very angry with the Reviewers;—to amuse I. But as your displeasure proceed from your regard for me, I thank you—& I ought to do—again and again.

I really do not know to whom I am personally indebted for so much obliging liberality. Nor can I tell, whether it is the society at large, or a silent individual, to whom I am to acknowledge my obligation. I have never enquired who it is, or who they are: and if I knew them or them, what would it signify? and wherefore should I give their names immortality in my writings, which they will never find in their own?—Let the asses bray as they like; I shall treat their whistles as they deserve, in my own way and manner, and in a way and manner that they will like less than any other.

There is a certain race of people who are

ever aiming to treat their betters in some four-ny way or other; but it has ever been a practice with me, not to mind a little dirt thrown upon my coat, so that I keep my *W. unrumpl'd*.—And to much for that envy, ignorance, and ill nature, for which what I have written is far too much.

I am rejoiced, however, for twenty good reasons, which I will tell you hereafter, that London lies in your way between Oxfordshire and Suffolk, and one of them I will tell you now—which is, that you can be of very great service to me; so I would desire you to prepare yourself to do me a kindness, if I did not know that you are always in such a state of preparation.

The town is so empty, that though I have been in it full four and twenty hours, I have seen only three people I know—Foote on the stage, Sir Charles Davers, at St. James's coffee-house, and Williams, who was an hasty bird of passage on his flight to Brighthelmston, where I am told he is making love in right earnest, and to a very fine woman, and with all the success his friends can wish him. Our races at York were ever things we could desire them to be in the Bill-room, and every thing we did not desire them to be on the ground. The sun had ray, with a vengeance, to the sports of the course, for all the water-spouts of the heavens seem'd to be let loose upon it. However, in the amusements *under cover*, we were all as merry as heart could wish I had promised a certain person that you should be there, and was oblig'd to pay a score or two of reproaches on your account.

But, though I forgot to tell it you before, I am by no means well, and if I do not get away from this climate before winter sets in, I shall never see another spring in this world; and it is to forward my journey to the South, that I request you to make haste to me from the West.

At 8, alas, my friend, I began to feel that I lose strength in these annual struggles and encounters with that miserable leafe-crow, who knows as well as I do, that do what I can, he will finally get the better of me, and all of us. Indeed he has already beat the vizor from my helmet, and the point of my spear is not as it was wont to be. But while it pleases Heaven to grant me life, it will, I trust, grant me spirit to bear up against the lawless circumstances of it, and preserve, to my last separating fight, that sensibility to whatever is kind and gracious, which, when once it possesses the heart, makes, I trust, ample amends for a large portion of human error.

You may, indeed, believe, that while I am sensible of any thing, I shall be sensible of your friendship; and I have every reason to think, that should my term be drawing nigh to its period,

period, you will continue to love me while I live, and when I am no more, to cherish the memory of

Your ever faithful and affectionate,
L. STERNE.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To ———.

I SAW the charming Mrs. Vesey but for a moment, and she contrived with her voice, and her thousand other graces, to *disorder* me; and what she will have to answer for on the occasion, I shall not employ my civility to determine; nor shall I ask my good friend the Archbishop, from whose house, and amidst whose kindness and hospitality, I address this to you.

I envy, however, your sanctor together round an empty Ranelagh, and I should have liked it the better, because it was empty, and would give the imagination, and every delicious feeling, opportunity to make one forget there was another being in the room but ourselves.

You will, I am sure, more than understand me, when I mention that sense or female perfection—I mean, however, when the female is sitting or walking beside you—which to possess the mind, that the whole globe seems to be occupied by none but you two; when your hearts, in perfect unison, or I should rather say, harmony with each other, produce the same chords, and blessings with the same flows of thought and sentiment.

These hours—which virtuous, tender minds have power of separating from the melancholy seasons of life—make ample amends for the weight of cares and disappointments which the happiest of us are doomed to bear. They eat the bright stardust on the dreary landscape; and form a kind of refuge from the stormy wind and tempest.

With such a companion, is not the primrose herk and cot age, which humble virtue has raised on its side, superior to all that splendour and wealth have formed in the palaces of Monarchs? The scented breath is then the *perfumed Airy*; and though the nightingale should retreat to lodge among the branches of the poisonous tree that overshadows us—if my fair mistress should but pour forth the pleasing strain, I would not look to the music of the spheres for ravishment.

There is something, my dear friend, most wonderfully pleasant in the idea of getting away from the world; and though I have ever found it a great comfort, yet I have been more vain of the business, when I have done it in the midst of the world. But this *absorption* from the crowd, while you are surrounded and pressed by it, is only to be accomplished by the magic of female perfection. Friends-

ship, with all its powers—mere friendship cannot do it. A more refined sentiment must employ its influence, to wrap the heart in this delicious oblivion. It is too pleasing to last long; for envious, sleepless care is ever on the watch to awaken us from the bewitching trance.

You, my friend, possess something of the reality of it—and I, while I enjoy your happiness, apply to fancy for the purpose of creating a copy of it. So I sit myself down upon a cushion, and place a lovely far-one by my side—so lovely, if possible, as Mrs. P——, and having plucked a sprig of blossoms from the May-bush, I place it in her bosom, and then address some tender tale to her heart, and if she weeps at my story, I take the white handkerchief she holds in her hand, and wipe the tears from off her cheek, and then I dry my own with it, and thus the delightful vision gives wing to a lazy hour, calms my spirits, and composes me to my pillow.

To wish that care may never plant a thorn upon yours, would be a idle employment of your vein; and, but that you may prefer the virtue which will blunt their points, and continue to possess the feelings which will, sometimes, pluck them away, is a wish not unworthy of that regard with which I am

Your most affectionate,
L. S.

India writes me word that she has got a lover—Poor dear girl!

By appointment, This sickly night.

L E T T E R XIX.

To ———.

Sunday Morning.

IF you wish to have the representation of my spare, meagre form, which, by-the-bye, is not worth the canvas it must be painted on, you shall be most welcome to it; and I am happy in the reflection, that when my bones shall be laid low, there may be any resemblance of me, which may recall my image to your fancy and sympathising recollection.

But you must mention the likeness to Reynolds yourself; for I will tell you why I cannot. He has already painted a very excellent portrait of me, which, when I went to pay him for, he desired me to accept, as a tribute, to his own elegant and flattering expression, that his art wished to pay to my genius. That man's way of thinking and manners are, at least, equal to his pencil.

You will see, therefore, the delicacy of my fiction, as well as the necessity, if the genius of Reynolds is to be employed in the business, of your taking it entirely upon yourself. Or if your friendly impatience, which you express with so much kindness, will let you wait

wait till we make our tour to Bath, your favourite Gainsborough may do the deed.

Or why not your little friend Cotway, who is riding fast into fame and fortune? But he it as you please, and arrange it according to your own fancy.

At all events, I shall treat myself when I get to Rome with my own busto, if Nollkens does not make a demand for it that may be inconsistent with my Exchequer. The statuary decorations of my grandfather the Archbishop's monument, in the Cathedral at York, which you admire so much, I've given birth, I believe, to this whina of mine; and this piece of marble, which my vanity—for let it be vanity if you please—desires for myself, may be placed by the hand of friendship, and by yours perhaps, near my grave—and to much for that.

But I was born for digressions, and I, there-

fore, tell you at once, not rashly, or prematurely, but with all due sobriety and reflection, that Lord —— is of a low, base, pimping nature. If he had been nothing but a fool, I should have said—Have mercy upon him! but he has just understanding sufficient to make him answerable for what he does, and not sufficient to perceive the superiority of what is great over what is little. If ever that man rises into a good or a noble action, I would be bound to be considered as a retailer of scandal, and an ill-natured man, as long as I live, and as long as my memory lives; but no more of him, I beseech you—and the hour tells me to write no more of any thing, for I must hasten where I ought to have been half an hour ago—to God bless you, and believe me, wherever I am, to be

Most cordially your's,

L. STERNE.

OF THE ECCENTRICITIES OF IMAGINATION.

A CERTAIN writer, analogizing for the irregularities of great genius, delivers himself thus: "The gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task upon the vigilance of reason; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool attention, which does not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet, difficult as nature herself seems to have reduced the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of dulness to seize upon those excesses, which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed." Are not the gifts of imagination here mistaken for the strength of passions? Doubtless, where strong passions accompany great parts, as perhaps they often do, there imagination may increase their force and activity: but where passions are calm and gentle, imagination of itself should seem to have no conflict but speculatively with reason. There, indeed, it wages an eternal war; and, if not controuled and strictly regulated, will carry the patient into endless extravagancies. I use with propriety the term *patient*; because men under the influence of imagination, are most truly disordered. The degree of this disorder will be in proportion to the prevalence of imagination over reason, and, according to this proportion, amount to more or less of the whimsical; but when reason shall become as it were extinct, and imagination govern alone, then the disorder will be madness under the wildest and most fantastic modes. Thus one of these invalids, perhaps, shall be all sorrow for having been most unjustly deprived of the crown; though his vocation, poor man! be that of a schoolmaster. Another is all joy, like Horace's madman; and it may seem even cruelty

to cure him. A third is all fear; and dares not make water, lest he should cause a deluge.

The operations and caprices of imagination are various and endless; and, as they cannot be reduced to regularity or system, to it is highly improbable that any certain method of cure should ever be found out for them. It hath generally been thought, that matter of fact might most successfully be opposed to the delusions of imagination, as being proof to the senses, and carrying conviction unavoidably to the understanding; but I suspect, that the understanding, or reasoning faculty, hath little to do in all these cases: at least so it should seem from the two following, which are very remarkable, and well attested.

Friend, in his curious little book *De Viribus Imaginationis*, records from Donatus the case of a man, who fancied his body increased to such a size, that he durst not attempt to pass through the door of his chamber. The physician, believing that nothing could more effectually cure this error of imagination than to shew that the thing could actually be done, caused the patient to be thrust forcibly through it; who, struck with horror, and falling suddenly into agonies, complained of being crushed to pieces, and expired soon after.—Reason, certainly, was not concerned here.

The other case, as related by Van Swieten, in his Commentaries upon Boerhaave, is that of a learned man, who had studied till he fancied his legs to be of glass; in consequence of which he durst not attempt to stir, but was constantly under anxiety about them. His maid, bringing some wood to the fire, threw it carelessly down; and was severely reprimanded by her master, who was terrified not a little for his legs of glass. The surly wench,

out

out of all patience with his megrims, as she called them, gave him a blow with a log upon the parts affected: which so enraged him, that he instantly rose up, and from that mo-

ment recovered the use of his legs.—Was reason concerned any more here; or, was it not rather one blind impulse acting against another?

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

[From the First Volume of GROSE'S MILITARY ANTIQUITIES.]

BY the Saxon laws, every freeman of an age capable of bearing arms, and not incapacitated by any bodily infirmity, was, in case of a foreign invasion, internal insurrection, or other emergency, obliged to join the army, that being one of the three services comprised under the title of the *trinoda necessitas*; these were, attending personally in war for the defence of the nation, working at and contributing to the building of the public castles and fortresses, and repairing bridges and highways.

In forming their armies the following regulations were observed: all such as were qualified to bear arms in one family, were led to the field by the head of that family. Every ten families made a *tything*, which was commanded by the borougher, in his military capacity styled conductor. Ten *tythings* constituted an hundred; the soldiers of each hundred were led by the chief magistrate of the hundred, sometimes called the hundredary. Several hundreds formed a *trything*, which was commanded by the officer called a *trythingman*; and the force of the county or shire was commanded by the hertoch, dux, or duke, and he by the king, or an officer called the *Kyning's hold*, i. e. the king's lieutenant or general, which office lasted only during the war. In times of peace, or when the king did not think it necessary to have a general, the militia remained under the command of the dukes of each county.

Every landholder was obliged to keep armour and weapons according to his rank and possession; these he might neither sell, lend, nor pledge, nor even alienate from his heirs. In order to instruct them in the use of arms, they had ten stated times *sonper* forming their military exercise; and once in a year, usually in the spring, there was a general review of arms, throughout each county.

The clergy were exempted from personal military services, not only as being contrary to their profession, but likewise that they might the better attend to their religious duties.—Their estates, though held in *franc almoigne*, were however chargeable to the *trinoda necessitas*, the only imposition to which they were liable.

The greater part of the Anglo-Saxon forces consisted of infantry; the cavalry was chiefly composed of the Thanes, and such men of property as kept horses.

The Saxon cavalry are frequently delineated in ancient illuminations as riding without stirrups, with no other defensive armour than a helmet; their weapon a spear. It is nevertheless certain, that defensive armour was worn by their officers and great men about the time of the Norman conquest.

Their infantry seem to have been of two sorts, the heavy and light-armed. The first are represented with helmets made of the skins of beasts, the hair outwards, large oval convex shields, with spikes projecting from the bosses, long and very broad swords, and spears. The light-infantry with spears only, and some no other weapon than a sword; beside which, different histories relate that they also used clubs, battle-axes or bills, and javelins; the latter they darted with great dexterity, and then instantly came to close fight. The dress of both horse and foot was a tunic with sleeves, the skirts reaching down to the knees; the horsemen wore spurs with only one point.

The kings commonly wore their crowns in battle, which also in some measure answered the purpose of a helmet.

The Anglo-Saxon mode of drawing up their armies, was in one large dense body, surrounding their standard, and placing their foot with their heavy battle-axes in the front.

By the laws of king Edward the Confessor, any man who from cowardice abandoned his lord, or fellow-foldiers, whilst under the command of the hertoch, in any expedition by land or sea, forfeited both his life and property, and his lord might resume any lands he had formerly granted him. He who was slain in war fighting before his lord, either at home or abroad, all payments due for reliefs on his estates were remitted to his heirs who were to enjoy his lands and money without any diminution, and might divide it among them.

The introduction of the feudal system, which took place in this kingdom about the year 1086, gave a very considerable change to the military establishment of the nation.—

This alteration in the constitution, was not, it is said, effected by the sole power of king William, but was adopted with the consent of the great council of the realm, assembled at Sarum, where all the principal landholders subjected their possessors to military services, became the king's vassals, and did homage and swore fealty to his person for the lands held

king of kings as superior lord and absolute proprietor. But when it is considered, that great landholders at that meeting descended from Normans, the friends and followers of the king, on whom he had bestowed the estates taken from the English; the necessity of such an assembly, though freely consented to, will scarce justify the measure being considered a national choice.

By this system all the lands of the feudal were considered as divided into certain portions, each producing an annual revenue, styled a knight's fee. Our ancient lawyers are not agreed as to the quantity of land, or less or more of which it consisted; it indeed seems to have varied at different periods: however, in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard II. a knight's fee was stated at 201. per annum. The number of knights fees in this kingdom was estimated at sixty thousand.

By the feudal law, every tenant in capite, that is every person holding immediately from the king the quantity of land amounting to a knight's fee, was bound to hold himself in readiness with horse and arms to serve the king in his wars, either at home or abroad, at his own expence, for a stated time, generally forty days in a year, to be reckoned from the time of joining the army. Persons holding more or less, were bound to do duty in proportion to their tenures: thus one possessed of but half a fee, was to perform service for twenty days only. The lands of the church were not exempt, but ecclesiastics were generally indulged with performing their service by deputies, although sometimes their personal appearance was insisted on; possibly from a supposition that their presence with the army would give a confidence to the soldiers, and a sanction to the cause; effects not unlikely in those days of superstition; or perhaps the instance here particularly alluded to, was occasioned by some new establishments of the clergy to avoid the performance of their military services, by calling for absolution.

The service being accomplished, the tenant was at liberty to return home; if he or his followers afterwards continued to serve with

the king, they were bound to do so at his own expence, and were rewarded with a grant of land, or a pension, or a salary, or a reward of money, or any other advantage, as a token of his favour.

When a tenant in capite, or knight, was called on by service in person, through any such grant, or any other cause, he was bound to have at least forty able persons to attend him; an obligation for which it was often necessary to fine the king, a fine being, in the language of those days, not only an acknowledgment for an offence, but also a token of favour. Our records afford several instances wherein knights' deputies could be used, and were in great estimation, although it is not certain whether they were to perform service for their

As a tenant who held several knight's fees could not do the service of more than one of his persons, he might discharge the duty of one able person, being knight, or by two squires, or knights' fees, or by two squires, or knights' fees, or by two squires, or knights' fees, in lieu of each knight.

Sometimes the king compounded with his tenants for particular services, and determined for those of the whole year, accepting in lieu thereof pecuniary payments, with which he hired stipendiary troops: this is generally supposed to have introduced the practice of hiring foreign, first begun by King Henry I. The punishment for non-attendance, when duly summoned, was a heavy fine, or forfeiture of the tenure.

The tenants in capite, in order to avoid the statutes for those fees, for which they could not serve themselves, made under-grants to their favourites and dependants, liable to the same conditions as those on which they held them from the crown, namely fealty and service, and that their tenant should attend them to the wars, when they should be called upon by the king, there to serve for a stated time at their own expence, properly armed and mounted; these again had their under-tenants and vassals. Men at arms, or knights, were generally attended by their dependants and vassals, both on horseback and on foot; those termed in the infantry either as archers or bill-men

REMARKABLE CHARACTERS, MANNERS, &c. IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[From Mr. Knox's "Tours to the Hebrides," just published.]

THE first boat upon Coll, in which any person was ever employed, belonged to the same man, and had been taken up by the same man, who were upon a visit to the island. A venerable old man offered me a passage in his vessel to the island, and said, "I might think proper to take you to my family in the island."

"Long may you every body know you," said the Highlander, who has been a soldier these five and forty years, and was much respected by the first king in the island. "I saw your grandfather in the life of King Charles II. I was your grandfather's man, and you were a good soldier, with the King."

bottle before him. If you can be ready to go to-morrow morning, we'll get out with the ebb tide, our harbour is none of the best, but leave that matter to old Macdonald, who knows it well."

This old man commenced herring fishing in 1743, and by his indefatigable attention, and great experience, real sed 7000l a much greater sum than any person in the west of Scotland had acquired by that profession only. He had in latter times four good sailing vessels, with which he went to the fishing every season; and he became so well acquainted with the appearances of the approach of the herrings at one loch, and of their departure for another, that he was often successful, when other vessels went away empty. He had also acquired a more perfect knowledge of the coast of the Highlands than any person living, excepting Mr. Mackenzie, who founded the whole of it.

Being thus a complete master of the fishing trade, and of the very hazardous navigations of these seas, he became at last a guide to the whole herring fleet, in whatever related to sailing, fishing, curing, and the markets. "When I come out of any loch," said he, "they used to say, There goes Macdonald!" "Let us weigh our anchor, there's nothing more in this place for us. Then the swiftest among them would try to keep up with us, but we scudded away like birds, and laughed at the best of them. I have seen fifty sail crowding after us as if they had been in pursuit of the Monarchs. Then I hauled down a sail to give them time to bear up, for they had us for a night to the herring; a night I shewed them the way, as if they had been my own children. But I should not speak of children. I have been ruined by my children. My two daughters married two brothers, who doubled their fortunes in the American trade, and were often obliged to me for assistance. At last, by caution, and by money advanced them at different times, I lost every shilling, was put into prison, and am now confined, at the age of seventy years, to go to sea again for a poor livelihood. The Lord of Boudak, a good gentleman, has let me have a small vessel for 1000l. though worth 2000l. which I am to pay when I am able. I take a freight, or any thing that offers. But I am now too old for this business; an arm chair would be more agreeable."

Thus being the history of poor old Macdonald, he is always a welcome guest at the seats of hospitality in the Highlands; and here I found him in Mr. Macleod's house, where he enjoyed all the conveniences of that of the family.

ANECDOTE of Dr. JOHNSON.

AT Danvegan, the seat of Macleod, the chief of that ancient clan, and proprietor of the south-west part of Sky, Dr. Johnson, who met with the utmost civility from the family, made a *faux pas*. Lady Macleod, who had repeatedly helped him to sixteen dishes, or upwards, of tea, asked him if a small basin would not save him trouble, and be more agreeable. "I wonder, madam," answered he roughly, "why all the ladies ask me such impertinent questions? It is to save yourselves trouble, madam, and not me." The lady was silent, and went on with her talk.

SALUBRITY of the HEBRIDES.

TO one of these islands the late Sir John Elliot flew for the recovery of his health, after having tried in vain the usual places of resort, and every assistance that waters and medicine could bestow. For this voyage, he hired a large vessel at Leith or elsewhere, sailed round the north coast by the Pentland Firth, and stretched from thence to Harris, where his old acquaintance Capt. Macleod provided a decent lodging for him in the house of Mr. Campbell, a respectable tackman in the pleasant island of Bernera.

Upon his arrival at Harris, he was so far exhausted that he could scarcely walk a hundred yards from the vessel, and his voice was so feeble that he could not distinctly articulate his words. He began his regimen with goats' whey, butter-milk, vegetables, and other simples. His disorder lay in his stomach, which retained very little of even the weakest food or drink, yet was at the same time voracious, that he could not be kept from eating almost constantly, and, with the greatest desire, those kinds of food that were the least proper for him. He, who in his practice strictly forbade the use of flesh meat and butter, could not be prevented, by Mr. Campbell and his family, from devouring quantities of both, which returned naturally into a tub placed before him.

He did not, however, neglect the wney, &c. which, with the air of the wide ocean, probably contributed to the change that began to appear in his looks, after he had been four or five weeks upon the island.

In proportion as his stomach began to retain proper nourishment, in the same proportion his unnatural appetite abated, and in six weeks from the time of his arrival, his health seemed to be nearly restored. If he had set out earlier in the summer, and remained at least three months upon suitable diet, stimulating himself in shooting, fishing and sailing among these islands, it is thought that he would have recovered entirely.

He

He returned in September, by the north passage, to Edinburgh, in a much better state of health than when he left that city, but died soon after at the seat of a nobleman in England.

MANNER of LIVING in the Hebrides.

IN the Hebrides, and upon the coast of the main land, a gentleman can entertain twenty people with thirty or forty different articles, at an expence not exceeding fifteen or twenty shillings for eating, which in London would cost twenty pounds. The gentlemen in the Highlands have also the advantage in their wines and spirits, owing how ever, in a great measure, to a melancholy cause. Many ships are wrecked and broken in pieces upon their coasts every year, and the floating part of the cargoes is found at sea, or thrown upon the shore, where it is claimed by the proprietor.

Dr. Johnson, or his factor, in speaking of a Highland breakfast, makes a heavy complaint against the use of cheese at that meal. "In these islands however," says he, "they do what I found it not very easy to endure. They pollute the tea-table by plates piled with large slices of Cheshire cheese, which mingles its less grateful odours with the fragrance of the tea." There is another article that is used universally upon the shores of the Highlands, and over the Hebride

islands, of which the Doctor takes no notice, viz. broiled fish, which was equally offensive to him, and for which I am unable to account.

Having given the particulars of a Highland dinner and supper in the principal islands, I shall complete the bill of fare for the day, by specifying those of the breakfast.

A dram of whiskey, gin, rum, or brandy plain, or infused with berries that grow among the heath.

French rolls; oat and barley bread.

Tea and coffee; honey in the comb; red and black currant jellies; marmalade, preserves, and excellent cream.

Fine flavoured butter, fresh and salted Cheese and Highland cheese, the last being indifferent.

A plateful of very fresh eggs.

Fresh and salted herrings broiled.

Ditto haddocks and whittings, the fish being taken off.

Cold round of venison, beef and mutton ham.

Besides these articles, which are commonly placed on the table at once, there are generally cold beef and moor-fowl to those who chuse to call for them. After breakfast the men amuse themselves with the gun, fishing, or sailing all the evening, when they dine, which meal serves with some families for supper.

ACCOUNT of a very Extraordinary ERUPTION of FIRE in ICELAND, in 1783.

[From "PENNANT'S SUPPLEMENT to ARCTIC ZOOLOGY," lately published.]

UPON the first of June, 1783, there was observed a shaking of the earth, in the western part of the province of Shaptarsfall, which increased until the eleventh, and was so great that the inhabitants were under the necessity of quitting their houses. At this time there was observed a continual smoke, or steam arising out of the earth, in the northern and uninhabited parts of the country. Three fire-sprouts broke out, of which that in the north-west was the greatest. After rising to a considerable height in the air, they were collected into one stream, which ascended so high as to be seen at the distance of thirty-four miles. The whole country, for double that distance, was covered with a thick smoke and steam.

The fire was mixed with prodigious quantities of brimstone, sand, pumice-stone, and ashes, which fell in the fields, villages, and towns, at a considerable distance. The pumice which fell in the villages, being red-hot, did considerable damage. Along with the pumice-stone there fell a great quantity of very red-hot like pitch, sometimes in the

form of small balls, and sometimes like rings or garlands.

After a few days the fire came out, sometimes in a continued stream, and at other times in flashes, which were seen at the distance of thirty or forty miles, and were accompanied with a noise like thunder. The phenomenon continued the whole summer. What was remarkable in this eruption, upon the same day that the fire broke out, there fell a great quantity of rain in all that neighbourhood, which did almost as much harm as the fire. At a greater distance from the fire, there was severe coldness in the atmosphere; in some places a very heavy fall of snow, and in others a great quantity of hail. The extreme heat of the streaming fire, spouting with so large a body of water, occasioned such a steam in the air as to darken the sun, which appeared like blood, and the whole face of nature seemed to be changed.

When the fire first broke out, there was a considerable increase of water in the rivers Skapta and Piorfa; but upon the eleventh of

* Viz. delicate beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork; venison, hares, pigeons, fowls, ducks, and wild ducks and geese, partridges and great variety of moor fowl; salt cod, ling and pike, fresh cod, wrigg, haddock, mackerel, skate, soles, founders, lythe, salmon, trout, herring, sprats, and caddies, with the produce of a garden; all these luxurious varieties, &c. &c. are the articles which a Highland Laird or chieftain has at his table at dinner and supper.

... was ... was totally dried up in less than twenty-four hours; and the day following a prodigious stream of red-hot lava ran down its deep channel through the whole of its course. The fiery stream, beside entirely filling up the valley in which the river Skapta runs, spread itself for a considerable distance on each side, laying all the neighbouring country under a white fire; and even overflowed all the buildings in the village of Buland, the situation of which was remarkably high.

It appears from the narrative, that the extent of the ground covered by the lava was sixteen miles long, and seven broad. The perpendicular height of the edge was from six to twenty fathoms; so that wherever it passed it covered every village it met with, as well as several hills; and those which, on account of their great height, it did not cover, were smothered down by it in such a manner that the whole surface was in a solid state, and formed a lake of fire, resembling red-hot melted metal.

The terrible eruption was productive of two other circumstances equally wonderful. Two islands have been thrown up. One of these made its appearance in the month of February 1784, where the water was before upwards of a hundred fathoms deep. This island is above half a mile in circumference, full as large as the mountain Erian in Iceland; and, by the last accounts, it continued burning with great vehemence. The other island, which is at a greater distance northward, is yet larger in circumference, very high, and has likewise burnt without intermission for a considerable time.

Ever since the first breaking out of the eruption, the whole atmosphere has been loaded with smoke, steam, and sulphurous vapours. The sun became at times totally invisible, and, when it could be seen, was of a reddish or bloody colour. The fisheries are almost all destroyed; for the banks, where the fish used to be, are so choked and clogged as not to be known again by the fishermen; and the smoke is so thick as to prevent them from going far out to sea; for no object is visible at above the distance of fifty fathom.

The water of the rain falling through this smoke and steam, is so impregnated with salt and brimstone as to destroy the hay, and even the skin, of the cattle; and all the grass in the island is so covered with sooty and pitchy matter, that the most of it is destroyed; and what is left is rendered poisonous to any cattle that eat of it; so that those which have escaped the fire are now dying for want of food, or poisoned by the unwholesome remains of the vegetables. Nor are the inhabitants, in many respects, more free from dangers than the cattle. Many have lost their lives by the poisonous quality of the smoke and steam, of which the whole atmosphere consisted; particularly old people, and such as had any weakness and complaint of the breast and lungs.

During the fall of the rain which has been mentioned, there was observed at Trondheim, and other places in Norway, and also at Faroe, an uncommon fall of sharp and salt rain, which was so penetrating that it totally destroyed the leaves of the trees, and every vegetable it fell upon, by scorching them up, and causing them to wither. At Faroe there fell a considerable quantity of ashes, sand, pumice, and brimstone, which covered the whole surface of the ground whenever the wind blew from Iceland; and the distance between these two places is at least eighty miles. Ships that were sailing between Copenhagen and Norway were frequently covered with ashes and brimstone, which stuck to the sails, masts, and decks, besmearing them all over with a black and pitchy matter. Many parts of Holland, Germany, and other countries in the North, observed a brimstone vapour in the air, accompanied with a thick smoke; and in some places there fell upon the earth every night a light grey-coloured substance, which, by its yielding a bluish flame when thrown upon the fire, evidently appeared to be sulphurous. These appearances continued, more or less, all the months of July, August, and September.

This volcanic phenomenon is the most extraordinary of any upon record; and the account of it merits particular preservation in the annals of natural history.

P O E T R Y.

A VISION,

seen while passing through the STRAITS of GIBRALTAR.

By THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN,

ALL was the day, all blythsome blew
The gales;
The airy saucy zephyrs fan'd the sails;
The right tremendous rock to view

And not unrival'd on the other side,
The Andalusian hills crown'd o'er the tide;
And now as from the Atlantic surge we
steer'd,

The seat of Mars himself, Gibraltar's rock
appear'd.

In proud romantic state it stood,
And look'd indignant on intruding seas.
Such scenes the mind with various feelings
fill'd.

When lo! methought our bark refus'd
 The tide,
 And Gib again I view'd with English pride,
 And, wond'rous, as I look'd on either side,
 Near me methought proud Peru's conqueror
 stood,
 And next to him the shade of Penn I view'd :
 When Cortez, pointing towards the slaugh-
 terous place,
 " There lives, cried he, the first of human
 race !
 " Glory herself presides o'er that best Rock,
 " Of men, and winds, and seas, it stands
 the shock
 " In me, tho' Mexico's conqueror you be-
 hold,
 " And him who ransack'd Peru's mines for
 gold ;
 " Yet, Penn, continued he with thunder-
 ing voice,
 " Much more would my ambitious soul re-
 joice,
 " On this rude Rock to hold of war the rod,
 " And shine in Europe's eyes Gibraltar's
 God ;
 " To hurl destructive red-hot balls around,
 " And see the daring foe or burnt, or
 drown'd,
 " That be that Cortez ; tho' my well known
 name
 " Scarce boasts a rival in the lists of fame "
 Here Penn, with accents scorable and mild,
 While on the impress'd conqueror he smil'd,
 " Cortez ! full well thou know'st my dis-
 ferent creed,
 " And that my heartstrings at this prospect
 bleed
 " Thou know'st with what a different eye
 I see
 " That horrid system long embrac'd by thee ;
 " For oft' our conversations thus lead,
 " And even Cortez will sometimes recede.
 " Say, on America's delightful shore,
 " Without the murderous blade, or cannon's
 roar,
 " Have I not conquer'd, and far more ob-
 tain'd
 " Than ever thy rapacious madness gain'd ?
 " E'en now on earth my fame surpasses
 thine,
 " And brighter blazon'd all my actions shine.
 " Come, let's away—this prospect glooms
 my heart,
 " And makes the tear of deep affliction
 start.
 " For human nature looks them as thy use :
 " I would, ah ! could I, give thee wisdom
 too . "

E. D. Y. L.

'TIS gone! the bark that waken'd my Love,
 To Gallia's shore it bears us way.

* For the character of Cortez, see the History of the Conquests of Peru and Mexico.
 For that of Penn. see the History of the British Settlements in America, by Abbe Rayne.

Ye Zephyrs ! gently all around
 Ye Loves ! around me
 Ye Waves ! O softly curl around,
 As when the new-born Venus lay
 By yon gay joys or woes we crown'd
 If calm, I'm blest—if rough, I'm
 Farewell!—and may no arts offend,
 Sweet girl! the charms your soul can lend,
 And every foreign mode you trace,
 Endear you more to Albion's coast ;
 And when the adverse winds you roam,
 Its sports, its fam'd attentions loom,
 O charmer ! with a thought steal hither,
 Nor with unkindness think to sever,
 Dever.

S O N
 Adapted to the Music of "GAY'S
 TO MY HEART.

CEASE, my heart, ah cease lamenting !
 All thy hopes and all thy pain,
 All thy faithful tend'rest wishes,
 All are treated with disdain !
 Sure the mad wife thus can scorn thee,
 Ill deserves thy love sincere :
 All that hear thy woe-fick story,
 All but Lucy weep to hear . "

O how vain the Muse to charm thee !
 Vain thy reason !—vain thy pride !
 Happy thou would'st bleed for Lucy,
 Cold to all the world beside.
 If tis madness reigns within thee,
 Then tis pleasure to be mad ,
 For I prove, alas ! thou canst not
 With the wanted peace I had !
 Dever. RUSTICUS.

To the Right Honourable Lady CHARLOTTE
 GORDON, dressed in a Tartan Scotch Bonnet,
 with Plumes, &c.

By Dr. BRAFFIE.

WHY, Lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely
 brow
 With the dread semblance of that warlike
 helm,
 That nodding plume, and wreath of various
 glow,
 That graced the chiefs of Scotia's antient
 realm ?
 Thou know'st, that Virtue is of power the
 source,
 And all her magic to thy eyes is given ;
 We own their empire, while we feel their
 force,
 Beaming with the benignity of Heaven,
 The plumed helmet, and the martial
 plume,
 Might dignify Minerva's awful chariot,
 But more requisite for the Cyprian Queen,
 Sober, graces, gentleness, her only arms.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY,

GENTLEMEN,

LOOKING over an old drawer a few days ago, I recovered the four following little pieces, which were all written by a Youth, at that time under sixteen. As he was under my care, I remember the occasion of them perfectly well. That on the death of the celebrated Philosopher Porphyrie was occasioned by a conversation, at which the youth was present, wherein that Philosopher's violent zeal against Christianity, and its defender Origen, were mentioned, which led to the consideration of the different tempers inspired by Christianity and Paganism; Origen telling the Consul, when threatened with death, that a Christian could put off his body with as much indifference as a Philosopher put off his coat, the other, when his fortunes became adverse, flying, upon principle, to self-murder for relief, dying with all the rage and blasphemy of Paganism. Next morning the youth presented me with the following lines on the subject, which I hope are not unworthy of a place in your valuable Magazine. The sentiments here ascribed to Porphyrie, are those of Seneca and other Heathens, who accounted a virtuous man as equal to the God, and superior to whatever they could inflict, — a superiority which, however boasted of, consisted solely of blood arrogance, brutal rage, and self-destruction.

PORPHYRIE is supposed to speak,

Al! shame! ah shame! such was not Origen's

Serene and calm I saw the reverend man,
When threatened with an imminent dreadful death

By Caesar's cruel smiling, he reply'd,
As unconcern'd we put our bodies off,
As a Philosopher put off his coat
Shall Porphyrie, in my fortitude,
Be less than Origen? No, none shall say,
That he, whose Philosophy's superior mind
Has baffled at hard argument, should yet
In cowardly fortitude shame Porphyrie
His thunders all your terror, Erebus,
I found to shun. Now, O! at this firm resolve.

Yes, I have ript the grand celestial pride
Which the dread Thunderer would to himself

Makes sacred. On him I, with pride, look down.

And smiling, view the impotence of all,
Mortal, or immortal. In myself
I've sworn and independent here I stand.

Opp sinks the valiant blow: and now, thou Fate,

Thou Destiny, deem'd irresistible,

I dare thy worst to make my soul know fear,
Or terror seize my heart — And here he drew
Another desperate stroke: deep in his heart
The pognard sunk, and Porphyrie was no more.

Being desired to write some lines for the tombstone of a worthy old Farmer whom he knew, our Youth produced the following, which are not inelegant:

WHAT few proud tombs, with trophies
display'd,

This humble stone can tell;
By all his friends and family blest,
He bade the world farewell.

His widow's and his children's sighs
A better praise declare,
Than all the marble eulogies
Given by the joyful heir.

But the sagacious widow and wise children
Rejected the above, and substituted in
its place:

Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians was in vain,
Untill the Lord he thought it best
To ease me of my pain

Epigram on laying the Foundation of a
New Exchange at ———— Written
in his Thirteenth year

THAT gain is gainful all mankind agree,
And good Exchanges need the best things be;
But bad Exchanges are the greatest evil
If you don't credit me, pay off the Devil.

The following was written for a School-fellow.

HAIL, happy mount! still festive joy be thine.
And come, O Genius of my native land!
Sacred to thee this day shall ever shine,
To thee and Homer's cause illustrious
stand.

The fairest of the Spring's gay train,
When Flora o'er the Cambrian plain
Scatter the primrose and the pansie blue,
O come, and with thy British fire
My lips, my glowing breast inspire,
To sing the praises to thy heroes due.

Agh! st the Roman Legions flood,
When plunging in the briny flood,
The Britons met them ere they gain'd the
shore,
Ev'n Caesar gaz'd appall'd, when he be-
held

Their naked breasts oppose the Roman
shields;
And the great Chief, with cautious fear,
Retur'd before the British spear,
And left the British stand disdain'd with
Roman gear.

Full oft, Caractacus, thine awful eye
 Has seen the Roman squadrons fly
 Before thy lifted sword:
 Nor less the Hero didst thou slay,
 When, tho' in chains, thy worth divine
 Was own'd by Rome's proud lord.

What hosts of Heroes claim the song
 Of British line from Brutus sprung!
 Yet, 'midst the glorious train,
 The Muse shall celebrate thy name,—
 Brave Gam, the song shall speak thy
 fame,
 While British Bards remain.

When England's noblest Henry led the van,
 And dar'd, with few, the numerous
 bands of France,
 A troop of Knights to seize the Hero ran.
 O'erpower'd he fell Beneath the bran-
 ch'd lance
 With scutler'd helm bold Henry lay.
 Brave Gam beheld. With rage he
 glows,
 His single arm repels the foes,
 And turns the fortune of the glorious day.

Not shall the heroes sleep unsung,
 Who on this happy morn, on Gallia's coast,
 O'erthrew the bravest troops of Gallia's host
 As in the keen pursuit they drove along,
 A field of leeks the closing scene supply'd
 St David's was the day, and both they chose—
 The day to Heaven still to renew their vows;
 And with the humble leek, their well-
 earn'd pride,
 The weary Veterans deck'd their manly
 brow.

SONNET

Imitated from PETRARCH.

BLEST shade, that on the silent wing of
 night
 Frequent return'st, to cheer that lonely hour
 With those celestial eyes, whose pure and tender
 light
 Not death hath dim'd, but men divine
 power
 To forth with softened ray the longing sight,
 And stay a while pale Grief'sin ebb'd shower;
 Oh, kind beyond the grave! thy form I
 know,
 And had the gentle vision of thy love;
 Nor throbs my bosom in so wild a woe,
 As sad I seem along the plain to rove,
 Where first thy beauty's form my song to
 glow;
 Where still my unavailing sorrows flow;
 Oh, only joy this wounded heart can share,
 To see that beautiful form, and know my
 Laura there.

SONNET from the Garden

By the Rev. Mr. RAY.

THIS all, the fragrance, and the
 shade
 Of that sweet laurel, whose all-cheering
 Fill'd ev'ry breast with wonder and delight
 Blasted by death remorseless, droop and
 Extinct that light—those eyes for ever
 On whose soft beams my penive soul
 O death! so often call'd to aid despair,
 Bring to my arms my much-lamented
 But as the sun eclips'd, his glory
 By the dark shadows of the moon
 And soon emerging from the gathering clouds,
 With lustre unimpair'd cracks his
 Thus Laura only sleeps;—these
 (Her slumbers o'er) her vivid cheeks
 She joins the spirits blest, the heavenly
 In those bright realms where joys
 reign.

This humble tribute of my verse receives
 For know, thy name to distant times
 live,

If verse like mine a lasting fame can give.

The following Verses were hung on the
 Boughs of a venerable Walnut-Tree,
 which over-shadows the Burial-ground of
 the celebrated Port WALLER, in
 Consheld Church-Yard

By Mr. PRATT.

STRANGER, if virtue, or if verse, be
 dear,

With pious caution pay thy visit here.
 Planted by him, whose sacred dust has
 I was fifty summers under thy shade,
 Protector of the hallow'd spot I stand,
 To guard this vault from each unhallow'd
 hand,

Spice the each branch that crowns the
 tomb,

A part of Waller feeds my verdant bloom
 Oh! spare each leaf that bears the poet
 grave,

For in each leaf a part of me
 And on the fruits which clust round
 grow,

A more than vulgar dust my below:
 Taste, but with reverence kneeling at
 shrine,

So may it thou, and Waller's Muse
 thine,

A second Tree of Knowledge may I be,
 And as forbidden Wisdom shine in thee.

THE BACHANALIAN.
 I.

POETS may rack their crazy brains,
 To court the Muse in lofty strains,
 While humble I invoke the Name,
 And sing in praise of Roly Wins.

With looks benign, then the Goddess
 " Rise, my Muse, rise, the Muse, arise thy
 From the high thrones my wondering soul
 But ah! no more behind the radiant smile.
 Yet I delighted aim to sing thy praise;
 Yet shall this tongue thy native virtues
 For thee, no infant Muse her voice shall
 And bid us pen thy laureate worth proclaim.
 In the still gloom of night, when deep at
 rest
 The world is sunk, and every eye retires
 To close in sleep, my ever grateful breast
 For thee Philander wak'd its latent fire.
 From their high thrones e'en Zion's Saints
 shall bend,
 And listening Angels echo back my pray'r;
 At thy great name the hosts of light attend,
 And hail with rapture Heaven's eternal
 care.
 May spotless Peace within thy guiltless soul
 For ever dwell more beautiful than be-
 fore;
 May every year with added honours roll,
 And suns revolving show thy virtues more.
 Happly some happier Muse in strains shall
 glow,
 More fam'd, more equal to Philander's
 worth;
 Whose rising merit, crush'd by Scipio,
 But for thy aid had perish'd in her birth.
 Yet let his shades attend this artless strain,
 My Muse from fallow adulation free,
 'Tis his to loath the sting of conscious pain,
 And Heaven reward us care with sympa-
 thy.
 From us he turns not now with cold dis-
 dain,
 But condescends to hear this humble lay;
 So may fair Peace her spotless rights main-
 tain;
 And guide his footsteps to the realms of day.
 On the GREAT CANAL from LEADS to
 LIVERPOOL, DONOLAS NAVY-
 MASTER.
 FAME, O'er the Roman, for arms and
 Shall yield to Britain's Heaven-granted
 crown.
 In arms her prowess the whole world revere,
 And in the arts no equal glory share.

I.
 II.
 III.
 IV.
 V.
 VI.
 VII.
 VIII.
 J. B. ——— o.

Doct^r WILLIAM PERFECT the fol-
 lowing small Tribute is respectfully ad-
 dressed by his obliged and obedient hum-
 ble servant,
HARRIET FALCONER.

ESSEY, ye Muses of Thetis's sacred
 stream,
 Partake your ever-fair, your fragrant
 bow'rs,
 While o'er my soul soft Friendship sheds
 her gleam,
 In Friendship's praise render your pleasing
 pow'rs.
 Where I, bright nymphs, for dire your guar-
 dian lake,
 Would you see me but wake your hea-
 venly love,
 Then might these lines Philander's worth de-
 scribe,
 And you, ye unborn that worth admire.
 O'er the Time's eternal life,
 O'er his sacred name;
 O'er his glorious effect
 O'er his might assist of immortal Fame.
 O'er the heavenly Muse
 O'er the every new-fanc'd
 O'er the every new-
 O'er the every new-

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 O'er the every new-
 O'er the every new-

Whether to stand, or fall, or fly,
Or whether to be slain, or to be free,
The last my name, design, business, and
inspire,

And waken my heart with a patriot's fire,
To sing the praises of the ingenious man
Who first conceiv'd the patriotic plan
To unite the western with the eastern man,
A noble world which shall transmit its name
To future ages with increasing fame.
My humble Muse a grateful tribute pays,
And gives a well-merited and unequal praise.
Where peasants live, where the industrious toil,
And spread the grain, or beat the stubborn soil,

Now vessels on the Ocean triumphant ride,
Nor need assist you with the unpealing tide.
I am port to port, thro' rocks, hills, and
vales,

The numerous barks invite promiscuous gales:
Or should the winds their friendly aid deny,
The vessels shall the adverse winds defy.
And sturdy steeds shall well the want supply.

Here storms may threaten, but shall rage in
vain;
They spend their harmless force when calms
succeed again.

And now with patriot ardent zeal inspir'd,
And thoughts of Britain's future glory fir'd,
I glad relate the advantages we gain
By this safe intercourse from Man to Man.
You warlike nations on the Ocean's way,
With hostile fleets shall meet in proud array;
A haughty France, by blind ambition driven,
Again should urge the dreadful wrath of
Heaven,

Again spread far and wide fierce war's
alarms,

And call forth Britain's glorious sons to arms,
Then shall our wealthy merchants various
stuffs

Securely be convey'd from shore to shore,
Shall wisely shun the Ocean's dangerous
fores,

And haughty Galla's numerous privateers
Thus whilst a ship the bottom of our sea
The nation's treasures prize her beaute,
Our naval force, a gallant, ready fleet,
With strength increased pursue the ocean
space,

The British thunder with tremendous roar
And valiant force shall shake each hostile
shore.

By the united strength of England's Spain,
The British still be Sovereign of the Main.

DIALOGUE IN A REVERIE OF

STRANGER
WHAT is empire, what is power?
What is beauty, wealth, or fame?
These will soon pass before ye
And your names shall be forgot.

...
I have the fountains of the world
Heaven's bounty, and the earth's
GODWIN'S

SONNET

TRANSLATED FROM THE
"Aphrodisia" of the
THE Spring returns, and all the
The warblers sing, the
bowers,
The daffodil dew-drops
flowers,
And tender green
And thou, sweet Philomel,
Breathing thy wild notes
grave;
All nature feels the kindling
The vital force of Spring's returning
But not in thee returns the cheerful
O hear, that know'st no other
Nor Nature's smiles to thee
Nor change of mind the varying
She, the is gone! all that e'er
Adieu, ye birds, ye flowers,
return no more!

In the last stanza, Milton has evidently
copied the sentiment and the words of his
own biographer, in the Hymn to Light

"But not to thee returns," &c.

ELECTAC VERSE

Occasioned by the death of Doctor ...
Lecturer in Chymistry and ...
in the University of Glasgow.
By Mr. RICHARDSON.

O How precarious is the lot of man!
Our life, a vapour, and our age, a dream,
Gay in the sunshine of our opening years,
In extended scene a lovely scene,
The various tints glow but
The green gold blossoms
grows.

Admires us with the thought
Ourselves we justify, with
But time, too soon, is
Cold becomes slow
Our youth's gay merriment
clouds.

P O E T R Y.

The drizzle faster, th' impetuous storm de-
 scend—
 Care, disappointment, and the loss of friends,
 An unmerited reprobation, th' undue return
 For deeds of kindness, teach us lood—to
 mourn
 O Jardine, to my wounded heart
 The balm of thy serene impart
 And teach me, Archus, while the tempests
 blow,
 To stem, with fortitude, the tide of woe :
 My friends, communicate the lament cure—
 Teach me to strive, to pardon, and endure.

And yet, ah me ! at this oppressive hour
 Your hearts are troubled too ; your spirits
 lower :
 The tear yet oozing in the redd'nd eye,
 Th' untimely sigh, and th' unbidden sigh,
 Mufings, and throbbings, when observ'd,
 suppress,
 The sad conflict of the troubled breast.
 With you, I pour the tributary tear,
 With you, at Irvine's unexpected bier !
 A beam of Science, parted soon, explore !
 Our fellow-labourer, alas, no more !
 The partner of our social hours, with whom
 We liv'd, the tenant of our early tomb !
 Hasten, my friends, O haste and give relief
 With the composure of becoming grief,
 Gild from the deeply, deeply smitten heart
 Elicit tenderly the barb'd dart :

Go to the chief in sorrow, who remains
 Their staff now broken, and their bow un-
 bent :
 For sympathy with friendly counsel join'd,
 May yield some solace to th' afflicted mind.—
 But now, with shaking knees, approach thy
 door
 Where Irvine liv'd ?—where Irvine lives ne-
 ver !
 How many the sorrows that have cause to flow,
 Or find access in reasonable woe !
 How many the pangs that rend a Widow's
 heart !
 Or comfort to the Father's impart —
 Poor, little Boy ! Affliction's cur's prey,
 Grief hath soon clouded thy commencing day !
 Who can thy loss, thy heavy loss, deplore ?
 Who introduce thee to a world of care ?
 But yet I will not bid thy sorrow flow—
 Soon wilt thou learn, too soon, thy load of woe :
 Amuse thee, Boy— or lose thyself in sleep—
 'Tis thy poor Mother who must wake and
 weep.

Spirits of Mercy ! unto whom 'tis given
 To minister on earth, the Peace of Heaven
 And soothe the sufferings of a wayward son :
 Come, on the wings of Consolation come !
 Breathe all your influence here, benign and
 mild,
 To the lone Widow and her only Child.

Edin Aug. 7th, 1787.

A CURIOUS and INTERESTING LETTER from DAVID ROSS, Esq to —, Esq,

DEAR SIR,
 OUR conversation of yesterday evening
 made such an impression on my mind,
 that I can not avoid requesting you to publish
 the following anecdotes — They relate so im-
 mediately to Mr. Palmer's plan, and to the
 commercial and mercantile interests of the
 metropolis, that I think it would be unjust
 to conceal them.
 In the year 1782, during the Christmas
 holidays, I played George Barnwell, and the
 Mr. Mrs. Birchard played Milwood. Doctor
 B. rowley, physician to St. Euthanew's
 hospital, told me he had been sent for by a young
 gentleman who lay at St. Helen's, appearing
 in a very critical manner. He found him
 all with a slow fever, a heavy hammer
 pain, that no medicine could touch. The
 nurse told him he sigh'd at times so very
 heavily, that he was sure some thing lay
 heavy on his mind. The doctor sent every
 night out of the room, and told his patient he
 was sure there was something that oppressed
 his mind, and lay so heavy on his spirits,
 that it would be in vain to order him medi-
 cine, unless he would open his mind freely.
 After much sollicitation on the part of the
 doctor, the youth confessed there was some-

thing very heavy at his heart, but that he
 would sooner die than divulge it, as it must
 be his ruin if it was known. The doctor
 assured him, if he would make him his con-
 fidant, he would by every means in his
 power relieve him, and that the secret, if he
 desired it, should remain so to all the world,
 but to those who might be necessary to relieve
 him. After much conversation, he told the
 doctor, he was the second son to a gentleman
 of good fortune in Hertfordshire; that he
 had made an improper acquaintance with a
 kept mistress of a captain of an Indian
 then abroad; that he was within a year of
 being out of his time, and had been entrusted
 with cash, draughts, and notes, which
 he had made free with, to the amount of two
 hundred pounds. That, going two or three
 nights before to Drury Lane, to see Ross and
 Mrs. Pritchard in their characters of George
 Barnwell and Milwood, he was so forcibly
 struck, he had not enjoyed a moment's peace
 since, and wished to die, to avoid the shame
 he saw hanging over him. The doctor asked
 where his father was? He replied, he expect-
 ed him there every minute, as he was sent for
 by his father upon his being taken so very ill.

The doctor... make himself perfectly well, as he would undertake his father should make all right; and, to get the patient in a promising way, assured him, if his father made the least hesitation, he should have the money of his son. The father soon agreed. The doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the whole case to him for a while, begged him to save the honour of his family, and the life of his son. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks, said he would step to his banker, and bring the money. While the father was gone, Doctor Barrowby went to his patient, and told him every thing would be settled in a few minutes, to his ease and satisfaction: That his father was gone to his banker for the money, and would soon return with peace and tranquillity, and never mention or even think of it more. What is very extraordinary, the doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling of his pulse, without the help of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father returned within ten minutes to the amount of 200 l which he put into the son's hands—they wept,

and lived to be very eminent merchants. Doctor Barrowby never told me the name of Drury Lane theatre; and upon telling it one night when I was standing by, he said to me, "I've been done for a good many a profession, more, perhaps, than many a clergyman who preached last Sunday" —for the patient told the doctor, that he raised such horror and contrition in his soul, that he would, if it would please God, to raise a friend to extricate him out of his distress, dedicate the rest of his life to religion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas and these words: "A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged, and freed from ruin, by seeing Mr. Keys's performance of Barrowby's 'well'"

I am,
Dear Sir,
Hampstead, Yours truly,
20th August 1787 DAVID KEYS
(COPY)

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 29.

MRS Taylor, who a few years since performed at Covent Garden under the name of Mrs. Barton, appeared at Drury Lane in the character of Elizabeth Percy — This lady certainly improved since her former appearance in London, but we doubt that the managers of this theatre have still to look for an occasional substitute for Mrs. Siddons.

OCT 1. A person whose name we know of Scymour, appeared at Covent-Garden in the character of Macbeth. As his attempt was a decided failure, it is unnecessary to dwell on faults which will no longer offend the eye or ear. Before the play the following Address was spoken by Mr. Pope.

WHENEVER a new-Red's Partither brings

The trembling Drama on his *swind* wings,
True to his hall the friendly Prologue waits,
Your favour counts — your notice deprecates:
And let it not presumptuous them appear
It once the *Abs* beg, a partial ear —
Bold is the hope on critic grounds to raise
The envied part of the theoric boys.

—When here, high candidates for bosom'd

time,

"Faggy's rich *Obid*," — and tuneful *Osney*
same;

They soon perceiv'd, it was in *entire* part
To frame a play, than to perform part;
In' unwill'g robes resign'd, they snatch'd
the pen,

And wro'e like Gods who can not act like

"If these ill-fated poets had
As I'd be led to stand at my
How dangerous to him on the stage,
Who plays to-night the part of
But here there's space here to let us
light

For humbler hopes to raise a lowly'd
height,

And Vagw her self to light
—A private fable at first, a public
rate but for this night in the West
spar'd,

TRULY been mute — not the least of CHA-
HAM heard;

Where cold precaution in the breast abounds,
"Th' attempt too oft, an' not a good con-
sion is"

Fayer, 'tis true, on looking can suppose
A well as read to be known;
But till your voice declar'd it tale or true,
None ever yet the ancient impulse knew —
That voice to try — and in such humous plight,
A poor *Præbiter* comes forth to-nigh't
Not in a desperate mood, with impious rage
'Gainst gentle nature's stubborn way to war —

He'd sooner seek a rough retreat to gain
 Beyond the limits of the Vestal main,
 Than in his happy unmaned grave,
 With her, in spite of Nature and the Muse,
 Your patient torture—and your grace abate.

10. Mr. Blanchard from the Bath Theatre,
 appeared at Covent Garden in *Hippolyte in Love*
 in a Village, and *Sharp in The Flying Viceroy*.
 He appears to be possessed of great talent for
 low comedy, which most certainly he com-
 bines with the excellent performance that
 was known at Covent-Garden. We greatly com-
 plicate it, we cannot deny him praise for his
 performance in each of the comedies he re-
 presented.

11. Mr. Fennel, under the name of Ca-
 bray, appeared at Covent Garden in the cha-
 racter of Othello. The role is part last he
 often attempted with little success, and which
 frequently chosen for a full performance,
 would with more propriety be reserved for
 the best effort of the histrionic art. The
 powers of a novel in the profession are not
 but sink under such a part, and that is what
 we must be wondred that we have seen in
 him or established in his name on
 this occasion. Mr. Fennel we regretfully
 omitted many of the requisites of a good actor,
 and we entertain great hopes of his perform-
 ance, when time and talent, and I have mis-
 tered his talents.

12. Mr. Bowden, from Manchester, ap-
 peared at Covent Garden in *Robin Hood*.—
 His voice is a contralto, but goes down to B, and
 rises perhaps as far as F. His tones are manly,
 and, as far as they go, natural. The ap-
 plause he met with, has been given from all
 quarters, both those who are judges, and those
 who rely on their ear only, unite in praising

him. We may therefore conclude that he has
 passed the fiery ordeal of trial, and will hereaf-
 ter afford great entertainment to the public.

19. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard from Bath, ap-
 peared at Covent Garden in the characters
 of Archer and Mrs. Sullen in *The Strata-
 gem*, and Keckley and the Irish Widow in
 the piece of that name. Both were received
 with applause, and both were initiated to it in a
 degree. If their performances were not of
 the first rank, they were, at least, above me-
 diocrity.

25. Mr. Sedgwick, who has been long
 known to the Anticranitic Society as a very
 good singer, tried his talents at Drury-Lane
 Theatre in the character of Artaxerxes in the
 opera of *Artaxerxes*, and performed it with
 considerable applause. He promises to be a
 better substitute for Bannister than any one
 that theatre at present afford.

THE ADDRESS TO FRIENDSHIP,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER on Mr. BAN-
 NISTER'S Night at the ROYALTY THEA-
 TRE,

By THOMAS VAUGHAN, Esq.
 LIVES there a feeling in the human
 breast,

Whose virtues it and more eminent confess,
 Than sacred Friendship's whole exhaustless
 store,

Pure as its source, dispels life's clouds away;
 Cheers from the widow's eye the falling tear,
 And frees the child of sorrow from despair,
 As man's best friend, and in the worst of life,
 And makes each age and clime—cheerful and
 calm,

Sheds its sweet influence o'er domestic woe,
 And guards the moral hour from every foe,
 Points to the scene of future joys afar,
 Not as Prometheus—but a guiding star;
 Improves our happiness, abates our fear,
 By doubling transports, and dividing care,
 These are the virtues which on Friendship
 wait,

And these the blessings—I have felt of late,
 From thee, who, once determin'd, never
 swaves,
 Weighs ere he trusts, yet weighs not ere he
 serves;

But, nobly fir'd with sympathetic zeal,
 Dared to encounter what he dared to feel;
 Nor shrink'd from the Verdast of our
 Laws,

Obtain'd by Faction in Oppression's cause.
 And what is Friendship's call, when blest
 with power,
 If not exerted in the pressing hour?

* Mr. C. BANNISTER.

Then spare the feelings of the grateful heart,
Nor blame the fond directions I impart,
Which live dependent—boy, and the reach
of art.

Nor yet to One—sax'd the debt I owe,
But proudly boast the Friendship you bestow,
Which here—I'll cherish to my latest days,
The grateful Servant—You have dign'd to
raise.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS
for MISS POWELL,

At the THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

Written by MR. PRATT.

THANKS to our stars, a Sovereign law
in nature

Is paid 'd now-a-days by ev'ry creature;
To PLEASE, now the sun in smallest
light,

To PLEASE, without the aid of fins or
wings,

Some dive like fish, some soar like birds
in air,

While birds and fishes at the strangers stare,
Thinking it odd how gentlemen got there
To PLEASE, the world too, in our art ad-
vance,

Gee's learn the graces, puppies learn to
dance

That lighty trip now their old waddles
over,

The emerald Bel's the minuet a - a -
a - a -

And dare to do it, * Etquette we'd be l,
Halt but qu'omples neer will dance to
well

O say, ye blunderers, on a Thursday halt,
Doth not a well bred puppy do it ye all?
And tho' for nights ye practise the Cotillon,
Lift wagger Pug against vector a million.

Fallies, to please us, thus rise one by
one,

And ev'ry new-born trifle has its run.
To PLEASE, the bubbles swell; to please,
to burst;

And froth the locust melts like froth in
heat.

The Rags, the Ting, the Toppas, and the
Bots,

Have had their fash on, and prevail no more;
And vast balloms, these bubbles in the air,
Now scarce can make a country bus, kin
stare

The learned boys yields to accomplish'd age,
While they give place to more accomplish'd
age.

But, ah! in learned hogs themselves must
yield,

For turtles as at Jakes must take the field.

If education, and 'tis past dispute,
Can't form a man, it sure may form the
brute,

And since the rage of wisdom spreads its
wile,

Sure man and beast the honours should divide,
And since they both for talents merit praise,
Let pigs be gown'd, and puppies wear the
bay;

Let scientific apes a wreath obtain,
And owls turn wits, and write for Drury
lane

All, all would please; we ne'er can find
the same

Which guides the path to glory or to fame;
Or joy, or sorrow, social is the glow,
And mutual ev'ry joy, and ev'ry woe.

To PLEASE, to soothe, to soften, to unite,
O'er life's dark shade to draw the tenderest
light,

From proof the real object to erase,
And shew a tilded sorrow in its place;

All these, he's offer, to display our,
But, oh! an office still more blest is
Rich from the bounty of the public heart,
Springs the noblest of graces which crosses
or ray

The actor but will 'ts your gen'rous aid;
And 'tis by you our task is—*et op'at.*

Even I am out, and when you mind
your

When mo' my little find your plauchts
in

When you in the world what I trembling
pleas,

It was but to lig on the powers you made,
Bless'd be the wreath, and amply blest the
spot,

Where beauties thrive, and errors are forgot;
Where smaller powers are nurs'd with kind-
ness,

Feel a rich soil, and prove the mudd'g nr.
Thus fertile throws us acqu'it with art force,

When daily fed by some fountain source,
Some sacred fountain that in wide hollows,
While broad, as a tree from you each has our
flow

Flow

The following address was
spoken by Miss MARTIN, at Mr. R.
MARTIN'S Theatre, at which her Grace the
Duchess of Devonshire, and most of the principal
Nobility and Gentry of the county of
Somerset, were present, before
the representation of the tragedy of Iphigenia.

AWAKED the woman's woe—though long
unfeeling,

A theme sublimer than has yet been song

* Mr. Walker, Master of the Ceremonies.

Demands those dulcet notes, that ancient Hall
Which Monarchs heard well pleas'd on Ta-
ra's hill.

Thou that to heroes hast been wont to sing,
For heroes *sons* attune the warbling string,
With renovated might numbers show,
That what our Granby was—our Rutland now;
That laurel wreath—that wreath which can-
not fade,

That lineament from the glorious dead,
Which once adorned the god-like Father's
brow,

Nought if it were lure with the Sun shall lose.
Thrice welcome Granby's Son—Oh, glorious
name!

So oft recorded in the Book of Fame;

With all the ~~race~~ *the* race inspir'd,
Lov'd by the ~~people~~ *the* people admur'd;
These do I learn'st ~~to~~ *to* approve,
The worthy image of the King they love.
Long here propitious to our hopes remain,
Confirm our ~~glories~~ *glories* from this virtuous reign,
Sprung from a race in feats of valour try'd,
From men who nobly liv'd, and nobly dy'd—
By thee united in one common cause,
We'll guard our country and protect the laws.
No more shall foreign or domestic wiles
Disturb the concord of the sister isle,
Justice and Liberty shall haunt in land,
Wave their wide banners o'er this happy land;
And hitherto should our foes presume to ster,
They'll meet a Minden fate—another Gran-
by here.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Continued, Aug. 25.

7 III. following a translation of the Man-
ifesto published by the Sublime Porte
at ~~Constantinople~~ *Constantinople*, remitted to Count Choiseul-
Gouffier, the King of France's Ambassador,
the 24th inst.

"The peace concluded between the Sub-
lime Porte and the Court of Petersburg
(1774), was chiefly made for the repose and
tranquillity of the respective empires, yet the
Court of Russia has not only not main-
tained the same spirit of tranquillity, but
good harmony which the peace had pro-
duced. It has even called in troops
on the Crimea, upon the pretext of opposi-
tion to the court of Greece, which was found-
ed on the Treaty of Commerce. It was
stipulated in this instrument that, given on
both sides, there should be no further dis-
cussion between the two Empires, and that
they should enjoy perfect peace. It was
stipulated that the principal cities they should
avoid for the future all wars, whatever kind
all places of rest or public, yet the Court of
Russia has called up Prince Hertzog, who
was furnished with a diploma of investiture
from the Sublime Porte. Russian troops
have been employed, and they have declin-
ed to acknowledge the Supreme authority of the
Prince, and in doing so, it must be gener-
ally. While we allege that this proceeding
was a formal infraction of the Treaties, it was
maintained to the contrary. It was expressly
agreed on that the Ozikowians should have
the free and unimpeded extraction of the sil-
vers, which always belonged to the inhabitants
of that frontier, yet they have always met
with a number of impediments, and experi-

enced every sort of ill-treatment from the
Russians; and when they reclaimed the ex-
ecution of the Conventions, the Court of Russia
has constantly refused it. The Consul of that
Court has reduced the Waywode of Moldavia,
which is the rank of a Prince, he favoured
him, and when the Sublime Porte re-
claimed him, the Russian Envoy replied, his
Court would not deliver him up, a refusal
directly opposite to the Treaties. The Rus-
sian Court has shewn its bad designs by giving
aid to the pirates who prey on the sea.
It has corrupted the Officers of the Sublime
Porte, by obliging them to take the
Mocovis, in order to be able to pre-
fer the interest of that officer over the
prejudice to the truth. It has in-
vited to its cities the subjects of the Sublime
Porte, and employed them in its name on
other services. It has especially entered into
the interior disposition of our Administration,
by soliciting either the receding punishment of
Governors, Judges, Vassals, and of all the Offi-
cers not in their interest, and even of the Pa-
cha of Georgia and the Princes of Wallachia
and Moldavia. Every one knows how gene-
rally the Porte behaved to the Russian Mer-
chants, they carried on their trade to the Oc-
cident with safety and liberty, and might
go where they chose, for which reason we ex-
pected the same indulgence for the subjects
of the Sublime Porte. Such were our con-
ventions when the Russian Court wanted to
monopolize all the commerce, and exacted a
duty far greater from the subjects of the Sub-
lime Porte than from other powers. When
the subjects of the Sublime Porte wanted to
recover their debts in the Russian States, they
met a thousand obstacles: not being able to
go

go where they wanted, they were obliged to return without their due; many even have disappeared without our knowing what became of them. When the merchant vessels of the Sublime Porte wanted either through stress of weather or want of water, or any other urgent necessity, to go on board a Russian ship, the Russians kept them off with their guns. They have likewise sometimes fired on our vessels from Soghhougiak. The Court of Russia wanted to introduce the article relating to Prince Heraclius amongst other articles of a great declaration's importance, and gave notice in a sinister manner, by its Envoy, to the Sublime Porte to furnish a common instrument for all these objects; if not, it had ordered General Potemkin to march to our frontiers with 60 or 70,000 men, to exact the execution of all the articles, and that the Emperor was to come there herself. This notice was an open and formal declaration of war. The order given to General Potemkin to march to our frontiers, at the head of so many troops, is analogous to the proceedings of the Court of Russia with regard to the occupation of the Crimea. If the Russians remain masters of it, the Porte cannot hope to remain in security for the future, and they will always have some bad designs to fear. These considerations engaged the Porte to shew to the Russian Envoy the desire they had for the Crimea to be established on its ancient footing, and to make a new treaty to cement friendship between the empires. The Envoy answered, he could not make these propositions to his Court, and that if he was to do it, he foresaw no good could result from it. He rejected or eluded the articles which contained our complaints, and formally answered, that his Court would not renounce the Crimea. That for all these reasons and others, either secret or public, which it is impossible to enumerate, the Sublime Porte is obliged to declare war; in consequence of which he has published this Manifesto to the respectable Court of France, to inform that the resolution she has taken to go to war with Russia. The Sublime Porte submits the motives herein contained to the equity of her friends.

"The 11th of Zade, the year 1201, (the 24th of August, 1787.)"

Hague, Sept. 26. The following is a letter from her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange to the reigning Duke of Brunswick:

"SIR, *Nimeguen, Sept. 25, 1787.*

"The moment your Highness enters the province of Holland at the head of the body of troops the King, my brother, has entrusted to you, permit me to recommend again to you the interests of that nation, which is to deal to

me, and to whose prosperity I shall always glory in contributing as much as in my power. I could not foresee that so simple an intention as that of my going to the Hague would have had such serious effects, and so entirely opposite to the salutary views which determined me to undertake that journey.

"I expected great obstacles before I succeeded in my endeavours to restore peace and tranquillity; but the only difficulty for which I was unprepared, because it was the least probable, was unfortunately that which deprived me of every means of attaining my end, by stopping my journey by violent means.

"But if the unkindness of proceeding used towards me in Holland, a proceeding the reproach of which has only been modified by my inward knowledge of not having merited it, if the proceeding, I say, has been disapproved by all the Courts, and every man of honour and good-breeding, what must be thought of those who compose the parliament of the States of Holland, to see them unfeeling and sacrifice the interests of their country to little personal views, and oblige the King to take a satisfaction they have obstinately refused to his friendly exhortations.

"The King, by declaring he considered the offence against himself, penetrated my heart with gratitude, but after the manner they used to answer him, and the injustice which this pretended majority did not cease committing, that Declaration would have raised my greatest fears for that country which for twenty years I have considered as my own, and whose interests are inseparable from those of my house, if I had not been made easy by the Declaration of the States-General, that of the principal Members of the Assembly of the States of Holland, and of the greatest part of the nation, as well as by the unanimous sentiments which characterize his Majesty.

"The King could not give a stronger proof of those sentiments than by charging your Highness with the execution of his orders and the sentiments, Sir, you have desired to shew towards me, and which your Highness has manifested in your Declaration to the States of Holland do not permit me to doubt of the wisdom and equity of your intentions; but your Highness must pardon me if I dare to implore your clemency toward that part of the inhabitants who are blinded and led astray by passion, and to assure you I shall consider your behaviour towards them, and the protection you shew to the wife part of the nation, as so many favours done to myself. In the mean-time, I do solemnly declare here, that, perfectly agreeable to the moderate principle shewn by the Prince in his last Declaration,

I will

I will never profit from any circumstances whatever to procure my family a greater authority than the constitution and true liberty of the Provinces grant it, and that for myself I shall always be ready to employ my good offices for the welfare of this country, and those of my house, without fear of trouble or disputes. I have no ambition and I flourish, and I will only accept of what I owe to the confidence and respect I may have merited. It is with the greatest pleasure and the warmest gratitude I shall oblige the King with the highest consideration, by your Serene Highness a most devoted servant and Cousin,
WILHELMINA

Hague, Sept 25 I then Noble and Great Highnesses the Lords States of Holland and West-Frisland were assembled yesterday this day

His Serene Highness assisted the Assembly of these High Highnesses, and was accompanied there by a speech of acceptance of the President, when the Count Wellfleet proposed on the part of the province of Guelderland to contribute to the maintenance of the peace sincerely and happily with the King, and testify his readiness to receive the King's Highnesses with the highest respect and dignity, and to contribute to the establishment of the peace by all possible support every where as with the privilege, but that he had taken the salutary care to keep the peace which the province of Guelderland has always been ready to give to the King.

Mr Peter van der Meer, Secretary of Holland, read a letter from the King in which he had expressed his contentment.

But Mr van der Meer did not see the King's Highnesses of Orange in the Hague, who were in the city of Amsterdam at the first of the month.

The Count Jewell, in a speech below mentioned, at 10 o'clock in the afternoon, to the States-General, which was terminated, and the Count de Meur, from yesterday, with a speech of the Count of the Princes of Orange, viz 9, 25, 35, 74, 117, 151, 184, and 225, were finished when the Count made a very fine speech for the prosperity of the country, and for all the Supreme Council, the interests of the Republic, and the Royal and Serene Highnesses in particular. It is remarkable, that the Jewish nation, during all the unhappy troubles which have existed for so many years in our dear country, have ever behaved in the most exemplary manner.

Hague, Sept 25 The States of Holland agreed on Saturday last, to write a letter to the Princess of Orange, inviting her to return to the Hague, and expressing their earnest desire to grant her Royal Highness satisfaction for the insult offered her near Schromhoven, in a manner determined by his Majesty. Her Royal Highness would be very glad to see the King in Utrecht, and was received with the most joyful acclamations of all ranks of people. The deputations of the several States, and of the principal departments, were ordered to meet her Highness immediately after her arrival, and every possible mark of distinction was shown her.

A regiment of Dragoon Guards, and the second battalion of the Swiss Guards, entered the Hague on Sunday. The regiment is now complete, and composed of the King's army quartered in this city, and ordered to be ready to go to the assistance of the King.

The Duke of Brunswick remained in the Hague on Saturday last, and on Sunday, he visited the King's Highnesses, with four miles of Anvers, and the King's Highnesses, who were accompanied by the Duke of Brunswick, and the King's Highnesses, who were accompanied by the Duke of Brunswick.

Mr. de Morny, Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General of the Kingdom, read a letter to his Majesty, in which he expressed his contentment with the Government of the King's Highnesses, and in which he offered the following letter to his Majesty, the King's Highnesses, and the King's Highnesses.

"The actual situation of Paris in the United Provinces, where the King's Highnesses have long since had the general consent of Europe, having still become more extensive by the recent and relative increase of the provinces, and having notified the resolution of acting with her forces that party in Holland which remains in the possession of the King's Highnesses, which are certain which the British Majesty has moved for the establishment of the Kingdom of Orange, may perhaps interest me to have the honour of informing the Government-General of the Austrian Emperor, that the British Majesty cannot count on the alliance between France and the French Republic as a just and sufficient reason to engage her to support a party in an unjust cause, disavowed by the majority of the States-General. His Majesty and British Majesty has declared and often repeated, that it was impossible for him to fulfil with indifference the armed intervention.

tion of France in this affair; because, in tolerating this armed interposition, there could not but result consequences very dangerous, as well for the constitutions and independence of these provinces, as hurtful in many respects to the interest and safety of the States of his Britannic Majesty.

"In consequence of which, his Britannic Majesty is necessitated to make the speediest preparations for equipping a considerable naval armament, and for augmenting his land forces, to the end they may be in a state and ready to act on any event.

"But that it will be his greatest pleasure to let his subjects, and all Europe, enjoy the felicity and blessings of peace, urges that the interest of his States force him to adopt a contrary conduct. That in consequence of these gracious dispositions, and in order to avert the scourge of war, his Britannic Majesty has renewed to his Minister at Paris, a repetition of these intentions, in case the Court of France are equally disposed to engage themselves to terminate amicably, and by equitable arrangements, the points of discussion which have impaired the state of affairs of the Republic, and reduced it to the deplorable situation it is in at this day.

"I have the honour to be, with the most distinguished consideration, your Excellency's very humble, and very obedient servant,

Sept. 24, 1787. LORRINGTON."

Hague, Sept. 27 Extract from the resolutions of the Resolutions of the Lords States General of the United Provinces, Thursday, Sept. 20, 1787.

"The Lords Deputies of the Province of Holland and West-Friesland have read in their Assembly the resolution of the Lords States of the said Province their constituents hereafter inserted, viz.

"Having seriously considered the proposition of the Lords of the Equestrian body and Nobles, touching the dangerous situation of this Province, and the absolute necessity of preventing its further ruin by speedy and effectual methods to preserve and save this place from the events which are justly feared, it has been thought proper and resolved to annul the resolution by which his Serene Highness the Prince Hereditary Stadtholder has been suspended from the charge of Captain-General of this Province, and to restore to his Serene Highness the command of the garrison of the Hague; to invite him to repair to the Hague immediately; in fine, to use with their Noble and Great Mightinesses every means to preserve the Province and re-establish the tottering constitution, and to stifle those ruinous afflictions which have caused all the disasters, and in consequence to send his Serene Highness the following letter, viz.

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"His Serene Highness the Prince and Lord,

"Having thought proper by our resolution of this day to re-mit to your Serene Highness in your charge of Captain-General of this Province, by annulling and abrogating our Resolutions of suspension, and every thing relative thereto, and particularly to restore to you the command of the garrison of this our residence, we inform your Serene Highness of it as soon as possible, beseeching you at the same time, on account of the critical state of our province at present, to repair to the Hague, to act conjointly with us for the preservation of the province, the re-establishment of the tottering constitution, and to stifle the destructive afflictions. At which, &c.

"Notice shall be given to the Chiefs of the Members of the Province to respect his Serene Highness as Captain-General, and to obey and execute exactly his Orders and Commands, which he shall from time to time issue.

"That notice of the above be sent to the Assembly of their High Mightinesses.

"Then High Mightinesses having deliberated thereon, thanked the said Lord Deputies for the said communication; and their High Mightinesses testify their satisfaction touching the said salutary resolution, assuring them that their High Mightinesses will contribute as much as they can to the re-establishment of repose, union, and harmony amongst the confederates."

Hague, Oct. 3. The two Deputies from the Town of Amsterdam having arrived here, to make in the name of their city a particular apology, which seemed to have been arranged between the Deputies and the Duke of Brunswick, at Leyden, her Royal Highness the Princess, not being satisfied therewith, sent a note to them in which she says:

"First she desires nothing less than the punishment of the authors and instigators thereof.

"That she is very much affected at the situation which the authors and instigators of these misdeeds have reduced Amsterdam to.— And that she desires nothing more ardently than to see stifle the means and resolutions which will cause these disorders and acts of violence to vanish, to re-establish the constitutional regency, to provide for the public peace, and to render to the country its ancient welfare and prosperity. And that she offers with pleasure to engage the King her brother to detach from every other point of satisfaction, and to withdraw his troops from before this town, as soon as the sincerity of their professions are confirmed by the towns of Amsterdam, by acceding to the resolutions which have hitherto been taken for the re-establishment of affairs, and acting also in concert with the other members of the States of this province, to take such other steps and salutary

salutary resolutions proper to fulfil the pure views and the designs of prosperity which she proposes to revive in the country.

"She nevertheless would have found much difficulty in coming hither on the invitation made by the States of Holland, if they had not joined the assurances that her Spouse should be re-established in all: To this end, she begged them not to think, that she desired to see the authors and instigators attacked, either in their honour, or in their good, and much less exposed to lose their lives; but to prevent further suspicion, they must be dismissed from their stations, in which they had still power to excite new troubles.

(Signed) WILHELMINA."

From the AMSTERDAM GAZETTE, Oct. 4.

All the negotiations of our city, whether with the Duke of Brunswick or at the Hague, have terminated in an entire submission to the Court of Prussia and to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange, as appears by the following placard:

"The Burgher-masters and Counsellors of the city of Amsterdam find themselves obliged to declare to the worthy corps of Burghers, that they have always conscientiously endeavoured to act conformably to the advantage of the dear country in general, and that of this city in particular—and that still, in their present circumstances, the good of this city, and that of its inhabitants, is dearer to them than their own lives, and the preservation of their honours, their employments, and their property.

"The great and imminent danger in which they are involved, and the little time which with difficulty they have obtained to deliberate, not having permitted them to make fully known to the Burghers, all that has been transacted, to preserve this good city from the dreadful mischiefs that seem to impend, they have been obliged to accede to the points which the other Members of the States of Holland have agreed to; and to charge the Deputies of this city to yield to every demand, in case they cannot act otherwise—even the dismissal of the established Regents—rather than bring greater damages to the town and its inhabitants, in addition to those they have hitherto suffered; and after all, perhaps, after having undergone these losses, to be obliged to submit to demands still more afflicting. They call God to witness, from whom nothing can be concealed, and the oath which they took on assuming the magistrature, that they have had no other view in conceding every thing, than the prevention of the certain and irreparable ruin of the city.

"Since they have been constrained to give up all, they will at least endeavour, and they hope to be able to preserve the most perfect

tranquility and security in this very populous city; to the effecting of which they expect with confidence, that the brave Burghers, who hitherto have exerted themselves with so much zeal for the preservation of that tranquility, will continue to exercise the same efforts, and the same zeal, to maintain public quiet in the city, and to preserve each individual, whosoever it may be, from all manner of violence and oppression.

Done the 3d of October, by me,

H. N. HASSELAER, Secr."

Hague, Oct. 9. Accounts received from Amsterdam this evening mention all the outposts of that city being evacuated; that Muiden had surrendered; that the strong posts of Overtoom and Diemenbrok were in possession of the Prussian troops; and that the Duke of Brunswick had completely surrounded Amsterdam itself, on the land side, close to the very walls.

The above accounts further add, that the lawful Magistrates had been recalled, and those who had usurped their charges deposed; that measures were taking for disarming the Free Corps; and that every thing promised a speedy restoration of peace and tranquility. *Gaz.*

Amsterdam, Oct. 11. On Tuesday last the Burgher-masters received the following letter from his Highness the Duke of Brunswick, dated Amsterdam, the 9th instant.

"In order to secure the requisition of his Prussian Majesty, and the honour of his arms, of being assured of the disarming of the auxiliaries and free corps that shall be found in Amsterdam, I demand of the Burgher-masters, and Council of the city, for my entire satisfaction of the legal mode of their being disarmed, that the Leyden Port, or Gate, be delivered to his Majesty's troops that shall appear there to-morrow at noon; and I pledge myself that no one shall come into the city; that the strictest discipline shall be observed; and that the troops shall stay no longer after the resolution of the States, with respect to their being disarmed, shall have been put in execution. You see, Gentlemen, I ask no more than what the States require, and what other cities, such as Dordrecht and Rotterdam, desired of me.

"C. G. F. D. of BRUNSWICK."

In consequence of the above, on Wednesday morning a deputation of two Burgher-masters, and two of the Council, waited on his Highness, who was near the Leyden Port, or Gate, in order to settle every thing relative to the present circumstances.

Hague, Oct. 12. Her Royal Highness delivered, on Saturday last, her complaints, writing to the Commissioners of their Majesty's Highnesses; which consists in declaring, that she did not require any corporal punishment

ment against the authors and abettors of the insult offered to her, but only that they be dismissed from all their employes. And upon the enquiry made by the Commissioners of their Noble Highnesses, who were the authors, her Highness mentioned the following gentlemen :

M. Daniel Jacobus Canter, Chamberlain of the Council of the city of Harlem.

M. Franciscus Guultherus Blok, Magistrate of the city of Leyden.

M. Jan De Witt, Magistrate of the city of Amsterdam.

M. Martinus Van Toulon, of the Council of the city of Gouda.

M. Cornelis Van Forrest, Lord of Schoorl and Camp, of the Council of the city of Alkmaar.

M. A. C. Serus, Secretary at Woerden.

M. Cornelis Johan Dedanje, Lord of the manors of Wyngaarden and Rungbroeke, of the Council of the city of Gouda.

M. C. A. De Gyzelaar, Pensioner of the city of Dordrecht.

M. Adriaan Van Zeeberg, and M. Pieter Leonard Van de Kaatele, Pensionaries of the city of Harlem.

M. Engelbert Francois Van Berckell, and M. Carel Wouter Visscher, Pensionaries of the city of Amsterdam.

M. Ludovicus Timon de Kempenaar, of the Council of the city of Alkmaar; together with those of the *Defensie Wezen*, of the city of Amsterdam.

Adriaan Pompejus Van Leyden, Lord of Hardinxveld.

M. Balthazar Elias Abberna.

Lodewyk Hoy de Jonge.

M. John Bernard Bicker.

And their Noble Highnesses with most of the cities, resolved to give this satisfaction; meanwhile Amsterdam was to explain on Thursday, and some of the cities concurred upon the approbation of their principals; so that this matter is as good as concluded.

A Letter from Berlin, dated Oct. 10, says, "A terrible fire has reduced to ashes the city of Ruppin, situated in the *Marche* of Brandenburg, about eight or nine leagues from Berlin. There are not above 240 houses standing; more than 600 have been burnt, as well as three churches, the Town House, and the building belonging to Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, the Royal Magazine, where there was a quantity of cloathing ready to be delivered to the troops, &c. The fire lasted twelve hours. They estimate the loss at many millions.

Hague, Oct. 11. On the 20th ult. the Prince of Orange published a declaration on the happy revolution of affairs, exhorting the inhabitants to demean themselves peaceably and

orderly; and not on any account to molest the persons or habitations of any, on pain of his highest displeasure.

Paris, Oct. 11. The 21st ult. the first President of the Parliament of Paris thanked his Majesty for having withdrawn the edict concerning the stamp-duty, and the land-tax bills, in the following words:—"Sire, your Majesty has given to the nation a very manifest proof of your equity and justice. The worthy heir of Charles the VIII's sceptre and virtues, you will be numbered, Sire, amongst the wisest of our Monarchs. Your Parliament, earnest to concur in your Majesty's beneficent views, and thoroughly sensible of the affectionate expressions you deigned to make use of in your edict, that no means shall be left unemployed to relieve the people and render them happy, have ordered the edict to be registered, and appointed me to present to the Throne the homage of public thanks, with assurances of the profoundest respect, and unalterable fidelity to your Majesty."

His Majesty most graciously answered—"I am satisfied with the sincere marks of fidelity and obedience I have just now received from my Parliament. I am confident that they will always concur in my salutary views for the happiness of my subjects, and deserve the trust I have placed in them."

A letter from Paris since says, "The latter patent which recal the parliament here are published, and all the members are upon their return."

Haga, Oct. 12. On the 19th ult. in the morning, his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick made his dispositions for bombarding the town of Amsterdam; but a deputation, in the interval, waited on his Serene Highness, intreating him to name the conditions to which he wished the city to subscribe; which being signified to the King, the following capitulation was signed the next day at noon, and the same evening his Serene Highness took possession of the principal gate of the city.

1. A detachment of the King's troops, consisting of 150 m^{ns}, 15 chassours, and 4 orderly hussars, shall occupy the Leyden Gate; and two pieces of artillery shall be placed within cannon-shot of that gate.—2. Two battalions of chassours shall be posted at Overtoorn.—3. In order to avoid giving occasion for any disturbances, none of the King's troops shall enter the city without the previous concurrence of the magistrate.—4. The Burgo-masters and City Council must take the most effectual measures for securing the Streets at the *Huizen* and *Muyden* Gates.—5. Legal Informations shall be given daily to his Serene Highness of the progress made in carrying into execution the Resolutions of the State, to which the town of Amsterdam has

already acceded.—6. Morf. de Hauen, the Prussian Commissioner, shall be informed of every thing relative to the alarming, in order to report an exact account of it.

Done at Overtoom the 10th of October, 1787. (Signed)

DEDEL, B.
CHARLES W. F. ELIAS ARNOIDZ.
Duke of Brunwick. BEIKER. G. zwell.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

SEPTEMBER 28.

AN unhappy, and perhaps unparalleled, accident happened lately at Paris.—A child of five years of age hanged his brother, who was not quite two years and so half old. On his being reprehended, he answered coolly—“I did not hurt him; my brother did not cry; I only did what I saw Punch do two or three times.”—He had been often to see a puppet show.

A proclamation has been issued by the Empress, by which the premium articles are given up, and the Privileges of the Austrian Netherlands established in all the remaining provinces.

29. The Session ended at the Old Bailey, when 19 convicts received judgment of death; 53 were sentenced to be transported; 11 to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the house of correction; 3 to be imprisoned in Newgate; 7 to be whipped and discharged; and 42 were discharged by proclamation.

A Common Hall was held at Guildhall for the election of a Lord Mayor for the year ensuing, when Alderman Burchin was chosen without opposition.

Mr. Arnott, silk mercer, in St. Paul's, having lately rustled several pieces of silk, his wife (woman like) went to a computer, in order, by help of magic art, to discover the thief. The prudent computer promised an answer in two days; mean while he made enquiries behind St. Clement's Church, and found the silk at one of the piece-brokers, which had been brought there and sold by a young lady; who's young lady has proved to be the intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Arnott. She was taken into custody, and examined last week at Bow-district, but from motives of humanity, we understand will not be prosecuted.

CURIOUS. A melancholy accident happened in the front of the Marquis of Lansdown, in Berkeley-square. Mr. Matthews, a gentleman advanced in years, who has been for some time librarian to that nobleman, coming down stairs about eleven o'clock, was seized as it is supposed with a sudden fit of goldness, and fell over the banisters of a well-stair-case. He unfortunately pitched on his head, and was killed on the spot.

Miscell. Q. R. 3. The King has signified his pleasure to the Lords Commis-

sioners of the Admiralty, that the uniforms of the Fleet officers of his Majesty's fleet shall hereafter be as follows.

Full dress Admirals. A blue cloth coat, faced with gold lace, and loops of ditto on both sides regular; three on the flap; stand-up collar, with two laces, white cloth cuffs, with three laces; white silk lining; gilt buttons, with a small anchor in the center encircled with a laurel,—white cloth waistcoat, plain, three buttons to the flap,—white cockade on the left.

Vice-Admirals. The same, with only two laces to the cuffs.

Rear-Admirals. Ditto, with only one lace to the cuffs.

Lieutenants Admirals. A blue cloth coat, with blue lappels, cuffs, and collar; embroidered button-holes, like those now in use, regular in the lappel; three to the flap, three on the cuff, and three behind; buttons as above;—white cloth waistcoat and breeches plain.

Vice-Admirals. Ditto, with button-holes three and three.

Rear-Admirals. Ditto, with button-holes two and two.

Commodores having Captains under them, the first Captain to the Admiral of the fleet, and first Captains to Admirals commanding squadrons of 20 sail or the line or more, shall be distinguished by wearing the same frock uniform as Rear-Admirals.

Flag Officers who are provided with the uniforms in present use, are permitted to wear the same for one year.

5. The following ships were put into commission:

Ships.	Guns.	Captains.
Barfleur	98	Keight
Comberland	74	Macle
Bellona	74	Bowyer
Alcide	74	Caldwell
Robust	74	Cornwallis
Pentevance	36	Young
La Nymph	36	Bertie
Phoenix	36	Paine.

6. At the drawing room the Neapolitan Ambassador introduced six gentlemen who brought over the rich present for the Queen from the King of Naples.—It consists of a complete set of dishes and plates, on which are painted the history of the Tuscan wars; and

and the story of Phæron: and every piece is a different representation. There are also accompanied by a number of emblematical figures, about 18 inches high, with about eight chariots and 16 horses beautifully imagined—a pyri mid in the middle represents the Muses with their cymbals, Sals, &c. in the antique style, and covers of different sorts, both for the table, sideboard and desert, done after the Roman manner. The images are all of a beautiful white, and the countenance of each finely expressed. This royal present was in return for several pieces of remarkable fine brass cannon, presented long since by his Majesty to the King of Naples, and which are mounted on a favourite frigate on board of which the King passes much of his time.

By a Proclamation in this night's Gazette, the Parliament is further prorogued to the 15th of November next.

Hutchins, Oct. 9. This morning one of his Majesty's messengers, dispatched by the Right Hon. William Eden, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of France, arrived at the office of the Marquis of Chatham, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for foreign affairs, with the Most Christian King's Ratification of the Convention signed the 31st of August last, for explaining, interpreting and confirming of the thirteenth article of the last definitive treaty of peace, which was exchanged with M. Eden against his Majesty's ratification, on the 28th of September last, at Versailles, by his Most Christian Majesty's Plenipotentiary.

The Court-martial, had in the trial of Major John Browne, of the 67th Regiment, gave their sentence in substance as follows.—

“That Major John Browne is guilty of a contempt of the Court-martial held in Artillery on 17th 1786, on the trial of Capt. Robert Hedges of the 67th, in declining and refusing to pay obedience to the authority; but they acquit him of any other contempt or disrespect.

“That Major John Browne has, in his narrative, attacked the conduct of the said Court-martial in a degree not supported by evidence: but they acquit him of having acted scandalously, or in a manner unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

“And that having regard to the very long period of his arrest, during which Major Browne has necessarily been suspended from his duty and command, the Court are of opinion, and doth by their adjudication declare, that the punishment thereby sustained is fully adequate to the crimes of which he has been found guilty.”

“With respect to the charge preferred by

Capt. Hedges against Major Browne, “of cruelty or oppression, as commanding officer of the 67th Regiment, towards Thomas Edwards, a private soldier;” the Court acquit Major Browne of the charge of Cruelty; but are of opinion he is guilty of Oppression towards the said Thomas Edwards, by subjecting him, without trial, to a punishment of disgrace and ignominy, during a period of three hundred and nine days.—and do adjudge, that the said Major Browne be suspended from pay and duty, during a like period of three hundred and nine days—and do humbly recommend, that his Majesty will be pleased to direct, that out of the stoppages of the Major's pay, 40s. be paid to the said Thomas Edwards, as a satisfaction for the grievance he has sustained.”

In respect to Capt. Hedges, the Court declare their opinion, that in preferring his accusation of cruelty against Major Browne, he had some object in view less worthy than that of obtaining redress for an aggrieved soldier.

At the conclusion of delivering the sentence, was read, his Majesty's injunction against any officer's taking private satisfaction.

Lieut. Urquhart, one of the members of the Artillery Court-martial, and Capt. Hedges, have given their several advices from the War Office, that his Majesty has no further occasion for their services.

At the General Quarter Sessions for the County of London, the several appeals of Messrs. Parsons, and Mr. Gould, and others, against the convictions of Justice Leach, a Justice, Clerk, Justice and Jugglers, were heard, when the Court unanimously quashed all the convictions.

The Admiralty Council held in a public hall, at which were present Lord Orford, the Lord Mayor of London, and several other considerable persons, and every thing for every purpose relating to the service of the Admiralty, and every other business, was done by and depending upon the authority of the Court, and no extending or pretending to be concerned on the day, when the Lords of the Admiralty shall point out or direct to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, to every such person that shall enter at the Guildhall, into the service of his Majesty's Navy.

The Lord Mayor informed the Court, that he waited on Lord Howe at the Admiralty, on the 9th, at seven o'clock, and was received with the greatest politeness; that in a short time the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Pitt came, who much praised his Lordship to sign the press-warrant, stating the necessity of the same. But his Lordship declaring that he could not, consistent with his own feelings, do such an act until the legality of

them

them was determined—refused; at the same time assuring their Lordships, that he would use every constitutional means to obtain men, and give Government every support in his power. That he had issued his precepts to take into custody all suspicious and disorderly persons, and if their Lordships would do him the honour to give him any information of seamen, fit objects for the service, in his jurisdiction, they might depend on his attention.

The Thanks of the Court were voted to the Lord Mayor.

13. The King has lately caused it to be made known to the nobility and gentry of all the royal households, that it would be expected they should dispense with all Sunday evening concerts and entertainments of every kind the ensuing winter, as every thing of that sort will be discountenanced by his Majesty.

PLAYS at BLENHEIM.

19. This evening the superb new Theatre at Blenheim was opened with the comedy of *Faulty Delicacy*, and *Hbo's the Duke*. The Dramatis Personæ were Ladies Caroline, Elizabeth, and Charlotte Spencer, and Miss Peshall; Lords Charles and Henry Spencer, Lord William Russell, the Hon. Mr. Edgcombe, and Mr. Spencer.—Lady Elizabeth Spencer performed Lady Betty Lambton.—Miss Marchmont was supported by Lady Caroline Spencer.—Miss Rivers was personated by Lady Charlotte Spencer, who that very day entered her 19th year;—and Mrs. Harley by Miss Peshall.

Among the Gentlemen, Lord Henry Spencer was distinguished in Cecil.—Lord William Russell performed Sydney; and the theatrical powers of Mr. Edgcombe were called into action in Sir Harry Newburg.—Lord Charles Spencer represented Colonel Rivers; and his son Mr. Spencer was Lord Winworth.

In the entertainment, Lord Henry Spencer supported the character of Dailey, and Lord William Russell, Gradus. Lady Charlotte Spencer retained her christian name; and in the course of her part sung an Italian air.

20. Advices from America inform, that the rebellion in the State of Massachusetts Bay is by no means extinguished, but that the insurgents are daily receiving additional strength by the junction of a number of dissipated persons belonging to the neighbouring States. Several towns in Vermont, which lie near the line of Massachusetts Bay, offered an asylum and protection to the rebels, who have assembled there in large bodies, and threaten to burn and destroy the property of the friends to government; as soon as they are in sufficient force to take the field.

21. The Treasury Board have stolen a march upon the contractors in the supply of rum for

the present equipments. Notice was given to receive proposals for the supply of 50,000 gallons, and when the merchants attended, the ten lowest offers were separately accepted, by which means 500,000 gallons have been procured at the rate of 30,000; whereas if so large a consumption had been known to the contractors, the price would immediately have been raised to an extreme degree.

22. Three shocks of an earthquake have been felt at Martinique, by which several houses at St. Pierre were levelled with the ground. The spot called Morne-Vauclain hath suddenly disappeared, and left a chasm six hundred fathoms in length, from whence flames are said to issue from time to time.

25. The four regiments to be added to the establishment, and which are to be commanded by Sir Archibald Campbell, General Abercrombie, Colonel Muirgrave, and General Marsh, are destined for India, where they are to remain. The measure is not adopted in consequence of the impending war, but of the recommendation of Earl Cornwallis, who wrote home that he thought there was not a sufficient proportion of European troops to the Seapoys. These regiments are accordingly to be added to the establishment, and they are to be raised in the following manner: The India Company are to give three guineas of bounty money to each recruit, and the officers are to provide their quotas at what further sum they can, and where they please.

St. James's, Oct. 27. Thursday last being the anniversary of the King's Accession to the throne, when his Majesty entered into the 28th year of his reign, there was a very numerous and splendid appearance of the nobility, foreign Ministers, and other persons of distinction, to compliment his Majesty upon the occasion. At one o'clock the guns in the Park and at the Tower were fired; and in the evening there were illuminations, and other public demonstrations of joy, in London and Westminster.

27. The Session ended at the Old Bailey, when Mr. Recorder passed judgment of death on 6 capital convicts; 41 were sentenced to be transported; 3 ordered to be kept to hard labour in the house of correction; 4 to be imprisoned in Newgate; 3 to be whipped, and 18 discharged by proclamation.

The following noble specimen of patriotic zeal has not been lately equalled: the Right Hon. Lady Willoughby is the patroness of a ball at Alford, for the encouragement of the Lincolnshire stuff-manufacture, where all such ladies are invited as shall be willing to appear in a gown and petticoat made of wool grown, spun, woven, dyed, and finished in Lincolnshire. This ball is supported by subscription; and conducted by a committee.

C O U N T R Y - N E W S.

Canterbury, Sept. 27.

THIS afternoon at four o'clock, Powell, the celebrated walker, commenced his journey from Canterbury to London bridge, for a wager of 25 guineas. He was to come from Canterbury and return within 24 hours. He reached the Bridge at half past two on Friday morning, and was again at Canterbury just ten minutes before four in the afternoon. The ground is 112 miles; in coming he was ten hours and a half; in returning thirteen hours and twenty minutes, so that he saved his distance only by ten minutes. Powell is 53 years old.

At the Quarter sessions at Durham, Matthew Smith of Harrington, was convicted of stealing a tick or poke of clover. This trial lasted four hours, when the Bench, which was much crowded, sentenced him to be confined to hard labour for six months in the house of correction. The following lines have since appeared.

BLAI hemp, honest Matt, and maintain it
a joke,
Let them rail, it will quickly be over;
Much better than buying a pig in a poke
Are the comforts of lying in clover.

You see yourself snug in a well-furnish'd
house,
Lodg'd gratis as long as you stay,
Provided with work, and in many a sou,
For you've never a turnpike* to pay.

A letter from York, dated Oct. 12, says, "His Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived at his domain at Allerton-Maulverlei on Sunday evening; and on Tuesday morning was waited upon by the Sheriffs of this city, who were deputed by the Lord-Mayor and Corporation to congratulate his Royal Highness, in their name, on his arrival; and solicit of his Royal Highness the honour of enrolling his name among the free citizens."

York, Oct. 19. Monday last his Royal Highness the Duke of York gave an entertainment at Allerton-Park to his tenants, their families, and in short the whole neighbourhood, in the true style of ancient English hospitality. Several thousand persons were assembled. An

ox was roasted whole, and plenty of ale provided for the populace. It appeared to be the Royal Highness's intention that nothing should be wanting that could promote the hilarity and festivity of the day. There were music and other diversions in the park till the evening, when the company withdrew into the Hall and sat down to an elegant repast. After which dancing commenced, when his Royal Highness opened the Ball, which lasted down several country dances with different young ladies, and honoured the Ball-room with his presence the greatest part of the night.—The company broke up about ten on Tuesday morning.

Doncaster, Oct. 20. Thursday last, about three o'clock, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales passed through this town, on a visit to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, at Allerton. His Royal Highness was attended in his carriage by Colonel Lake and Major Haugel, and (owing to an accident of a horse in his carriage falling dead just before he entered the town) did not stop, but ordered the drivers to pass slowly through the town, in order, as we suppose, that the concourse of people assembled on this occasion, might have an opportunity of seeing his Royal Highness.—The bells had been ringing a considerable time.

York, Oct. 23. This evening his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived at Allerton, the seat of his brother the Duke of York. On Friday the Royal Brothers took the diversion of hawking, shooting, and coursing together, in and about Allerton-Park.—On Saturday they honoured Colonel Thornton with their company to breakfast at Thornville, where several of the neighbouring gentry, who had been invited on the occasion, had an opportunity of seeing and partaking of that condescension, affability, and good humour in which their Royal Highnesses are so remarkably distinguishable. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards took the diversion of foxhunting, and entered into this amusement with all the warmth of determined sportsmen. Yesterday they returned to London.

P R E F E R M E N T S, OCTOBER 1787.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, Sept. 24.

THIS day, in pursuance of the King's pleasure, the following Flag Officers were promoted, viz.

John Montague, Esq. Richard Lord Viscount Howe, and Hugh Pigot, Esq. Admirals of the Blue, to be Admirals of the White.

Right Honourable Molyneux Lord Shuldham, John Vaughan, Esq. Vice Admirals of the Red,—John Reynolds, Esq. Vice

Admiral of the Blue, Matthew Barton, Esq. Vice Admiral of the White, —to be Admirals of the Blue.

Mariot Arbuthnot, Robert Roddam, George Darby, and John Campbell, Esqrs. Vice Admirals of the White,—James Chamberlaine, William Lloyd, and Francis Williams, Esqrs. Vice Admirals of the Blue,—to be Vice Admirals of the Red.

Sir Edward Hughes, K. B. John Evans, Esq. Mark Milbank, Esq. Vice Admirals

* This worthy gentleman, who possesses an estate of about 1500l. a year, has a dislike to the

P R E F E R M E N T S.

of the Blue,—Nicholas Vincent, Esq. Sir Edward Vernon, Kn. Sir Joshua Rowley, Bart. Richard Edwards, Esq. Rear Admirals of the Red,—to be Vice Admirals of the White.

Thomas Graves, Esq. Robert Digby, Esq. Sir John Lockhart Rois, Rear Admirals of the Red,—Benjamin Marlow, Esq. Alexander Hood, Esq. Rear Admirals of the White —Sir Chaloner Ogle, Kn. Right Honourable Samuel Lord Hood, Rear Admirals of the Blue,—to be Vice Admirals of the Blue.

Sir Richard Hughes, Bart. Sir Francis Samuel Drake, Bart. Sir Edmund Aylmer, Bart. Rear Admirals of the Blue, to be Rear Admirals of the Red.

And the following Captains were also appointed Flag Officers of His Majesty's Fleet, viz.

John Elliot, Esq. William Hotham, Esq. Sir John Lindley, K. B.—to be Rear Admirals of the Red.

John Peyton, Esq. John Carter Allen, Esq. Sir Charles Middleton, Bart. John Detrynple, Esq. Herbert Sawyer, Esq. Sir Rd. King, Kn. Jonathan Faulkner, Esq.—to be Rear Admirals of the White.

Philip Aylmer, Esq. Sir Richard Bickerston, Bart. Honourable John Leviston Gower, Sir John Jervis, K. B. Adam Duncan, Esq. Sir Charles Douglas, Bart.—to be Rear Admirals of the Blue.

War-Office, Sept. 28. His Majesty has been pleased to appoint Major Generals Spencer Cowper, William Wynyard, Edward Mathew, Richard Burton Philipson, Francis Smith, James Pattison, John Douglas, Honourable Alexander Leslie, Samuel Chevalier Honourable Henry St. John, Sir William Erskine, John Campbell, and Sir George Osborn, Bart.—to be Lieutenant Generals.

As likewise Colonels Thomas Earl of Lincoln, John Campbell, John Leland, James Hamilton, John Stratton, Allan Campbell, James Rooke, Samuel Birch, Charles Craibie, John Martin, Winter Stanwayte, John Earl of Suffolk, Ralph Abercrombie, Honourable Chapel Norton, Alexander Keyte, and John Gunning,—to be Major Generals.

John Fraser, Esq. to be Commissary of the Commissariat of Sutherland.

Edward Morgan, Esq. Barrister at Law, to be Recorder of Brecon.

The Reverend Mr. Longmire of Linton, and formerly Fellow of St. Peter's College, in the University of Cambridge to be Master of that Society, vice the late Bishop of Carlisle.

Whitehall, Sept. 29. The King has been pleased to order a Congé d'Élire to pass the Great Seal, empowering the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to elect a Bishop of that

See, void by the death of Doctor Edmund Law; and to recommend the Reverend John Douglas, D. D. Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary, to be by them elected Bishop of the said see.

War Office, October 6. 60th regiment of foot, 3d battalion, Major General William Rowley; ditto, 4th battalion, Major General William Gordon to be Colonels Commandant.

3d regiment of foot, Major John Joiner Esq.; 2d battalion of Royals, Captain William Cunningham; 2d regiment, James Ackland; 4th Regiment, Thomas Stanley; 6th regiment, John Henry Campbell; 7th regiment, William Fitch; 8th regiment, George Munro; 10th regiment, Jeremy Lister; 11th regiment, Matt. Journe; 12th regiment, Thomas Pickett; 14th regiment, George Hanbury; 17th regiment, Bulstrode Whitlock; 18th regiment, Henry Tucker Mottriel; 19th regiment, William Gordon; 22d regiment, John Dumarelau; 23d regiment, Thomas Saumarez; 25th regiment, David Ogilvie; 26th regiment, C. B. Mackenzie; 29th regiment, Alexander Adolphus Dalley; 30th regiment, William Hartley; 31st regiment, G. Rutherford; 32d regiment, Paul Colville Castleman; 33d regiment, Robert Crawford; 34th regiment, Curtis Mercer; 35th regiment, George Hallam; 37th regiment, Thomas Digby; 38th regiment, William Blaban; 39th regiment, Coote Manningham; 40th regiment, John Edwards; 42d regiment, Adam Gordon; 43d regiment, James Bulkley; 44th regiment, William Wynyard; 45th regiment, James Robertson; 50th regiment, M. H. Dickens; 53d regiment, William Cullen; 54th regiment, Thomas Erickrick; 55th regiment, Robert Deighton; 56th regiment, Thomas Stribling; 57th regiment, James Fenwick; 59th regiment, Honourable George Frederick Fitzroy; 65th regiment, John Foster Hill; 66th regiment, Honourable Charles Fitzroy; 67th regiment, John Ishington; 68th regiment, Thomas Merris,—to be Captains of companies.

Corps of Royal Engineers. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Balfat to be Colonel, vice Harry Gordon, deceased; and Captain Alexander Mercer to be Lieutenant Colonel.

Charles Henry Frazer, Esq. appointed his Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Petersburg; and Mark Gregory, Esq. to be British Consul at Malaga.

John Cayley, Esq. appointed his Majesty's Consul General to the dominions of the Empress of Russia, in the room of Walter Sharp, Esq. deceased.

Sir George Baker, Bart. to be President of the College of Physicians.

The Reverend William Lloyd to be

Preacher

P R E F E R M E N T S . — M A R R I A G E S .

Preacher at the Charter House, in the room of Doctor Sainbury, deceased.

Mrs Sparry, who was Governess to Lady Chatham's children, to be Keeper of the Levée Rooms at St James's.

War-Office, October 20. Major General Sir Archibald Campbell, Colonel Robert Abercrombie, from 37th, Colonel Thomas Musgrave, from 40th, and Colonel James Math from 43d, to be Colonels of regiments.

Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Forbes, from late 102d regiment, Lieutenant Colonel George Harris, from 5th regiment, Lieutenant Colonel James Balfour, from late 20th regiment, 5th regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Henry Fitzgerald, from late 85th regiment, 60th regiment, Colonel Archibald M'Arthur, from half pay of the same regiment, Lieut. Colonel Peter Hunter, from first Battalion of same regiment, 37th regiment, Major Frederick Mackenzie, 40th regiment, Major Stephen Bromfield, 43d regiment, Major George Hewitt, to be Lieutenant Colonels.

23d regiment, Brevet Major Boleyn Douglas, 4th regiment, Brevet Major John C Ad'ams, 43d regiment, Brevet Major Duncan Cameron, 60th regiment, Major John Adolphus Harris, from 84th regiment, Major William Gooday Strutt, from half pay of the 60th regiment, and Captain Geo. Hart, to be Majors.

37th regiment, Captain Lieutenant John Wilbar Cook, 40th regiment, Captain Lieutenant Wald. Felt. Clay, 43d regiment, Ensign Lord Charles Fitzroy, 55th regiment, Captain Lieutenant Ralph Stances, 60th regiment, Captains Frederick Dismar, George Schneider, Frederick de Montrond, Charles Curzon, J. James Ecuquier, Samuel de Vismes. Captains Lieutenants Richard Massey Hanford, Thomas Walker, Brevet Captain And. Phil. Skene, Lieutenants William Lachenwitz, James Wakelev, and William Martin, to be Captains of companies

Also several other promotions of inferior rank.

23. Samuel Wallis, Esq. to be one of the Commissioners in quality of a principal Officer of his Majesty's Navy.

26. The honour of Knighthood on Paul Jodrell, Doctor of Physic.

27. The dignity of a Marquis of the kingdom of Great Britain to the Right Hon. George Lord Viscount Townshend, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, title, and title of Marquis Townshend of Raynham, in Norfolk.

Samuel Marshall, Esq. to be one of the Commissioners for victualling his Majesty's Navy, vice James Kirk, Esq.

John Daniell Esq. to be Comptroller of his Majesty's salt duties, vice George Hall, Esq. deceased.

M A R R I A G E S , O C T O B E R 1 7 8 7 .

THE Reverend John Batteridge Pearson, Vicar of Croxall in Derbyshire, to Miss Falconer, eldest daughter of the Reverend Doctor Falconer, of Litchfield.

Captain Griffiths, of Bristol, to Miss Mary Hare.

Mr. Woodbridge, jun. of St. Dunstan's, Merchant, to Miss Collins, only daughter of Edward Collins, Esq. of Richmond.

Mr. Richard Stimpson, of the Accountant-General's Office, Custom House, to Miss Mary Holland.

Mr. Lewis Walliamy, Sugar Refiner, of Lemon Street, to Miss Lucy Frances Lucadon of Old Broad Street.

Mr. John Horne in Carmarthenshire, Howell Esq. to the Right Honourable Lady Aylmer.

Samuel Denton, Esq. Navy Agent, to Miss Arabella Parker, of Retford.

Henry J. A. Crossfield, Esq. Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guards, to Miss Steorger grand-daughter of J. Gould, Esq. at the Red House, near Ipswich.

Mr. Putham, Under Sheriff for Suffolk, to Miss Amis, of Woodbridge.

Archibald Fraser, Esq. to Miss Litchfield, of Litchfield.

George Best, Esq. Secretary to his Majesty's German Office, to Miss Ann Mills, of Fenchurch Street.

The Reverend Mr. Sheriffe, of Uggleshall, to Miss Affleck, of Bury, niece of Sir Edmund Affleck, Bart.

Lieutenant Colonel Hallows, of the 60th regiment of foot, to Mrs. Bruice, widow of the late Captain George Bruere.

John Fulkner, of Clement's Inn, Esq. to Miss Philippa Toller, daughter of the Reverend Brownlow Toller, of Bilton Hall, Lincolnshire.

The Reverend Mr. Hilliard to Miss Grantham, of Louth, Lincolnshire.

Mr. J. W. Glenton, Merchant, to Miss B. P. Kelsall, youngest daughter of Mr. J. Kelsall, both of Liverpool.

In the East Indies, Lieutenant Bailly, to Miss Hope, sister to Captain Hope, Commandant of the 5th battalion of Sepoys.

Benjamin Allen, Esq. of Bonnington Place, Hertford, to Miss Catherine Cotton, of Windsor.

William Hobson, Esq. of Park Street, St. James's, to Miss Cotton, daughter of T. Cotton, Esq. of Fiske Green, Cheshire, Gent.

MARRIAGES.—OBITUARY.

William Garret, Esq. of Portsmouth, to Miss Newland, of Havant.

In Virginia, Corbal Washington, Esq. nephew of General Washington, to Miss Hannah Lee, daughter of the Honourable Richard Lee, Esq.

C. Fisher, Esq. of the Tower, to Miss Garnault, daughter of the late Anice Garnault, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Lieutenant Edmund Nepean, Esq. of the Royal Navy, to Miss Frances Hervey, sister to the Right Honourable Lady Trimpleston.

The Reverend John Tatteral, of Easting, in Kent, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, to Mrs. Wheeler, of Otterden Place, in the same county.

Reverend Edward Moses, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Miss Mary [redacted], of Masham, in Yorkshire.

William Williams, Esq. Lieutenant of his Majesty's Royal Navy, to Miss Price, of Serle Street.

At Springkell, near Edinburgh, Michael Stewart Neilson, Esq. of Carnock, to Miss Catharine Maxwell, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, of Springkell Bart.

Sir Joseph Naro, Bart. late of the Province of Pennsylvania, to the Honourable Elizabeth Thomas, widow of the late Sir Owen Thomas, Bart. of Birmingham.

Richard Cross, Esq. of Shaw Hill, to Miss Parker, only daughter of the late Robert Parker, Esq. of Cueden, in Lancashire.

The Reverend Mr. Gilbert Gerard, Minister of the English Church in Amsterdam, to Miss Helen Duncan, daughter of John Duncan, Esq. late Provost of Aberdeen.

Adam Plowman, of Mary le-bonne Street, Golden Square, to Miss Elizabeth B-Mayo, second daughter of the Reverend Doctor Mayo, of Welbeck Square.

The Reverend Mr. Williamson, of Basingstoke, to Miss Mary Jackson, eldest daughter of the Reverend Mr. Jackson, of Farnham.

John Fisher, Esq. of Southampton Buildings, Bloombury to Miss Campbell, daughter of Robert Campbell, Esq. of Creed Place, Gloucestershire.

Edward Hillman, Esq. of Rook Cliff

House, near Iymington, to Miss Martha Willis, sister to the Reverend Joseph Willis, of Sopley.

The Reverend Mr. Holt, one of the senior Vicars of Lincoln Cathedral, to Miss Hamilton of Lynn.

John Wycliffe, Esq. of Bishop Auckland, Durham, to Miss Marshall, sister of William Marshall, Esq. of Tadcaster.

James Vincent Mathias, Esq. Captain in the 62d regiment, to Miss Carter, of Thorpe, near Norwich.

Thomas Townly Parker, Esq. to Miss Brooke, of Ashley Hall, Lancashire only sister and sole heiress of the late Peter Brooke, Esq.

Captain Meyrick, of the 66th regiment, to Miss Keppel, daughter of the late Lord Keppel.

At Southampton, Maurice Bisset, Esq. to Miss Mordaunt, only daughter to the Countess Dowager of Peterborough.

Humphry [redacted], Esq. of Wotton Underedge, to Miss Southgate, of Hackney.

Henry Mountford, Esq. of Gough Square, to Mrs. Andrews, of Kensington.

At Edinburgh, William Miller, Esq. of Craigenmilly, to Miss Rawson, daughter of Mr. Henry Rawson, of Newark.

Captain Wathen, of the 14th regiment, to Miss Marianne [redacted], daughter of Doctor No ford, of Bury.

At Badsworth, Captain Davison, of Thornes, near Wakefield, to Miss Anne Wise, second daughter of Mr. Wise, of Thorp Audling.

Doctor Wood, to Miss Cave, only daughter of Robert Cave, Esq. of Doncaster.

Thomas Layton, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Miss Burleigh, of Colchester.

William Denby, Esq. Captain in the East India Company's Service, to Miss Elizabeth Bent, of Barnsley.

The Reverend Thomas Bisse, A. M. of Wadham College, Oxford, to Miss Townsend of Ham, Surrey.

William Swinny, of Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford, Ireland, Esq. to Mrs. Palmer, relict of the late John Palmer, Esq. of Naburn, Yorkshire.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, OCTOBER 1787.

SEPTEMBER 19.

ROBERT KENTISH, Esq. at St Albans's.

At Heytesbury, Wilts, John Bradford, Esq. formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the 11th regiment of dragoons, in his 81st year.

Mr. Mitchell, Attorney at Law at Malton.

14. George Clarke, Esq. Walsingham, Northamptonshire.

16. The Lord Viscount Dillon,

Mr. Chapman, Haberdasher, Fleet Street.

20. Gilbert Lawrie, Esq. late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and one of the Commissioners of Excise.

The Reverend John Walker, Vicar of Sawbridgeworth, Herts, of Takely, Essex, and Chaplain of the 7th regiment of foot.

23. At Odiham, Hunts, the Reverend Benjamin Webb, Clerk, master of the grammar school there.

M O N T H L Y O B I T U A R Y

24. Anna Maria, Countess Dowager of Pomfret, widow of the late Earl of Pomfret
At East Sheen, Mr. Robert Rathleigh, Merchant.

Lately at Tiffield, in Northamptonshire, Neale Hayton, Esq
25th, Mrs. Bates, of Covent Garden Theatre.

Lately in Ireland, the Reverend Doctor James Keefe, Titular Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

26 Mr. James Park, landlord of the Castle Inn, New Brunford, and in less than two hours his wife.

Mr Edward Pearson of Cheapside, Silkman

Lately in her 67th year, Elizabeth, relict of Grenada Pigot Stanley, Esq. of Cumberbach in Cheshire.

27. Mr. Thomas Dicker, formerly a Cellouman in Newport Street

Miss Stanley, daughter of Mr. Stanley, of Cross Hall, in Lancashire.

Lately, Colonel Norman Lamont of the 55th regiment

28 At Oxford, the Reverend Edward Carne, late Fellow of Jesus College, and Vicar of Holyhead.

Mr Deputy Ghorpe of the Globe Tavern, Fleet Street

October 1. Francis Smith, of Gracechurch Street, Woollen Draper

Mr William Lodge, the yeoman of the guard who seized Margaret Nicholson

Lately, Joseph Webb, Esq. uncle to the Countess of Shaftesbury

3 Mr. John James, Merchant, of Spital Square.

4 At Shadwell Captain William Marden, aged 98, upwards of 60 years in the West India trade

At St Omer's, Ralph Clavering, of Cal-laly, in Northumberland

Lately, the Reverend Mr Pearson, Rector of Maiden Newton, Dorset

6. Edmund Cooper, Esq of Overkylt, in the County of Chester, aged 83

Lately, at Evesham Charles Kemp, Esq

7 Mr. Wilson, Cabinet Maker in the Strand.

Mr Edward Davis, formerly of Blackwell Hall Factor, and Director of the Union Sun Fire Office.

8. At Falkirk, in Scotland, in the hundredth year of her age, Helen Forsyth

Mr. Thomas Ryding, Attorney at Law at Liverpool.

9. The Honourable Mr. Dawson, son of Lord Viscount Cremorne.

Mr. Broxholm, Trunk Maker, St. Paul's Church Yard.

Mr. Richard Wilson, Captain in the Newcastle trade.

Lately, at Dublin, the Reverend Robert King, LL. D. Dean of Kildare, and Prebendary of St. Michael in that city.

10. Richard Hayne, Esq. late of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire.

At Hull, Francis Binn, Esq. of that town.

At Edinburgh, Miss Isabella, youngest daughter of Sir Alexander

Mr James Williams, of the Island of Barbadoes.

George Nash Esq. of Quarendon, near Derby, aged 96.

Mr Geo. Goad, Auctioneer, Fleet Street

11. Miss Louisa Selwyn, youngest sister of William Selwyn, Esq. Member for Whitechurch

Mr. Thomas Matthew, principal Clerk of the General Post Office, Edinburgh.

Sir Richard Hoare, Bart. aged 53.

Lately in Harley Street, Mrs. Smith, Lady of General Richard Smith.

13 Captain Thomas Jennings, son of the late Robert Jennings, Esq. many years one of the Clerks of the Exchequer.

14. Henry Moyle, Esq. of Greenwich. At Chelsea, Mr. Reynolds Gignoun.

Mr. John Hale, Brewer in Red Cross Street.

Lately at Ballisnoore, in the Isle of Man, Sir George Moore.

15 Richard Kelfall, Esq. of Southampton Buildings Il born.

Lately Rowland Hosier, Esq. of Farnham Green

17 James Taylor, Esq. of Kingsdown in Kent.

Mr Goldsmith, Charles Street, Westminster

18 At Dover, Mr D. Lardent, late Weaver in Spital Fields.

19 Mr Cox, master of the Mitre Tavern, Fleet Street.

Mr George Needham, aged 77, upwards of 40 years one of the Sergeants at Law in London

Lately John Whitelock, Esq. of Chisbury Lodge, in Wiltshire.

20. Edmund Sanxay, Esq. of Chesham, in Surrey.

Doctor James Beauclerk, Lord Bishop of Hereford, aged 80

Mr. Hilton, Beadle of Goldsmiths company.

21. Thomas Spratt, jun Esq. of Salisbury, late Town Major of Fort St. George, in the East Indies.

Mr William Griffiths, of Ellesmere, at Shrewsbury

Mrs. Horsley, of Sawbridgeworth, widow of the Reverend Mr. Horsley.

24. Mr. Clare, formerly a Haberdasher in Fleet Street.

At the Castle in Dublin, of a fever, his Excellency the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland His Grace was born on the 15th of March, 1754. He was married on December the 25th, 1778, to Lady Mary Itabell, daughter to the late Duke of Beaufort;—by whom he had six children—Three of whom are sons, and at present in Ireland; and three daughters who are in England.

BANKRUPTS

BANKRUPTS.

JOHN STONE, of Saines, Middlesex, Sadler. **William Brotherton**, of Bloomsbury Market, Merchant. **Samuel Watton**, of Blakeney, Norfolk, Corn Merchant. **George Palmer**, of Bristol, Woollendrapier. **Robert Noyes**, of Bristol, Merchant. **John Bell**, of Gorleston, Suffolk, Merchant. **Wm. Fell, sen.** **William Fell, jun.** **William Mayne**, and **Alexander Thom.** of St. Martin's Lane Middlesex, Tailors. **John Blyth Wilkinson**, of Abergavenney, Monmouthshire, Linen Draper. **Jeffery Tylecote**, of Oxford street, Draper. **Solomon Mendes Belafario**, of Castle Street, Houndsditch, Merchant. **John Aldred**, of King Street, Cheap-side, London, Warehouseman. **William Hobby**, of Cloth Fair, Smithfield, London, Woollendrapier. **Henry Humtrays**, of Maddox Street, Taylor. **Mary Counsell**, of Kingwood, Wilts, Clothier. **James Files**, of Fish Street, Shoemaker. **William Dodgson**, of Dodgson's Town, Cumberland, Dealer. **Anthony Rutherford**, of Sunderland, Coal Fitter. **Thomas Scott**, of Moor Place, near Moor Fields, Merchant. **John Davidson**, of King Street, Grocer. **John McClury**, of Salisbury Street, Merchant. **John Lawrence**, of Lambeth Marsh, Starch-maker. **John Green**, of Brompton, Cumberland, Drover. **Bar. Batterbe**, of Attleburgh, Norfolk, Shopkeeper. **Michael Harris** and **Alexander Sheafe Burke**, of Tower Street, Corn and Coal Dealers. **James Allen** and **James Buxmer**, of Little Bell Alley, Coleman Street, Merchants. **John Howitt** and **Richard Humphreys**, of White Cross Alley, Moorfields, Gauze Dressers. **William Hubbard** and **Gregory Southworth Whyley**, of Birmingham, Druggists. **Wm. Peair**, of Ludgate Street, partner with **John Redhead** Mercer. **Rudolph Heim**, of Kensington, Dealer in Spirituous liquors. **William Howton**, of Gosport, Shopkeeper. **William White**, of Cannon Street, Merchant. **George Galt**, of Monkwearmouth, Master Mariner. **Rowland Thomas**, of Birmingham, Plater. **Henry Williams**, of Broad Street Buildings, London, Merchant. **James Thompton**, of High Holborn, Midland Wareman. **Henry Parsons**, of Piccadilly, Middlesex, Grocer. **Charles Pearson**, of Liverpool, Linen Draper. **John Thompson**, of Mark Lane, London, Merchant, Dealer and Chapman. **John Law**, of Castle Street, Holborn, London, Jeweller, Dealer and Chapman. **John Pope**, of Hinckley, Leicestershire, Shopkeeper. **Peter Poyng**, of Wells, Somersetshire, Linen Draper. **William Salmon**, of Bath, Corn Factor and Meddman. **Peter Torrell**, of Bristol, Coach Maker and Vicar. **William Ride** and **Joseph Ride**, of the Parish of Brailsford, Derbyshire, Carriers. **Edward Bates**, of Liverpool, Corn Factor. **Philip Hall**, of the Fleet

Piison, London, Dealer and Chapman. **Francis Holt**, of Liverpool, Anchor Smith. **Charles Wilkins**, of Tower Street, London, Oilman. **Joseph John Vanwingham**, of Hatton Garden, Middlesex, Merchant. **James Francis Vacher de la Cour**, of Southampton Street, near Bloomsbury Square, Middlesex, Merchant. **Mark Ailegre Bennett** and **Charles Heaven**, of Great Russell Street, near Bloomsbury Square, Middlesex, Merchants. **Mark Anthony Bennett** and **Conrad otherwise John Heaven**, of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square, Middlesex, Merchants. **Samuel Parsons**, of Whitcombe Street, Middlesex, Upholder. **Thomas White**, of Birmingham, Button and Toy Make. **James Crookton** late of Plymouth Dock, Devonshire, Draper. **James Edleston**, of Manchester, Fustian Manufacturer. **Edward Luney**, of Gorton, Lancashire Dealer. **Samuel Price**, of Great Yarmouth, Saleman. **Richard Ware** and **Wm. Webster**, of Margate, Druggists. **Christopher Paulson Wivel**, of Charlotte Street, Merchant. **Thomas Gr ombridge**, of Suffolk Street, Dealer. **John Planner**, of Castle Street, St. Martin in the Fields, Upholster. **Richard Parker**, of St. Andrew's Hill, Blackhairs, Needle-maker. **William Wilkins**, of Copping Wycombe, Feltonmouger. **John Fell** and **Owen Williams**, of Mount Street, Haberdashers. **John Saunders**, of Bath, Taylor. **Thomas Skegg**, of Leeds, Silk Mercer. **Iscombe Price**, of New Inn, St. Clement Dances, Money Scrivener. **Thomas Newland**, of Long Sutton, Hants, Merchant. **James Smith**, of Cambridge, Baker. **John Crook**, of Brewer's Yard, Timber Merchant. **Thomas Living**, of Holborn, Haberdasher. **Josias Dawe**, of Plymouth Dock, Mercer. **Herman Zurhorst**, of Thavies Inn, Holborn, Merchant. **Henry Linderbusch**, of Mary le Bone Street, Cabinet Maker. **Lewis Lambert**, of the Strand, Stationer. **Lewis Lambert**, and **Thomas Philips**, of the Strand, Stationers. **Robert Honeyborn**, now or late of Bowling Green Lane, Clerkenwell, Merchant. **Edward Edwards**, of Windmill Street, Cheesemonger. **Aaron Miller**, of Chriller, Scrivener and Haberdasher. **Geo. Atkinson**, of Temple Towerby, Butter Factor. **Joseph Wolff**, of Throgmorton Street, Merchant. **Thomas Wilkinson**, of Nicholas Lane, Merchant. **James Scott Gardner**, of Manchester, Vicualier. **John Moore**, of Piccadilly, Spur Maker. **James Ingram**, of Kirby Kendal, Merchant. **Charles Semmour Pearson** and **Robert Fortnes**, of Mincing Lane, Brokers. **John Forster**, of Princes Street, Coach maker. **Francis Moore**, of Birmingham, Tripe Seller. **William Smith**, of Cambridge, Baker. **John Wright**, of Monk-Westmouth Shore, Shipbuilder.

THE European Magazine,

A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

F O R N O V E M B E R , 1 7 8 7 .

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of the late Dr L WTH, Bishop of London. 2. An elegant Engraving (being Plate IV of WINSTAY TICKETS, designed by W. H. BUNBURY, Esq. And 3. A FAC SIMILE of the Hand-writing of several ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES in the last Century.]

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L O N D O N :
Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;
And J. DEBRET, Piccadilly.

The Editor of the *Asiatic Society* informs us that we, in common with many others, have been under an error respecting the publication called "The Asiatic Miscellany," printed at Calcutta. That Miscellany, he says, is a species of Magazine conducted by Mr. Gl. Edwin, and edited by Sir William Jones. The Society founded under the name of the Asiatic Society, for the investigation of Indian science, literature, and antiquities, of which Sir William is the President, have not yet published any part of their Transactions, though they are shortly and anxiously expected by those who are interested in Oriental knowledge to produce the result of some part of their enquiries. We are obliged to this Correspondent for his correction of our mistake.

John Franklin Williams's communication in our next.

If Pythias will look at our Magazine for November 1786, he will see what he recommends.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Nov. 12, to Nov. 17, 1787.

	Wheat		Rye		Bair		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	5	13	4	2	8	2	3	3	4	
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middlesex	5	4	0	2	11	2	6	3	3	
Surry	4	10	3	1	3	0	2	4	3	5
Hertford	4	10	3	5	2	10	2	1	3	10
Bedford	4	7	3	2	2	7	2	6	3	5
Cambridge	4	8	3	4	2	5	1	10	3	2
Huntingdon	4	6	0	2	5	1	9	2	11	
Northampton	5	1	2	8	2	7	1	10	3	0
Rutland	4	10	0	2	9	2	0	2	10	
Leicester	5	1	3	7	2	9	2	1	4	1
Nottingham	5	2	3	7	2	10	2	2	11	
Derby	5	9	0	3	1	2	3	4	3	
Stafford	5	7	0	3	0	2	3	4	4	
Salop	5	7	3	9	2	10	2	0	5	3
Hereford	4	9	0	3	1	2	1	0	0	
Worcester	5	6	0	2	11	2	1	3	4	
Warwick	5	1	0	3	0	2	2	3	9	
Gloucester	5	6	0	2	8	2	0	4	1	
Wilts	5	3	0	2	6	2	3	4	3	
Berks	5	4	3	4	2	8	2	2	3	1
Oxford	4	10	0	2	7	2	1	3	6	
Bucks	5	0	0	2	9	2	1	3	2	

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat	Rye	Bair	Oats	Beans				
Essex	4	8	0	2	6	2	1	3	4
Suffolk	4	8	3	1	2	5	2	0	2
Norfolk	4	6	3	3	2	5	2	0	0
Lincoln	5	1	2	10	2	6	1	1	3
York	5	6	3	5	2	10	2	4	6
Durham	5	0	3	6	2	9	1	1	4
Northumberland	4	10	3	6	2	7	1	1	4
Cumberland	6	1	3	9	2	11	2	5	5
Westmorland	5	10	4	0	3	2	1	9	0
Lancashire	6	0	3	9	2	8	2	3	5
Ceshire	5	7	3	8	2	10	2	0	0
Monmouth	5	9	0	2	9	1	1	3	9
Somerset	5	6	3	0	2	8	1	1	3
Devon	5	4	0	2	7	1	6	0	0
Cornwall	5	8	0	2	8	1	6	0	0
Dorset	5	8	0	2	6	2	4	4	1
Hants	5	2	0	2	6	2	1	3	6
Suffex	4	9	0	2	9	2	1	3	9
Kent	4	11	0	2	10	2	3	2	1

WALES, Nov. 5, to Nov. 10, 1787.

North Wales	5	5	4	1	2	11	1	9	4	7
South Wales	5	1	3	9	2	8	1	5	4	9

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

OCTOBER.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
29—29 — 84	— 59	— W.
31—29 — 55	— 57	— S. W.

NOVEMBER.

1—29 — 37	— 55	— W.
2—29 — 37	— 46	— N. E.
3—29 — 66	— 45	— N. N. E.
4—29 — 43	— 66	— N. W.
5—29 — 69	— 47	— W.
6—29 — 56	— 53	— W. S. W.
7—29 — 64	— 57	— S. W.
8—29 — 43	— 53	— S.
9—29 — 17	— 51	— W.
10—29 — 75	— 54	— S.
11—29 — 39	— 55	— S.
12—29 — 47	— 54	— S.
13—29 — 50	— 55	— N. E.
14—30 — 79	— 55	— N.
15—30 — 32	— 44	— N. N. E.
16—30 — 43	— 45	— N. N. E.
17—30 — 08	— 41	— N. N. E.
18—29 — 94	— 42	— N. W.

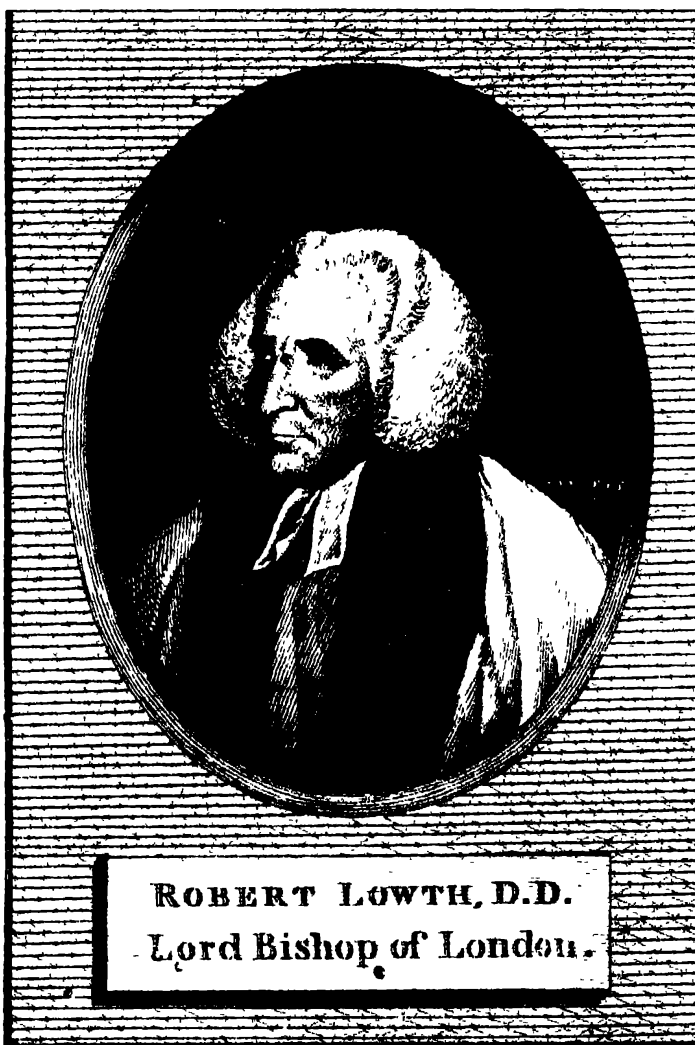
19—29 — 74	— 38	— W.
20—29 — 78	— 39	— W.
21—29 — 83	— 39	— W.
22—29 — 85	— 45	— W.
23—29 — 70	— 39	— W.
24—29 — 87	— 36	— N. W.
25—30 — 13	— 20	— W.

PRICE of STOCKS,

Nov. 28, 1787.

Bank Stock, —	New S. S. Ann. —
New 4 per Cent 1777	India Stock, —
5 per Cent Ann 785	India Bonds, 91s. a
114 1/2 a 1/2 7 8 1/2	89s. pr.
3 per Cent. red. 75 1/2	New Navy and M. S.
2 1/2 a 1/2	Bills, —
3 per Cent Conf. 76 1/2	Long Ann. 92 7-16 1/2
2 1/2 a 1/2	23-8ths a 7-16ths
3 per Cent. 1706, —	30 yrs. Ann 1778, 139
3 per Cent. 1751, —	1/2 a 13-16ths
3 per Cent. Ind An. —	Exchange Bills, —
South Sea Stock, —	Lottery Tick 161, 15s.
Old S. S. Ann. —	3 per Cent. for the opening 77 1/2

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE



*Drawn & Engraved from an Original Picture
in his LORDSHIP'S possession by J. Cornor.*

Pub^d Dec^r 1787 by L. Sewell, Cornhill

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,
FOR NOVEMBER, 1787.

An ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE and WRITINGS OF DR. ROBERT LOWTH,
BISHOP of LINCOLN.

[With a PORTRAIT of the Author.]

THE death of a person whose name is known to the literary flourish, and whose character claims respect and reverence when his name is mentioned, seems to leave a vacuum in so far which it would be vain to expect to see filled up by a great length of time. The loss of such a man naturally leads us to reflect on the circumstances of his life, the vicissitudes of his fortune, the circumstances which have contributed to his celebrity, and the causes which have elevated him so much above his contemporaries. The eulogium of such a person every heart of sensibility will recite,

Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep.

Let his example excite emulation to arrive at excellence, and let humble diffidence admire at a distance what it cannot hope to equal.

DR. ROBERT LOWTH was the second son of the Rev. William Lowth, rector of Buriton, in the county of Hants (a divine who has rendered himself famous, among other things, for an excellent Commentary on the Prophets), by Margaret daughter of Robert Pitt, of Blandford, in the county of Dorset, Esq. He was born in Dec. 1710, most probably at Buriton, where his father resided many years, and also died. He re-

ceived his education at Winchester school, where the brilliancy of his talents was early displayed in his school exercises, and were so uncommonly elegant and correct, as to attract the notice of the circle which beyond the bounds of the Academy which produced them. More than one of them have been translated, and very deservedly, to merit immortality. The first is entitled, "The Prophecy of Christ, as it is represented in the East Window of Winchester Cathedral, &c." printed originally about the year 1730, in 8vo. † The second had for its subject, "Catherine Hill; a place rendered dear to every Winchester Scholar, from being the spot allowed to him to play on Holy days." This piece, written in 1729, did not appear in print until the year 1753, when it found its way into the Gentleman's Magazine of that year. About the same period he produced a copy of elegant Latin verses, "*Ad Ornatissimum Patrem*" the subject of which, we are warranted to say, was a lady named Molyneux ‡.

On the 17th of May 1732, he lost his father, at the age of 22 years, whose memory he many years afterwards took care to preserve by supplying the materials for a life of him in the fifth volume of the *Biographia Britannica*. About this period we conjecture he was removed

* His elder brother, William Lowth, is, we believe, yet living. He was vicar of St. Margaret, Rochester, Nov. 1731; and in the year 1782 vicar of Lewisham, and prebendary of Winchester.

† Since in "The Union," and in "Pearch's Collection of Poems."

‡ These verses, with a translation by Mr. Duncombe, are printed in the twelfth volume of "The Postical Calendar," page 14.

from Winchester School to New College, Oxford, where he took the degree of Master of Arts on the 8th of June 1727. He had been at least as early as 1724 chosen a Fellow of that Society.

It will be a matter of surprise to our readers to find that, notwithstanding the applause and encouragement which must have attended these first efforts of the muse, yet many years were suffered to lapse before he was enabled to publish an author. It seems to have been related by the mother's side to Christopher Pitt, translator of Virgil and Vili, and was intimately acquainted with Mr. Spence, who had become famous from his Essay on Pope's Ode on the Nile, and with those who were the friends of those gentlemen. The former addressed an epistle of Horace to Mr. Louth, and by the latter he was entrusted with the first publication concerning Stephen Duck. He, however, was not forward to appear before the world in the character of a writer, though his abilities must have been known to those with whom he was connected. At Oxford he terminated many years improving his talents*, with little notice from the great, and with preference to small, as to have escaped the distinct recollection at present of some of his contemporaries.

In the year 1742, on the advancement of Mr. Spence to be Professor of Modern History, he was appointed by the university to succeed him a Poetry Professor, in which capacity he composed and read the admirable Lecture on Heroic Poetry, since published. In 1734, he wrote some Latin verses on the occasion of the Prince's Royal with the Prince of Orange. In 1736, "An Ode to the

People of Great Britain: In Imitation of the Sixth Ode of the Third Book of Horace." A printed and severe satire on the courtiers of the time. In 1747, his translation of the Poems of "The Choice of Hercules," was printed in his friend Mr. Spence's "Poemata." In 1709, he received from John Hely, Bishop of Winchester, the Advowson of Winchester, a five years' term, 1709 years afterwards he acknowledged in the following manly and respectful terms to that excellent Prelate: "But then I address, my Lord, is not more necessary an account of the subject, than it is in respect of the author. Your Lordship unsolicited and unasked, called him from one of those colleges to a station of the first dignity in your diocese, and took the earnest opportunity of accumulating your favour upon him, and of adding to that dignify a suitable support. These obligations he is now the more ready thus publicly to acknowledge, as he is removed out of the reach of further favours of the like kind. And tho' he hath relinquished the advantages so generously conferred upon him, yet he still always esteems himself highly honoured in having once enjoyed the patronage of the great advocate of civil and religious liberty."

Having held the Poetic Professorship for nine years the longest term it can be allowed to any person, he, in June 1751, resigned his office, and proceeded to publish the lectures which he had read. These appeared in 1753, in 4to. under the title of "*De Summa Poetice Professoris Praelectiones de Imitatione Ovidii habitae &c.*" a work equally known and admired abroad as it is at home, and un-

* Many years afterwards he speaks of Oxford in the following terms. Bishop Warburton: "My Lord, I was educated in the university of Oxford. I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many happy years in that illustrious Society, in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and of scholars in a society, where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, increased industry and awakened genius; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a generous freedom of thought, was raised, encouraged, and pushed forward by example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the *Hookers*, the *Chalmeres*, and the *Lockes*, had breathed before, whose benevolence and humanity were as extensive as their vast genius and their comprehensive knowledge; who always treated their adversaries with civility and respect, who made candour, moderation, and liberal judgments, as much the rule and law, as the subject of their discourse; who did not smite themselves with empty declamations and fine-spun theories of toleration, while they were themselves agitated with a furious inquisitorial spirit, seizing every one they could lay hold on for presuming to dissent from them in matters the most indifferent, and dragging them through the fiery ordeal of abusive controversy."

† Both these pieces are in the third volume of Dodley's Collection of Poems.

‡ This work was translated first by Dr. Dodd, and printed in the Christian Magazine, since by Mr. Gregory, in two vols. 8vo.

versally acknowledged as one of the most learned and elegant works produced in the present century. On the 8th of July 1754, he was created Doctor of Divinity by diploma, and in the next year was appointed first chaplain to the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He had, as we are informed, travelled with this nobleman, and from his situation had a fair claim to advancement in the kingdom where his friend and patron was Viceroy. Dr Lowth's wish, however, seems not to have inclined him to abandon his country, and the Bishoprick of Kilmore becoming vacant, he accepted to exchange with Mr. Leslie, a native of Ireland, who possessed the cathedral in the cathedral of Durham, and was induced in person on the 10th of October 1755. About the same time he had the rich living of Sedburgh in the same county given to him. On the 27th of July 1758, he preached the first sermon at the visitation of the Bishop of Durham, at St. Mary-le-Bow, Durham, and in the same year published "The Life of William of Wykeham," with a Dedication to Bishop Hoadley in which he involved himself in a dispute by opposing a decision which the Bishop had lately made respecting the Wardenship of New College. This produced a very forcible address to him, which he replied to in a pamphlet entitled, "An Answer to an anonymous Letter to Dr Lowth concerning the late Election of a Warden of Winchester College, &c." Both these performances, and indeed the whole controversy, were marked with great ability in point of composition, and in that light, though relating to private concern, may be read, if not with pleasure, at least with impatience.

In 1762, we find Dr Lowth condescending to assist the efforts of youth in the elements of the English language, in "A Short Introduction to English Grammar, with Critical Notes," 8vo. a work originally intended merely for a private and domestic use, and which has since come into general use and estimation. He, in the next year, printed in 4to. "A Sermon preached at the Assizes holden at Durham, Aug 1, 1764," which a very good judge of the subject says, "in the compass of two or three pages, contains, though in miniature, a masterly sketch of the constitution."

In Nov. 1761, he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in the same year engaged in a controversy with Bishop Warburton, in the course of which so much spleen, resentment, and in propriety were displayed by both the combatants and not the least by Dr. Lowth, that though he was generally allowed to have wielded the weapons of controversy in a superior manner to his competitor, yet it cannot be denied, at the same time, that he lost his temper more, and descended to more personalities than was becoming either of the character or situation of his rival, or of himself. His second Correspondence, published by Mr. Towne, in his Remarks on Dr. Lowth's Treatise, always be produced to prove the truth of this observation. Dr. Lowth's pamphlet was called "A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Richard and Author of the Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated, &c. Answer to the Appendix to the fifth Volume of that Work. With an Appendix, containing a critical literary Correspondence. By a late Professor of the University of Oxford." It was replied to by Mr. Towne and Dr. Browne, the celebrated historian, concerning himself reflected on in the part of the pamphlet, published a defence of himself, which occasioned a third letter, addressed to him by Dr. Lowth, to be added to the former pamphlet. A new edition of the second Correspondence was likewise printed by Dr. Lowth, with additional notes, but it was not published, and is supposed to have been confined to the final number in 78. At the same time we mention the ceremony which attended these eminent persons, is thought to be recorded to their honour, that both of them, if we are not misinformed, expressed their concern at the impropriety of their conduct, and mutually visited each other afterwards as friends. This seems to have been the period of Dr. Lowth's life in which he was engaged in controversy. In the same year a Latin epistle was addressed to him by Dr. Edwards, of Clare-hall, containing some observations on what was advanced in the second edition of the Prellections, in regard to Bishop Hare's hypothesis concerning Hebrew poetry. To this Dr. Lowth wrote an answer, intitled, "A Large Confutation of Bishop Hare's System of Hebrew Metre, in a Letter to the Rev. Dr. Edwards, in Answer to his

* Essay on Dialogue prefixed to "Eunomus," by Edw. Wyant, Esq. p. lxxxv.

Epistle, 8vo." which, though dated 20th November, 1765, was not published until several months later.

In May 1766, Dr. Lowth was advanced to the see of St. David's, on the death of Dr. Squire, which he exchanged in less than four months for that of Oxford, to which he was translated in September. On the death of Dr. Terrick, in 1777, he was advanced to the see of London, which he held to the time of his death.

In July 1768, he lost his daughter, to whom he wrote the following beautiful lines, inscribed on a tomb to her memory.

*Cara, vale, ingenio, præstans, pietate,
pudore.*

*Et plusquam natæ nomine cara, vale.
Cura Maria, vale. At veniet felicius
ævum,*

*Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus,
ero.*

*Cara, redi, letatum dum voce, paternos,
Eja, age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi.*

He also lived to experience the loss of five of his sons, a very amiable and promising youth, and outlived his lady. To misfortunes like these, the constant attendants on a long life, were added pain and sickness; which, after some years struggle, weighed him down to the grave.

In 1778 Dr. Lowth presented the public with "Haiiah. A new Translation, with a preliminary Discourse, and Notes critical, philological and explanatory, &c." and on Ash Wednesday, 1779, preached a sermon at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, which he afterwards printed 4to. In this sermon he mentioned economy and impracticable principles being assumed, as the only true foundations of government; and in a note quoted two passages from Dr. Price's Tracts, in order to prove his doctrine concerning government visionary and dangerous. He likewise was supposed to point out the Doctor as a person whose duty it had been long to introduce disorder, encourage sedition, &c. To this the Doctor replied with great spirit, in vindication of his character, and support of his opinion. He asserted that the language which he had employed, and which had given most offence, had been the common language of all the friends of civil liberty, Montesquieu, Mr. Justice Blackstone, many of the

clergy, and even Dr. Lowth himself, in his affize sermon, already mentioned. This passage also gave occasion to a very severe attack in "An Elegy on the ancient Greek Model," addressed to Dr. Lowth, and generally supposed to be the production of Mr. Hayley, though not collected in his works.

From this period the Bishop regularly bent under the weight of years, and a complication of disorders, under which he lingered for a length of time, which could not but be commiserated by every friend of genius and virtue. At last a paralytic stroke deprived the world of one of its greatest ornaments on the 3d day of November, 1787. He was buried privately at Fulham.

Eulogium can hardly ascend to extravagance in speaking of Bishop Lowth, either as a man or a writer. As the former, he possessed those qualities which adorn society, and render private life amiable. Of this we have the testimony of one whose decision will hardly be disputed. "It would answer no end to tell you what I thought of the author of Hebrew Poetry, before I saw him. But this I may say, that I was never more surprised, when I did see him, than to find him of so amiable and gentle manners; of so modest, sensible and disengaged a deportment. It would not have displeased me to find myself ill used by pedants and bigots, but it grieved me to think I had any thing to explain with such a man." As a husband, a father, or master of a family, he was as near faultless as the imperfections of humanity will admit; and as a member of society, a divine, or as a bishop, while his health permitted, there will be no abatement of the praise. He wanted in an exemplary manner the qualities of a gentleman with those of the scholar. The ample testimony borne by foreigners, as well as natives, to his literature, render any thing unnecessary to be said on that subject. His own description of himself however should not be omitted. "For myself, as a member of the commonwealth of letters, I am a true lover of peace and quiet, of mutual freedom, candour and benevolence. I detest and I despise the squabbles that are perpetually arising from the jealousy and peevishness of the *genus irritabile scriptorum*. I am a staunch republican, and a zealous protectant in literature; nor will ever bear

* Letter from Bp. Warburton to Dr. Lowth.

with a perpetual dictator, or an infallible pope, whose decrees are to be submitted to without appeal, and to be received with implicit assent. *Manus hæc inimita tyrannus*. My favourite principle is the liberty of prophesying, and I will return it with my last breath * * * If however any censure is due to him, it was the virtue he displayed in his controversy with Warburton, which even the example of his antagonist can only justify, not excuse. In a few words, it may confidently be said, that his memory will be dear as long as any one remains who was intimate with him, and his services to literature will continue to be remembered for ever.

Besides the performances already mentioned Dr Lowth is the author of

A Sermon, preached at St Nicholas, in Newcastle, on 28th June, 1757, before the Governors of the Infirmary for the Counties of Durham, Newcastle and Northumberland, 4to. 1758.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PERFORMANCES AT SIR WATKIN WILLIAM WYNNE'S THEATRE AT WYNNSTAY.

[With One of the TICKETS designed by HENRY BUNBURY, Esq.]

THE season of the year approaching at which the elegant festival of Wynnstay will, it is expected, commence, we are happy to oblige our readers with a list, in which the combined powers of human taste have been exercised by an acknowledged Genius of the present day, the only legitimate successor of Horace, and one whose works will be dearer to posterity than they are even to the present times.

The entertainments at Wynnstay are of a kind to deserve every praise. They are worthy the honourable owners of the place; they strive to revive the almost lost ideas of English hospitality, they furnish an elegant spectacle, acceptable both to youth and age, from the time of their exhibition they soften the gloom and horrors of winter, and diffuse innocent amusement at a festival season peculiarly set apart for relaxation.

The Theatre was erected, as it now appears, in 1752, by John Evans, Esq. It is a small but convenient building, and has been employed often for the purpose for which it was appropriated. The time will come when the performances exhibited there will be the objects of enquiry, and it is the duty of a

A Sermon preached before the House of Lords 30th of January, 1767, 4to. 1767.

A Sermon preached before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, February 25, 1771, 4to. 1771.

A Sermon preached before the Governors of the Ratchiffe Infirmary, at St. Mary's Church in Oxford, July 3, 1772, 4to. 1771.

A Sermon preached before the Society corresponding with the Society for promoting English Protestant Working Schools, May 19, 1773, 4to. 1773.

Also the Link, a Ballad, in the 4th volume of Doddsley's Collection of Poems, some verses on the death of Frederick Prince of Wales, in the Oxford Collection, and if we are not misinformed, all the verses in those Collections in the name of Miss Spence. Dr Lowth also promulgated a life of Mr. Spence, for the Biographia Britannica.

literary journal to supply information for futurity as well as the present day. To many of our present readers, however, it will not be curious to know the history of the Wynnstay Theatre, and for their information we shall insert one of each of the play bills which have come to our hands. January 19, 1760

THE CONSTANT COUPLE.

Sir Harry Wildair,	Mr. Bunbury.
Beau Clincher,	Mr. Aldersey.
Colonel Standard,	Mr. Gilfith.
Clincher, jun.	Mr. G. Colman.
Vizard,	Mr. Nares.
Dicky,	Wilkinson.
Tom Etand,	Sir W. W. Wynne.
Angelica,	Miss E. Ravenscroft.
Lady Darling,	Mrs. Griffith.
Parly,	Mrs. Jones.
Lady Lurewell,	Mrs. Cotes.

To which was added,

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

Devil,	Mr. Colman.
Sir Thomas Maxwell,	Meredith
Invoice,	Mr. Nares
Dr Camphire,	Carter
Dr Calomel,	Mr. Griffith.
Dr Last,	Mr. Bunbury.
Julep,	Carter.
Apozem,	Mr. Aldersey.

* Dr. Lowth's letter to Warburton.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

Proceps, Wilkinson.
Secretary, Mr G Colman.
Printer's Devil, Mr T Griffith.
Margaret, Mr Cotes.
Harriet, Miss Jones.

On the 20th, **CYMPHILE**, and **THE AUTHOR**, were performed, and on the 21st, **THE CONSTANT COUJIL**, and **THE SPANISH BARBER**.

In 1783, **JULIUS**, and **THE CLAUDETTA** were represented,

Lord Oglety, Mr Colman
Sir John Melvil, Mr Horneck.
Sterling, Mr Metcalfe
Lovewell, Mr Hayman.
Canon, Mr Hamilton.
Brush, Mr Bumbury.
Serj. Flower, Sir W. W. Wynne.
Travotte, Mr Smith.
Trueman, Mr Calc.
Mrs. Heidelberg, Mrs Puleston.
Miss Stealing, Mrs Appleby.
Fanny, Miss Wyane.
Betty, Miss Jones.
Chambermaid, Miss Griffith.

To which was added,

THE SON IN LAW.

Cranky, Salisbury
Bowkitt, Mr Metcalfe.
Bouquette, Mr Hayman.
Idle, Mr Smith.
Mum and Vinegar, Mr Colman.
Arionelli, Meredith.
Cecilia, Miss Jones

On the 14th, **The Sicilian** **KING HENRY IV.** and **BARNABY RATTLE**.
 15. **THE CLAUDETTA** **MARRIAGE,** and **THE SON IN LAW.**

In 1784, **JANUARY 5,** were represented,

Duncan, Mr Griffith.
Malcolm, Mr Hayman.
Donaldson, Master W Wynne.
Macbeth, Mr Bunbury.
Macduff, Mr Greville.
Banquo, Mr Horneck.
Lanox, Mr Kinnersley.
Fleance, Master Bunbury.
Sward, Mr Jones.
Sevton, Mr Greaves.
Lady Macbeth, Mrs Cotes.
Genlewoman, Miss Jones.
Heate, Mr Meredith.
Witches, Messrs Metcalfe, Jones, and Wilkinson.

Vocal parts by Messrs. Hatwood, King, Mr Shipley, and others.

To which was added,

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Sir Gilbert Pumpkin, Mr Kinnersley.
Charles Stanley, Mr Greville.
Merry Stukely, Mr Hayman.
William, Master Bunbury.

Diggory, Mr Metcalfe.
Cymon, Wilkinson.
Hoffler, Mr Jones.
Miss Budget Pumpkin, Miss Cotes.
Miss Kitty Sprightly, Miss Jones.

On the 9th, **TWELFTH NIGHT,** and **CROSS PURPOSES.**

10 **MACBETH,** and **ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.**

In 1785, **Dec. 22,** were represented,

THE INCONSTANT.
Old Mirabel, Mr Aldersey.
Young Mirabel, Mr Bridgeman.
Captain Duetete, Mr Bumbury.
Dagard, Mr Denton.
Peut, Mr Wardle.
Quant, Miss Jones.
Biture, Miss Cotes.
Lamorce, Mrs Puleston.

To which was added,

THE DEVIL TO PAY

Sir John Loverule, Mr Bridgeman.
Butler, Mr Dalton.
Cook, Mr Aldersey.
Couchman, Mr Warrington.
Jobson, Mr Jos Madocks.
Doctor, Mr Madocks.
Lady Loverule, Miss Jones.
Lacy, Miss Puleston.
Iettice, Miss Madocks.
Nell, Mrs Cotes

On 23^d, **THE WINTER'S TALE,** and **WHO'S THE DUPE?**

24 **AS YOU LIKE IT,** and **WHO'S THE DUPE?**

In 1787, **JANUARY 6,** were represented,

TEMPEST.
Alonzo, Mr Wandle
Sebastian, Mr Hayman.
Prospero, Mr Bunbury.
Ferdinand, Mr Bridgeman.
Gonzalo, Salisbury.
Caliban, Mr Madocks.
Trinculo, Mr Dilton.
Stephano, Mr Aldersey.
Anth, Master Bunbury.
Miranda, Miss Jones.

To which was added,

THE MAN OF QUALITY.

Lord Foppington, Mr St. Ieger.
Young Fashion, Mr Bridgeman.
S. John Friendly, Salisbury.
Love, Mr Dalton.
Coupler, Mr Wardle.
Shemmaker, Mr Aldersey.
Taylor, Mr Hayman.
Sir Tunbells Clumfy, Mr Madocks.
Nurse, Mrs Puleston.
Miss Hoyden, Miss Jones.

* In our Magazines for February and May 1786 are inserted other of Mr. Bunbury's Tickets, and a representation of the outside of the Theatre.

LITERARY

POPE

AMONGST Mr. Pope's great intellectual abilities *good sense* was his most distinguished: for he knew precisely, and is true by a sort of intuition, what he had power to do, and what he could not do.

He often used to say, that for ten years together he fully exerted the impotency of his talents and faculties, when the solicited him to write a translation of *Virgil's Æneid*. No did he ever mistake the extent of his talent, but in the following trivial instance, and that was, when he wrote *Oliver Twist* on *St. Cecilia's*, in which he was, by a secret ambition of imitating the *imitable Dryden*. In which case, if he hath not exceeded the original (for there is always some advantage in writing *fresh*) he hath at least surpassed (and perhaps ever will surpass) those that come after him, in the attempt to make the same experiment — *The Amaranthus, or the Plantain*, 8vo 1767 p. 140. Written by Walter Hute.

Mr. Wynne, speaker of Littleton and his Tenures, 1135, "Beides he excellency of the doctrine contained in his book, it is wrote with so much clearness and simplicity, that in method it is little inferior to the Elements of Euclid and I have been told by one who heard Mr. Pope say so, that "he thought it one of the best compositions he ever read," which eulogium it might be attributed to the men of genius at their entrance on such dry studies, as a great recommendation of Littleton's work, that it took so much when Mr. Pope had finished, for I make no doubt, that had Mr. Pope read *Littleton's* work, he would have thoroughly understood it, his opinion of Littleton's is, "as all his sense the same, but the opinion of the poet concerning Mr. Pope, as a poet, most probably would not." — *Preface to 4 Miscellany containing several tracts.* 8vo 1765. An unpublished work

"Mr. Pope saw these Satires, but so late in life that he could only bestow this commendation on them, which they truly deserve, to wish he had seen them sooner." — *Preface to BISHOP HALL'S Satires.* Re-printed at Oxford, 1753, under the inspection of William Thompion, Author of the Hymn to May.

In a Copy of Oldham's Works, Mr. Pope, on the blank leaf, had written the following Memorandum

- "The most remarkable Works in this Author are as follow here
- "Fourth Satire on the Jesuits.
- "Satire on Virtue.
- "The Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry.
- "The Impertinent, from Horace.
- "To the Memory of Mr. C. Morwent."

Mr. Pope frequently contributed to the *Grub-street Journal*, a literary newspaper of his time. Among other pieces is the following notice of his mother's death, in the paper of June 14, 1733.

"Last week died at Twickenham, in Middlesex, in the ninety-third year of her age, Mr. EDITHA POPE, mother of ALEXANDER POPE, Esq. She was last surviving of the children of William Turner, Esq. of York, who, by Thomas Norton, his wife, had fourteen daughters and three sons, is one of which died in the King's service in the Civil Wars, and she herself retired into a nunnery, where he died a General Officer. She lived with her son (her only child) from the time of his birth to her death, and was carried to the grave by a poor man, to whom were given six of a dark grey cloth; and followed by six poor women in the same sort of mourning. She was interred near the monument of her husband, on which is,

D. O. M

ALEXANDRO POPE, Viro innocuo, probato pio,

Quæritur annos 75. Obiit 1717.

Idem, *pro* conuicti inculpabili pietatis,

Quæritur annos 93. Obiit 1733.

Parentibus bene merentibus
Fides fecit."

The following inscription was written in a sporting book, by Mr. Pope:

"THE ART OF GUNNERY

Is presented to that keen sportsman,
And my very good friend, JOHN SOMERS,
Esq.

By ALEXANDER POPE,
Who himself delighted that art, — and
every art of killing!"

A poor poet once sent some verses to Mr. Pope, concluding with these lines:

The most I seriously would hope,
 Just to read the words, A. POPE,
 Writ, without sneer or shew of banter,
 Beneath your friendly *Imprimatur*."

After reading them Mr. Pope returned
 them to the author, with subscriptions for
 two sets of his works, and the following
 couplet:

"MAY THESE put money in your purse,
 For I assure you, I've read works."

A. P.

BANCKY'S *Miscellaneous Works*, 1739.
 Vol. II. p. 43.

In the church-yard of Twickenham is
 the following epitaph:

To the Memory of
 MARY BEACH,
 Who died Nov. 5, 1725, aged 78.
 ALEX. POPE, whom she nursed in
 his Infancy, and constantly attended
 For thirty-eight Years,

In
 Gratitude to a faithful old
 Servant,
 Erected this Stone.

[From the *Post-Boy* of January 1730.]

The Rev. Mr. Freeman, Curate of St.
 Botolph's, Aldersgate, having observed
 the following lines upon a monument on
 the South side of the Chancel there, which

he could not find copied either in *Stow's*, *Woods*
ver, or *Le Neve*, was so kind as to com-
 municate them to us, as worthy the peru-
 sal of the learned part of our readers.—
 But there is so much expressed in so few
 words, the Latin is so concise, and the
 sense so full, that we beg to be excused at-
 tempting a translation of them in English.

The verses are these:

Hic conjuncta sibi recubat Francisca
 marito;
 Et cinis est unus, qua fuit una caro.
 Huc tunc res consistit, tuos sorori Anna ju-
 bebatur;
 - Corpore sic uno pulvere trina jacent.
 Sic Opitex rerum Omnipotens; qui,
 trinus et unus,
 Pulvere ab hoc uno corpora trina da-
 bit.

Upon reading this paragraph Mr. Pope
 immediately undertook the task, and has
 literally rendered them as follows:

Close to her husband, Frances, join'd
 once more,
 Lies here, *one* dust, which was *one* flesh
 before.

Here, as join'd, her sister Anne's remains
 Were laid. *one* dust, *three* bodies thus
 contains.

Th' Almighty Source of things, the im-
 mense *Three-One*,

Will raise *three* bodies from this dust
 alone.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE DECLARATION of the BISHOPS concerng the KING'S SUPREMACY.

[FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE LIBRARY OF THOMAS ASTLE, ESQ*.]

THE wordes of John in hys 20 Chap.

"*Sicut misit me Pater, & ego misit*
vos," &c. hath no respecte to a Kinges
 or a Princes power, but onely to shew
 howe that the Ministres of the worde of
 God, cheyfn and sent for that intent, are
 the Messengers of Christ, to teache the
 trueth of his gospell, and to looke and
 bynde sinne, &c. as Christe was the mes-
 senger of his Father. The wordes also of
 Saynt Paul, in the 20 Chap. of the
 Actes; "*Attendite vobis et universis gre-*
gori, in qua vos Spiritus Sanctus presertim
testatur et docet, sicut etiam Deus," were applyed
 to the Bishops & Priests, to be diligent
 Pastores of the people, both to teche them
 diligently, and also to be circumspecte,
 that false Preachers should not seduce the
 people, as followyth immediately after, in
 the same place. Other places of Scripture
 declare the high office and excellencye of

Christen Princes wisdom and power, the
 which of a trewth is more high, for he
 hath power and charge generally over all,
 as well Bishops and Priests as other.
 The Bishops & Priests have charge of
 souls within their owne Curtes, power to
 minstre Sacraments, and to teache the
 worde of God; to the which worde of
 God, Christen Princes knowlege theym
 to be subjecte. And in case the Bishops
 be negligent, it is the Christen Princes
 Office to see theym doo their Dute.

I. Cantuariens.

Cuthbertus Dunelmens.

Joannes London.

Jo. Bat. Willelf.

Thomas Eborac.

Nicolaus Sarburienf.

Hugo W'gorn.

C. Rossenf.

This curious original Paper was formerly in the Library of Dr. Stillingfleet.

ACCOUNT

to stop

See Henry

Henry Duffett & Co

London

London

London

John C. ...

R. S. ...



From the Original in the Library of ...

James London

James ...

James ...

ACCOUNT OF THE PERSONS WHOSE SIGNATURES ARE NUMBERED ON THE PLATE ANNEXED AS FOLLOW:

(1) HENRY VIII. king of England, born 1491, came to the crown, 1509; died Jan 28, 1547.

(2) Thomas Wolsey, archbishop of York, before he was made a cardinal in 1515. He was born at Ipswich, in 1471; and died at Leicester, 29th Nov. 1530.

(3) Henry Grey, marquis Dorset, lord and baron of Groby, Bonville, Harrington, and Aftley; the son and heir of Thomas second marquis Dorset. He was afterwards by king Edward VI created duke of Suffolk, in the year 1551, and in the 5th year of his reign. He married Frances, eldest daughter of Cha. Brandon, duke of Suffolk, and in the reign of queen Mary, was attainted of treason, condemned and beheaded, 1553.

(4) Leonard Grey, fourth son of Tho. marquis Dorset.

(5) Thomas lord Cromwell, earl of Essex, the son of a blacksmith at Putney. He was patronised by cardinal Wolsey, and obtained successively the offices and dignities of privy-counsellor, master of the jewel-office, clerk of the hanaper, principal secretary of state, justice of the forest, master of the rolls, lord privy seal, baron, the king's viceregent in spirituals, knight of the garter, earl of Essex, great chamberlain of England. He was beheaded July 30 1540.

(6) Thomas Howard, second duke of Norfolk (made earl of Surrey the same day that his father was created duke of Norfolk) chief marshal, and high-treasurer of England, lord and baron of Mowbray, Seignave, and Gowet, knight of the

garter, eldest son and successor of Tho. duke of Norfolk. Whilst he was earl of Surrey he was deputy to king Henry VIII. in Ireland, and viceroy of that country anno 1519. He was also high admiral of England, and after narrowly escaping with his life in the reign of Henry VIII. died in that of queen Mary.

(7) Thomas Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury; advanced to that see, 1533, and suffered martyrdom at Oxford, March 21, 1555.

(8) Cuthbert Tunstall, bishop of Durham; succeeded cardinal Wolsey in 1530, deprived of his bishopric, July 1539; and died at Lambeth, 28th Nov. following, aged 85.

(9) John Stokesley, bishop of London; enthroned July 19, 1530, died Sept. 8, 1539.

(10) John Clerk, bishop of Bath and Wells, consecrated 1523, died 1540, in Germany, whither he went as ambassador to the duke of Cleve.

(11) Thomas Goodrick, bishop of Ely; consecrated April 19, 1534; died 10th May, 1554.

(12) Nicholas Shaxton, bishop of Salisbury, consecrated 1535, resigned his bishopric July 1, 1539, at the same time with bishop Lamer, and for the same cause died at Cambridge, 4th August, 1556.

(13) Hugh Latimer, bishop of Worcester, 1535, resigned 1539, and was burnt at Oxford, 16th Oct. 1555.

(14) John Hilsey, bishop of Rochester, 1535, ob. 1538.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

AGREEABLY to the design of your Magazine to protect oppressed merit and promote the progress of useful science, I flatter myself that you will insert the following Memoirs, a copy of which was communicated to me by the Author during my residence at Paris, with his earnest desire to transmit it to the Editor of the European Magazine on my return to England. I am, Sir,

Your constant reader and admirer,

M. H.

Temple, Nov. 3, 1787.

MEMOIRS OF M. DE LORSHE.

IT is now more than thirty years since Mr De Lorshe has demonstrated, that the square of the diagonal has two distinct surfaces. This discovery may become of the highest importance towards perfectly ascertaining the longitude, the principles of navigation, ship-building, surveying, geography, geometry in general, &c.

Mr. De Lorshe has printed two essays upon this subject under the following titles:

1. "New Observations on the Propagation of the Side of a perfect Square with its Diagonal."

2. "An Address to the Incredulous." He has long ago communicated these essays to the different learned societies of

Europe, whom thro' respect towards them he will not here name, because he is not entirely satisfied with their conduct to him. Instead of attacking his principles, if they were indefensible, they have treated him with the greatest illiberality, the proofs of which he could easily produce. But he does not by any means consider these Societies as responsible for their treatment of him, because their answer was transmitted to him by their Secretaries, who certainly are by no means geometers. To explain the truth of his principles in a more perspicuous and extensive manner, he pointed out to them the errors which were discoverable in the works of the most celebrated geometers, particularly in those of M. D'Alembert, many of whose propositions, to the number of at least fifty, he has clearly confuted. The zealous and impetuous temper of this great mathematician are too well known to entertain a doubt of his violent animosity against Mr. De Lorraine, who was the continual object of his persecution.

3. "Simplicity leads to Truth; Subtlety du. Sits to Error."

4. "Is the Author right or wrong?—Reasons *pro* and *con*."

5. "Two Essays on the *Bazette Divinatorie*, or Magical Rod."

6. "Remarks on a Letter of an Academician of Paris, and a Dialogue between a Master and his Pupil."

7. "A Principle of Theory on the Magical Rod with the Graduated Rod, which might be termed with the greatest Ease."

8. A comedy in five acts, under the title of "The Inauguration Discord."

To put a stop to the persecutions which the Author has experienced, he caused to be presented to the Academy of Paris, a memoir, in which his principles only were advanced. In this memoir all argumentative discussions are avoided; but he was prevented from reading to them above four or five pages, because some interrupted him in crying out, that he ought to publish his work, and that the public were the best judges in matters of this nature: others maintained, that the Academy were the only competent judges; and at last, to impose silence on him, this appeal was terminated by some very illiberal behaviour towards him by some Geometers of the Academy. He complained of this treatment before some members of that body, and received for answer, that as his principles tended to the quadrature of the circle, the Academy had determined to pay no attention to subjects

of this nature. He insisted, that what he had demonstrated, had no reference to the quadrature; that his only object was to explain the errors which he had discovered in the science, and the best methods for the correction of such errors; that since many of their members opposed him, he begged their permission to announce his principles in their Journals, and hoped they would not publicly depreciate his writings, or oppose the perusal of them; that he would draw out a sketch or summary of his work, which he would submit to the examination of the Academy, and which they might arrange as they thought proper: He added, that after referring his work to their judgment, he begged they would honour him with a certificate of such examination, to shew that they did not oppose its being announced in their Journals. The Academy consented to his request, and in consequence of their approbation gave him their certificate, of which the following is a translation.

"I hereby certify, that the Academy of Sciences does not oppose in any manner whatsoever M. De Lorraine, in the publication of his works, or in his design of announcing them in the Journals."

"Paris, Feb. 3, 1787."

(Signed) FOUGEROUX DE BONDARCY,

"Director of the Academy."

Mr. De Lorraine is persuaded that there are some Geometers of the Academy who persevere in their opposition against the publication of his writings, and in consequence of this prejudice against him, he has been hitherto prevented from inserting his sketch in the Journals. To destroy this spirit of party against him, he feels himself obliged to expose their conduct to the public by a relation of these circumstances.

The same Author has discovered a principle of theory with respect to music, which he has reduced to a degree of mechanic simplicity. He has communicated this discovery to some of the most celebrated composers in Paris, who have honoured it with their approbation. M. Philidor has written to him on this subject in the most flattering terms, and will certainly do justice to the Author, if required. Since these two principles have a mutual relation to, and dependence on each other, the approbation of competent judges in favour of the first is certainly a testimony for the second.

The mean and illiberal treatment which the Author has experienced, has obliged

obliged him to expend more than 50,000 crowns on his fine printing, engraving and mechanical ornaments. He has indeed, by these numerous engravings, demonstrated the propriety and solidity of his opinions as clear and perfect as the game of chess. He requests therefore, that his opponents will no longer aim at his entire ruin, for the purpose of preventing the publication of his works.

He proves, that all the geometrical theorems, that the square of the diameter of a right angled triangle is equal in quantity to the sum of the other two sides. The Author maintains, that the sum of the two sides of a right angled triangle which has the sides equal, gives the surface of a parallelogram half of a perfect square, and according to all the received principles, the surface of a perfect square which has the sides equal, cannot be compounded with the quantities which form a parallelogram half of a perfect square, twice the surface of a perfect square must be compounded with a square number, and therefore if a perfect square cannot be so compounded. The square of the diameter is the sum of two sides, one of which is given by the common principle, the other which is true is unproved to be a square, and it is not possibly taken away from it its quality.

The Author will not here enter into further particulars, lest he should be considered as being tedious, but his writings contain at least five hundred solutions, which prove that his arguments are indisputable. He calls upon the geometers to discover and refute his errors, if any can be discovered, because such disputes, when carried on with liberality and candour, lead to conviction and truth. Such literary disputes should be universally encouraged, and not silenced by the voice of partial authority, which ought at least to remain neutral. The Author by no means requires any preference, but he requests that his opponents should not have the power of sending him an illiberal answer in the name of a Society. In matters of abstract science, if they are unintelligible to common people, it is at least their duty to employ competent judges, because the answers which they make in the name of their Society, serve to expose their character to the public, to whom they should pay the greatest respect. Besides, such a conduct cannot but affect the very progress of science.

C. A. DE LORSHE,

Hotel d'Orléans, Rue Dauphine, Paris
Sept 1767

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS RELATIVE TO THE DISPUTE AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

TRINITY COLLEGE Cambridge, 5 MAY 1767. Found in the sitting of the sixty Fellows, and sixty scholars, the principal business of the evening was to elect a new Vice-Chancellor. Mr. Young, who was then Vice-Chancellor of the College, after a short speech, proposed one of the candidates, viz. Mr. J. Chapman, the Curate of St. Andrew's Church, who is now one of the resident Fellows, and the deputy Vice-Chancellor, in his place, and marked Mr. Chapman, which the Fellow so doing steps into the vacant room of the senior Fellow who has left it since during his absence. This ceremony being down the name in the Register is now completed, but the Master and the senior resident Fellows are generally considered as invested with the government of the College.

To the Master and eight Senior Fellowes of electing Fellows is likewise given the

twelfth chapter of the College Statutes, in the following manner:—The day after next after the meeting of the Statute to be held on the 15th day of October, the Master shall give notice to the Vice-Chancellor, giving the same six days notice before the election, by the same Statute, all the candidates to be chosen for the said office, to be presented to the College, who shall be examined by the Master and the Senior Fellows, and the result thereof shall be reported to the College by the Master. The Statute further says, that the candidates shall be examined in the Latin Language, and in the Mathematics, and in such other parts of Learning, as shall be thought proper by the College. And the Statute further says, that the candidates shall be examined by the Master and the Senior Fellows, and the result thereof shall be reported to the College by the Master.

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This paper is generally in the following form.

Dies Examinationis finit

Dies Mercurii, Sept. 27.

Dies Jovis, Sept. 28.

Dies Veneris, Sept. 29.

Pro Themate et Carminibus Dies Saturni, Sept. 30.

J. PETERBOROUGH,
Mag. Collegii.

As to the three first days of examination, the Statutes are never adhered to in appropriating the respective days to the respective sciences mentioned in the Statutes; but the present practice is (which appears to be admitted an alteration for the better) for every elector who chuses to examine to send for the candidates to his room for a few hours, and then to examine them in such sciences as he thinks proper (which are usually natural and moral philosophy, geometry, mathematics, and history) indiscriminately, and without any regard to the Statutable days appropriated to each science. This examination however has always (except perhaps once or twice when the Master's leave has been asked by a Senior to examine on the fourth day) taken place on some part of the three first days of the examination; the fourth day having been always with the above exception appropriated to themes and verses, which are written by the candidates in a room at the Master's Lodge; for there is now never any examination in singing.

For many years last past there have been instances of perhaps two or three electors at each election voting without examining the candidates. Yet the electors have in general all been in College during the four days of examination. One of the seniors however, Mr. Higges, having frequently made a practice of absenting himself from College during most of the four days of examination, and particularly at the election in 1786 coming into College on the evening of the third day after the examination by individual Fellows was over, and voting to the exclusion of Mr. Cranke who had actually examined, it excited the disapprobation of most of the Fellows then in College, some of whom considered themselves bound by their oath to take notice of so irregular a proceeding.

Accordingly on Monday October 1, there was a meeting at Mr. Baynes' Chambers, when the following Memorial was signed by ten of the Fellows, being all that were then in College, except two who were not of the Seniority.

The following is an exact copy of the Memorial lately presented by the Junior Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, to (the Bishop

of Peterborough) the Master, and the Eight Senior Fellows of that Society.

To the Right Reverend the Master, and the Reverend the Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge:—The Memorial of the under-signed Fellows of the said College, sheweth,

That, according to the twelfth chapter of the College Statutes, previous to any election of Fellows, all the electors are to take an oath, 'Se electuras eos solum, quas consensientia teste maxime idoneos judicaverint.'

That, by the same chapter, it is further ordered, as follows:—'Quatuor dies proxime precedentes electionis diem; ab hora septima antemeridiana usque ad decimam, et ab hora prima postmeridiana ad quartam, OMNES electores diligentem exquirant ab illis quid in bonis literis esse possint.'

That your memorialists conceive this order to be founded in reason, inasmuch as it is impossible for any elector to form otherwise, an adequate idea of the merits of the respective candidates.

Your memorialists have, however, with concern, observed several late instances of elections of Fellows, wherein some of the electors have never given the candidates any examination; and instances have even occurred, where a Senior has come into College after the expiration of the time appointed by the Statutes for the examination in several branches of learning, and has even given a vote at the election, to the exclusion of one who would otherwise have been an elector, and who had actually examined the candidates for that purpose.

Your memorialists are persuaded, that, as it is of the highest consequence to the society, that the most meritorious candidates should be chosen, it is of no small importance that such merit should be ascertained with all possible exactness.

Being interested, therefore, as members of this society, in the due execution of this important trust, your memorialists take the liberty of submitting to your consideration the necessity of suppressing an abuse, in its consequences dishonourable to the society, subversive of the first principles of its foundation, and highly detrimental to the public.

(Signed)

GEORGE WADDINGTON,
JOHN BAYNES,
THOMAS CAUTLEY,
MILES POPPLE,
THOMAS JONES,
HARRY PORTER,
KINGSMAN BASKETT,
JOHN HALLSTONE,
MATTHEW MURFITE,
MATTHEW WILSON.

At the time this Memorial was signed it was agreed, that the matter complained of should be kept a secret, and accordingly although it was known there had been a meeting, yet until the Dean Mr. Backhouse's return to College about three weeks after, it did not transpire what was the object of the Memorial.

On the first of November the Master returned to College from Buxton, to which place the Memorial had been transmitted to him, and on the third sent for Mr. Widdington, to whom he acknowledged the receipt of it, which he should have done sooner had there been a convenient opportunity for laying it before the Board. He acknowledged that it was his opinion that every Fellow of the Society had an undoubted right to complain of any thing which he deemed a breach of Statute, and he should feel it a duty to present such complaint to the Seniors; but that the mode of proceeding was beyond measure uncandid; for the Memorial conveyed a direct charge against the Master and Seniors, or either having neglected to take the statutory oath previous to the election of Fellows, or having violated it; which position he proceeded to make good by reading the two first paragraphs of the Memorial, containing the two quotations from the College Statutes: whereupon Mr. Widdington observed, how impossible it was to collect any such charge from the Memorial, that, in computing a breach of Statute, the Memorialist had found it necessary to specify that part of the Statute which had been broken, and to evince its importance by having quoted another part of the same Statute, which directs the Seniors to take in oath, "*juratos maxime idoneos*" and he also remarked, that the Memorialists ought in reason to be satisfied to explain their own motives, and that they disclaimed all such as were then imputed to them, that the sole object was the redress of a specific grievance, which grievance was fully explained in the first part of the fourth paragraph of the Memorial. The Master however refused to give the Memorialists credit for this declaration of their intention, and protested that if the Memorial should come before the Board in its then shape, he was determined to report upon it, and treat it as containing the idea that the Master and Seniors had not taken the oath previous to the election, or had violated it. Mr. Widdington then received the Memorial back, remarking that if such a construction was to be put upon the intention of the Memorialists, then the sole object would be defeated, and there-

fore it might be proper to consider whether such an alteration could not be made as would obviate the interpretation, and secure the object proposed. At parting the Master observed, that if it should not be determined to leave out the first quotation from the Statutes, it would be only fair to insert the whole Statute. On the fifth of November Mr. Widdington was again sent for by the Master, who said he was desirous of explaining himself more fully upon the subject of the preceding day's conversation, that in consequence of Mr. W.'s declaration he was satisfied there was no intention to charge the Master and Seniors with neglecting to take the oath or violating it; that he now understood their intention was to submit to the Board, the necessity of providing that the electors of Fellows should be also examiners, but he still entirely disapproved of the mode of proceeding; that it was a violent and hostile mode, and that it would occasion streams of ill blood to flow in the Society. It was then remarked by Mr. W. that the Memorialists had not insinuated a wish that a censure should be inflicted on any person; that their only wish was, that a provision might be made against a similar breach of Statute in future. On this the Master asked, why if their intention was so peaceful they had recourse at once to the highest authority in the College; and received for answer that the Memorialists knew no other authority that was adequate to the full correction of the evil. He then enquired why application was not in the first instance made to himself as Master? and was informed that the Memorialists were not of opinion, that he in his individual capacity had a power effectually of redressing the supposed grievance. Whereupon the Master proceeded to say, that he should have no objection to acquaint Mr. H. with the dissatisfaction on his conduct had occasioned, and after an observation on the indecency of requiring a report of his Vice-Master's age and infirmities to examine, recommended that the Memorialists would reconsider their complaint, and that the matter might be settled without any Memorial.

The sentiments of the Memorialists being collected, after mature deliberation they were of opinion, that no other mode could be suggested so proper as that they had adopted, and accordingly on the fifteenth of November the Memorial was redelivered to the Master.

[We are sorry the length of this Narrative prevents our inserting the whole of it. The remainder will be printed in our next Number.]

* This account is taken from Mr. Widdington's affidavit. It should however be noted, that the Master in his affidavit says, that he did not at that or any subsequent time declare himself satisfied that the subscribers intended to give no offence, further than no particular affront was intended to himself.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH it must be admitted that the Observations on Gray's "Ode on the Spring," in our Magazine for October, are the dicta of a man of letters, yet in some instances they are too severe. That glow of enthusiasm, the genuine spirit of that species of poetry which is the object of the writer's admiration, if it ever possessed it, seems to have given place to the feelings of judgment of a critic. I do not mean to attempt a retraction of his remarks, if that I bow to the good sense with which in general they are fraught; I shall only endeavour to explain that part of the Ode which he professes not to understand — "Who is the Attic warbler? I profess I do not know," are his words; and yet to my apprehension, it clearly means the *Lark*. The Lark, whether we consider the elevated flight in which she sings, or the superiority of her song, is entitled to the epithet Gray has used. In a doleful tone she is the "Attic warbler." A few lines of the Observation is sent for to such like people of the world, I was not to be not recoiled that the word Attic in the frequent use for a superior part of nature, and certainly was in that allusion to local elevation. And the Lark, who warbles her note but who upon the wing, and singing among the clouds, I presume it is with respect to local elevation that Gray has meant to say that she is "attic." His bird, whose note is so lovely the other vernacular warblers, with the epithet "Attic warbler." If this explanation should not explain Gray's meaning, I conceive, with all deference to the superior judgment of the writer of the Observations, that the elevated flight of the

Lark's note, and the distinguished flight of the mowers in the cheeks of Spring, give her a superiority to the spring. I shall say you understand, Sir, but for a few minutes longer. Now standing I cannot praise the melody of the Lark's more melodious note, yet I think that the melody is more than any, and that in the necessary concert of the groves, it is an agreeable contrast to the other. Thomson, who was a poet of nature, and undoubtedly a poet from his own feelings and actual observation of external objects, than Gray, began the description of Spring, "from the first soft warbling of the cuckoo's note." I do not think, that the cuckoo's note is more harsh than the cuckoo's, nor by his application of effect when joined with other.

— "The cuckoo's note, the dew,
And the soft pipe of concord heard at once,
And the soft croon of the nightingale."

I suppose the feelings of the writer of the Observation. He has not a fierce name in the month of May, but the feelings of the cuckoo, the cuckoo's note, and his soft and melodious note of several lines of poetry to which he has alluded — His note is a warbling and joy to the fountain of the cuckoo, which he before did not, but I do not know to what we for the cuckoo's note. I must think Gray is right, but then the note of the cuckoo, and then the cuckoo's note of the cuckoo's note.

"The Attic warbler pour her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note."

I am, Sir, &c.
S—, Nov 10, 1787 W. R.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

[Translated from the new French "L. TOKY OF CHINA," just published by the Missionary.]

PRINCES with whom none do contend, have become the greatest conquerors.
When men of people lament the want of friends, they should consider how undesiring they are of having any.
A woman true is never spoken of is praised the most.
Modesty is female courage.
It is only women and tools that never forgive.
Women's tongues are swords which never rust.
She who buys her complexion will sell it again.
A girl who frequently blushes, knows

When cooks disgrace every thing cools
When we stumble, our foot is not in fault.
Cautious is the truest looking-glass.
He who gives up the foot-path, engages the highway.
He who forgets favours, remembers injuries.
A rich fool may be compared to an overgrown hog.
He who never entrusts a secret, keeps it the best.
There are more honest men in prisons than in offices.
Colors are not ruined by giving to them, but through their use from

T H E
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
A N D
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L ,
F O R N O V E M B E R , 1 7 8 7 .

Quid sit surpe, quid ut le, quid dulce, quid non.

Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated By John Whitaker, B. D. Author of the History of Manchester, and Rector of Ruan-Lanyhorne, Cornwall. 3 vols. 8vo. 18s. Murray

THIRL occurs not, perhaps, in the whole world of history, ancient or modern, such a series of astonishing phenomena, which blackened with honor, while they served to immortalize with infamy, the reign of the deluded, the martyred Mary — I think, however, to that liberal spirit of investigation which has at length begun to distinguish our historical pursuits, and which, when once effectually routed, rarely suffers calumny and falsehood to perpetrate the sacred and venerable principles of truth and justice, the veil of mystery, added to the hominations of fanaticism, prejudice, and time-serving imposture, that hid for two centuries involved in obscurity the real character of this illustrious prince, are finally — we may say, too, triumphantly — dispelled, and no longer are we confined to the jarring and unsupported opinions of contending factions, for proofs of either the guilt or the innocence of her conduct, whether it be considered as the conduct of a Woman, or of a Queen.

Perfectly do we agree with our present worth, and most ingenious protector, that for so much unremitting obloquy as has been heaped upon the name of Mary — *the nation owes much in reparation* — Highly, indeed, has her fame been indebted to the manly and disinterested exertions of the learned of her own country; but till the masterly historian of Manchester undertook her cause, hardly do we know one advocate for her of much consequence in our own part of the island.

Of her Scottish partizans, the first that deserves to be mentioned with any considerable degree of respect, is Isley, bishop of Ross, who, true to the fame of
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his Royal Mistress, published a lively, and (so far as it went) a very satisfactory tract, entitled, “A Defence of Mary’s Honour,” which tract, however, lost much of its well-intended influence by the unjustifiable, the incorous violence of Queen Elizabeth, who ordered it *per fas aut nefas* to be instantly suppressed.

In fact, it was the determined resolution of Elizabeth, that no vindication of Mary should dare to appear, as our author expresses it, *upon English ground*. On the continent, however, she could exert no such despotic authority. There, many spirited efforts were made to do justice to the hapless Queen of Scots, against whom, with an unblushing antipathy to the very name of Mary, Elizabeth continued to encourage every accusation that calumny and falsehood might invent, or active malice and imposture diffuse.

Among the accusations of this infamous complexion may be classed the audacious work of George Buchanan, entitled, the “Detection of Mary’s Doings,” a work, which, though in every page it set truth at defiance, was not only presented in form to Elizabeth herself, but circulated with peculiar arts of industry by her ministers, who, ever obedient to the nod of their mistress, omitted no opportunity of assaulting the reputation of Mary on all sides, while with a despotism worthy of the cause in which they had embarked, they denied her a privilege due to the meanest subject, when arraigned at the bar of the public — that of *pleading her own innocence* — To the public, numerous were the appeals of Elizabeth and her adherents;

but from Mary, and the adherents of Mary, nothing was permitted that bore even the semblance of a *counter-appeal*.

Under these circumstances, is it wonderful that a cloud should so long have hung over her memory?—No: the wonder rather is, that, after the lapse of so many years, the cloud should now be so effectually dispelled.—Be this as it may, thus, and from the causes above assigned—thus rested the fame of Mary till the year 1754, when Mr. Walter Goodall, “Under-keeper” of the Advocate’s Library at Edinburgh*, magnanimously, and of his own accord, stepped forward, in order to prove the FORGERIES; on the palfy, though complex evidence of which the imputed criminality of Mary had always principally hinged.

From his professional pursuits, Mr. Goodall was, of course, very conversant with *records*, and accustomed, *habitually*, as it were, to refer *effusions* to *authorities*. That he was also actuated by a spirit of *party*, it is impossible to deny; for from a long intimacy with the gentleman in our early years, well were we ourselves acquainted with his public principles. By that spirit had he *not* been actuated, with all his zeal for the cause of truth and innocence, grossly as *both* had been violated in the person of Mary, never, in all probability, would he have ventured to become her avowed champion; for, to adopt the idea of Mr. Whitaker on the subject, to every arduous undertaking (and what undertaking can be more so than that of stemming a torrent, before hardly attempted to be stemmed, of popular credulity added to national prejudice?) *something more vigorous is generally requisite than the* ABSTRACTED LOVE OF TRUTH.

But, as our author again remarks,

* Of this immense and truly-valuable Museum, the celebrated David Hume enjoyed, about this period, the *fine-cure* office of “Head-Keeper.” To Mr. Hume, however, it was an *honourable*, as well as an *honorary* situation; for he never either received, or *would* receive, any pecuniary advantage from it. Mr. Goodall, on the contrary, had himself, and a numerous family, to support from his salary as “Under-Keeper,” which—*probatum est*!—amounted not to more than fifty pounds *per ann.*—Of this gentleman we are in possession of several anecdotes, some of which, in their proper department, we will probably take an opportunity of communicating to our readers. In the mean time, all we shall observe of him is, that to various brilliant endowments from nature he added an uncommon fund of classical learning, and was allowed, even by his contemporaries and rivals, to be one of the best Latinists of his time. But of such talents, and such acquirements, what was the consequence?—A melancholy one.—*He lived in poverty, and died with poverty’s usual attendant*—NEGLECT.

† By this emphatic expression, “the enemy,” our lively author means the grand adversaries of Mary, Dr. Robertson and Mr. Hume; the former of whom—to continue *his metaphor*, without severely copying his *words*—quitted the scene of contest directly; though the latter, after a long interval of eleven or twelve years, rallied, but rallied with a “*ferocious* ferocity of *warfare*” and with such a “*real* imbecility of exertion,” that he also was forced finally to retire.

Lato

whatever were his motives, his enterprise was honourable, and his execution powerful. He entered into an examination of the papers, which had been rendered so injurious to the character of Mary, with spirit; and he went through it with such address as to prove the very *Letters* to be forgeries—prove them so with such perspicacity too, that “one is astonished it had never been done before.”

Such, however, was “the factious credulity then prevailing generally in the island, that this work, one of the most original and convincing which ever were published, made its way very slowly among us. Even some of our first-rate writers presumed to set themselves against it. Dr. Robertson, *a disciple of the old school of slander*, wrote a formal dissertation in opposition to it. Even Mr. Hume, who in *history* had learned to think more liberally than the Doctor, in some incidental notes to his History of England still professed, and defended, his adherence to the *ancient error*.”

As the champion of Mary, to Mr. Goodall succeeded Mr. Tytler, who, generally occupying the same ground, and employing the same weapons, as his predecessor, “drove the enemy out of the field †;” but certain it is, that whatever fame Mr. Tytler might gain by the contest, and by the final triumph over two historians of such distinction as Hume and Robertson, in a point too of so much consequence, no small portion of the glory is due to his great, though now, comparatively speaking, forgotten predecessor in the cause, Goodall himself.

It was in this state of the controversy, when the “*new truths*” were gradually gaining ground—when none opposed, and numbers embraced them—that the

late Dr. Gilbert Stuart* produced his History of the Reign of Mary, vindicating the character of the Queen upon the authority of records, regularly and systematically.

About five years have now elapsed since this celebrated work made its appearance; and we may all recollect that spirit of historical gallantry with which the author, casting the gauntlet at the feet of Dr. Robertson, as the preceding historian of Mary, challenged him "to leave the retreat which he had kept so long, to come forward from his covert at last, and either justify or retract his slanders against her."—"But the Doctor," according to Mr. Whitaker, "was too prudent to accept the challenge. He had gained the first honours in historical composition, from that very History. These indeed had withered on his head. But he might lose them entirely, in attempting to falsify them. *The nation was no longer in that high state of faction, in which it stood when he published first. And to retract what he had said, could not be expected from that measure of generosity, which ordinarily falls to the share of man.*"

Such are the decided sentiments of our author on the contest, as it immediately relates to the conduct observed on the occasion by the reverend Principal of the University of Edinburgh, contrasted with that of his manly opponent in the field of history, the triumphant Doctor Stuart.—On the latter of these gentlemen he bestows many high, but truly-merited encomiums; nor does he scruple to declare, that it was the perusal of Dr. Stuart's spirited and judicious History that put him upon examining the evidences on which the whole is founded, namely, the celebrated *eight letters, twelve sermons, and two marriage contracts*; which either in their subscriptions, in their composition, or in both, have been attributed to the pen of Mary, and rendered the basis of all the slander that has been raised against her.

It was from an idea that there were certain particulars in these important documents, "which had not yet been opened with sufficient clearness, which had not yet been pressed with sufficient vigour, or had been totally overlooked hitherto,"

that Mr. Whitaker was induced to undertake the work before us; in the execution of which he has been singularly happy, though not more so than might be expected from an author, who with all the endowments of an accomplished scholar unites in an eminent (we had almost said an *unrivalled*) degree, every talent that is requisite for the valuable purposes of historical investigation.

His book he methodically divides into chapters; and these, with a very commendable attention to perspicuity and precision, he again subdivides into sections.—The work opens with a concise account of the civil and religious outrages that prevailed without bounds in Scotland, at the period of the Reformation, when Mary appeared there from France, as *St. Andrew's Queen*; and with a lively picture of her youth, her beauty, and her accomplishments;—recommendations which were totally lost on the Scots, then hardly, as a people, emerged from barbarism.

Mr. Whitaker truly enough observes, one great misfortune of Mary's life was, that she had a brother, though he was but a bastard †; but the greater one was, that she had also "a *rough* and a *female*" upon the throne of England, whose character, disposition, and manners, were widely different from her own.

All the machinations of this man, either at home, or at the court of his Sovereign's enemy (and, at both he was equally indelible in mischief) would have proved ineffectual to her ruin, if Elizabeth had not had some *special* grounds of animosity against her, originating from a claim that Mary had been induced to make, while Queen of France, to the crown of England, which claim, though solemnly relinquished by her from the hour in which she became her own mistress, was still persisted in by the papists.

But this was not all. In the eyes of both protestants and papists, if the Queen of England should die without legitimate issue, by all the principles of the constitution Mary was to fill her place; and Elizabeth, with a malignant weakness, could not "bear to see another step into the vacant throne." Under this wretched impression it was that she kept the *succession*

* This gentleman died, at the very prime of life, in August 1786; and in the biographical department of our Magazine for the month of October following, (Vol. X. p. 235.) we presented our readers with Memoirs of his Life, illustrated with his portrait.

† Afterwards Earl of Murray, and Regent of Scotland.

effusion undetermined to the last, thus endangering all the happiness of her kingdom, merely for the gratification of her own wayward humour.

Another, and a still more powerful motive for the conduct of Elizabeth to Mary was, her jealousy,—jealousy of the superior charms and endowments, of the Queen of Scots, as a woman — but *Cæsar aut nullus* was, in every sense of the phrase, the motto of this royal virgin, who, though “she could lose her general upon occasion, could not bear to be surpassed in accomplishment, purely feminine, by the most handsome, the most graceful, and the most improved pinheads of her age.”

On the most flimsy principles that could determine the action of a human being did Elizabeth engage in intrigues against Mary — “She hindered,” the author pointedly expresses it, “with her ambitious brother. She hindered with her seditious clergy. She furnished them with assistance secretly. She lent them her countenance openly. And, from both, they at length drove their sovereign out of the country. See to *the Refutation of Elizabeth’s crimes*.” She had given her one of the finest opportunities, that time had ever presented to a heroic mind, of rising with a dignified spirit of honour at the last — O! that opportunity the Queen of England never took, nor would the dictate of a gloomy resentment permit it to avail with her, if she had known it.

Before this period, it is to be observed, Mary “had been *seduced* by one of her brutish barons. She had been exposed, a captive, to all the scorn of her rabble. She had been locked up in a dungeon within a lake. She had there been committed to the care of that very whore, who was the mother of her husband’s brother, who insulted ever her with the proud insolence of a whore’s menials, in asserting the illegitimacy of her own bastard, and in maintaining the illegitimacy of Mary, and who even carried the natural vulgarity of a whore’s impudence so far, as to strip her of all her royal ornaments, and to dress her up like a mere child of fortune, in a *course brown and buff*. She had even been accused of ADULTERY to her late husband. She had even been charged with the MURDER of him. And she had been thus

charged and accused, not in the private discourses, or the private publications, of the rebels; but in full form, in open parliament, and in the hearing of all the world.”

In such a situation, it might certainly have been expected, that all the *little jealousies of the RIVAL* would have melted away in the *compassions of the WOMAN*. No longer, as Mr. Whitaker observes, could Elizabeth be *astute* of Mary. The decided competitor for the crown of England had now lost her own, and she, it were, at her feet, soliciting her kindness, and imploring her assistance.

“But Elizabeth,” according to our author — indeed according to the general voice of History — “had no sensibilities of tenderness, and no sentiments of gratitude. She looked not forward to the awful verdict of History. She had no dread even of the infinitely more awful doom of GOD. Regardless of her own invitation, regardless of her own promises, regardless of every sanction human and divine, she flew upon the unhappy Queen, seized her as a prey, and imprisoned her as a felon. — I blush as an *Englishman*, adds he, — with a pathetic but indignant pride — “I blush to think that it was an *English Queen* who could do this, that it was one of the most enlightened princes which ever sat upon the throne of England, and that it was one whose name I was taught to hush in my infancy, as the honour of her sex, and the glory of our title. — Yet she did even more than this. She obliged the unwilling rebels to come forward with their *spurious evidences* against her. She forced them upon pretending to substantiate their accusation of adultery, and to authenticate their charge of murder. And, at last, she entered into a *DIABOLICAL CONTRACT* with them, to receive their spurious evidences as genuine, to receive them in such a manner, as should preclude a possibility of detecting their spuriousness, and to vouch them for genuine by her *own authority*, so to blast the character of Mary with all the world, for the gratification of her own paltry revenge, and then to keep her in prison for life, or to deliver her up to her rebels, for the support of their scandalous usurpation.”

These are heavy charges, but they are charges of which the validity depends

* That is, corporally seized, and detained as a prisoner, without implying, as an English reader may be apt to understand from the expression, a violation of her honour as a woman.

† Both truth of this circumstance we have the united testimony of Lesley and Anderson.

not upon the unauthorized *ipse-dixit* of Mr. Whitaker, who deprecates the suspicion of having been guilty of *exaggeration* in adducing them. *The records of them are still in being*; and, as "indelible monuments of the infamy of Elizabeth, and of the innocence of Mary," he proceeds to lay them before his readers.

In very few instances have we known the powers of literary genius and industry more laudably, or more successfully exerted than in the execution of this stupendous task by Mr. Whitaker; and, while he talks of indelible monuments of Elizabeth's infamy, and Mary's innocence, we scruple not to predict that he has, in the present work, erected an indelible monument for himself of HISTORIC FAME.

The LETTERS—OR rather the FORGERIES of Letters—with all the complicated acts of hypocrisy, fraud, and villainy of which they were productive, form to our author the primary object of investigation; but through that investigation—one of the most masterly of the kind, perhaps, that ever was penned—impossible would it be for us to follow him minutely without trespassing far, very far indeed, beyond our usual and our allotted bounds.—With a brief summary, therefore, must we, for the present, content ourselves, but it shall be a summary which, unless in brevity merely, will differ but little from that given by our author himself.

After having in various points exhibited Elizabeth and Murray, the *step-brother* of Mary, acting in *conspirency* together, and regularly proved the *fact*, not by a bare reference to authentic documents, but by an actual production of the documents themselves, (or at least, the *proving* passages, as he expresses it, from them) he shews how dishonourable the conduct was of both; that of Elizabeth in particular, which certainly cannot but shock her most sanguine admirers.

"Yet," says Mr. Whitaker, "*fiat justitia ruat cælum*." The low adulations of her own age, and the consenting flatteries of succeeding times, have united to *throw a blaze of glory around the head of this POLITICAL SAINT, to which she has as little claim, as many of the RELIGIOUS SAINTS in the calendar of Rome to theirs*. I admire her abilities. But I detest her principles. I admire her sagacity of understanding, her comprehensive-ness of policy, and her vigour of resolution. But I detest her habits of *swearing*;

her habits of *hypocrisy*, her *rancorous jealousy*, and her *murderous malignity*."

Certain it is, that Elizabeth appears in her worst light, while she is seen in her transactions with Mary: yet on this worst part of her history our author has been obliged to dwell; nor should he, as he himself observes, have done justice to an injured Queen if he had not stated it, "in its full glare of enormity, before the eye."

After having with, he trusts, the *just severity* of truth, laid open the behaviour of Elizabeth and Murray during the conferences in England, he proceeds to shew the grounds and causes of all this in the "*wretched state of the forgeries themselves*."—The Letters peculiarly, that *own substance of all the forgeries*, he shews to have been changed and altered in a most wonderful manner.—"Like the ship of Athens, or the stockings of Sir John Cutler, they had scarcely one particle of their *original materials* left behind. Yet, like those stockings, and that ship, they pretended to be *still the same*. And, what was infinitely more, they pretended to be the *un-lambed*, the *unrepaired* same from the very beginning."

Clearly does he evince the Letters of Throgmorton's days to have been "*merely what at the time*, though they were *not so afterwards*." But a *new set* was soon formed upon a *new principle*. Even this was superseded afterwards. A *new principle against possession of the mind*. And a *new set again appeared upon the stage*. The *murder* was the object of the FIRST. The *adultery* had no share in it. The *adultery* and the *murder* became joint objects of the SECOND. The *murder* was still principal, but the *adultery* shewed itself of nearly equal magnitude with it. And at last, in the THIRD, the *adultery* became *principal*, and the *murder* was *only a detail*."

These are certainly amazing circumstances, but they are not all to the facts, inserted in my list, which follow.—Both the second and third letters Mr. Whitaker shews to have undergone many alterations, though of another nature.—They appeared *justified* by Mary, on the 4th of December, 1567; they appeared *not subscribed*, on the 15th—29th of the same month. They were *supercribed* to Bowdell originally; yet they appeared *not supercribed* afterwards. They were all *dated*, both in time and place, *before* and *during* their appearance at York, but *not after* it. They were also

in number with the parliament of Scotland, six at York, five at Westminster on the 8th of December, eight afterwards, ten on the 7th of December, and actually eighteen in the months of December and January 1589, and on the 22d of January 1571.

"Nor is this all. The evidence against Mary was merely the LETTERS, at first. For nearly fifteen months from the asserted seizure of Mary's casket, it had disclosed nothing but Letters against her. But, being properly put to the torture, it gave up two SONNETS and two CONTRACTS OF MARRIAGE, to impeach her reputation. And then these pretended to have been equally found with the LETTERS, at first.

"But," continues our author, with his usual keen spirit of penetration—"but," says he, "what is most astonishing, amid all these successive scenes of astonishment, is the change of the LANGUAGE in the Letters. They appeared as Scotch before

the council and the parliament of Scotland, in December, 1567. Yet Murray asserted them to be in French, by a message to Elizabeth in June following. But they still appeared in Scotch to the commissioners at York, in the ensuing month of October. And, after all, they re-appeared in French to the very same commissioners, only a few weeks afterward at Westminster. What is even more surprising, they appeared some of them in French, and some in Scotch, the published eight in French, the published eight also in Scotch, and both pretended equally to be Mary's writing."

From all these positive facts, and from all these glaring circumstances, Mr. Whitaker infers, and, in our opinion, infers undeniably, that Elizabeth and Murray, whom he styles a "couple of political jugglers," both knew of the FORGERY, and particularly of the changes and rechanges in the LANGUAGE of the Letters.

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Perplexities of Love. 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed. Lane.

THIS novel is not without certain merits, though they be but of the negative class; for neither is it the worst-conceived, the worst-conducted, nor even the worst-penned, of the multitude of productions of the kind with which, in our reviewing capacity, we have for months and months past been literally VISITED.—To something of praise that may be called positive it is also entitled, the story, which is simple or simplicity itself, being not only told with a lively brevity, unknown to the generality of story-tellers, but, in some instances, illustrated with an interesting pathos.

For the scene of the piece we must carry our imagination, and the imagination of our readers, to the regions of the East, where our author represents the Heroine as an amiable princess, unhappily situated at the Court of the King her brother.

Unhappy indeed will her situation appear to every susceptible mind, when it is observed, that, with passions the most pure and virtuous that can possibly actuate the bosom of a woman, she is doomed to love—and love without hope—the son of the man who is prime minister to her royal brother.

From those regions of State, which more or less prevail in all countries, but of which, comparatively speaking, we know nothing in England (much of them as we think we know) the Princess is peremptorily "denied the object of her

love;" and, thus denied, what resolution does she form, what step does she take?—The reader of sensibility, when he hears of it, will shudder with us at the idea that an amiable woman, and an enlightened princess, should, from such a cause, suffer Passion so far to triumph over Reason as to allow her to meditate, and even accomplish, her own destruction. Thus, however, she is made to do systematically, and upon moral grounds; and, as a prelude to the horrid deed, the author puts into the mouth of the heroine a solemn but impious prayer, entreating, "That the God of Wisdom and Mercy would pity the weakness of his creature, who amidst wretchedness and sorrow had supported her being, only that she might not seem to doubt his infinite goodness; and who now, blind, frail, and erring, too ignorant to know his WILL, and too sinful to hope for PROTECTION," ventured, trembling, and conscious of her own unworthiness, to appear before the throne of Eternal Majesty."

In the eastern, the southern, and western quarters of the globe, the crime of *suicide* is hardly known; but in the northern, those particularly we immediately call our own, we want no incentives to it, particularly from the author of such a piece as the "Perplexities of Love."

* If the expressions be the not the true spirit of Methodism, when at its utmost furor, we know not what Methodism is; and yet, Reader, they are merely the expressions which our Author puts into the mouth of an Oriental Princess.

Notes on the State of Virginia. Written by Thomas Jefferson. Illustrated with a Map, including the States of Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. 2vo. 6s. Stockdale.

(Concluded from Page 276.)

THE Twelfth Query requires a notice of the counties, towns, villages, &c. but in the brief answer to it we find nothing worthy of notice.

In the reply to Query the Thirteenth, we have an elaborate dissertation on the constitution of the State, and its several charters. In commenting upon these topics, our author, ever ambitious to wield the *edgel* of patriotism; (and a handsomer weapon he seems incapable of wielding) *labours* poor John Bull most unmercifully for his former *injuries* and *oppressive* treatment of the *immaculate* United States, and, even in delineating the new constitution of his own State, he says nothing that had not with much better grace been said a hundred times before; unless it be, that the said constitution was formed when they were "new and unexperienced in the science of government," and that it is "no wonder that *time* and *trial* have discovered very capital defects in it."

The answer to the Fourteenth Query includes an account of the administration of justice, and a description of the laws.—Under this head, we find several variations from the British model, which though not all proper perhaps for legislative adoption, are by no means unworthy of philosophic investigation.—To the *political* reasons assigned by our author for not retaining and incorporating the blacks into the State, others are added, which, though he styles them *physical* and *moral*, are, in our opinion, inconsistent with truth, and repugnant to the feelings of human nature. Among his objections to the poor negroes, the first and capital one is, the difference in their colour from ours.—"Comparing them by their faculties of memory, reason, and imagination, it appears to me," says Mr. Jefferson, "that in *memory* they are equal to the whites; in *reason* much inferior, as, I think, one could scarcely be found capable of tracing and comprehending the in-

vestigations of *Euclid**; and that in *imagination* they are dull, tasteless, and *anomalous*." He owns, that "in music they are more generally gifted than the whites with accurate ears for tune and time, and have been found capable of *imagining a small catch*."—But, alas! their grand misfortune seems to be, that *they are not* POETS.—"Misery," according to our author, "is often the parent of the most affecting touches in poetry. Among the *blacks* is misery enough, God knows †.—Love is the peculiar *passion* of the poet. Their love is ardent, but it kindles the senses only, not the imagination. Religion indeed has produced a *Poet's Whately*; but it could not produce a *poet*. The compositions published under her name are below the dignity of criticism. The heroes of the Dunciad are to her as Hercules to the author of that poem."

After these supercilious remarks, which certainly come not with a very good grace from a gentleman, whose own mental powers seem by no means to be of the *marvellous* order, poor Ignatius Sancho comes in for a share of abuse from this fashionable, *would-be* critic; and for no reason that we can discover, but that, like *Poet's Whately*, he had the misfortune to be born of *black* parents; ergo, according to our author, unworthy of being admitted into any kind or degree of communion or fellowship with the *bright* demigods that form the United States of America. Yet, amidst all these imperfections by which even an *Ignatius Sancho* was to be deemed a being of an order inferior to that of Man, and, as such, improper to be invested with the honours of an American denizen, Mr. Jefferson *graciously* allows, that his letters do honour to the *heart*—more at least than to the *head*; that they "*breath* the purest effusions of friendship and general philanthropy," that they "*show how great a degree of the latter may be compounded with strong religious zeal*;" that "*he is often happy in the*

* Good God! Mr. Jefferson, whither does this argument carry you?—If every white man were thus to be proscribed, because he could not, like you perhaps, trace and comprehend the investigations of *Euclid* society, we are afraid, would soon be woefully thinned in its numbers.

† Yes, Sir, and *Man* knows it also; therefore the more incumbent is it upon him to alleviate, instead of aggravating their misfortunes.

‡ This is the second time, in the course of a very few lines, that Mr. J. has aimed his pointed shafts at religion.—Does the gentleman wish to be thought *witty*? or does he mean *seriously* to insinuate, that it argues a want, or even an inferiority, of reason in a black, to be impressed with a lively sense of the duties he owes to his Creator?

turn of his compliments," and that "is style is easy and familiar." Beside, he also with great condescension admits, that we find among the blacks in general "numerous instances of the most rigid integrity, and as many as among the better instructed masters, of benevolence, gratitude, and unbroken fidelity." But what will the reader think of his consistency, as well as of his candour, when, after having risen so much to urge to prove how unequal the blacks are to the whites in intellectual powers, he, gravely adds, "The opinion, that they are inferior in the faculties of reason and imagination, must be admitted with great diffidence?"—From our own part, freely do we say, as well as think, that it is egregiously to blame the imperfection of his own mind in discussing the subject.

"His argument directly tend
Against the cause he would defend"

In the answer to the Eleventh Query, we have in the uncertainty of the election of William and Mary, the only public testimony of favouring the State is all of the roads, and the rule observed by them in forming and repairing them, together with a general description of the public buildings, which according to our author is very rarely constructed of stone or brick, much the greatest part of them being of feamling and reeds, plastered with lime, and to yield a fine white alkali, that it is impossible to devise this more so.

Under the Sixteenth Query nothing is to be found but an unimpeachable mention of an American slave, with a recollection of the measures which had been adopted as to British property, before the close of the war.

Under the Seventeenth exhibits a kind of historical sketch of the general principles of religion in the colonies, from its original establishment by the Indians till "the present state of the laws on the subject of religion," and takes an opportunity to convince his reader that before they doubted it, that on that subject he is himself a perfectitudinarian.—In lamenting that "the laws, under

which, to use his own words, "a people have been willing to remain, who have sacrificed their lives and fortunes for the establishment of their civil freedom," he observes, "Our rulers can have authority over such natural rights only as we have submitted to them. The rights of conscience we never submitted, we could not submit. We are answerable for them to our God. The legitimate powers of government extend to such acts only as are injurious to others." But it does me no injury for my neighbour to say the are twenty Cols, or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg. If it be found, his testimony in a court of justice cannot be relied on, reject it then, and let it be the best ground for him. Constraint may make him worse by making him a hypocrite, but it will never make him a true man. It may fix him obstinately in his errors, but will not cure them. Liberty and free enquiry are the only effective means to cure them. Give a loose to them they will support the true religion, by bringing every false one to the tribunal, to the test of their investigation. They are the natural enemies of error, and of error only. Had not the Roman government permitted the free enquiry, Christianity could never have been introduced. Had not free enquiry been indulged, at the time of the Reformation, the corruptions of Christianity could not have been purged away. If it be restrained now, the present corruption will be protected, and new ones encouraged. Was the government to prefer to us our medicine and diet, our houses would be in such keeping as would be now. Thus in France the emetic was once forbidden as a medicine, and the potatoe an article of food.

As to some other mail, exhibiting like these it would seem, the very delirious of religious liberation, our author, in answer to the Eighteenth Query, gives a cursory view of the manners of the people. The description represents in a light far from agreeable, merely from the existence of slavery among them, the whole commerce between master and slave being, as he observes, a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism, on the one part, and

* This expression favours more of the Liffey or the Shannon, than of any river we have yet heard of in Virginia. It is a downright bull, Mr. Jefferson, for though a man who has sacrificed his fortune in vain to choose to remain a slave, yet it is somewhat more than a paradox—it is also its nonsense, good Sir—to describe him as continuing in slavery to whom the misfortune had previously happened of having *lost his life also*.—The fault, if a fault there be, lies at the door of his successors or descendants.

degrading submissions on the other, the children see this, and learn to imitate it. While the parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to his worst of passions; and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. We agree with Mr. Jefferson, that the man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances; and not a little happy shall we be to find him right in his opinion, that an improvement in *both* is already perceptible, since the *origin of the present revolution*.

The Nineteenth Query has for its object "the state of manufactures, commerce, interior and exterior trade;" none of which our author represents to be in a very flourishing condition. The notion of those political economists who have endeavoured to establish it as a principle, that every State should endeavour to manufacture for itself, he strongly combats, so far, at least, as it may be thought applicable to America; where, as he remarks, there is an imminency of *land* coating the industry of the husbandman.—"Let us never then," says he, "wish to see our citizens occupied at a work-bench, or twining a distaff. Carpenters, masons, smiths, are wanting in husbandry; but for the general operations of manufacture, let our work-shops remain in Europe.—It is better to carry provisions and materials to workmen there, than to bring them to the provisions and materials, and with them their manners and principles. The loss by the transportation of commodities across the Atlantic will be made up in happiness, and *permanence* of government. The mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure government, as sores do to the strength of the human body. It is the manners and spirit of a people which preserve a republic in vigour. A degeneracy in these is a canker which soon eats to the heart of its laws and constitution."

Under the Twentieth Query (which requires "a notice of the commercial productions particular to the State, and of those objects which the inhabitants are obliged to get from Europe, and from other parts of the world") we are pre-

sented with a table, exhibiting at one view the various articles which Virginia used to export, *communibus annis*, before the war; together with their respective quantities, their prices and amount. According to our author, the culture of tobacco has been rapidly upon the decline in that State for several years; and he is even inclined to think, that the change he had mentioned before in the temperature of the climate has affected the quality of the plant, which, to be good, requires an extraordinary degree of heat. For this decline, however, Mr. Jefferson is by no means sorry. The culture of tobacco he represents as productive of infinite wretchedness. Those employed in it are in a continued state of exertion beyond the powers of nature to support. Little food or any kind is raised by them; so that the men and animals on these farms are badly fed, and the earth is rapidly impoverished. To the cultivation of wheat, as being the reverse of that of tobacco in every circumstance, he is a strenuous friend. In Virginia, he says, they already find it easier to make a hundred bushels of wheat than a thousand weight of tobacco, and *they are worth more, when made*. Beside, the culture of wheat, he adds, by enlarging the pasture of the country, will render the Arabian horse an article of very considerable profit*, experience having shewn that the climate of Virginia is the principal one in America where he may be raised without degeneracy.

In answer to the last clause of the Query under consideration, our author declares, he "thinks it is not easy to say what are the articles either of necessity, comfort, or luxury, which the Virginians cannot raise, and which they shall be therefore under a necessity of importing from abroad; as every thing *hardier than the olive*, and *as hardy as the fig*, may be raised there in the *open air*. Sugar, coffee, and tea, however, he declares to be *not within these limits*; and habit," says he, "having placed them among the necessaries of life with the wealthy part of our citizens, as long as these habits remain, we must go for them to those countries which are able to furnish them."

Under the Twenty-first Query, we find nothing worthy to excite curiosity, unless it be a table exhibiting the regulations

* Our author confidently predicts, that when the cultivation of tobacco shall be discontinued, there will be other valuable substitutes beside that of wheat, such as cotton, in the eastern parts of the State, and hemp and flax in the western.

that were made in the coin of the province in the years 1710, 1714, 1727, and 1762.

Query the Twenty-second adopts a more extensive field of enquiry, and it is for its object a knowledge of the public revenue and expences. Of what our author has advanced under this head it would be impossible to give a satisfactory analysis, without accompanying it with certain details that might lead us to transgress our usual bound.

In answer to the Twenty-third and last Query, our author exhibits a chronological catalogue of the histories that have been written of the State from the period of its original settlement, of the Memorial published in its name in the year of its being a Colony, of the pamphlets relating to its interior or exterior affairs present or ancient, (which to us seems much more important) of American Papers in general, from the first Memoir, 1772, to the first of November, 1789, which includes a period of twenty years.

The Order being with few exceptions present I wish not to adduce more than to three numbers, for the rest of which we refer to the Editor's Preface. The first, Secretary of Council, who, on being

ing honoured by the author with a perusal of the preceding sheets, furnished him with several valuable observations, calculated chiefly to supply a few of the many omissions of which he had been guilty. These, for the sake of uniformity, we should have been glad to see regularly and methodically incorporated in the work itself. In No. II we have a Draught of a Fundamental Constitution for the Commonwealth of Virginia, which was presented in the summer of the year 1773, in consequence of the regular expectation, that the Assembly of the State was then about to call a Convention for the establishment of a Constitution. No such Convention took effect, and we therefore do not see the Draught before us till the year 1776. No III contains an Act, framed on very liberal principles, for a total abolition of the duties on the importation of Slaves into the Colony of Virginia, from the year 1773, to the commencement of the year 1789.

Thus terminate the Librons of Mr. Pinkerton, to the one of which and demands of which having already endeavoured to do all that critical justice seems to require, we shall close the present article without further comment, praise, or censure.

A Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Gots. By John Pinkerton. 8vo. 364 in boards. Nicol.

THE well extended reach of literary and historical knowledge in present times, has opened many avenues to the search of truth, but it is not Mr. Pinkerton's fault, if we may judge from the contents of his warm, yet somewhat too violent, detection of his country's defects, and his defence of its virtues, that he has not done more for the world, where he writes with so much vigour, and with so much success. — When the public clamour against his national government, and its officers, and arrangements, was at its height, and among the *scythians*, but now, throwing off the mask, and leaving himself to the world, he boldly gives a voice to them in proper manner.

Our author it is to be hoped, will take in good part the freedom of these remarks, to which, from his behaviour to others, he has so plainly exposed himself, and ridiculous indeed would

it seem to him, who treats all men with contempt, to expect he should himself be publickly rebuked, and free from rebuke. — Of Mr. Pinkerton we know nothing but from his writings. Personally he has never been seen. As an author, particularly in the branches of antiquities and history, we are inclined to respect his abilities; but those abilities, we must tell him, would appear to his readers with more advantage, if he thought with more liberality of himself, and spoke with less superciliousness of others.

In enquiring into the history of Scotland, previous to the year 1056, Mr. Pinkerton, in the pages before us, has traced, or endeavoured to trace, the ancient inhabitants of the country (the Caledonii or Picti) from German Scythia or Scandinavia, and for the origin of the Scythians themselves he refers to Little or Ancient Scythia, on the Euxine. Modern Persia formed the residence of those

Alluding to Heron's Letters, which are now (without controversy, if we mistake not) supposed to have come from the pen of Mr. Pinkerton, and of which our readers will see a copious account in Vol. VIII. p. 106, &c.

tribes; and, proceeding in numerous *hordes* westward, they not only surrounded the Euxine, but peopled Germany, Italy, Gaul, the countries bordering on the Baltic, and a part of Britain and Ireland; where, over-running the *Celts*, the *aboriginal* inhabitants, they drove them to the western coasts; from whence, it would seem, they removed to, and afterwards occupied, those of Britany.

Our author, though himself a *Lowlander* of Scotland, or rather perhaps, *because* he is a Lowlander, entertains a *sovereign* contempt for the *Highlanders*; whom, under the opprobrious appellation of *Celts*, he stigmatises as the barbarous inhabitants of a country which they meanly deserted when *honour*, and even *necessity*, called upon them to defend it. Thus borne away with a spirit of resentful prejudice, unbecoming in any man, but, to an extreme, odious and disgraceful in an *historian*, Mr. Pinkerton, as if anxious to connect into *one word* of SUPERLATIVE *infamy* all the abuse he wished to throw on Mr. Macpherson—who, according to the very *liberal* and very *faithful* suggestions of our author, *poisoned the sources of history, in order to destroy the evidences that might result from its streams*—has thought it sufficient to brand him (*and brand him to all posterity*) with the appellation of “*a Celt*.”

In the defence not only of the country, but of the manners of the Goths, our author affects to be actuated with a particular zeal. Their *enemies*, he says, have been their *historians*; but the moderation, the justice, and the humanity, of their kings, and of their government, have been eminently conspicuous. Their kings alone were prohibited from being instructed in literature. Of this prohibition the reason was, that an attachment to literature might *lessen* that military ardour by which they *hoped* still farther to extend their dominions; the fact being, that the most *ignorant* of their kings were the *best*, and the most *philosophical*

ones they who were *least* *active* and *qualified* for the duties of government.

The grand object of Mr. Pinkerton is, to prove that heretofore there were three great nations victorious in, or on the confines of Europe; namely, the Goths, the Sarmatians, and the Huns. The Goths or Scythians, on their leaving Persia, are represented to have found Europe, when over-run by them in the manner above-mentioned, inhabited by barbarians; namely, the Celts †, and the Iberi of Spain, who had migrated from Africa, and who, according to our author, bore the same relation to their conquerors as the aborigines of America did to the Europeans that first discovered it. The Sarmatians, whose situation was on the north-east, are supposed to have formed an union with the Balthæ, one of the Gothic tribes; to have borrowed some of their manners; and to be, in fact, the *aborigines* of Russia and of Poland. With respect to the Huns, the third and last of these great nations, for their present descendants we are to look to the Tatars, whose situation, manners, and customs, require at this day but little additional elucidation.

In the first part of his work, the author labours hard to evince the identity of the Scythians, the Getæ, and the Goths; and even to prove that, instead of having migrated, according to the popular notion, from Scandinavia to Asia, they actually proceeded from Asia into Europe. After some attempts to follow them in the subsequent stages of their progress, he supposes the Goths to have penetrated at a very early period into the countries on the South of the Euxine, and thence to have proceeded to Greece, the parent of the Hetrurians and the Sabians. Situated as they were in fertile climates, these colonies were at length enervated by luxury and inaction; and as the Grecians yielded to the Romans, so the Romans, in their turn, fell a prey to colonies of their own nation, the warlike

* Let Mr. Macpherson, however, console himself after this heavy charge of having *poisoned the sources of history*; for the unblushing *Dracænsis* before us will not allow even David Hume to have been able to *dip into them*.—According to the all-sufficient Mr. Pinkerton, poor David, with respect to the points before us, possessed powers barely sufficient to *skim the surface of a surface*.

† So much is Mr. Pinkerton attached to the cause of *truth*, and so free is he from *prejudice*, that he describes these same Celts to be *mere* *RADICAL* *fanatics* not yet *ADVANCED* TO A STATE OF *BARBARISM*; and, to prove the fact, he invites us to look at them in the Celtic part of Wales, Ireland, or Scotland, where, says he, “they are just as they were; incapable of industry or civilization, *even* after half their blood is Gothic, fond of lies, and enemies of truth.”

and more hardy Goths of the North.—Willing always to do justice, it gives us pleasure to observe, that in the discussion of these points Mr. Pinkerton supports his opinions by arguments of considerable force, and by authorities of no inferior class, which in general he seems to have quoted with fidelity.

In the second part, the author takes a view of the extended settlements of the Scythians or Goths over Germany, and in Scandinavia; maintains that the Germans (the ancient one, described by Tacitus) were neither Celts nor Sarmatians; and attempts to prove that they were Saxons, from the testimony of ancient authors, from the identity of their language, and from the similarity of their manners, their habits, and their customs. In his defence of this opinion Mr. Pinkerton has a powerful list of opponents to combat; but he braves them all, and, whether right or wrong, in the plenitude of self-gratified vanity, seems perpetually to say to himself, *Sum solus*.

We are afterwards presented with an

enquiry into the received opinions of the Scandinavian origin; in the course of which he maintains that there is no monument of Scandinavian history older than the eleventh century, and that even the great ODIN was a personage purely allegorical.

In addition to the work, and as a confirmation of many of the various opinions in it apparently novel, the author, in the form of an appendix, gives Pliny's well known description of the northern parts of Europe, which he not only translates with accuracy, but illustrates with sundry pertinent remarks.

Upon the whole, however, it is too evident, that the motive which actuates Mr. Pinkerton is, not the love of TRUTH, but, as we hinted above, the love of SINGULARITY; and sorry are we, that yielding perpetually to this baneful influence, he should sacrifice talents, which otherwise might be beneficial to the world, and honourable to himself, to prove to HIMSELF USELESS, and to the WORLD OFFENSIVE.

Select Dramatic Pieces, some of which have been acted on Provincial Theatres. 8vo. 5s. in boards. London.

“SELECT Dramatic Pieces” Whence, in the name of Apollo and all the Muses, have they been selected?—From a collection much more copious than the present, it is to be presumed, which still remains in the possession of the author— if to that man the appellation of author be due, who, without one original idea of his own, borrows perpetually ideas from all; and not thus only but fixations.— To wit and humour, beyond the auk-

ward affectation of them, he has not more pretensions than a native of *Bœotia*; and though he tells us that “some” of his pieces have been “acted on Provincial Theatres,” sorry are we that, from that circumstance merely, he should have made the PRESS grow with them.—When next you appear in print, then, good Sir, beware, as you modestly express it, without any modesty, however, at all, of “obtruding on the world.”

Imperfect Hints towards a New Edition of Shakespeare, written chiefly in the Year 1782. 4to. 4s. Robson.

THIS gentleman is a professed amateur of the fine arts, and an enthusiast in favour of our inimitable bard. Long before Messieurs Boydell issued their proposals, he had anxiously wished for a splendid edition of his works; an edition, which, while it redounded to the honour of our country, might, if possible, give a fresh lustre to the name of Shakespeare.

In order to point out situations proper to furnish subjects for prints, our author has particularly examined *Tru. Andronicus*, *Coriolanus*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Mad-*

summer Night's Dream. To these plays he has taken the trouble of annexing ideas of the designs that have already been formed to illustrate them; nor has he thought it beneath him to describe the very vignettes, or head and tail pieces, by which they ought to be adorned.

What use the Boydells may make of the “hints” laid down in these pages, we presume not to determine; but this we can with safety affirm, that for a few more suggestions similar to those before us, every lover of the drama, who has a single spark of the soul of Shakespeare within him, will think himself infinitely indebted.

The Distressed Family; a Drama in Four Acts. Translated from the French of M. le Mercier. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Elliot and Co.

IN the whole circle of the French drama, there is not a more interesting or pathetic performance than the "Indigens" of M. le Mercier, which was formerly read with so much applause, in its original state, by M. le Texier in La Rue St. Et. Of that admirable piece "The Distressed Family" is a translation, but a bold and spirited one, little superior in the execution to a school-boy's task; of which, in

fact, it perpetually reminds us. The literal meaning of the author's words is preserved with a scrupulous exactness, but in almost every passage his *spirit* is suffered to evaporate. In grammatical inaccuracies also the translation before us abounds. These, however, we are the more disposed to overlook, as they flow from the pen of a lady.

Political Sketches. Inscribed to his Excellency John Adams, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of Great Britain. By a Citizen of the United States. 8vo. 2s. 10d. Dilly.

IN the Sketches of this *Citizen of the United States*, we discover not a single ray of that liberality of sentiment which distinguishes the *Citizen of the World*, and which, even in illustrating the new-modelled, but still shapeless and unembodied constitution of his country, would have redounded more to his honour, and given a greater degree of weight to his arguments, than that puerile zeal and blind predilection for his *natale solium*, by which he is ridiculously induced to represent the said States as a perfect *phantom* among nations, and as destined to form a republic permanent as the world itself.—Amazing infatuation, that men of sound judgment in other respects should indulge themselves in ideas so obviously chimerical as these!—ideas which cannot possibly be realised but by an entire subversion of the *ordo rerum* in the *physical* world, added to a total demolition of every thing we know upon the subject of national government, *morally* considered, from reason and philosophy, from history and from experience!—But *thus it is*; and at this moment we behold with astonishment many of the most enlightened sons of America not only hugging the *phantom* of their *dear-bought* INDEPENDENCE, but worshipping it—literally worshipping it—as an idol from which their country is to enjoy an unvaried and *invariable* scene of political felicity till time shall be no more.

Among the *Utopian* visionaries of this description—and several of them have already passed under our review—we recollect none who in "zeal without knowledge" has had the honour to surpass the author of these pages. His work consists of six loose-pressed—and by loose-pressed we

mean *flimsy*—says, or, as they are styled, "*sketches*" relative to the present condition and future prospects of the United States.

Of the first Essay or Sketch the grand object is, to weaken, and, if possible, to annihilate, the political credit of the celebrated Abbé de Mably, who, though one of the most powerful champions of the Anglo-Americans—*upon paper*—has yet been so unfortunate as not to coincide with the general voice of the people in his legislative theories and speculations. In America, he is considered as another *Marplot*—a *well-meaning* body, but still a *too busy* body. And *why* is he thus considered?—Because, we reply, he chose to *think for himself*,—because, *daring* to think for himself, he dared also to spin from him popular errors, prepossessions, and prejudices;—because, in fine, proving at last to be *but a MAN*, he proved also, *as a man*, to be FALLIBLE.—*Hinc ille lachrymæ!*—No person could exhibit more than the Abbé exulted when America was declared *independent*: but the misfortune was, that in the midst of his exultation, he could not help committing the crime of predicting, that still America would not be exempted from *war*, from *adversity*, and from *evils*, in common with other empires; and yet a greater misfortune was it, that in the constitutions of some of her provincial governments he had perceived, and even untolded, the *semina* of that corruption which, in his opinion, would so long involve in a vast mass of ruin all the United States collectively. Whatever truth there might be in this idea of the speculative Frenchman, the anonymous author before us affects

to treat it as destitute of foundation. He even makes some attempts to prove the fallacy of it; and, after such attempts, very cordially consoles himself with a notion of his having demonstrated—heard it, all ye nations of the earth!—demonstrated, that the Constitution of the United States of America is absolutely liable to no POSSIBILITY of change.

So much for our author's first Sketch; and now let us take a cursory view of his second.—In this, with some plausibility, but with very little force, and upon principles totally incompatible with the general experience of nations, he adverts to the disposition of mind necessary to the maintenance of a democratic form of government;—that form of which the venerable author of "The Spirit of Laws" has made the basis to consist in PUBLIC VIRTUE.—Feeling himself bold, it would appear, from the fancied victory he had obtained over the Abbé in his last Essay, he again enters the fine field of disputation, and not only combats the authority of Mably, but the authority, far superior still, of the whole body of political writers who like Mably think, or at any time like Mably to be thought, with regard to the first principles of America; where our political philosophers deny the operation of those causes which, in various other governments, have terminated in the extinction of LIBERTY.

In the subsequent Essay, from a consideration of the democratic form of government we are led to a view of the aristocratic. There, familiarly to express it, our author appears to be at home; or rather, to adopt a more, and perhaps a better, phrase, he appears to be in the possession of his argument.—From the ideas he has thrown out in this Sketch, perfectly do we agree with him in his opinion, that the States of America are in no danger of being subverted

by the influence of a proud nobility.

With the whole weight of critical severity, however, ought he to be loaded from the contents of the fourth Essay; of which all the merit is, that it tells the world, how foolish, amidst all his republicanism, the author is, when, deviating from his point, and throwing himself back into the arms of a ridiculous majestic populè, he declares that a democratic government is not less suitable to an extensive territory than to one comprehended in narrow bounds.

In the fifth Sketch we are met with some vague, desultory allusions concerning the balance of power, that fertile source of European dissension; and with triumph does the author predict, that from no such baneful cause any calamities can ever befall America.

The sixth and last Sketch contains nothing but an insipid Farrago of declamatory encomiums on the religion of America.—If by the religion of America we are to understand her mode of worship, we should be glad to know which mode our author has especially in his eye, and which mode is, upon the whole, the predominant one; for, if we mistake not, there is at this moment hardly less discordance of opinion among the inhabitants of America, not merely in the mode of devotion but in the doctrines that lead to their salvation, than formerly there was a confusion of tongues among the founders of the tower of Babel. Of this, however, we are certain, that among our out-of-the-way friends there still exist many more diversities of religious worship than there are States, whether united or divided, upon the whole terra firma of America; and well might it be for them, if they differed not from each other in the tracks of their opinions, creed still more than in those of their political one.

Chemical Essays. By R. Wattson, D. D. F. R. S. and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. Vol. the 2nd. small 8vo. 4s. bound. Evans.

IN various respects has the celebrated Bishop of Landaff deserved well, not of his country only, but of the world at large.—the world of science in particular, where, as an experimental chemist, he has rarely been equalled, never, we believe, surpassed. It must give pain, therefore, to every real admirer of this inestimable science to be informed, that the learned prelate, having determined finally to relinquish the study of chemistry, has already consigned all his MSS. on the sub-

ject to perpetual oblivion; and with respect to the volume before us, which has been published with the permission of the Right Reverend Author, we learn from an advertisement, that it would not have appeared but for the intervention of his bookseller, who entertained an idea (and a very just one it was) that the purchasers of the Chemical Essays would not be displeased at having an opportunity of possessing all that remains of what his Lordship has ever written on chemical subjects.

In the first of these Essays we are presented with some curious observations on the Sulphur Wells at Harrogate, which were made in July and August 1785, and were published originally in the Philosophical Transactions of last year.

The second Essay contains experiments and observations on various phenomena attending the solution of salts, and was first published in the Philosophical Transactions of 1770. On this subject the predominant opinion has accorded with that of Castendy, who, originally, if we mistake not, endeavoured to prove not only the *simplicitatem*, but a *diversitatem* of figures. Among the most distinguished partisans of this opinion were, the late Mr. Nolet, and the late Mr. Eller of Berlin. So zealous was the latter gentleman in the defence of this opinion, that he published a table in the Berlin Memoirs, exhibiting the several quantities of above twenty different kinds of salt which a given quantity of water would absorb into its pores, without being in the least augmented in bulk. From various *experiments*, however, our learned and ingenious author has been obliged to dissent from this opinion, generally as it has been diffused throughout the world of chemistry. In a particular manner he objects to the proofs adduced on the subject by Mr. Eller; and from his own experiments clearly does he evince, *certum*, that no portion of any salt can be absorbed into the pores of water.

In the third Essay, the subjects of chemistry, and their general division, are displayed. Here his Lordship speaks in a character peculiarly manifest, that of a Christian Philosopher, and avows his to render the arguments of science subservient to the grand and immutable purposes of moral virtue.

The fourth Essay is confined to a few remarks on the effects of the great cold in Feb. 1771; which remarks were published the same year in the Philosophical Transactions. In the course of the intense frost at the period above mentioned, our author, indefatigable in the investigation of truth, endeavoured to find out the powers by which different salts, when dissolved in water, resist congelation; and in the prosecution of this object, having dissolved equal weights of salts, equally dry, in equal

quantities of water, he exposed the solutions, when they had attained the same degree of heat, in vessels of equal and similar figures, to the freezing atmosphere. After a minute attention to the times in which they began to freeze, he found them observing the following order—first, alum, then Rochelle salt, green vitriol, sugar refined, white vitriol, vitriolated tartar, Glauber's salt, mineral fixt alkali, nitre, blue vitriol, volatile alkali, sal ammoniac, and, last of all, sea-salt.

In the fifth Essay we have an account of an experiment made with a thermometer, of which the bulb, having been painted black, was exposed to the direct rays of the sun. This paper is to be found in the Philosophical Transactions of 1773; and the result of our author's experiment is this: That if the bulbs of several corresponding thermometers were painted of different colours, and exposed at the same time to the sun for a given period, some conjectures, respecting the disposition of the several primary colours for receiving and retaining heat might be formed, which could not fail of being interesting.

The sixth Essay contains a plan of a course of *Chemical Lectures*, which was printed at Cambridge in 1771; and the last paper before us, which is written in Latin, and was also printed at Cambridge, (three years, however, before the last-mentioned article) has for its title, "Institutionum Chemicarum in Praelectionibus Academicis explicaturum, Pars Metallurgica." Of this tract the title fully imports the object. It contains, and professes to contain, no more than hints—elementary hints merely—to students in metallurgy.

Thus closes the work; and thus, we are too credibly informed—thus close also the chemical pursuits of the learned Bishop.—To the *provo* duties of his station, we should have supposed those pursuits could be no impediment; and certain we are, that to the *political* ones attached to it, they might have continued to be, at intervals, an amusement. Be this as it may, if we must bid adieu to his Lordship in his chemical capacity, reluctantly do we say to him—as we would to a valued friend whom we despaired ever to see again—

Vale, vale iterum, iterumque vale!

The London Medical Journal, for the Year 1787, Part the Third. 8vo. Johnson.

1. AN Account of the Medicinal Plants growing in Jamaica. By William Wright, M. D. F. R. S. and of the Royal College of Physicians and Royal Society of Edinburgh. Communicated in a Let-

ter to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. P. R. S. and by him to Dr. Simmons.

This valuable paper appears to be the production of an able physician and botanist, who has resided many years in Ja-

maica, and who has made many new and important discoveries in the history of the vegetable productions of that Island, which have escaped the notice of Sloane, Jacquin, Browne, and others of his predecessors in this walk. Dr. Wright well observes, that "if men of abilities and observation would contribute thus to the public stock, we might hope that the history of foreign drugs would soon be made more perfect." In an introductory letter to Sir Joseph Banks the author observes, that this account was originally drawn up at the request of the late Dr. Forthgill and Dr. Solander, for the Medical Society of London; but that the death of those two friends, and the dissolution of that Society, have occasioned it to remain till now unpublished. He has now, it seems, added to it a considerable number of observations and facts, and it contains an account of ninety-one species of plants. Among other curious articles, the reader will find descriptions of the manner of obtaining or preparing hepatic aloes—motto—cayenne pepper—gum guaiacum—tapioca (which we here find to be nothing more than the starch of callada root, as the common *Jigu powder* is that of potatoes)—camphor—gum arabic—castor oil—tamarinds—chocolate, &c.

It is with great pleasure we learn from Dr. Wright's paper, that the cinnamon tree of Ceylon is now successfully cultivated in Jamaica.

"This noble plant, with other valuable ones, was taken in a French ship, and Admiral Rodney, ever attentive to the prosperity of Jamaica, presented them to the Assembly of that Island.

"One of the trees was planted in the botanic garden at St. Thomas in the Bay; the other by Hinton Bart, Esq. in his noble garden at the foot of the blue mountains. From these parent trees some hundreds of young trees are already produced, from layers and cuttings, and dispersed to different parts of the country, in all which it thrives luxuriantly, with little trouble; we may, therefore, hope it will soon be a valuable addition to our commerce."

The following is the Doctor's account of the Palau Christi, or tree that produces the castor oil nut.

"This tree is of speedy growth, in one year it rises at its full height, which seldom exceeds twenty feet. The trunk is tall, gnarled, the pith is large, the leaves broad and palmated; the flower spike is simple, and thickly set with yellow blossoms in the shape of a cone; the capsules are triangular and pitted, containing three smooth grey mottled seeds.

"When the branches begin to turn black,

seeds picked out. They are afterwards put up for use as wanted, or for exportation.

Castor oil is obtained either by expression or by decoction. The first method is practised in England; the latter in Jamaica. It is common first to parch the nuts or seeds in an iron pot over the fire; but this gives the oil an empyreumatic taste, smell, and colour; and it is best prepared in this manner:—

A large iron pot or boiler is first prepared, and half filled with water. The nuts are then beaten in parcels in deep wooden mortars, and, after a quantity is beaten, is thrown into the iron vessel. The fire is then lighted, and the liquor is boiled for two hours, and kept constantly stirred. About this time the oil begins to separate and swims on the top, mixed with a white froth, and is skimmed off till no more rises. The remainings are heated in a small iron pot, and strained through a cloth. When cold, it is put up in jars or bottles for use.

"Castor oil, thus made, is clear and well flavoured, and, if put into proper bottles, will keep sweet for years."

"The expressed castor oil soon turns rancid, because the mucilaginous and acid parts of the nut are squeezed out with the oil. On this account I give the preference to well prepared oil by decoction.

"An English gallon of the seeds yield about two pounds of oil, which is a great proportion.

"Before the disturbances in America, the planters imported tiam oil for lamps and other purposes about sugar works. It is now found that the castor oil can be procured as cheap as the fish oil of America: it burns clearer, and has not any offensive smell. The oil, too, is fit for all the purposes of the painter, or for the apothecary, in ointments and plasters.

"As a medicine, it purges without stimulus, and is so mild as to be given to infants from their birth, to purge off the meconium. Adobardious to insects, but the castor oil kills and expels them. It is generally given as a purge after using the cabbage bark for several days.

"In constipation and belly-ach this oil is used with remarkable success. It fits well on the stomach, allays the spasm, and brings about a plentiful evacuation by stool, especially if at the same time fomentations, or the warm bath, are used.

"Belly-ach is at present less frequent in Jamaica than formerly, owing to several causes. The inhabitants, in general, live better, and drink better liquors; but the excessive drinking of new rum still makes it frequent among soldiers, sailors, and the lower order of white people. I have known it happen too from visceral obstructions after intermittents, or marsh fever, in Jamaica."

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I WAS not a little surprized at seeing a letter in your last Magazine, containing an attack on the writings of a man of so extensive a reputation as Dr. Percival.—The writer of the letter, who signs himself Philo. Johnson, seems, in his rage for the honour of the deceased author of the Rambler, to be in no small degree influenced by envy of Dr. Percival's name.—I have the honour of being acquainted with the Doctor, and, as I respect his talents, I am unwilling to step forward in his defence, and to answer the criticisms made on him. The letter-writer, I must do him the justice to say, has given an abstract of part of the Doctor's Essay "On Inconsistency of Education in Literary Pursuits;" but he has copiously intermixed in it numerous reflections, which, I think, are by no means deserved. He does not recollect that if Dr. Percival is to be ridiculed for relating the anecdotes of Parny men, Dr. Johnson, whom he professes to defend, is equally subject to the same treatment, for where can be found a greater collection of minute anecdotes of characters and disorders, than in the "Lives of the English Poets?" With such anecdotes the world in general is pleased, and the object of a writer is to please mankind, Dr. Percival cannot be blamed for using the same means as others do, neither can I see any reason for the letter-writer's denuding Dr. P. because he asserts, that "genius cannot ward off sickness;" and cites examples to prove this position, for many of genius, as well as others, require to be told they are mortal. "All men think all men mortal but themselves," says Young, and I believe they may more particularly be applied to men of exalted minds. Another reflection, which is cast on Dr. Percival on account of the titles of his Essays, appears to me very unjustifiable. Why has not Dr. P. a right to give his papers any title that he likes? If a person has written on a similar subject, his title must necessarily be similar, and if it expresses what a subsequent writer wishes to be expressed, he may surely take it without variation. The author has been candid in his acknowledgment of the credit due to Dr. Percival, for his very elegant and pathetic account of the death of a rook, and the grief expressed on the occasion by the whole fraternity; but I cannot say that he has done the story justice, in his verification of it, which was printed in your former Magazine, under the title of "The Sympathy of Rooks." His comparison of the sun's ray to diluted gas-

hoge, has not sufficient dignity in it; and I might mention several other instances of his failing in this respect; but I will not follow the example of the letter-writer, and introduce ironical reflections when I ought to be serious. If I were disposed to it, I could hold him up to ridicule very easily, but I detest the use of such a weapon. In denuding Dr. Percival from many of the reflections cast on him, I have been led from an examination of what the letter-writer says concerning his observations on Johnson. He censures Dr. Percival, because he says Johnson had related an anecdote of Pope which "all the severity of Lucian." So I have no doubt it appeared to the Doctor when he read the passage in question—it appears differently to the letter-writer.—Let him return his own opinion, and let Dr. Percival also say his. If Philo Johnson were a man of common sense, he could have saved himself the trouble of making the remark, as well as of being indignant at Dr. Percival because he thinks Johnson was guilty of vanity, in "triumphing, as he acknowledged, in the acquisitions he should display to the world, and indulging the dreams of a poet doomed to wake a lexicographer." The answer given to the former criticisms is applicable to this.

I have now, Sir, I fear myself, completely answered those parts of the letter which I have attempted to answer. It were needless to go through the whole, for what I have already said is sufficient to prove the general injustice and illiberality of Philo-Johnson's remarks, which are all made with the same spirit, and might be refuted with equal ease.

Before I conclude, I would beg of Philo-Johnson to be more candid for the future, and not to disgrace himself, by contumaciously criticizing authors whose reputation is universal, and to mention a basis which time cannot destroy. Dr. Percival's name, in spite of such malevolent and waspish comments, will be handed down with glory to distant ages. His philosophical and literary writings are above the reach of calumny, and posterity will regard them as an incalculable addition to the precious labours of British genius and industry.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
SFNEX.

* * * Another Defence of Dr. Percival, signed PHILO-VERITAS, is coming to hand; but we have not room for two Letters on the same subject.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER 26.

THE PILGRIM, a comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher, was revived at Drury-lane, and was performed in its several characters with so much effect, as to render it a very pleasing exhibition. The character represented by Mrs. Jordan was a very excellent performance.

31. THE FARMER, a musical farce, by Mr O'Keefe, was performed the first time at Covent Garden.

The characters were as follow :

Colonel Dominant,	Mr Fearon.
Valentine,	— Mr. Johnstone.
Farmer Blackberry,	Mr Darley.
Lawyer Fairley,	Mr. Booth.
Jemmy Jumps,	Mr Edwin
Rundy,	— Mr. Blanchard.
Counsellor Flummery,	Mr. Rock.

Louisa,	— Miss Rowson,
Betty Blackberry,	Miss Matlocks.
Molly May-bush,	Mrs Martyr.

The principal circumstance in this farce, that of the borrowing money, had some merit; but the whole of the piece cannot be commended. The acting was however excellent, and to that may probably be ascribed the small degree of approbation it met with. Mr O'Keefe does not improve as he proceeds in his dramatic career.

Nov. 10. The "New Peerage, or, Our Eyes may deceive Us," a comedy, by Miss Harriet Lee, was acted the first time at Drury-lane.

The characters were as follow

Lord Melville,	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Vandercraft,	Mr. King.
Charles Vandercraft,	Mr. Wroughton.
Medley,	— Mr Packer.
Sir John Lovelace,	Mr. Snett,
Lady Charlotte Courtly,	Miss Farren.
Hopkin Harley,	Mrs. Clouch.
Miss Vandercraft,	Miss Hopkins

The titles of this play are supplied by the leading incidents in it. Lord Melville and Young Vandercraft, after long residence abroad, coming home at the same time, and for the purposes of gallantry and humour exchanging descriptions on their arrival, thus furnish the *New Peerage*. Our *Eyes may deceive Us* is in this exchange passing, if it does pass, on the father of the one, and the uncle of the other.

This piece was well performed, and rewarded with considerable applause.

The same evening Mr. Palmer presented at the Royalty Theatre, a new pantomime, called Harlequin Mungo, or a Peep into the Tower. This spectacle is splendid,

and affords what is looked for in this species of entertainment, contrivance, scenery, and music. It is well adapted to that part of the town where it has been exhibited.

14 Miss Tweedale appeared for the first time on any stage at Covent-Garden, in the character of Louisa Dudley in the *West Indian*. The part is admirably adapted to the timidity of a young performer. She is an elegant well formed person, spoke with much sensibility, and, as far as the countenance heard, seemed to possess a well regulated mind. She has since performed *Lady Touchwood*, in the *Belle's Stratagem*, and shewed, that when she was free from embarrassment, she would become a valuable performer.

P R O L O G U E

Written and spoken

By GEORGE MONCK BERKELEY, Esq.
at Blenheim, October 1787.

THOUGH each Theatrical night, in prose
or rhyme,

Concerns of course the drama of his time,
Tis better sure than when, in tilted cart,
Each tragic hero mouth'd his thundering part.
The Mules *then*—then brains a little crack'd,
Were fairly subject to the *Vagabond Act*.
But mark! how greatly chang'd their *pitiful*
state!

Victims no more of low, caprice, or fate;
Thrice welcome now to Shakspeare's native
isle,

Where Genius hails them with a fostering
smile

Whilst Spencer's *princely race* erect their
fame

Midst scenes for ever sacred to the *Nine*.

These scenes, of *old*, how fam'd for
beautiful dames!

And Blenheim *now* the palm of beauty
claims.

Within *this shade*, as say the tales of old;
As Heli in *penfive* verse hath sweetly told;
Here—Nature's fairest *Rose* was seen to
bloom,

Till jealous rage decreed an early tomb.
Where her cold ashes rest let no stern pride,
In all the pomp of vestal pride, intrude.

By Pity's tears enshalm'd, still lives her name,
By mercy screen'd from infamy and shame.

His lyre to strung uncouth *her* Chaucer
strung,

And o'er *this* plains his Gothic stanzas sung.
And erst, within this dark embowling
shade,

The stern *Shiza* dwelt—a captive maid.

Then free from murderous deeds and crimes
of state,

And guiltless *then* of faint'd Mary's fate.

Here Wilnot too, the witty and the gay,
Repentant—saw the close of mortal day
O'er his urn shall British genius weep,
And there in wretched weeds her vigils keep.

Nor *love's* soft wreath alone shall Wood-
stock claim,

Nor rest on *genus* all her hopes of fame
Here, ere on Cressy's plain the victor fought,
Great Edward's soul the flame of glory
caught :

And *here*, when peace return'd to Britain's
shores, [to roar,

When Marlborough's thunders cease
And Albion triumph'd o'er unnumber'd foes,
'Twas *here* her guardian hero fought repose,
To crown with wealth her Marlborough's
glorious toil,

A grateful country give *this* classic soil.
She bade you dome arise, and by its name,
Prolong'd her mighty warrior's living fame ;
Then round her Godlike Marlborough's glori-
ous shrine,

Bode all her brightest, greenest laurels twine.
And *here* thro' countless ages shall they
bloom,

And shed around a consecrated gloom.
For still to Britain shall *these* scenes be dear,
Since all the milder virtues flourish *here*.
Like vernal suns, with genial warmth they
glow,

And smother the pangs of poverty and woe
But, sick of worthies and their fame, ye
fair,

Perhaps ye wish to know our bill of fare.

[*Before Who's the Dupe?*]
Know then fair Cowley's muse will paint a
wight,

Who thinks that learning's always in the
right

But sure of *tonish* he *little* knows
Who *wastrip* *jabbers*, and who *laughs* at
beaus!

Which of the bucks that *flame* in pleasure's
round

Was e'er a scholar or a critic found ?

By fashion's rule the sweets of life they cull,
" Gay by constraint, and elegantly dull."

They ne'er o'er Homer's thundering verses
pore :

And Tully's self they deem an *arrant bore*
When such the charming youths our isle can
boast, [Toast ?

What chance has learning with a reigning
For both our sakes, ye fair, I hope our bard
Has on the *softer* sex been somewhat *hard*.

For, if the picture she presents be just,
Then—books farewell!—consign'd to mould-
ering dust.

* Hobhouse.

For who the toils of learning will pursue,
If unprotected and ungrac'd by You ?

[Spoken before the Liar]
This night our laughing Muse will paint a
youth

At constant war with heaven-defending
truth.

Yet still she hopes by candor's rules you'll
try her,

Nor kill with frown severe One harmless
Liar

The following PROLOGUE to the LYAR,
which opened the THEATRE this season
at Hinchinbroke, was spoken by

MAJOR ARABIN.

LIARS attend!—be worth like yours ap-
prov'd,

From *lies direct*, to *lies seen times remov'd*!

Nay, don't be shock'd—I'll polish my ex-
pression,

To suit the tend'rest ears of the profession.

" Ye Spirits choice, from *pure invention*
spring,

Who never once with Truth defil'd the
tongue,

Ye humbler Artists of the tiff'd tale,
Who please with *borrowed* tints, when *real*
ful,

Great *prigony* of Fancy, raise your heads,
For wide is life your ready influence spreads !

" The mewling Infant, on the Nurse's lap,
Sucks flattery and *falsehood* with its Pap—

" Yes, it his Daddy's Eyes, and Moustb, and
Nose—y."

Ob ! The *juvst* little *Ose—y, Rasi—y,*
Pose—y

But who the *Daddy* is, you'll know of
course,

When Nurse gives evidence—on the *Divorce*,
Few years elapse, before the forward elf
Finds it *carriame* a *falsehood* for itself ;

Its ripening brains with daily stories teem,
" Mice pick the *pye*"—and *kittens* *steal* the
cream

By eighteen Summers now matur'd in Youth,
He tries among the Maids—for equal *Truth*
With frowns *suborn'd*—and *pish*—and head
awry

Miss vows and swears—" *before* *she'll*
yield—*she'll* *dis.*"

*I*ye an *suib* *adious* *freedom*—*Monster*!—
fye!

The unbelieving rogue attests her lip,
And finds the *fib* lurk quiv'ring on the tip.

Or take the Maids—when *Time* o'er *their*
pale

'Twixt *Miss* and *Misses*—hold the *doublet*
scale ;

When

When

When

When

When the blue noses meet the picked clans
In convocation on their neighbour's sin.
Of proof, each eager Sister takes the oar,
And they do L—Oh! mercy, mercy on U!

Look last on *Mary*, all other functions
done—

This holds in "*struck and slipped Pantalon*"

Each hour he lingers from the warlike tier,
He mocks, in dying smiles, the expectant
Hear;

A late-made Will confutes his parting breath,
And the *last* he thus triumphs after Death.

Should these defects in Nature raise your
spite,

We'll hush it off in the ensuing Scene—
But first, in character of Soldier true,

As ever spoke his mind in *buff or burlesque*,

Our Prologue makes situations—I omit,

And, for myself—applied to this kin, fact—

When I look round on these bewitching
rows,

Where truth, in kindred blush with beauty—
flows,

Allusions—Satire—Situations, disappear,
Lost in a general exception—*here*.

The following PROLOGUE to the second
Representation of the LIAR, when the
PRINCE OF WALES was expected, and
which was written by the EARL OF SAND-
WICH, was also spoken at the

THEATRE at Hinchbrooke, Nov. 2, 1787.

Enter Major Arabin speaking to the Manager.

NAY, my good Lord, I swear 'tis just a
joke,

You tell me this a Prologue must be spoke,
I, for the Author, know not what to say,

A LIAR is the hero of his play;

And boldest falsehoods must forgive me meet,
[*Pointing to the audience.*]

Ere they can relish his theatricals—
And how can Vice in pleasing things be shewn,

While truth and radiant virtue grace the
theatre?

Suppose before the task I undertake,

A trial of my talent I should make;

I like the thought, I strat will give it vent,

And see if *lying* here can give content.

I have it—to begin, I'll cross the seas,

Fresh news from *Amplesdam* will surely please.

[*Exit Manager.*]

Major Arabin bows and addresses the audience.

When late the *Puffans* warlike force was
near,

The Patriot *Dutchman* shew'd no abject fear:
True to their boastings, they disuam'd to
yield,

drove great *Bruswick* trembling from
the field.

With greater strides, behold I now advance

And swear that *England* dreads the arms of
France;

That awed by threats from *Gallia's* hostile
shere,

Britannia's silent lion fears to roar.

[*Pointing to the Prince of Wales's arms.*]

Perhaps those many plumes your thoughts
engage,

Which wave on his head decorate our shere;
They own, proud, imperious, do not flatter,

Knows not the feelings of a tender heart—
Van of his birth, he ne'er will condescend

To treat the numerous him as a friend,
Form'd in manners, great his means such,

A poorer tongue sure would not be seen,
To tell of joys an enemy profess,

In pomp and Royal state alone he's blest;
Spurn'd by the sex, nay, now I'll make you
stare,

He ne'er could captivate one who hug fair;
His actions every hour combine to prove,

He knows not honour, friendship, mirth, or
love.

Put let me stop,—my task I think is done,
In childhood my chief wish is fairly run:

It is to expect still greater *trials* in these,
I *and I* cannot hope to please;

Then give the word, your orders I'll obey,
And force the Manager to change the play.

An OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

By Mr. VAUGHAN,

For Mr. GIBBS, on her Benefit Night, at
the ROYALTY THEATRE, Well-Cloac-

square.

BEHOLD—the Comic Muse, a due event,
Laid to the Stage—by Act of Parliament—

Then wonder not, good folks, or think it
strange,

That I, long tongue-tied, hazard now a
change.

For who could the same dumb-show hear,
and feel

The glistering transports which such scenes
reveal?

[*Looking round the House.*]

Then speak I will—altho' I speak alone—
Since here, to-night—the *Mandate's* all my
own

But first, I'll borrow of my Sister Muse,
A little sober tubness to use—

Lest some *pro-natur'd* friend—may kindly
use—

"Gibbs is much too free—on a first essay"—
Then thus my father I'll put on—and next—

Proceed by way of Prologue—to my text.
[*Putting on an affected serious air.*]

If hard the task to those of classic skill,
Who wield at leisure their dramatic quill,

And form their models on the *antient* tales,
Yet dread the sentence of our modern schools,

Yet dread the sentence of our modern schools,

What must the feelings be of those, who come,
Like me, unarm'd, to wait their doom?
Which, of all trials which turn our fears,
There's none more awful than the Stage ap-
pearances,
Where oft, (*too oft*) the party-critics sit,
Arrang'd, to catch the nod, or round the hat,
And lift the curtain of faith, instead of wit,
O'ring, "Good Heaven! what a bare-
Why ture,
Who in their senses could such stout con-
ducture?"
And then, forsooth, because the creature's
She hopes to see us every Critic's to sign;
Whilt other charms from Beauty's witching
charm,
Then sure quit us from all comic hum—
But what his Youth or Beauty's to
claim?
'Tis Merit only can entitle Fame;

And whether male or female, young or
old,
'Tis ours the Town, all errors to unfold.
[To be delivered in character of an affected
Town-sittic]
Such was the lesson we held in former days,
Ere Siddons' role or Siddons' wit plays;
Whose power's the Stage's dignity restore,
And give the lecture it scarce knew before—
And whence—I find it in each Critic's eye—
Malice is totten'd to Humanity,
And I—thus urg'd—by Fame's Commerce lure,
Shall hope indulgence—as my only cure;
For faults and apprehensions I have known,
In stepping forth my pretensions to own;
Which you, ye fair, and you of graver cast,
[I did sing the Boxes and Pits]
Have so impress'd—it must be ever last—
For a' to, but knows, we all your favour
claim,
"Our merits tho' dif'rent—yet, our ends
the same."

EXTRACTS from a TOUR in CATALONIA, by ARTHUR YOUNG, Esq. F. R. S. &c.

[From "ANALYSIS of AGRICULTURE"]

July 10, 1787. **W**F left Biene de Luchon, and crossed the mountain V... the first town on the Spanish side. The French are so great an object of examination, in whatever light they are considered, but especially in that of agriculture, that it would be adding a great deal too much to the length of this paper to speak of them here, I shall on another occasion be permitted to say by the husbandry practiced in them, and I must stop no longer than to mention the pasturage of Catalonia in sheep in them. By a little detour out of our direct road, and by passing Hospitall, which is the name of a very wretched inn, we gained the heights, but free from snow, which the Spaniards call the French for the pasturage of the flocks. I must observe, that a considerable part of the mountains belong in property to the communities of the respective parishes, and are disposed of by what we should call the Vestry: they hire a very considerable range of many miles. The French mountains, on which they pasture, are sometimes distant from Biene de Luchon, and being to that town. These hills are more than 20 English miles, and are the most distant part of the parish. To a river at them, we followed the river Pique, which upon the maps is sometimes called the Neste. The whole way it runs in a torrent, and falls in cascades of many stones, turned either by huge pieces of rock, or by trees carried down, and stopped by stones. The current, in projects of ages, has

worn itself deep clefts to pass through, at the bottom of which the tumbling of the water is heard, but can be seen only at breaks in the wood which hangs over and darkens the scene. The road, as it is called, passes generally by the river, but hangs, if I may use the expression, like a shawl on the mountain side, and is truly dreadful to the inhabitants of places from being broken by gullies, and slipping on the sides of precipices it is, however passable by mules, and by the horses of the mountaineers. The vale grows so narrow at last, that it is not above 100 yards wide in some places. The general forest at last has little wood. The mountains on the South side finish in a perpendicular rock of micaceous schistus, which constantly tumbling into the plain, from the attacks of the frost, and the melting of the snows, the slope to the river being strewn with fragments. Met here with pieces of iron ore and manganese. On the north can ridge, bearing to the West, are the pastures of the Spanish flocks. This ridge is not, however, the whole, there are two other mountains, quite in a different situation, and the sheep travel from one to another, as the pasture is short or plentiful. I examined the tops of these mountain pastures, and found it in general stony, what in the West of England would be called *one bush*, with some mixture of loam, and in a few places a little peaty. The plants are many of them untouched by the sheep; many ferns, narcissus, violets, &c. but hurre, (*poterium sanguivum*)

gusfaba) and the narrow-leaved plantain (*Plantago lanceolata*) were eaten, as may be supposed, close. I looked for trefoils, but found scarcely any. It was very apparent, that soil and peculiarity of herbage had little to do in rendering these heights proper for sheep. In the northern parts of Europe, the tops of mountains half the height of the *es*, for we were above snow in July, are hogs, all are so, which I have seen in our islands, or at least, the proportion of dry land is very trifling to that which is extremely wet. Here they are in general very dry. Now a great range of dry land, let the plants be what they may, will in every country suit sheep. The flock is brought every night to one spot, which is situated at the end of the valley on the river I have mentioned, and near the port or passage of Picad. It is a level spot sheltered from all winds. The soil is 8 or 9 inches deep of old dung, not at all inclosed, and from the freedom from wood all around it, seems to be chosen partly for safety against wolves and bears. Near it is a very large stone, or rather rock, fallen from the mountain. This the shepherds have taken for a shelter, and have built a hut against it, their beds are sheep-skin, and their door so small that they crawl in. I saw no place for fire, but they have it, since they dress here the flesh of their sheep, and in the night sometimes keep off the bears, by what some fire-brands (but of them belonging to the flock mentioned have to here. Viewed their flock very carefully, and by a number of guides and interpreters, made some queries of the shepherd, which they answered readily, and very civilly. A Spaniard at Venisquez, a city in the Pyrenees (I believe, French (the livre is 100 English) a year, for the purchase of the flock of 2000 sheep. In the winter he sends them into the lower parts of Catalonia, a journey of 12 or 15 days, and when the snow melted enough in the Spring, they are conducted back again. They are the whole year kept in motion, and moving from spot to spot, which is owing to the great range they every where have of pasture. They are always in the open air, never housed or under cover, and never taste of any food, but what they can find on the hills.

Four shepherds, and from five to six large Spanish dogs have the care of this flock: the latter are in France called of the Pyrenees breed, they are black and white, of the size of a large wolf, a large head and neck, armed with collars fringed with iron spikes. No wolf can stand against them, but bears are more potent adversaries. If a bear can reach a tree he is late:

he rises on his hind legs, with his back to the tree, and set the dogs at defiance. In the night the shepherds rely entirely on their dogs, but on hearing the bark are ready with fire-arms, as the dogs rely bark if a bear is not at hand. I was surpris'd to find that they are fed only with bread and milk. The head shepherd is paid 120 livres a year wages and bread, the others 80 livres and bread. But they are allowed to keep goats, of which they have many, which they milk every day: their food is milk and bread, except the flesh of such sheep or lambs as accidents give them. The head shepherd keeps on the mountain top or an elevated spot, from whence he can the better see around while the flock traverses the declivities. In doing this the sheep are exposed to great danger in places that are stony, for by walking among the rocks, and especially the goats, they move the stones, which rolling down the hill, acquire an accelerated force enough to knock a man down, and sheep are often

killed by them: yet we saw how alert they were to avoid such stones, and cautiously on their guard against them. Examine the sheep a little more. They are in general plied, but some have horns, which in the rams turn backward behind the ears and project half a circle forward; the ewes' horns turn also behind the ears but do not project: the legs white or reddish, speckled face, some white faced, they would weigh fat. I took, on an average, from 15lb to 18lb, for it varies. Some tails short, some left long. A few black sheep in one, then some with a very little tuft of wool on their foreheads. On the whole, they resemble those on the South Downs: their legs are as short as those of that breed, a point which merits observation, as they travel so much and so well. Their shape is very good; round ribs and flat straight backs, and would with us be reckoned handsome sheep, all in good order and flesh. In order to be still better acquainted with them, I desired one of the shepherds to catch a ram for me to feel, and examine the wool, which I found very thick and good of the clothing sort, as may be supposed. I took a specimen of it, and also of a hogget, or lamb of half year. In regard to the method of softening under the skin, which, in Mr. Pakenwell's opinion, is a strong indication of a good breed, with a disposition to fatten, he has it in a much superior degree to many of our English breeds, so the full as much so as the South Downs, which are, for that point, the best short-woolled sheep which I know in England. The fleece was on his back, and weighed as I guessed about 8 lb English, but the average they say of the

Body

flock is from four to five, as I calculated by reducing the Catalonian pound of 12 oz. to ours of 16, and is all sold to the French at 30s. the lb. French. This ram had the wool of the back part of his neck tied close, and the upper tuft tied a second knot by way of ornament, nor do they ever shear this part of the fleece for that reason: we saw several in the flock with this species of decoration. They said that this ram would sell in Catalonia for 20 livres. A circumstance which cannot be too much commended, and which is a universal imitation, is the extreme docility they are accustomed to. When I desired the shepherd to catch one of his rams, I supposed he would do it with his crook; or probably not be able to do it at all; but he walked into the flock, and flogging out a ram and a goat bid them follow him, which they did immediately, and he talked to them while they were obeying him, holding out his hand as if to give them something. By this method he brought me the ram, which I caught, and held without difficulty.

Having satisfied ourselves with our examination of this flock, we returned to the direct road for Vielle, which quits the river above described about a small league from Bagnese; it enters soon after one of the most wooded regions of the Pyrenees, and at the same time the most romantic. The road is so bad that no horse but those of the mountains could pass it; but our mules trod securely amidst rolling stones on the edges of precipices of a tremendous depth; but safe-footed as they are, they are not free from stumbling; and when they happen to trip a little in those situations, they electrify their riders in a manner not altogether so pleasant as Mr. Walker. These mountains are chiefly rocks of micaceous schistus, but there are large detached fragments of granite. Pass the frontier line which divides France and Spain: and rising on the mountains, see the Spanish valley of Aran, with the river Garonne winding through it in a beautiful manner. The town of Bofoste is at the foot of the mountains, where is the Spanish custom-house. Mules imported into Spain pay here 16 livres. A four year old horse the same. A six year old one 13 ditto. An ox 5. And a sheep 1½ sol. This vale of Aran is richly cultivated, and without any fallows. Nothing scarcely can be finer than the view of the valley from heights so great as to render the most common objects interesting; the road leads under trees, whose arching boughs present at every ten paces new landscapes. The woods here are thick, and present fine masses of shade; the rocks large, and every outline bold, and the verd of vale that is spread far below at your feet, has all

the features of beauty in contrast with the sublimity of the surrounding mountains. Descend into this vale, and bait at our little Spanish inn. No hay, no corn, no woods, no windows; but cheap; eggs and butter, and some trout for 15 sols. (7½d. English).

Follow from hence the Garonne, which is already a fine river, but very rapid; as they float many trees to their saw-mills, cut into boards; we saw many at work. The vale is narrow, but the hills to the left are cultivated high up. No fallows. They have little wheat, but a great deal of rye; and much better barley than in the French mountains; instead of fallows they have maize and millet, and many more potatoes than in the French mountains; haricots (French beans) also, and a little hemp. Saw two fields of vetches and square pease. The small potatoes they give to their pigs, which do very well on them; and the leaves to their cows, but assert that they refuse the roots. Buck-wheat also takes the place of fallow; many crops of it were good, and some as fine as possible.

The whole valley of Aran is well cultivated and highly peopled; it is eight hours long, or about 40 miles English, and has in it 32 villages. These villages, or rather little towns, have a very pretty appearance, the walls being well built, and the houses all well slated; but on entering these towns the spectacle changes at once; we found them the abodes of poverty and wretchedness; not one window of glass to be seen in a whole town; scarcely any chimnies, both ground floor and the chambers vomiting the smoke out of the windows.

Arrive at Vielle, the capital of this valley, and the passage from this part of France to Barcelona; a circumstance which has given some trifling resources to it. Informed here, that we could not go into Spain without a passport; waited therefore on the governor, who presides over the whole valley and its 32 towns: his house was the only one we had seen with glass windows. He is a lieutenant-colonel, and Knight of Calatrava; in his ante room, the king's picture with a canopy of state over it. The governor received us with the Spanish formality, and assured us that a few months ago, there was an order to send every foreigner, found without a passport, to the troops: such orders show pretty well the number of foreigners here: on each side of his bed was a brace of pistols, and a crucifix in the middle; we did not ask in which he put the most confidence.

Made enquiries concerning their agriculture. They have no farmers. Every one cultivates his own land, which is never fallowed. A journal of meadow sells in the valley,

valley for 800 livres irrigated, but by no means so well as in the French mountains, nearly an arpent of Paris, which is something more than an English acre. The lower arable lands are sold for 5 or 600 livres, the sides of the hills proportionably, and the higher lands not more than 100. Their crops of all sorts vary from 2^l to 3 quarters English the acre. Hay is sown no where begun. They have no species of manufacture but spinning and weaving for the private use of every family. The price of labour is four a day and food, women for hoins, &c. 2^l four and food.

The mountains belong, as in the French Pyrenees, to the parishes, each of which has a right to cut what wood he pleases for fuel and repairs, in the woods assigned for that purpose, others are let by lease for public auction for the benefit of the parish, the trees to be cut being marked, and, in general, the police of their woods is better than on the French side. When woods remain they are reserved for the next crown. Their mountain pasture is not used by themselves, they let to the owners of the flock, who bring them from the lower part of Catalonia, as with the French mountains, their flocks rise to 4000 sheep, the rent, in general, being from 5 to 7 sous a head for the summer food. Every inhabitant possesses cattle, which he keeps in the common mountains in what quantity he pleases, but those who do not belong to the parish, pay 5 or 7 sous a head for the sheep, and 10 for the cow, which in proportion they export, by buying, that sheep must have much greater range. In summer they make cheese, which we tasted and found good. In winter their cattle are kept at home, and their cows fed on buck-wheat straw, which they affect to be good food, altho' that of maize and millet, and a little hay, most of it being sown to their mules. They have 5000 sheep, but all are sent to Saragosa or Barcelona. Have scarce any oxen; what few they kill, they salt for winter.

Taxes are light; the whole which the town is assessed at, being only 2700 livres, which they pay by the rent of their woods, and pastures let—but if calculated by tallies, houses, &c. and including every thing, the amount would be about three livres a year, on a journal of 6000 livres value. This is the proportion of an acre of land worth about paying 38 a year in lieu of land and all other taxes. When the principles of a government tend to despotism, and the very pictures of kings are treated with reverence, the consequence is light taxation. The only effectual

means of insuring a great revenue, is to extend the principles and the exercise of liberty—the change is, and ever will be, as much for the benefit of the prince, as of the subject.

At Biguere de Luchon we were told that the inn at Vieille was good. We found the lower floor a stable, from which we mounted to a black kitchen, and through that to a baking room with a large hatch of loaves making for an oven which was heating to receive them. In this room were two beds for all the travellers that might come, if too numerous, straw is spread on the floor—you may rest as you can. No pipes to the windows, and a huge hole in the ceiling to climb up to the garret above it, where the windows are without shutters to keep out either rain or wind. One of the beds was occupied, so my companion had to sit by the fire. The house, however, afforded every convenience, good bread, thick white wine, and fowls, killed after we arrived. The people very dirty but civil.

July 15th. Reached Scillo, the inn so bad, that our coach would not permit us to enter it, so we went to the house of the Cure. A female followed us new to English eyes, that we could detect a man from laughing very heartily. Not a pipe of glass in the whole town, but our reverend host had a chimney in his kitchen. He has to the river to catch trout, and a kitchen for chickens, which were put to eat in the parsonage. For Lent they had only three pipes of pipe, and two women went, with three or four men, collected to fish for us, as well as we at them, were permitted to buy in our saving our hunger. They were used to be so awfully putrid from the barabaz, that I could not touch it, and brands, but so forced we must eat. What then to do? A bottle of excellent rich white wine came fresh, telephus good mountain, and I was well. In when we came to examine our beds here was only one. My friend would agree to do the honours, and insisted on my taking it. He made us on a table; and what with huns, fleas, rats, and mice, I slept not. I was not attacked, and though tired and a pavement might be ranked in the same class of softness, fatigue converted it to a town. This town and its inhabitants are, to the eye, equally wretched. The smoke holes instead of chimneys—the total want of glass windows, the cheerfulness of which, to the eye, is known only by the want—the dresses of the women, all in black, with cloth of steel on about their heads, and hanging half down their backs—no shoes—no stockings—the effect upon the whole dismal—(I save a table and mountains.

(To be continued in our next.)

STRICTURES ON MR. HUME'S CHARACTER OF SHAKESPEARE.

MR. Hume, in his appendix to the reign of James the First, has given us a literary character of Shakespeare, with which none of his admirers will be satisfied, and which every candid, impartial reader of his works must look upon as a striking proof of affected singularity, and unfair criticism. "If Shakespeare (says he) be considered as a man born in a *rude age*, and educated in the *lowest manner*, without any instruction, either from the world or books, he may be regarded as a prodigy." A prodigy he certainly was, but can we, with any propriety, say that he received no instruction from books, or from the world? "Tis passing strange," that a man of Mr. Hume's sense and uncommon acuteness should have hazarded an assertion so easily to be controverted. Could he, who is not more a master of the *great*, than of the *ridiculous* in hu-

man nature; of our noblest tendernesses, than our vainest foibles; of our fiercest emotions, than our idlest sensations, have possessed such dominion over his talents, in so eminent a degree, had he known nothing of the world? And could he have excelled in the coolness of reflection and reasoning, if he had been totally unacquainted with books? Men who are educated in the *lowest manner*, especially in a *rude age*, if they have *got parts*, have not usually great powers.

Mr. Hume very justly says, that "a striking peculiarity of sentiment, adapted to a single character, he frequently hits, as it were by inspiration," but is surely liable to censure when he adds, that "a reasonable propriety of thoughts he cannot at any time uphold." We may also give credit to Mr. Hume's judgment, when he tells us, that "nervous, pic-

* Admitting the *rudeness* of the age in general, in which Shakespeare lived, there were certainly *writers* in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, whose compositions are not to be excelled (not many of them equalled, take them "for all in all,") by any now in circulation. —An ingenious author, speaking of the Earl of Essex, says, his education set him free from the technical terms and perplexed periods that infect the works of the best prose writers of that age. He scarcely makes use of an expression that he could now alter for the better: his periods are clear, perspicuous, and well-turned, the cadences of his composition are harmonious; and such freedom, variety, and strength of language reigns in all he wrote, that I should scarcely fear to pronounce his style to be, even at present, the standard of the English tongue. —Literary Magazine, vol. III. p. 104.

† See Pope's preface to his edition of Shakespeare's works, from which the following passage is extracted: "He seem to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet." His sentiments are not only, in general, the most pertinent and judicious on every subject, but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon the particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. —"It is the great excellence of Shakespeare that he drew his scenes from nature and from life. He copied the manners of the world then passing before him, and has more allusions than other poets to the traditions and superstitions of the vulgar, which must therefore be traced before he can be understood." Literary Magazine, vol. II. p. 11. —Pope, speaking of Shakespeare's learning, tells us there is a great difference between *that* and *languages*. "How far he was ignorant of the latter, says he, I cannot determine, but it is plain he had much reading at least," &c.

‡ "Shakespeare is, above all other writers, a least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His persons act and speak by the general influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life continued in motion. It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical idiom and domestic wisdom. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the *progress of the fable*, and the tenor of his dialogue. The dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much *ease* and *simplicity*, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent select on out of common conversation, and common occurrences." Johnson's Preface to his Edition,

eloquent expressions as well as descriptions abound in him; but when he subjoins, "tis in vain to look either for continued purity or simplicity of diction," our opinion of him as a critic cannot be greatly in his favour.

As to the charge against Shakespeare for his "total ignorance of theatrical art &c.," it has been so often overthrown by many of his able commentators, and indeed, appears to very nugatory, as well as unjust, that we cannot but wonder to find it produced by any author who had read his plays with a due share of attention, in many of which a considerable portion of the real skill is strikingly discernible.

Mr. H. fairly allows that our bard possessed "a great and fertile genius, and that it was enriched equally with a tragic and comic vein;" but why ought he to be "cited as a proof he is deficient in the advantages alone for the attaining an excellence in the finer arts. — Mr. H. afterwards tells us, that Jonson and Shakspeare were "both of them equally deficient in taste and elegance, in harmony and correctness."

Surely there is a want of critical truth in this structure: if we allow the *correctness*, we shall allow him, perhaps, full as much as he deserves, in taste, elegance, and harmony, he is notoriously deficient: but can we, without the exposure of our understandings, seriously affirm that these three embellishments of the drama are excluded from the compositions of the latter? Are not all of them found happily united in several of his capital plays? And have they not, by striking ideas of strong passion, as well as solid sense, given birth to some of the finest theatrical commentaries in the English language? Among such, those written by a lady, now alive, will ever be read with delight by the admirer of Shakspeare, with most delight by those who are most capable, from similar sensations, of feeling the force of the *te utitur* pointed out to them by the ingenious essayist, who, by ably defending her favourite poet against the frivolous cavils and false conclusions of Voltaire, has placed herself in the first rank of dramatic criticism.

J. H.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE following extract from *Went's Practical Practice of Surgery*, points out an easy and expeditious method of curing wounds, and may be acceptable to many of your country readers.

T. S.

BEFORE the general method of cure is explained, it may not be amiss to notice the vague notion of the nature and treatment of wounds, entertained by surgeons not many years back, when the progress of cure was supposed to be chiefly effected by air, and bleed, to explain the opinions of the present day.

The progress of cure was then divided into four different stages: the first was called its *crude state*, in which the discharge was thin and serous, to correct which, greasy and warm ointments were applied every day towards bringing forward the state of *digestion*, which was then exhibited by an uniform *laudable pus*, as it was called; when the wound appeared clean and red, then the business of *excarnation* began, which was supposed to be carried on by means of me-

dicines that had the power of generating and promoting the growth of flesh; and last of all, when the hollow of the fore was properly supplied therewith, they proceeded to *circumscription* or healing.

More modern practitioners are convinced that nature is the principal agent in healing wounds, and physiologists have clearly demonstrated three different processes by which it is accomplished.

The first and most ready is that which is commonly called *healing by the first intention*. Thus, in a fresh-bleeding incised wound, is generally perfected without inflammation or suppuration, provided the parts have not been long forced asunder, or no constitutional disease prevents, by placing the edges of the wound or incision as apposite and close together as possible, and retaining them so by slips

"Shakspeare knew perfectly well what belonged to true composition, as appears from 'The Tempest,' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor;' but he generally complied with the ignorance and the ill-taste of his audience." — W———.

of adhesive plaster, and the interrupted suture, if requisite.

The second process is brought about by what is termed *inflammatory exudation*, or *adhesive inflammation*. If the advantage of the first process is unfortunately lost, by taking up so much time in securing the blood-vessels, that the mouths of the smaller vessels are collapsed or retracted, or by some other cause of delay; the parts being properly closed, although they are in some degree inflamed, may be united without suppuration or discharging of matter.

The third and most dilatory natural process is that by *suppuration, granulation, &c.* It is indisputably true, that this tedious method would be frequently unnecessary, were the two former more carefully attended to and assisted.

In the first and second process, it will be proper to remove the slips of plaster about the third or fourth day, and to cut out the stitches of the interrupted suture, and also during the inflammatory stage to place the edges near together, and keep them so, by applying a few slips of adhesive plaster across the wound; the ends of the ligatures of the blood vessels are to be left a proper length without the

edges of the wound, and every dressing.

Where no extraneous body took place, and the nature of the divided parts admits of it, the best method is, to draw the edges of the wound as appoirt close as possible; to retain them by slips of plaster, and the common suture, if necessary; to apply lint moistened with traumatic balsam, or, in an irritable habit, highly spread with yellow or white cerate; and to use proper bandage, renewing the slips of plaster and dressings about the third or fourth day, and taking care studiously to avoid exposing the wounded parts to the air by frequent dressing. If much inflammation attend, it will be proper to remove the stitches, and apply cloths wetted with Goulard water repeatedly; observing not to increase the symptoms by pressure or bandage during that irritable period, and to order gentle evacuants and proper regimen.

By such means, the cure of a common flesh wound may be completed in one fifth part of the time which it used to be, unless some constitutional ill should prevent.

NEW ANECDOTES of PETER THE GREAT,

[From a German Book, lately published, entitled, "Original Anecdotes of PETER THE GREAT, collected from the Conversation of many Persons of Distinction, of St. Petersburg and Moscow, by M. de STRELITZ *, Member of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg.]

WHEN the Strelitz (a numerous body of soldiers, who were once in Russia, what the Janissaries are now in Turkey) revolted in the infancy of Peter I. the young Czar. was conveyed by his mother, and a small number of faithful attendants, to the abbey of Troetz, where he was thought to be in safety. But his retreat was discovered by the rebels, and a furious party soon appeared in search of the Prince, with a determination to murder him. Not finding him in the house, some of these savages rushed into the church, and there perceived the Czar in the arms of his mother, and in the most sacred place, the altar itself. One of them ran instantly to the spot, with one hand seized the infant by the shoulder, and with

the other lifted the sabre to strike off his head. The imperial infant beheld him with terror. On a sudden, another rebel called out to the first: "Stop, comrade; not upon the altar; stay till we get out of the church; he cannot escape us!"—At the same instant, some other Strelitz, perceiving a large detachment of cavalry enter the church-yard, and hasten to the assistance of the Czar, they called to their comrades within to escape immediately. They instantly fled with the greatest precipitation, and thus the young Czar escaped from a death that seemed inevitable. This imminent danger made such a deep impression upon his mind, that more than twenty years afterwards, this prince reviewing a body of sailors newly enlisted, and

* This gentleman spent upwards of twenty years in Russia, as preceptor and librarian to the great duke Peter Fedorowitsch, and consequently having had many opportunities of conversing with persons of distinction, who had served in the army and navy of Peter the Great, or had held high civil employments under that illustrious Prince, the authenticity of the following anecdotes may be deemed unquestionable.

examining them very minutely, on a sudden uttered a cry of terror, and started back some steps, ordering his guards to seize one of those fellows. The person they apprehended, instantly fell upon his knees, exclaiming, "Pardon, pardon! I am guilty, I deserve death!" Not one present could imagine what he meant. Those who knew this man had ever found his conduct irreproachable. What was the astonishment of all, when they heard the Czar demand of him, whether he had not been one of the Strelitz, and that very man, who, at the abbey of Troetz, was going to murder him. The sailor confessed the fact, and to some farther questions from the Czar, he answered, that having been enlisted very young into the corps of Strelitz, he had been involved in the revolt, that, struck with remorse, he had afterwards abandoned it, before one of his accomplices had been arrested; that, for many years, he had led a miserable wandering life in the deserts, that, at length, he had offered himself to the admiralty at Archangel as a peasant just come from Siberia, and that ever since his conduct had been unexceptionable. This plain narration excited the pity and clemency of Peter, who pardoned the man, but ordered him never more to appear in his presence.

In another revolt of the Strelitz, in which Peter displayed great firmness and intrepidity, he gave his captain of the guards a violent box on the ear. Such a blow to an officer of rank would have excited astonishment in the more civilized nation of Europe. A king of France would have considered himself by such an outrage, but in Russia, it is an imperial custom, so very common, that it is thought nothing of, and Peter I. who was easily irritated, used to be very lavish of his boxes. Sometimes he would be very sorry for his violence, would acknowledge himself to be wrong, and make a handsome apology. His subjects were not sensible of the affront, and thought themselves honoured by his apology. But Le Blond, a French architect, whom the Czar had invited into his dominions, having received the stroke of a cane, in the first transports of anger, which a false report of prince Menzikoff had excited, took it so much to heart, that he fell ill of a fever, and died.

Peter was no more than twenty-five years of age when he was seized with an inflammatory fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. The contumacious was general, and public prayers for his recovery were made in all the churches. In consequence of a conference, the Czar's judges came to his Majesty, and administered the customary and equivoque words, "two words being proper to

give liberty to nine malefactors, who had been condemned for murders and highway robberies, in order that those criminals might address their prayers to Heaven for his recovery. The Czar commanded the Judge to read aloud the heads of the accusations against these men. The Judge obeyed; and when he had finished, the Czar, with a weak and faltering voice, thus addressed him: "Dost thou think, that in granting impunity to these wretches, and impeding the course of justice, I should do a good action, and that God, to reward it, would prefer the prayers of murderers and wicked men, that have forgotten even him? Go. I command thee to execute to-morrow, the sentence pronounced upon these criminals, and if any thing can obtain from Heaven the restoration of my health, I hope it will be this act of justice!" The orders of the Czar were executed, his health grew better every day; and, in a little time, he was perfectly recovered.

The Czar was persuaded that true greatness did not consist in magnificence and ostentation. He considered the prodigality of certain courts as a very great evil, and he would observe, that there was not a country in the world in which these superfluous expences might not be employed to the comfort of the people, and in augmenting the power of the state. One day, William III. king of England, having asked him how he liked London, "Extremely well," answered the Czar, "I have been particularly pleased to see a simplicity, neatness, and modesty of dress, in the richest nation of Europe."

The greatest part of these private incidents oblige them to the conduct of the Czar, tended, as well as all his public actions, to his grand project, the civilization of Russia. As soon as he had made himself master of the country in which St. Petersburg is situated, he resolved to build a city there, but the uncertainty in which he was for some years, whether he could keep possession of that country, gave him great inquietude. The idea of this foundation was the first that occurred to his mind after the battle of Pultowa. "Now," said he to a Russian nobleman, "thanks be to God, the foundation of St. Petersburg is laid."

Peter was not only occupied in works of great public utility, but he consulted also the pleasure of the people he subdued. When he had taken Revel in Estonia, he made some large gardens as a public walk for the inhabitants. When these gardens were finished, he went to see them, but, to his great surprise, found nobody in them. He enquired the reason of this, and the centinel at the gate "Because," answered the soldier, "we permit no one to enter."—"How so?" returned

turned the angry Czar; "what blockhead has given you these orders?"—"Our officers"—"And what folly is this? Do these fellows imagine that I have made these gardens, at such a vast expence, for myself alone, and not for the pleasure of the whole city?"

The Czar, it has been already observed, was extremely irritable, and sometimes too severe, but he would listen to reason. Being one day in the senate, and argued with the complaints of a great number of robbers that had been recently committed. "By Peter," exclaimed he, "I will put an end to all this," and turning to Paul Iymin-witch, the attorney-general, "Write," said he, "this instant, that whoever shall steal my thing or the most trifling nature shall be instantly hanged."—The attorney-general took pen, and passing, said, "Peter Alexowitch, reflect on the consequences of this decree."—"Write what I have ordered," returned the Emperor. The Magistrate, instead of writing, replied laughing, "Wouldst thou be a slave without servants, and Emperor without subjects?—Do we not all steal, some more and some less, some in secret, and some openly?"—The Czar, struck with this idea, fell laughing, and gave up the point.

Peter the Great caused many foreign books to be translated into the Russian language, and, among others, Puffendorf's "Introduction to the Knowledge of the States of Europe." A monk, to whom the translation of this book was committed, presented it some time after to the Emperor, who turning over the leaves, changed countenance to a particular chapter, and turning to the monk with an indignant air, "Fool," said he, "what did I order thee to do? Is this a translation?—Then referring to the original, he shewed him a paragraph in which the author had spoke with great asperity of the Russians, and which the translator had omitted. "Go instantly," said he, "and execute my orders rigidly. It is not to flatter my subjects that I have this book translated and printed, but to instruct and reform them."

This great man could not bear any kind of ostentation. He was never attended by more than two valets-de-chambre, and five or six pages. He had neither a coach, nor one convenient carriage. He was perfectly satisfied with a wretched cabriolet, and he ordered all his ambassadors to address their letters only "To Peter Alexowitch."

Notwithstanding the violence of his temper, Peter had a humane and feeling heart.

He ever evinced the greatest esteem and veneration for Charles XII, and died soon when he was informed of his death. He retired to wipe them away, and returning, exclaimed, "Ah! my dear Charles, how I pity thee!"

On his first visit to London, the day after having spent the whole morning in examining the magnificent hospital at Greenwich, he repaired to St. James's, to dine with King William. The latter asked him how he liked the hospital. "I like it to well," answered the Czar, "that if I were to advise your Majesty, it would be to make it the residence of the court, and to give up this palace to the sailors."

The Czar, contrary to the custom of other princes, kept no huntsmen. He had vendors to attend, not to the preservation of the game, but of his oaks. So far from taking any delight in hunting, he could not bear the idea of what the poor hunts must suffer. Being at a country house in the province of Moscow, a neighbouring gentleman, who was a great sportsman, thought to oblige his Majesty much by inviting him to a hunting party. The Monarch thanked him with politeness, but declined the offer. "Hunt, gentlemen," said he, "hunt as much as you please. Make war upon wild beasts. For my part, I cannot impute myself if that way, while I have enemies abroad to fight, and obstinate and intractable subjects at home to reform."

The circumstances which led to the death of the illustrious Prince are but little known. They were somewhat similar to those which attended the life of the excellent prince Leopold of Brunswick. The Czar had just recovered from a very dangerous and violent illness, when he undertook a voyage down the Neva, in order to inspect the progress of a new canal. A cutter with several soldiers on board struck on the sand, at some distance, and the vessel which he immediately dispatched to their relief, pronounced also, the Czar's impatience of the delay, jumped into the sea up to his knees notwithstanding the waves were very boisterous, and, by his own exertion and example, extricated the soldiers from their perilous situation. He had them conveyed to the houses of some peasants on the shore, where they were treated with all the tenderness of humanity. The next day, the Czar was seized with a violent fever, attended with a inflammation in the bowels. He was immediately conveyed to Petersburg, and after a painful illness of two months, expired on the 25th of January, 1725.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

IT was an annual custom with Dr. Johnson's Bookeller (whose name I have forgot) to invite his authors to dine with him; and it was upon this occasion that Dr. Johnson and Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, met, when the following dispute happened between them on the pre-eminency of the Scotch and English writers. In the course of conversation Dr. Warburton's name was mentioned, when Dr. Rose observed what a proud imperious person he was.—Dr. Johnson answered, "Sir, so he was, but he possessed more learning than has been imported from Scotland since the days of Buchanan." Dr. Rose, after enumerating a great many Scotch authors (which Johnson treated with con-

tempt) said, What think you of David Hume, Sir?—"Ha! a deistical scribbling fellow?"—*Rose.* "Well, be it so, but what say you to Lord Bute?"—*Johnson.* (with a surly wow wow) "I did not know that he ever wrote any thing."—*Rose.* "No! I think he has written *one line* that has out-done any thing that Shakspere, or Milton, or any one else ever wrote."—*Johnson.* "Play what was that, Sir?"—*Rose.* "It was when he wrote an order for your pension, Sir."—*Johnson* (quite confounded) "Why that was a very fine line to be sure, Sir." Upon which the rest of the company got up and laughed, and halloed till the whole room was in a roar.

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE.

(Continued from Page 377)

LETTER XX.

To ———

Thursday, Nov. 1.

WERE I a Minister of State, instead of being a Country Parson—or rather, though I do not know that it is the better thing of the two—were I King of a Country, not like Sancho Pancha, without a will of my own, but with all the rights, privileges, and immunities, belonging to such a situation, I would not suffer a man of genius to be pulled to pieces, or pulled down, or even whittled at, by any man who had not some sort of genius of his own—that is to say, I would not suffer blockheads of any denomination to shew their heads in my territories.

What—will you say—is there no saving clause for the ignorant and the unlettered?—No spot set apart for those on whom science has not beamed, or the current of whose genius poverty has frozen?—My dear friend, you do not quite understand me, and I beg of you not to suppose that all men are *blockheads* who are not *learned*—and that no man who is *learned* can be a *blockhead*.

My definitions are not borrowed from the common-room of a College, or the dull muzzing *pericranium* of a word-mungering dictionary-maker, but from the book of Nature, the volume of the world, and the parcels of experience. There I find a *blockhead* to be a man (for I am not at present in a humour to involve the poor women in the definition) who thinks he has what, in fact, he has not—and who does not know how to make a right use of that which he has.

It is the mode of applying *means* to *ends* that marks the character of superior understanding.—The poor scare-crow of a beast

that *ticks* so long and to the last, being once set in the right road, will sooner get to the end of his journey, than the fleetest race-horse of Newmarket, who has taken an opposite direction.

Widm very often cannot read or write, and *Folly* will often quote you passages from all the *dead* and half the living languages. I beg, therefore, you will not form a bid, that is to say a false idea of this kingdom of mine—for whenever I get it, you may be sure of being well appointed, and living at your ease, as every one must do *there* who lives to his honour—but to the point.

To the point, did I say?—Alas! there is so much *zig-zag* in my destiny, that it is impossible for me to keep going on straight through one poor letter—and that to a friend. But so it is—for here is a visitor arrived to whom I cannot say nay—and who obliges me to write adieu, a page or two, or three, perhaps, before I am used to do it. I must therefore fold up my paper as it is—and shall only add, God bless you—which, however, is the constant and sincerest wish of

Your affectionate

L. S.

LETTER XXI.

To ———

Monday Morning.

THE story, my dear friend, which you heard related with such an air of authority, is like many other true stories, absolutely false. Mr. Hume and I never had a dispute, I mean a serious, angry, or petulant dispute, in our lives:—indeed, I should be most exceedingly surpris'd to hear that David ever had an unpleasant conversation with any man:—and if I should be made to believe that

that such an event had happened, nothing would persuade me that his opponent was not in the wrong: for, in my life, did I never meet with a being of a more placid and gentle nature; and it is this amiable turn of his character, that has given more consequence and force to his scepticism, than all the arguments of his sophistry. You may depend on this as a truth.

We had, I remember well, a little pleasant sparring at Lord Hertford's table at Paris: but there was nothing in it that did not bear the marks of good-will and urbanity on both sides. I had preached that very day at the Ambassador's chapel, and David was disposed to make a little merry with the *prophet*; and, in return, the pastor was equally disposed to make a little merry with the *psalmist*; we laughed with one another, and the company laughed with us both, and whatever your informer might pretend, he certainly was not one of that company.

As for his other history, that I preached an offensive sermon at the Ambassador's chapel—it is equally founded in truth: for Lord Hertford did me the honour to thank me for it again and again. The text, I will own, was an *unhappy* one; and that was all your informer could have heard to have justified his report. If he fell off immediately after I repeated it, I will forgive him.

The fact was as follows.

Lord Hertford had just taken and furnished a magnificent hotel; and as every thing and any thing gives the fashion of the moment at Paris, it had been the fashion for every one to go and see the English Ambassador's new hotel—It occupied the curiosity, formed the amusement, and given subject of conversation to the polite circles of Paris, for a fortnight at least.

Now it fell to my lot, that is to say, I was requested to preach. The first day's service was performed in the chapel of the new hotel. The message was brought me when I was playing a sober game of Whist with the Thornhills; and whether it was that I was called rather abruptly from my afternoon's amusement to prepare myself for this business, for it was to be on the next day; or from what other cause I do not pretend to determine; but that unlucky kind of fit seized me, which you know I can never resist, and a very unlucky text did come into my head, and you will say so when you read it.

“And Hezekiah said unto the prophet, I have shewn them my vessels of gold, and my vessels of silver, and my wives and my concubines, and my boxes of ointment,

and whatever I have in my house have I shewn unto them: and the prophet said unto Hezekiah, Thou hast done very foolishly.”

Now, as the text is a part of holy writ, that could not give offence, though wicked wits are sometimes disposed to ill treat it with their own scurvy misrepresentations. But as to the discourse itself, nothing could be more innocent, and David Hume favoured it with his grace and approbation.

But here am I got, I know not how, writing about myself for whole pages together—whereas the only part of my letters that can justify my being an egotist, is while I assure any gentle spirit, or faithful friend, as I now do you, that I am here, or his, or your

Most affectionate humble servant,
L. STERNE.

LETTER XXII.

To ———.

Wednesday Noon.

BELIEVE me, my dear friend, I have no great faith in Doctors. Some eminent ones of the faculty have assured me, many years ago, that if I continued to do as I was then doing, I should not live three months. Now the fact is, that I have been doing exactly what they told me I ought not to do for thirteen years together—and here I am, as then, it is true, but as faicy as ever; and it will not be my fault if I do not continue to give them the lie for another period of equal duration.

It is Lord Bacon, I think, who observes—at least he it who it may that made the observation, it is not unworthy the great man whose name I have just written—that Physicians are old women, who sit by your bed-side till they kill you, or Nature cures you.

There is an uncertainty in the business that often baffles experience, and renders genius abortive—though I mean not, believe me, to be severe on a science which is sometimes made the means of doing good. Nay, the science itself, considered naturally and physically, is the eye of all the rest. But I do not always hold my peace when I reflect on these self-conceited upstart professors of it, who fly, and bounce, and give themselves airs,—if you do not read the directions upon the label of a phial which contains the matter of their prescriptions with as much reverence, as if it had been penned by St. Luke himself.

* This sermon has been published, and is to be found in Mr. Sterne's works.

Goddess of Health—let me drink thy healing and sustaining beverage at the pure fountain which flows at thy command! Give me to breathe the balmy air, and to feel the enlivening sun—And so I will—for if I do not see you in fifteen days, I will on the sixteenth slip quietly into the Dover coach, and proceed without you to the banks of the Rhone, where you may find me if you please—and if you do not, the difference between us will be—that while you are puffing your Christmas-day in furs and fusts, by warm cloaths and large fires, I shall be sitting on the grass, catching no warmth but the all-healing one which proceeds from the grand luminary of nature.

So think on this, my dear, I believe you—and let me know about it, for I do not want a man gaining credit more than I do, even for your sake—(a fairer company, which, I might add, would be for my own sake)

In the mean time, and at all times, my God bless you

I am, most cordially, your's,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIII.

To ———

I AM always getting into a scrape, not from a carelessness of offending, as some good-humoured people have suspected, for I do not wish to give offence, but from the want of being understood.—Pope has well expressed the hardship of being forced

— to struggle

Without a second and without a judge.

I think the quotation is correct. Indeed, a man may proceed well enough without a second. Critics sometimes seem to be wanting such an Ellen, that is frequently clothed by it, but to be without a judge is a mortification which comes home with much acuteness to the bosoms of those who feel, or fancy, which is pretty near the same thing. that judgements, I mean impartial, adequate judgements, would be their own.

To be eternally misunderstood and which naturally follows, to be eternally misrepresented by ignorance, is far, far worse than to be misunderstood by malice. Calumny is more than offence, for it is almost always the sacrifice which we pay to vice, and folly offers up its victim. A wit, in my opinion, while he punishes the efforts of flattery, and of a kind of confidence from the excess of them—like the Philosopher, who had to have raised a monument to his own fame, with the stones which the malignity of his competitors had thrown at him.

The divorce between virtue and reputation is too common to be wondered at—though it is too unjust not to be lamented; but that being a circumstance which connects itself with something like the general order of Providence—we are able to console ourselves under it, by hope and resignation. But in the little, and comparatively speaking, the petty business of human fame—the mind may be justified in kicking at the perceptions to which its honest and best endeavours are so continually subject.

I do most sincerely assure you, that I have seldom been so proud of myself and the little dignity of my talents, whatever they may be—as I was in the very circumstance which has given so much uneasiness. I intended not to write—I was all complacency and good-humour—my spirits were in union with every generous and precious thought, and I felt well from possessing the idea of giving assistance to a Lady—that I never was so impatient of my life, perhaps, when I was disposed to buckle on my armour, and mount my horse, to go and fight the cause of injured or captive beauty. But, instead of all this, here am I considered as the very monster whom I myself was ready to combat and to destroy.

You will therefore, be so good as to communicate these thoughts, in as much better a manner as you please, to Mrs. H——, and assure her, that she has only done what so many have done before her—that is, she has not done it, or, at least, she has not done it, in the manner which she has done it.

So that I am most willing to travel in the high way of glory, and, if she is disposed to take it, I will receive her returning favour with all due acknowledgments; but if she should think it clever or witty, or condescending, to counsel me to be offended, I will not fail to remember her in a postscript to my next paper, of the right and wrong end of a woman, which though my uncle Toby, from a great combination of circumstances, could never be made to understand, I will explain to the world in such a manner, that they who run may read.

I mean, however, unintelligible to all. There are some spirits who want no key either to my speech or my writings, and they, I mean the spirits, are of the first order. This is some comfort, and that comfort increases both in its weight and measures, on the reflection that you are one of them.

But my paper and the postman's bell both warn me to do—what I ought to have done at least a page ago, and that is, to write adieu; so adieu, and God bless you.

I am most cordially yours,

Wednesday Noon,

L. STERNE.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

LIST of CHANGES and ALTERATIONS in the HOUSE of COMMONS, from the First Meeting of PARLIAMENT in 1784, to the EASTER-RECESS in 1787.

1784.

P Le Mesurier, Esq. Southwark
 • Ld. Visc. Neville Monmouthshire
 Sir J. Henderfon, Bt. Seaford
 W. Spenser Stanhope Hull
 William Young St. Mawes
 Richard Atkinson New Romney
 Chas. Alex. Crickitt Ipswich
 Edward Cotsford Michurth
 Christopher Hawkins St. Michaels
 Sir S. Hannay, Bart. Camelford
 Ld. Ongley of Ireland Bedfordshire
 Richard Beckford Arundel
 Robert Philips Hereford
 Sir Rob. Smythe, Bt. Colchester
 William Fellowes Andover
 Andrew McDowall Wigtownshire
 James Adams Wexford
 Sir Adam Ferguson Edinburgh
 John Pardo Plymouth
 Mark Gregory Newton (Hants)
 John Hill Shrewsbury
 Robert Vyner Thruske
 Hon. W. S. Conway Downton
 John Harcourt Ilchester
 James Gordon Stockbridge
 John Wm. Heneage Cricklade
 Robert Nicholas Cricklade
 Hon. Charles Phipps Minehead
 William Weddel Malton

Sir Barnard Turner Dead
 John Hambury, Esq. Dead
 Lord Visc. Neville Monmouthshire
 William Wilberforce Yorkshire
 Earl Nugent Vacated
 Samuel Smith Worcesterhire
 John Cator Void
 Benjamin Lethicullier Andover
 Roger Wilbraham Double return
 John Philips Vacated
 Hon. St. Andr. St. John Petition
 Earl of Surry Calise
 Earl of Surry Calise
 Christopher Potter Void
 Sir John Griffin Griffin Now Lord Howard
 • Hon. Keith Stewart A place
 John Lemon Vacated
 Sir J. Hunter Blair Vacated
 J. T. Outry Vacated
 James Worsley Vacated
 Sir Charlton Leighton Dead
 Sir Tho. Frankland Dead
 Edward Bouverie Void
 Peregrine Cust Dead
 Capt. John Lutterell A place
 Chas. Wm. Coxe Petition
 Robert Adamson Petition
 Henry Beaufoy Yarmouth
 Sir Tho. Gascoign, Bt. Vacated

1785.

James Walwyn Hereford
 Sir Hugh Williams, Bt. Beaumaris
 Robert Thornton Bridgewater
 John Shaw Stewart Renfrewshire
 George Lord Malden Oakhampton
 Humphry Minchin Oakhampton
 Hon. St. Andr. St. John Bedfordshire
 T. Edwards Freeman Steyning
 James Rooke Monmouthshire
 Samuel Matters Cirencester
 George Rofs Kirkwall, &c.
 Philip Goldsworthy Wilton
 John Henniker New Romney
 Alexander Brodie Nairnshire
 George Skene Aberdeenshire

Robert Philips Vacated
 Hon. Hugh Fortescue Now Lord Fortescue
 Hon. A. Poulett Dead
 William McDowall Vacated
 John Luxmore Petition
 Thomas Wiggins Petition
 Lord Ongley Petition
 Sir J. Honeywood, Bt. Vacated
 Lord Visc. Neville Now E. of Abergavenny
 Samuel Blackwell Dead
 Hon. Chas. Ja. Fox Westminster
 Lord Herbert A place
 Richard Atkinson Dead
 Alexander Campbell Dead
 Alexander Garden Dead

1786.

Hon. J. Townshend Newport
 Richard Grosvenor Eastloo
 Roger Wilbraham Helstone
 Alexander Stuart Kirkcudbright
 John Calcraft Wareham
 Alexander Irvine Eastloo
 Gen. J. Cunningham East Grinstead

Hugh S. Conway Vacated
 William Graves Vacated
 John Rogers Dead
 Peter Johnstone Vacated
 Charles Le Fevre Vacated
 John Buller Dead
 Henry Arth. Herbert Vacated

George Johnstone	Itcheſter	John Harcourt	Petition
Samuel Maddocks	Weſtbury	Chaloner Arcedeckne	Vacated
Sir Grey Couper	Richmond	Charles Dundas	A place
William Miſford	Newport (Hants)	Sir John Coghill, Bt.	Dead
Ld. Miſford of Ireland	Pembroketh re	Sir Hugh Owen, Bt.	Dead
Lord Kenſington, do.	Haverfordweſt	Lyd Miſford	Pembroketh re
Hon. Lionel Damer	Peterborough	James Phipps	Dead
Earl of Wycombe	Wycombe	Lord Viſc. Mahon	Now Earl Stanhope
Hon. Tho. Thynne	Weobly	Andrew Baynton	Vacated
John Lowther	Carlisle	Hon. Edward Norton	Dead
Humphrey Senhouſe	Coker mouth	John Lowther	Carlisle
Mark Pingle	Selkirkſhire	John Pingle	Vacated
Sir Geo. Warren, K. B.	Lancaster	Francis Reynolds	Now Lord Ducie
Thomas Brooke	Newton (Lanc.)	Sir Tho. Davenport	Dead
John Drummond	Shriftbury	Adam Drummond	Dead
Col. Cha. Ramſford	Beerſton	Lord Mornington	A place
Matthew Montagu	Boſiney	Bomber Gattecoun	A place
Geo. Jackſon	Weymouth	Gabriel Stewart	Vacated
Charles Roſs	Kirkwall, &c.	George Roſs	Dead
John Chriſtian	Carlisle	John Lowther	Petition
Charles Grey	Northumberland	Lord Algernon Percy	Now Lord Lovſine
Henry Flood	Seaſord	Sir Peter Parker	Petition
Sir Godfrey Webſter	Seaſord	Sir John Henderſon	Petition
John Lowther	Haſſmere	Thomas Poſtlethwaite	Vacated
Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bt.	Berwick	Ld. Delaval of Ireland	Now Ld. Delaval of Eng.
George Forreſter	Wenlock	John Bridgeman	Vacated
Hon. Henry Hobart	Norwich	Sir Haubord Harbord	Now Lord Suffield
Lord Mornington	Saltſh	Charles Jenkinson	Now Lord Hawkſbury
John Hamilton	Haddington	Hew Dalrymple	Vacated
Edward Knubley	Carlisle	Earl of Surry	Now Duke of Norfolk

1787.

Lord Charles Fitzroy	St. Edmundsbury	Hon. Geo. F. Fitzroy	Vacated
Col. Popham	Milbourn Port	J. Townſon	Vacated
Richard Joſ. Sullivan	New Romney	Sir Edw. Deering, Bt.	Vacated
Robert Wood	Minehead	Hon. Charles Phipps	Dead
John B. Buggeſs	Heltone	Lord Hyde	Now E. of Clarendon
Lord Viſc. Downe	Petersfield	Thomas Sam. Jolliffe	Vacated
Sir Peter Parker	Malden	Lord Waltham	Dead
Rowland Stephenſon	Carlisle	Edward Knubley	Petition
George Seymour	Itcheſter	Geo. Johnſtone	Vacated
J. Frazer	Gatton	Maurice Lloyd	Vacated
J. H. Addington	Truro	William M'Cormick	A place
— Lambton	Durham	General Lambton	Vacated
Laurence Paik	Abborton	Sir Robert Paik, Bt.	Vacated
Hon. Henry Hobart	Norwich	Re-elected	Void
T. C. Jervote	Yarmouth (Hants)	E. Morant	Vacated
G. G. Leveſon Gower	Staffordſhire	Sir J. Wrotteſley, Bt.	Dead
John Willet Payne	Huntingdon	L. Brown	Vacated

CONSTITUTIONAL ESTABLISHMENT AFTER THE CONQUEST.

[From the Firſt Volume of GROSE'S "MILITARY ANTIQUITIES."]]

THE conſtitutional military force of England, ſoon after the Conqueſt, conſiſted of the feudal troops and the *poſſe comitatus*.

The feudal troops were either the perſons who held lands in capite, that is, immediately of the crown, or their vaffals and under-tenants, both of whom were, as has before been ſhewn, obliged by their tenures to attend the king and their lords to the wars, at home

or abroad, completely armed and mounted, for forty days in a year, or according to the value of the fees held by them.

The *poſſe comitatus*, or power of the county, included every freeman above the age of fifteen, and under that of ſixty, and although the chief deſtination of the eſtabliſhment was to preſerve the peace under the command of the ſheriff, they were alſo, in caſe of hoſtile in-
ſons,

sions, called out to defend the country, and repel the enemy. The *posse comitatus* differed from the feudal troops in this; they were only liable to be called out in case of internal commotions, or actual invasions, on which occasions only they could legally be marched out of the effective counties, and in no case out of the kingdom; whereas the feudal troops were subject to foreign service at the king's pleasure. That this body of men might be ready to take the field, the following law was enacted by Henry II. A. D. 1181, in the 27th year of his reign; which was in substance similar to that mentioned in the *orig.* of the military establishment before the battle of Hasting.

"Whosoever holds one knight's fee shall have a coat of mail, a helmet, a shield and a lance; and every knight to have as many coats of mail, helmets, shields and lances, as he shall have knights fees in his domain.

"Every free layman having in chattels or rent to the value of sixteen marks, shall keep a coat of mail, a helmet, a shield, and a lance.

"Every free layman who shall have in chattels or rent ten marks, shall have a habergeon, a chaquetalet of iron, and a lance.

"Also all burghesses and the whole community of freemen shall have a wambais, a chaquetalet of iron, and a lance.

"Every one of these (before-mentioned) shall swear that he will have these arms before the feast of St. Hilary, and will bear fealty to king Henry, to wit, the son of the empress Matilda, and that he will keep these arms for his service, according to his command, and with fidelity to our lord the king and his realm; and no man having their arms shall sell, pledge, nor lend them, nor alienate them in any other manner: nor shall the lord take them from his vassal by forfeiture, gift, pledge, or any other manner.

"On the death of any one having these arms, they shall remain to his heir; and if the said heir is not of such age as to be able to use arms, they shall, if necessary, be put into the custody of him who has the guardianship of his person, who shall provide a man to use them in the service of our lord the king, if required, until the heir shall be of a proper age to bear arms, and then they shall be delivered to him.

"Any burghess having more arms than he is by this assize required to have, shall sell or give them, or so alienate them, that they may be retained for the service of our lord the king of England; and none of them shall keep more arms than he is by this assize bound to have.

"No Jew shall have in his custody a coat of mail, or habergeon, but shall sell or give it away, or in some other manner dispose of it, that it shall remain in the king's service.

"Also no man shall carry arms out of the kingdom, unless by the command of our lord the king, nor shall any man sell arms to another, who means to carry them out of the kingdom."

By other parts of this law it was directed, "that juries shall be appointed in the hundreds and boroughs of every county, to discover who had chattels or rent to the value expressed therein; on which inquest no person who had not chattels to the value of sixteen marks, or ten at least, was to serve. The king's justices in their circuits were required to enrol the names of the jurors, and of those who should be found to have chattels or rents to the value above-mentioned, after which they were to cause this assize to be publicly read, and all the persons concerned were to be sworn to observe it in all points.

"And if it happened that any one of those who ought to have these arms was not in his county at the time the justices were there, they were directed to appoint another time and county for his appearance; and if he did not come to them in any of the counties through which they passed, they were in that case to appoint him a time at Westminster, at the octaves of St. Michael, then to attend and take his oath, as he loved himself and all that belonged to him; and he was likewise to be commanded to have, before the feast of St. Hilary, arms such as he was by law bound to possess.

"Also the justices were enjoined to cause it to be notified over all the counties through which they were to pass, that those who had not these arms as aforesaid, the king would punish corporally in their limbs, and not in their goods, their lands or chattels.

"Also none might act as jurors respecting legal and free men, who hath not sixteen marks in land, or ten marks in chattel.

"Also the justices to command in all the counties by which they should pass, that no one, as he loved himself and all that belonged to him, should buy or sell any ship, to be taken out of England; and the king commanded that none but a freeman should be admitted to take the oath of arms."

This regulation, or assize, received a farther corroboration by the statute of the 13th of king Edward I. called the statute of Winchester, by which every man was bound to provide and keep armour and weapons, according to his estate or goods.

The armour and weapons directed by this statute of Winchester, to be kept by persons of different possessions, were thus allotted:—Every one possessed of lands to the yearly value of fifteen pounds and forty marks in goods, to keep a habergeon, an iron head-piece, a sword, knife and h-rse—Those having from ten, and under fifteen pounds

in lands and chattels, or the value of forty marks, the same as the preceding class, the horse excepted. Persons having an hundred shillings per annum in land, and upwards, were to keep a doublet, a head-piece of iron, a sword, and a knife. And from forty shillings annual rent in land, and upwards, to one hundred, a sword, bow and arrows, and a knife. He that had under forty shillings in land, was sworn to keep fault-horns, gis-arnes, daggers, and other small arms.— Persons possessing less than twenty marks in chattels, to have swords, daggers, and other inferior weapons, and all others authorized to keep bows and arrows, might have them out of the forests. A review of these arms was to be made twice a year, by two constables of every hundred, who were to report defaulters to the justices, and they to present them to the king in parliament. This statute was repealed in the first of Philip and Mary, and another enacted, wherein armour and weapons of more modern date were intended.

By that act it was provided, "that all temporal persons having estates of a thousand pounds or upwards should, from the first of May 1588, keep six horses or geldings, fit for mounting demi-lancces, three of them at least to have sufficient harness, Steele saddles, and weapons requisite and appertaining to the said demi-lancces, horses or geldings; and ten light-horses or geldings, with the weapons and harness requisite for light-horsemen; also forty corselets furnished, forty almaine rivetts, or instead of the said forty almaine rivetts, forty coats of plate, corselets or brigandines furnished, forty pikes, thirty long bowes, thirty sheaf of arrowes, thirty Steele cappes or scullcs, twenty black bills or halberts, haquebuts, and twenty morians or fallets.

"Temporal persons having estates to the value of a thousand marks and upwards, and under the clear yearly value of a thousand pounds, to maintain four horses or geldings for demi-lancces, whereof two at the least to be harts; with sufficient weapons, saddles, meet and requisite to the said demi-lancces; six light-horses, with furniture, &c. necessary for the same, thirty corselets furnished, thirty almaine rivetts, or in lieu thereof thirty coats of plate, corselets or brigandines furnished, thirty pikes, twenty long bowes, twenty sheafs of arrowes, twenty Steele caps or sculls, ten black bill or halberts, ten haquebuts, and ten morians or fallets.

"Every temporal person having four hundred pounds per annum, and under the clear yearly value of a thousand marks, to keep two horses, or one horse and one gelding for light-horses, twenty corselets furnished, twenty almaine rivetts furnished, or instead thereof twenty coats of plate, corselets or brigandines

furnished, twenty pikes, fifteen long bowes, fifteen sheafs of arrowes, fifteen Steele caps, or sculls, six haquebuts, and six morians or fallets.

"Temporal persons having clear two hundred pounds per annum, and under four hundred pounds per annum, one great horse gelding fit for a demi-lancc, with sufficient furniture and harness, Steele saddle, &c. two geldings for light-horse, with harness and weapons as aforesaid, ten corselets furnished, ten almaine rivetts, or instead thereof ten coats of plate corselets or brigandines furnished, ten pikes, eight long bowes, eight sheafs of arrows, eight Steele caps or sculls, three haquebuts, and three morians or fallets.

"Every temporal person, &c. having an hundred pounds or under two hundred pounds per annum, two geldings and furniture, &c. for light-horsemen, three corselets furnished, three almaine rivetts, corselets or brigandines furnished, three long pikes, three bowes, three sheafs of arrowes, three Steele caps or sculls, two haquebuts, and two morians or fallets.

"Temporal persons having an hundred marks and under an hundred pounds per annum, one gelding and furniture for a light-horsemen, two corselets furnished, two almaine rivetts, coats of plate or brigandines furnished, two pikes, two long bowes, two sheafs of arrowes, two Steele caps or sculls, one haquebut, one morian or fallet.

"Temporal persons having forty pounds or under an hundred marks per annum, two corselets furnished, two almaine rivetts, corselets or brigandines furnished, two pikes, one long bowe, one sheaf of arrowes, one Steele cap or scull, two haquebuts, two morians or fallets.

"Persons having twenty pounds and under forty pounds per annum, one corselet furnished, one pike, one haquebut, one morian or fallet, one long bowe, one sheaf of arrowes, and one Steele cap or scull.

"Temporal persons having ten pounds and under twenty pounds per annum, one almaine rivett, a coat of plate or brigandine furnished, one haquebut, one morian or fallet, and one long bowe, one sheaf of arrowes, and one Steele cap or scull.

"Temporal persons having five pounds and under ten pounds per annum, one coat of plate furnished, one black bill or halbert, one long bowe, and one sheaf of arrowes, one Steele cap or scull.

"Temporal persons having good and chattels to the amount of a thousand marks, one horse or gelding furnished for a demi-lancc, one gelding furnished for a light-horsemen, or eighteen corselets furnished instead of the said horse and gelding and furniture of the same, at their choice, two corselets furnished,

two almaine rivetts, or instead thereof two corselets or two brigandines furnished, two pikes, four long bowes, four sheafs of arrowes, four steel caps or sculls, and three haquebuts, with three morians or tallets.

“ Temporal persons having goods, &c. to the value of four hundred pounds and above, and under a thousand marks, one gelding for a light horseman, properly furnished, or instead thereof nine corselets furnished, at his choice, and one other corselet furnished, one pike, two almaine rivetts, or plate coates or brigandines furnished, one haquebut, two long bowes, two sheafs of arrowes, and two steel caps or sculls.

“ Goods, &c. to the amount of two hundred pounds and upwards, and under four hundred pounds, one corselet furnished, one pike, two almaine rivetts, plate coats or brigandines furnished, one haquebut, one morian or tallet, two long bowes, two sheafs of arrows, and two sculls or steel caps.

“ Goods, &c. to the amount of an hundred pounds or above, and under two hundred pounds, one corselet furnished, one pike, one pair of almaine rivetts, one plate coat or pair of brigandines furnished, two long bowes and two sheafs of arrowes, and two sculls.

“ Goods, &c. to the amount of forty pounds, and under an hundred pounds, two pair of almaine rivetts, or two coats of plate or brigandines furnished, one long bowe, one sheaf of arrowes, one steel cap or one scull, and one black bill or halbert.

“ Good, &c. to the amount of twenty pounds and upwards, and under forty pounds, one pair of almaine rivetts, or one coat of plate or one pair of brigandines, two long bowes, two sheafs of arrowes, two scull, or steel caps, and one black bill or halbert.

“ Goods, &c. to the amount of ten pounds and above, and under twenty pounds, one long bowe, one sheaf of arrowes, with one steel cap or scull, and one black bill or halbert.

“ Temporal persons not charged by this act, having annuities, copyholds, or estate of inheritance to the clear yearly value of thirty pounds or upwards, to be chargeable with furniture of war, according to the proportion appointed for goods and chattels.

“ And every person who by the act of the 33d of King Henry VIII. cap. 5. was bound, by reason that his wife should wear such kind of apparel, or other thing, as in the same statute is mentioned and declared, to keepe or find one great stoned trotting horse, viz. Every person temporal, whole wife (not being divorced, nor willingly absenting herself from him) doth wear any gowne of fike, French hood, or boner of velvet, with any habiliment, part, or edge of gase, pearie, or stone, or any chaine of golde about her necke, or in her partlet, or in any apparell or trer body, except the sonnes and heires apparent of earles, marqueses, earles, viscounts and barons, and

others having heriditaments to the yearly value of six hundred marks or above, during the life of their fathers; and wardes having heriditaments of the yearly value of two hundred pounds, and who are not by this act before charged, to have, maintaine, and keep any horse or gelding; shall from the said first of May, have, keep, and maintaine, one gelding, able and meete for a light-horseman, with sufficient harness and weapon for the same, in such manner and forme, as every person having lordships, houses, lands, &c. to the clear yearly value of an hundred marks is appointed to have.

“ Any person chargeable by this act, who, for three whole months from the first of May, shall lack or want the horses or armour with which he is charged, shall forfeit for every horse or gelding in which he is deficient, ten pounds; for every demi-launce and furniture, three pounds; for every corselet and furniture of the same, forty shillings; and for every almain rivet, coat of plate or brigandine and furniture of the same, twenty shillings; and for every bow and sheaf of arrowes, bill, halbert, haquebut, steel cap, scull, morian and sallet, ten shillings, one half of these forfeitures to the king and queen, the other half to the parties suing for the same.

“ The inhabitants of all cities, boroughs, towns, parishes, &c. other than such as are specially charged before in this act, shall keep and maintain at their common charges, such harness and weapons as shall be appointed by the commissioners of the king and queen, to be kept in such places as shall by the said commissioners be appointed.

“ Indenture to be made of the numbers and kinds thereof between two or more of the said commissioners, and twelve, eight, or four, of the principal inhabitants of every such city, borough, &c. one part to remain with the chief officer of the said city, &c. and the other part with the clerk of the peace of the county.

“ And if any of the inhabitants shall be deficient for three months in any of the articles directed to be found, they shall forfeit for every article according to the proportion before mentioned, to be applied and levied as there directed.

“ The lord-chancellor for the time being shall have full power to grant commissions under the great seal of England, to as many justices of every shire or county as he shall deem necessary for making this appointment of horses and armour. This act not to invalidate any covenant between a landlord and his tenant for finding horses, armour, or weapons.

“ The justices of every county are hereby authorized to make search and view from time to time of and for the horses, armour, &c. to be kept by persons possessed of two hundred pounds per annum, and not above

four hundred pounds per annum, or to be found by persons chargeable on account of their goods, chattels, &c. as aforesaid, and to hear and determine at their quarter sessions every default committed or done contrary to this act, within the county, and to levy the penalties.

"Any soldier making sale of his horse, harness, or weapon, or any of them, contrary to the form of the statute made in the 2d and 3d year of the late king, i. e. the 2d and 3d of king Edward VI. shall incur the penalty of the said statute, and the 1d. shall be void, the purchaser knowing him to be a soldier.

"All presentments and prosecutions to be within one year after the commission of the offence.

"Persons prosecuted for deficiencies of armour may plead their inability to procure it, on account of the want of it within the realm, which plea, if true, shall be a full and final justification; if denied, issue to be joined, and the trial of such issue only had by the certificate of the lord-chancellor, lord-treasurer, the lord-president of the council, the lord-steward of the king's and queen's most honourable household, the lord-privy-seal, the lord-admiral, and the lord-chamberlain of the said household, or by three of them, under their hands and seals, &c. &c. this act or any usage to the contrary notwithstanding. No persons to be charged both for lands and goods. This act

not to repeal the act of the 33d of Henry VIII. for having long hives, and exercising archery.

"Provided any horses shall die, or be killed, or armour be lost or expended in the defence of the realm, the owner shall not be prosecuted for the deficiency within one year after such loss.

"The want of a gantlet or gantlets shall not be reckoned a deficiency for a corselet.

"The servants of such persons as are bound to find a haquebut, may exercise themselves in shooting at such marks as are limited and appointed by the 53d of Henry VIII. so that they do not use such haquebut in any highway. The act not to extend to Wales, Lancaster, or Chester, not to oblige any one to have or to find a haquebut, but that they may, at their will and pleasure, have and keep, instead of every haquebut charged in this act, one long bowe, and one sheaf of arrows, over and above such other armour and munition as is by the laws of the realm appointed.

"The lord-chancellor, or lord-keeper of the great-seal, may from time to time, by virtue of the king's commission, appoint commissioners in every city, borough, &c. &c. as well in England as Wales, consisting of justices with other persons joined with them, as he shall think meet, to take a view of armour, and to assign what harness, &c. they shall be bound to provide and keep."

FARTHER EXTRACTS FROM M^R. KNOX', "TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES."

(Continued from Page 307.)

Curious Account of a NATIVE of St. KILDA who visited GLASGOW.

[From Mr. Martin's Description of St. Kilda.]
ONE of the inhabitants of St. Kilda being some time ago wind-bound in the isle of Harres, was prevailed on by some of them that traded to Glasgow to go thither with them. He was astonished at the length of the voyage, and of the great kingdoms, as he thought them, that is, isles by which they sailed; the largest in his way did not exceed twenty-four miles in length, but he considered how much they exceeded his own little native country.

Upon his arrival at Glasgow, he was like one that had dropt from the clouds into a new world; whose language, habits, &c. were in all respects new to him. He never imagined that such big houses of stone were made with hands; and for the pavement of the streets, he thought it must needs be altogether natural; for he could not believe that men would be at the pains to beat stones into the ground to walk upon. He stood dumb

at the door of his lodging with the greatest admiration; and when he saw a coach and two horses, he thought it to be a little house they were drawing at their tail, with men in it, but he condemned the coachman for a fool to sit so uneasy, for he thought it safer to sit on the horse's back. The mechanism of the coach-wheel, as it was running about, was the greatest of all his wonders.

When he went through the streets, he desired to have one to lead him by the hand. Thomas Ross a merchant, and others, that took the diversion to carry him through the town, asked his opinion of the high church? He answered that it was a large rock, yet there were some in St. Kilda much higher, but that these were the best caves he ever saw; for that was the idea which he conceived of the pillars and the arches upon which the church stands. When they carried him into the church, he was yet more surprised, and held up his hands with admiration, wondering how it was possible for men to build such a prodigious fabric, which he supposed

to be the largest in the universe. He could not imagine what the pews were designed for, and he fancied that the people that wore masks (not knowing whether they were men or women) had been guilty of some ill thing, for when they could not shew their faces. He was amazed at women's wearing patches, and fancied them to have been blisters — Pendants seemed him the most ridiculous of all things, he condemned periwigs mightily, and much more the powder used in them, in fine, he condemned all things as superfluous that he had not seen in his own country. He looked with amaze on every thing that was new to him. When he heard the church bells ring he was under a mighty conviction, as if the fabric of the world had been a great catastrophe. He did not think here had been to many people in the world, or in the city of Glasgow, and it was a great mystery to him to think what they could defend by living so many in one place. He wondered how they could all be furnished with provision, and when he saw big loaves, he could not tell whether they were bread or stone, or wood. He was amazed to think how they could be provided with ale, for he never saw any there that drank water. He wondered how they made them fine cloths, and to see stockings made without being first cut, and if a wild fawn, was no small wonder to him. He thought it foolish in women to wear thin shoes, a being a very improper habit for their pretended to any sort of employment. When he saw the women's feet, he wondered that he could not see the different shape of their shoes. He did not approve of the feet of shoes worn by men or women, and when he observed horses with high shoes on their feet, and fastened with iron nails, he could not forbear to laugh, and thought if the next time he saw that ever fell under his observation. He looked to see his native country again, and particularly wished, it were filled with ale, barley, tobacco and iron, as Glasgow was.

METHOD OF PRESERVING SALMON IN SNOW AND ICE: In a Letter from GEORGE DEMPSTER, Esq. to Mr. JOHN ARBON, Fish-Curer in Perth, dated October 4, 1785.

Dear Sir,

“THE moment I sent you the hint about preserving fish in snow and ice, I applied to Mr. Dalrymple (Alexander) for further particulars: I found he spoke by report. I at the person is in England, and he has written to him. But it would seem to me, that with the spirit of enquiry and experiment of this age and this country, we shall speedily ex-

ceed the Chinese as much as this as in other arts.

“We know that heat and cold communicate themselves to adjoining bodies, till they are all at an equal degree of heat or cold, but proportioned to their respective masses.

“Thus if a body weighing 10 lb weight, has 80 degrees of heat, and another body of the same weight only 30 degrees, and if they are put in contact, both bodies will soon be 55 degree hot. But if the cold body be double weight, the heat of both will be proportionally less, and so forth. On this principle I should think it might be admissible to deposit salmon water newly caught, in an ice-house, and cover them over with ice. The salmon would soon be frozen, and in that state they might be preserved in a tight dry chamber, in the hold of a vessel, with a very small proportion of sea or fresh water, perhaps not more than their own weight. And when there is a necessity of catching the salmon soon, the fish might be split, or cut in small slices, before they are put to freeze. If they are dispatched in this way, the object in that case would be, to let the vessel free access to them in the vessel, which would answer all the purpose of ice or snow.

“There is some reason in this way of conveying a delicate article like fish to a distant market, but it may be a pity to be discovered by trial and record unsuccessful attempts. We know in all the frozen regions, putridity, and meat of every kind, is killed soon after the first storm, and it is very common to see a flock of sheep, though the weather would bear them, but had speculation in the poultry, and other articles, were to be done in the same way. I should certainly here for fishmongers to make experiments to preserve a quantity of mackerel, and woodcock. The water might be found in some of the fishmongers. If experiments in the vessels might perhaps be lined with lead, but not a quantity of cold, the water which is frozen, or is frozen, at the place, be brought to Glasgow, to know or ice from London, to grow a quantity, in the winter time? In short, to find a way to find a way to open a new way, and to see the effects of cold in the sea, not only in London, but between the island and the northern parts of the island?”

“An experiment of preserving salmon by means of ice, I have proved very successful. The fish are put into an ice-house, and they will last, from thence they are shipped for London in strong water tubs, containing 12 or 15 ven fish in each. A board of lead is placed at the bottom, and on each side of the box, this being done, the salmon are placed upon one another, with a board of ice between them, and another at the top of the box. Being thus prepared, they

ternately between thick boards of ice, they will eat as fresh and sweet as when they were brought out of the water.

In my last journey from the North Highlands, I was informed at Banff, that the salmon are there bred at the gills as soon as they are hauled into the boats, which method is considered as an improvement in curing.

MEMORANDUMS concerning the Village of
LAWRENCE KIRK *.

THIS village till the year 1763, was only what is called a Kirktown, and consisted of six or seven houses.

Its situation is in some respects advantageous, and it lies under some disadvantages. It is placed in the heart of a populous, industrious country, in which the manufactory of low-priced linen has been established. It is also a stage on the great road from Perth to Aberdeen. There are adjoining fields very fit for bleaching, and well supplied with streams and springs of water. Its chief disadvantage is the difficulty and charge of being supplied with fuel, having no turf, and long land carriage of coal eleven miles on a road not yet very good from our sea-port. I was convinced that the benefits of situation joined to a spirit of industry duly encouraged, were sufficient to surmount the difficulties, and in the said year 1763, I embarked in the project of a village. — Undismayed by various losses and disappointments, I have steadily persevered, and can now with great pleasure say, that this scheme has succeeded on the whole beyond my most sanguine hopes.

Having planned the village street through a tract of very barren ground, I published advertisements through the country, that industrious settlers would meet with encouragement. Very moderate promises to industry, such as five guineas for the first four looms in any weaver's house, were proposed.

Lots of lands in the line of the village, for houses and gardens were to be granted at the rate of sixpence per fall, i. e. four pounds per acre; the settlers were not to have feus but leases for one hundred years of their grounds for houses and gardens. They might also have small farms from two to five acres, at very moderate rent, with gradual rises for an endurance of nineteen years, with a survivorship to husband and wife. These small farms

were generally let at first for ten shillings per acre, with rises up to fifteen, eighteen, and twenty shillings during the lease, and according to the quality of the land. The settlers were to build their own houses, and keep them in repairs.

In a few years I varied this plan, finding that it was not thought sufficiently encouraging to settlers in the village. My view from the beginning was to make the people who settled in the village easy and independent, not doubting that such people would make my adjoining land valuable—I could not carry my land to the gates of a thriving town, but I could answer the same purpose by erecting and establishing a thriving town in the heart of my land. By this time I felt an agreeable zeal in the project, and contracted a fond affection to the people as they became inhabitants of my village. *I have tried in some measure, a variety of the pleasures which mankind pursue; but never relished any so much as the pleasure arising from the progress of my village.*

Upon my original plan as above explained, several good and industrious tradesmen, particularly weavers, made settlements in my village, with the long leases for their houses and gardens, and with small farms on the moderate lease. These people appeared on a trial for some years to be contented and thriving. They had been subtenants in the country, and were sensible that they had changed to a better condition. Yet one of them, a sagacious fellow, and a great favourite, informed me, that though he and the other settlers were well satisfied, an opinion prevailed in the country, that my rents for houses and gardens were too high, unless I was to grant feus in place of the long leases. I was firm in my opinion (and for many reasons I am so still), that a lease for such small lots of ground, is a much more proper tenure and title than the feudal investiture; but upon this judicious hint, I resolved to offer more encouraging proposals for settlers in the village.

Accordingly I published advertisements through the country, that for encouraging of settlers in the village in future, I was to grant leases of ground for houses and gardens, at the rate of threepence per fall, in place of sixpence, and that these leases were to be renewable for ever, on payment at the end of every

* These important observations, written by Lord Gardenstone, were communicated by George Dempster, Esq. They seem to have been drawn up chiefly for the perusal of the Duke of Athol, and a number of gentlemen, who are at present raising a considerable town on the Duke's estate near Perth, called Stanley. It is to be wished that the liberal spirit perceivable throughout the whole detail, and the good effects thereof, may open the eyes of many proprietors of lands whose narrow conduct has impeded the growth of towns and manufactures which they have been attempting to raise upon their estates.

hundred years, of two years rent as a gift. At the same time, I granted new leases to them on these advantageous terms.

The effect of this measure was popular beyond what I could imagine. In a few years the number of inhabitants increased surprisingly — I have always considered it as a material part of my plan, that the settlers must build their own houses. This regulation proved a real test of their merit in every settlement, and effectually excluded the idle and destitute who intend many of our villages. — In fact, every tradesman who has been able to clear his way by building proper houses, cultivating his ground, and putting in good order his little farm (all included), is happy, and living beyond what they can be in neighbouring towns, where they can farm no more by the city, and pay high rents for houses and shops, without the prospect of accommodation for their children and small farms. — One of my tradesmen possesses a house and a little garden of 40 feet for a rent of ten shillings. In the neighbouring town of Minto or Pechin, he would pay from six to ten times the rent, for a worse accommodation than he has here.

For several years I adhered to the salutary rule, that I give no assistance or money to any of the settlers, till they have made considerable progress in their settlement, and till I had perceived the satisfaction of his prudence and industry. I then in various cases advanced money to them on security for some years without interest. It is remarkable that as long as I did adhere to this rule, the money was necessarily well laid out, and has actually been repaid.

My rage for advancing the village, grew too strong for these prudent regulations. I was induced to embark with several persons and projectors, by whom I suffered considerable losses. I had an undertaker for a manufactory from the North, — a stocking weaver from Edinburgh, — and from London I had a very flattering project of a printing-field. — The different schemes went on for several years upon my credit, and to a large extent. — They all in the end miscarried, and I by costly experience learned my error in departing from my original resolution to give no aid in money or credit, except to those who were settled themselves, and appeared from their conduct to deserve assistance in a course of settling.

I must however advert, that in my dealings with those unsuccessful adventurers, I happily adhered to my other original regulation, that every settler must build his own houses, and from this circumstance, I de-

ceived a very substantial relief of my losses. Every one of the three projectors built very good houses for their several undertakings. These houses served to induce good settlers, who now thrive and pay sufficient rents.

About six or seven years ago, so many people had settled in the village, that my plan for the small adjacent lands was exhausted. — I found that the best plan was to purchase projects for some time to come, thus, having still ground in village lots of a considerable trade public and citizens, that the settlers who should build and make out houses in my village lot, without payment, shall be entitled to possess the same for the first five years. — This regulation had the intended effect, and now my village lots is also exhausted, so that I am obliged to treat with my neighbours for a more commodious new settlement, with a view to the same end, on a more excellent plan than I have lately executed. My views of settlement are as follows.

I shall be very happy if His Grace the Duke of Argyll will be so good as to direct me in these loose plans, that may be of some service to the public. I shall be very happy to receive any of your orders, and shall be very happy to receive any of your orders, and shall be very happy to receive any of your orders.

I omitted to mention that after my village had increased to the necessary houses, and contained above five hundred souls, I obtained his Grace's charter, by which it was erected a free and independent burgh of burrows, with powers to elect magistrates, and to trade in a full market weekly market. The substance of them is printed, and subscribed to a small pamphlet, entitled, "Letters to the People of Laurence Kirk," which contains well-merited observations, and has had a good effect.

After the establishment of the village into a burgh and community, I intended to frame certain fundamental, yet short and simple bye-laws, of which copies shall be sent to the Duke. — That they might have some fund for public uses, I wanted an obligation on me and my successors, to pay their burgh ten pounds sterling yearly, and that they should themselves in one penny per fall, of the village lots, — so that they have an increase of about thirty pounds yearly, which will increase. I shall also send to his Grace a copy of village laws.

Pardon the error I have already confessed, I must not omit to mention two others. First, Before I began I did not considerably form a proper plan of the village. — The street is much too narrow and long; in the line of it no room is left for squares, and

ally, In measuring off the ground for village lots, I ought to have given no more room in front than was sufficient for their dwellings-houses and shops. This error has occasioned

various and now obvious inconveniences of office-houses, and unoccupied ground to the street.

ACCOUNT OF THE FILIAL PIETY OF THE CHINESE

[From "DESCRIPTION GENERALE de la CHINE, par M. l'Abbe GROSIER;" a Work of considerable Reputation on the Continent.]

ALL regulated nations have their laws, both civil and criminal. By the first, every citizen is taught, not only his own rights, but to respect those of others. The second instruct him in the punishments which he incurs, if he violate the respect due to the first, and to the becoming order of society. There is another law, in nature, whose efficacy we trace in the force of manners and propriety, and still more in that of authority. In such estimation is filial piety in China, that no one can recollect, that an legislator ever thought it requisite to form of it an article in his code. It is no longer in China a mere regulation of decorum, or dictate of nature: it is an indispensible point of religion.

Filial piety is, at the same time, one of the great springs of motion in the Chinese government: it is the soul of it, as particular was that of the ancient republics. The object of filial piety is to permit the sovereign to behold, in his subject, his real children only; and to exhibit to the subjects, in their sovereign, the common father of his people. The ancients even called him "the father and mother of the empire;" an oriental expression, but repeated with energy.

Filial piety regulates, in China, not only the respective duties of fathers and children, but those of the monarch also, considered as the father and patriarch of the whole. The authority with which he is invested corresponds to this appellation, and no one ever conceived it to be a disputable point. Some bad emperors have appeared in the course of 4000 years: some revolts have also happened in that period. But they are regarded like those momentary phenomena that seem to disturb the order of the universe; the phenomenon vanishes, order is re-established, and the system of the world displays its wonted regularity.

The filial piety recommended by the most ancient philosopher of the empire, and sometimes forgotten, was restored to its prime energy by the lessons of the celebrated Confucius; who never wrote on any other than the subject of morals, and who is considered as the legislator of China, although, in reality, that country has produced many others. But I will present the reader with his ideas of a virtue, which he regarded as the foundation of every other.

To filial piety he attributed all the virtues of the ancient emperor, whose reigns were so gentle, pacific, and flourishing. He said, that if the emperor and men of high rank, would set the people an example of respect and submission to their parents, not one in the empire would dare to show contempt or aversion toward his own; that in the various degrees of propinquity, subordination would be established in the empire; and that the subordination is productive of tranquillity: for, he adds, when peace reigns in each family, every subject of the prince is a friend to the internal peace of the empire. Let the emperor give the example of filial respect, and it will be imitated by all the great men of his court. Upon the example of the latter, the Mandarins will regulate their conduct; and the people, in their turn, will imitate the Mandarins. Of all things produced, nothing is more noble than man: the best action, therefore, of man, is to honour those that produced him: now, the father is to the son, what Heaven is with respect to things produced; and the son is to the father, what the subject is with respect to his king.

The *Li-ki* (that is, the fourth of the classical books called the *Kin-ki*) is also a kind of code concerning filial piety. I say code, because these books have obtained the authority of law. I will quote some passages from them.

"A son, actuated by filial piety, hears his parents when they are silent, and beholds them when not in their presence.

"A son possesses no property in the lifetime of his parents. He cannot even expose his life to save that of a friend!—This precept does not correspond with the ideas of an European, which, on this subject, are certainly the most just.

"A virtuous son equally avoids what would conceal his good qualities, and what would expose him to censure: for his reputation is not his own; it belongs to his parents.

"A son must not sit any where on the same mat with his father.

"When his father or mother have any subject of grief, the son neither pays nor receives visits. Are they indisposed?—His hair is undressed; he is careless in his deportment, and absent in his conversation: he plays upon

upon no instrument of music, and avoids, particularly, the emotions of anger.

"A son who respects the *Li* (that is, the rule of filial respect) is careful that his father and mother be warm in winter, and cool in the summer. He enters their chamber, every evening and morning, to see with his own eyes, that nothing, conducive to their comfort, has been omitted.

"A virtuous son never leaves the house, without previously mentioning it to his father; nor does he ever return without going to salute him.

"He never speaks of old age, nor of advanced life, in the presence of the author of his day.

"In the paternal house, he never occupies the centre apartment, and he never enters by the middle of the door.

"A son must instantly quit every thing when his father calls him.

"The son who has lost his father and mother, renounces for ever, in his dress, all gay and lively colours. His mourning is long and rigid. Fasting constitutes a part of it; and, during this period, he eats no meat, but in case of indisposition; the only wine too, in which, while in mourning, he is permitted to drink wine.

"A virtuous son never approaches the friend of his father, but when he is invited; he does not retire till he has his permission; nor does he speak but to answer him.

"When walking in company with a senior, it is not permitted to turn aside to speak to another: Honour as your father, says the *Li-ki*, him who is twice your age, and as your eldest brother, him who is ten years older than yourself.

"A son fifty years old, is not obliged to carry the abstinence, prescribed in mourning, so far, as to injure his health; the fasting must be less rigid still, at sixty years of age; and at seventy, the mourning is confined to the colour of the clothes.

"When a man of letters would quit his country, he must be dissuaded, if possible, from his resolution, by this remonstrance: 'What! will you abandon the tombs of your ancestors?'

"When you build a palace, begin first with the hall of the ancestors: let the rites for the funeral ceremonies be finished before any other vase: let them never be sold: nor, though you be ever so poor, cut down the trees on the places of sepulture."

We must return once more to the duties of a son to his parents so long as they live:— "This son must honour them, whatever be their bad qualities. He must conceal their faults with care; nor must he let them

perceive that he is acquainted with them. In strictness, however, he may make some representations, and repeat them even three times. Are his representations neglected? He is afflicted; but he is silent, and continues to serve them.

"A son, when he walks in company with his father, must keep behind him, at the distance of a step. A younger brother must pay the same respect to the eldest.

"It is not permitted to be at variance with a relation, nor even with an old friend.

"If a son attempt the life of his father or mother, every officer, every domestic in the house, is allowed to kill him, provided the house shall be demolished, and the ground on which it stands converted into a receptacle of filth."

This law, published by Ting-kong, King of Tchou, appears to have been adopted in the whole Empire: but the necessity of putting it into execution has seldom occurred. Ting-kong inflicted a kind of punishment on himself, for not having foreseen the possibility of such a crime, or rather, to atone for the infamy it reflected on his reign: he condemned himself to abstain from wine for a whole month.

The son who is in mourning for his father or mother (a mourning which lasts three years) is exempt from all public service. It is the same with the only son of a man eighty years of age; with the whole family of one of ninety; and, finally, with whomsoever is alone left to assist a sick person.

What morality! what relative policy! and what a lesson of humanity! There is another of a different kind, and which will afford some reflections.

"The murderer of your father must not exist under the same sky with you. You must not lay down your arms while the murderer of your brother is living; and you cannot reside in the same kingdom with the murderer of your friend.

Confucius was asked, how a son ought to behave toward the enemy of his father. The philosopher answered, 'he ought to sleep in the habit of mourning, and have no other bolster than his arms.'

These two articles seem to contradict the law that punishes every murderer with death were it even in self-defence. This law must be supposed to contain an exception in favour of a son that has defended or avenged a father.

It has been observed, that the Emperor of China is regarded as the common father of the nation. Filial piety ascends, as it were, to him; and he himself gave the example of it before he succeeded his father. But, in reality,

lity, he does not replace him till the expiration of his mourning, which must last three years. In this respect, the government is admirably benevolent to the deceased.

It is proper for the celebration of the Emperor's birthday, when they visit the Emperor's palace, to be so arranged, as to avoid the inconvenience of attendance to the relation of the Emperor.

There is a mutual respect and reciprocal affection between the Emperor and the subjects. The Emperor's affection for his subjects, and the subjects' affection for their Prince, will be manifestly and properly, the obligation of a Prince, that a Prince is to the people, is termed for the function of a Sovereign, when he has once been perfect knowledge of the duties of a subject, and, in a word, that, in order to command, he is previously to know how to obey.

The government of the Emperor is so perfectly administered, that the moral, in order to preserve the public respect. It is to be noted, that the public schools of the Empire are on the first principle that is taught, in that on which the greatest attention is bestowed. The Emperor likewise very minutely directs the regulations of justice, and the education of his subjects, of his brethren, of his children, of his wives, of his children, and his subjects. The Emperor is so perfectly administered, that the moral, in order to preserve the public respect. It is to be noted, that the public schools of the Empire are on the first principle that is taught, in that on which the greatest attention is bestowed. The Emperor likewise very minutely directs the regulations of justice, and the education of his subjects, of his brethren, of his children, of his wives, of his children, and his subjects.

One of the most powerful means employed by the Emperor, to preserve his subjects, was to visit his father's tomb, and to visit his father's tomb, and to visit his father's tomb. One of the most powerful means employed by the Emperor, to preserve his subjects, was to visit his father's tomb, and to visit his father's tomb, and to visit his father's tomb. One of the most powerful means employed by the Emperor, to preserve his subjects, was to visit his father's tomb, and to visit his father's tomb, and to visit his father's tomb.

ment of all the excellent actions which the Emperor can perform.

In this singular Empire, the customs and manners have as much influence in the preservation of the law, as the law itself. It is a proof of this, that the Emperor is as much bound by its dictates as the meanest of his subjects. Filial respect commences in the families, and ascend, by degrees, to the common father, who himself fulfills the law of a subject in his duty, whether in that kind of affection which he pays to his ancestors, or in his deportment to the Emperor's Mother, his mother. There is not a model in the world, whatever be her rank, to whom such a signal, striking, and public homage is rendered. Every New Year's day, in particular, this homage is repeated, with all the accustomed ceremonies, and with a solemnity that inspires the most profound respect of admiration in every rank of people. I shall give a sketch of this ceremony, from the relation of some eye-witness.

The Emperor has his palace above the horizon, where the Ministers of all the Tribunes repair to the palace, and range themselves in rows according to their respective dignities, in the court which separates the hall of the Throne from the inner gate of the Palace. They are all in their robes of ceremony. The Princes, and Counts of the Royal Family, distinguished by particular decoration, are placed in rows, in the same court, according to the precedences to which they are entitled. The Emperor leaves his apartment, in order to go to his mother. He is carried by the Court of State, although the distance is very short. The apartment of the Empress is situated within the enclosure of the palace, and is separated by some courts only from the Emperor's. Those who carry the entrees of the Emperor, that is, the maces, pikes, standards, colours, &c. have hardly preceded some steps, although they almost touch each other, before they enter the first court of the Palace of the Empress-Mother, where they are ranged in two lines. The Ministers, in like manner, are ranged in two lines, and the Princes of the Blood, and Counts of the Royal Family, in the third, who is only situated behind the Throne of the Empress-Mother. The Emperor alights from his carriage in the porch of this court, and crosses it on foot. It is not by the staircase in the centre, but by that toward the East, that he goes to the platform leading to the hall of the Empress's Throne. When he arrives at the covered gallery which forms the front of it, a Minister of the *Li-pu*, or Tribunal of Ceremony, presents, kneeling, the petition of the Emperor, entreating her Imperial



Imperial Majesty to deign to be seated on her Throne, in order to receive his humble prostrations. The eunuch Mandarin, to whom the petition is presented, carries it within. The Empress-Mother, in a robe of state, leaving her apartment, followed by her whole Court, and sits upon the Throne. The eunuch Mandarin notifies to the Mandarin of the *Li-pow*, who is, in general, the President. The latter, kneeling to the Emperor, prays him to perform the rite in remembrance of his most august mother. The Emperor advances into the gallery opposite his mother's Throne, and stands upright, his arms, and the sleeves of his robe, hanging down. The President, at the beck of the Court, and the Mandarin in that behalf, to the time the Emperor's hand of music, and that of the Imperial Consort, playing together the music, which is very sweet and tender. A Mandarin cries aloud, 'Kneel,' and entreats the Emperor, the Princess, and all the Maidams, to sit upon their knees. A moment after he cries, 'Prostrate yourselves, and let every one do it with their faces to the ground.' Heaven cries, 'Prostrate,' and they all refuse the preceding postures, kneeling. He cries again, 'Prostrate,' and they all kneel in the former posture a short time. They then fall again upon their knees, make three new prostrations, rise again, kneel once more, and make three more prostrations: These nine prostrations being finished, the Mandarin of the *Li-pow*, kneeling, presents a second petition from the Emperor, praying the Empress-Mother to return to her apartment. The petition is carried within the Hall, and the music of the Imperial Consort proclaims her departure. The Emperor's hand answers it, after which the Mandarin of the *Li-pow* reports to himself before his Sovereign, informing him that the ceremony is finished, and requests him to return to his apartment. The Emperor's hand replies a fourth, he descends by the staircase to the East, calls the court on foot, and gets not into his chair again till he reaches the porch where he had alighted. He then commands him in the same order as before. In the Empress-Consort, the two Empresses, Princesses, Countesses of the Inner and Outer Family, and all the Ladies of the Court proceed with their ladies-in-waiting, to make their prostrations before the Imperial Majesty. The Emperor, some time after, is seated upon his Throne, and receives the prostrations of the Princess, the Mandarin of the Great Tribunal, and the vicars and translators, whether national or foreign.

Due ceremony, in all its points, is strictly observed, of which the following is a striking example. The Emperor, being seated,

and the court many being despatched, is obliged to pay a visit to his mother every five days. The reigning Emperor, when attended at the feet of his mother, was yet once exempted from this duty, in his infancy. That of his mother, the court on foot, in the midst of winter, must accommodate him, especially when the North wind blew severely. Nevertheless he did not think of excusing himself from this ceremony. It was requisite for the Empress-Mother to grant him a public dispensation, by which he returned in due form. In this she commands her son, 'for the sake of his dear health, to come to her by the side door of the Court, and not to alight from his chair, till he is under the gallery in the front of her apartment.'

And Emperor newly proclaimed, and whose mother is still living, can receive no homage from the great men of his Court, till he has paid his own to the Imperial Dowager.

He neither chooses a wife, nor grants a dispensation to any of his children, nor makes any regulation in the Imperial Family, nor grants a favour to the people, &c. without consulting his mother, who appears as if she had the sole direction of these measures, for they are not tied, in her name, to the whole Empire. Her son seems to have acted only in obedience to her, a circumstance which he never fails to announce, by the declaration which he subscribes to that of the Empress-Mother. The latter, however, has not the force of law without that principle.

In fine, these maxims are held in veneration by the Chinese, that the filial piety of the Prince double all the virtues of his subjects.

That every wicked man commenced by being an undutiful son.

It is all the more in danger when filial piety is attacked.

That to praise a man is to extol himself, and to censure a friend is an act of self-gradation.

That whatever diminishes the veneration for filial piety is a public calamity, whatever is profitable to it is a blessing to the State.

It should be concluded by an axiom that may appear trivial, but which is replete with wisdom. 'The lamb that sucks, upon his knees detains her mother.'

Such, in miniature, is the doctrine of the Chinese with respect to filial piety. Such principles, in a chapter, will be doubtless striking to an European reader, and it must be confessed, that there are many passages more venerable than attend this exclusive maxim. It is equally true, however, that the Government is much more by extending than would by restraining it.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

The following Paper was published in the course of the present year in America; but the use which may be derived from it being not less in England than in that country, your inserting it in your Magazine, at the commencement of the winter, will oblige You, &c.

August 20, 1787.

AMERICANUS.

An ENQUIRY into the METHODS of PREVENTING the PAINFUL and FATAL EFFECTS of COLD upon the HUMAN BODY.

THE human body is so contrived that it receives an uneasy sensation of cold when the mercury falls below 62° in Fahrenheit's Thermometer. This sensation is increased in proportion as the mercury descends, till at last the action of the cold becomes painful. It is a singular quality in the animal body, that its heat is neither increased nor diminished by the ordinary temperature of the air. Heat guards against its own ill effects by lessening, while cold guards against its ill effects by increasing the action of that cause or those causes which generate heat in the animal body. But there are degrees of cold in many parts of the world, and sometimes in this climate, which are too great to be overcome by the powers of the system. It is the business of art to assist nature in these cases, nor is it unworthy of philosophy to enquire into the manner in which the various means operate, which have been contrived to counteract cold, and, if possible, to enlarge and encrease them.

The first method I shall mention is the frequent use of the cold bath. We need only appeal to the Indians of this country, who use the cold bath so frequently, for proofs of its utility, in lessening the sensibility of the system. Persons who have used it either to preserve or to restore health, have found that it rendered their systems less sensible of the action of cold. Children are often fortified in this manner, and, from the vigour it gives their solids, become ever afterwards less liable to be affected with cold than those who have been brought up without it.

The second method is to wear loose garments of fur or wool. These substances are not warm in themselves, but they transmit the heat of the body much slower than linen—cotton—or silk; for fire follows in some measure the same laws that electricity does in passing through many bodies, with regard to its relative velocity. Loose garments were much used among the Romans, and continue to be worn in most parts of Asia, as being not warm in the Summer, and warm in the Winter. They are warm when made in this manner from their continuing the perspiration.—When this is carried off we have the

sense of cold. Hence the reason why the same degrees of cold are perceived so differently in a windy and in a calm day.

A third method of lessening the effects of cold has been said to consist in avoiding heat as much as possible, in order to *break the body*, as it is called, against the action of the cold. This opinion is univertal, and the practice to which it has led is not much less so. The heat is supposed to act by encreasing the sensibility of the system. But I think some facts may be offered which tend to invalidate this opinion, and which will shew it to be in some measure a vulgar error.

The Germans in this country sit constantly in stove-rooms, in winter, where the heat is felt in less than from 86° to 90° , and yet no people enjoy better health, or endure of the vicissitudes of our climate equal to them. The West Indians, we find, bear the cold of our winter much better than the natives of the State, notwithstanding they bring with them constitutions which have always been inured to a heat seldom less than 85° . In Siberia, we are told, that the Russians use a kind of vapour bath, twice a week, the heat of which is equal (from comparing Reaumur's to Fahrenheit's thermometer) to 112° of the latter's scale, and plunge the selves immediately afterwards in the snow, or expose themselves to the cold. The ordinary heat of their stove-rooms is seldom less than 104° of Fahrenheit's, and yet they travel, march, and work, for many hours, and sometimes for whole days, without going near a fire. The effects of their climate may be conceived if when we add, that the ground is entirely covered eight months of the year with snow.—The water and the earth are sometimes frozen above ten feet deep, and the mercury, for several months, never rises above 20 in the thermometer.—From these facts does it not seem probable that heat produces the same insensibility to cold, that cold does to heat? or may they not reciprocally produce the same effects upon the extremities of the nerves?—The Europeans, we find, bear the heat of the West-Indian climate better, and ordinarily attain to a much greater age than the natives of those climates.

The

This may serve to expose the facility of that argument with which some defend the practice of importing negro slaves from Africa into the West-Indian Islands and Southern States—that is—From a similarity of climate they are more capable of bearing heat and labour than the Europeans. The reverse of this is true.—One European (who escapes the first or second year) I have heard from good authority, will do twice the work, and live twice the number of years that an ordinary African negro will.—Nor need we be surpris'd at this, when we hear, that fish is the natural fertility of the soil, and so numerous the spontaneous fruit of the earth, in the interior parts of Africa, that the natives live in plenty at the expense of little or no labour. But, in winter months, his ear has been found incommensurable with long life and happiness, and does not seem to have been intended by the Author of Nature. Future ages, therefore, when they read accounts of the *Indians* (if they do not regard them as fabulous) will be at a loss to know which to condemn most, carnally, or our guilt, in shutting out a direct violation of the laws of nature and religion.—But to return.—Altho' it may be granted that the natives of cold bear heat much better than the natives of warm climates, yet the reverse of this proposition may not be so readily admitted. It has been said that the African negroes do not bear our winter so well as the natives.—Perhaps this fact has been too readily received, from a presumption of the truth of that opinion, which we have called in question. My own observations upon this subject have been far from confirming the general opinion. And even in those cases where I have observed the effects of cold most in new negroes, I have found but little difficulty in attributing them to that languor and depression of spirits, which slavery brings upon the whole system, or to their being but ill clothed.

A fourth method of guard against the painful and fatal effects of cold is to keep the feet warm. The effects of cold are first felt in those parts upon the account of their remoteness from the action of the heart and brain. The Indians in this country seldom feel any inconvenience from sleeping in the open air in cold weather, when they lay with their feet to a fire. There are several ways of keeping the feet warm, each of which we shall mention in order. The first is by wearing such covering upon them as allow the feet to move properly. *Indian moccasins* (as they are called) or shoes are well contriv'd for this purpose. The feet in these

are allowed a larger motion than in our common cast-skin shoes. It was remarked in Canada, in the winter of the year 1759, during the war before last, that none of those soldiers who wore moccasins were frost-bitten, while few of those who wore shoes were much exposed to the cold, who wore shoes. But let us suppose the feet to be already affected with the cold, and the persons to be unable to walk, or to use any exertion. If this should happen to more than one person in the same company, I would recommend the same practice to them which was used a few years ago by a gentleman of Maryland with such eminent success. Being oblig'd to cross Cheataponk Bay late in the evening, and the weather being intensely cold, he was frozen up in the middle of the Bay. There was no one with him but the ferryman.—The prospect was gloomy. After attempting in vain to keep his feet warm, he pulled off his boots,—lay down upon the bottom of the boat, and threw his great coat over him, and then rested his two feet against the ferryman's breast, (setting the ferryman to do the same against his breast. His feet soon became warm, and he slept several hours pretty comfortably. The next morning the ice was so hard that he led his horse on it to the opposite shore. Of the usefulness of a practice of this kind, I have heard another fact. A gentleman of repute (formerly of this city) coming from the country, late at night, on foot, was overtaken in a storm of snow—lost his way—and hid down at the foot of a tree, expecting certain death. His dog followed him, and hid down at his feet, as if willing to share his fate. He had not hid long there before his feet became warm. He fell asleep, and waked next morning covered with snow, and pursued his walk to town in good health.

A third way of keeping the feet warm is by wetting them in cold water, or by plunging them in snow, thus exposing them to greater degrees of cold than those they are already affected with. The Indians often break the ice of brooks, in order to wet their feet when they become cold. I have heard that an illustrious modern Philosopher makes it a practice to leap out of bed, when his feet are cold, and to warm them by standing for some minutes upon a cold marble, or brick hearth. Cold, when long continued, and of a certain degree, we know acts as a sensitive upon the nerves. The water and marble in these cases, from their greater degrees of coldness, stimulate the vessels of the feet, and cause them to quicker contractions, and hence the propagation of heat through them.—It

may be proper to add here, that cold in a certain degree, in its first operation on the body, is always stimulating.

A fifth method of preventing these effects of cold is, by wrapping or rubbing the parts which are frozen with ice or snow. This practice is universal among the Danes, Russians, and all the inhabitants of the Northern parts of Europe.

We shall briefly enquire into the manner in which the snow and ice produce these salutary effects. Van Swieten tells us in his Commentaries upon Dr. Boerhaave's Aphorisms, that they act by extracting certain frigorific spicules from the body. To illustrate this, he calls in the analogy of a frozen apple thrown into a bucket of cold water. Here, he says, we see the spicules which are extracted from the apple, lodged upon its surface.—When these are wiped off, others are again formed there, so that in time the apple has all its frost extracted, and retains its usual softness and taste. But this fact may be explained upon other principles, without calling in the action of frigorific particles—I could offer many arguments to prove that cold is entirely negative, and that it depends upon nothing but an absence or abstraction of heat.—The snow and ice act in the present, as the cold water did in the former case, only by stimulating and exciting the circulation of the blood in the frozen parts. The appearance of spicules upon the apple may easily be accounted for when we call in that well known law of heat, of its always tending to an equilibrium. The apple from its extreme

coldness freezes the water which surrounds it, and thus gives the appearance of spicules or frigorific particles on its surface, while the water in the bucket, being considerably warmer than the apple, communicates its heat to it, and thus restores it to its original softness and taste.

But sixthly, Let us suppose a person has endured the utmost extremity of cold, and that his whole body is torpid, or benumbed with it. The approach of this state is known by a sleepiness. In this situation it is common to use frictions, and to pour spirituous liquors down the throat. Although the former should by no means be omitted, yet the vessels which terminate on the surface of the body are often too torpid to be roused into action by them. Spirituous liquors of all kinds operate but slowly, and on many people, from their being too long accustomed to them, they have no action. I shall mention a fact communicated to me a few months ago, by a gentleman on whose veracity I could depend, which may lead us to administer a very different medicine. A man in going some distance a few years ago, was so benumbed with the cold that he fell from his horse. He lay for several hours on the road in a torpid state. At last he awoke with a violent vomiting and purging, and in a profuse sweat. Upon recollecting he remembered that he had swallowed a chew of tobacco, which he had in his mouth, and to the bath and digestible operation of this medicine he attributed his recovery.

P O E T R Y.

M O R N I N G.

STILLY sounds the gurgling rill,
 That winds below the wood and hill;
 And gently murmurs as it flows,
 Scarce disturbs the calm repose,
 That ere the sun his beams spreads,
 Behold his once renowned shades —
 Its gentle cadence echoing sweet,
 Oft the curtains doth greet
 Of sunny Morn, and in its airy
 Pinnacles by the silver light
 Of the cytherean, rising high
 Through the clear etherian sky.
 Now are yet the morning rays
 Flashes in the air
 And while the flares of the show,
 O'er the vaulted dome,
 Contemplation of the vernal world
 Let us count thy converse find,

And ere the drowsy world doth rise,
 Mark thy thought that meet the skies:—
 Come with thy sister Solitude,
 Ever shunning too the rude,
 And bidste thee to the mountain's van,
 Where thou of every star may'st scan,
 And haply some strange tale unfold,
 That th' ethereal arch doth hold,
 Or to the Bellona's hostile clang,
 Or to the Famine's fiercer sang;
 Which, as thou view'st the mystic dance,
 Meet thy wondrous soul entrance:
 Or borne on Fancy's airy wing,
 (For, as some sager poets sing,
 With Fancy thou dost oft-times rove,
 Around, beneath, or far above
 The stary sphere, that bounds the eye
 Or grossly form'd mortality)
 Behold the amaranthine bow'rs,
 The ever blooming fields and flow'rs,

Of which some tracing poet old,
 Hath of his Lydian told ;
 Then no more the Aëtic page
 Let thy glowing thoughts engage,
 But picture in mysterious dream,
 Such portaitures as might beseem
 Some bard, who erit on Morven's steep
 Wept his sorrows to the deep.
 But, lo! the dawn from Eastern skies,
 With the rosy hours does rise.
 Behold, above the mountain's brow,
 The morning beam begins to grow ;
 Brown it paints the forest's face,
 And faintly serves the eye, to trace
 The distant hills, that clouds appear ;
 While the grey mist hovering near,
 O'er trees, and streams meandering
 Through the valley, spreads its wing,
 And dimly the early eye
 Of shepherd, as he climbeth high
 O'er rifted rock, or pendent brow,
 The form of things that lie below.
 Growing from the East, behold,
 The morning stream with streaks of gold ;
 Phœbus 'gins to show his head,
 And drinks the dew-drop from the mead :
 The smiling hours are in his train ;
 The lark salutes him with her strain ;
 Pale Luna at the growing light,
 Follows swift the shades of night.
 Cool the breath of morning blows,
 And the opening flowers disclose
 (Hours, to each passing gale,
 Sweet as Ceylon's groves exhale.
 As from the East the hours advance
 Along the hills, in golden dance,
 The lucid lake reflects the ray
 That wakens nature into day :
 The lowing herd demands the pail,
 The lab'ring thrasher plies the flail,
 And the shepherd drives his sheep
 From the fold to uplands steep,
 The ploughman chanting some love-theme,
 Drives a-held the harness'd team,
 And hies him to the fallow grey,
 At the sign of opening day.
 Blythfome through the winding lea,
 Echoes the milkmaid's minstrelsy,
 Responsive from the upland ground,
 The woodman's hoarser bulad sound —
 With glowing cheek, and hermit lip,
 That oft the crystal brook doth sip,
 Content, in russet mantle seen,
 Trips along the dewy green ; —
 The village shepherds by her side,
 Can well the pomp of courts deride ;
 And whilst they hail the morning ray,
 The goddess tunes their rustic lay. —
 Give me the rattle of the morning breeze,
 Whence o'er the spreading trees,

And as it softly steals along,
 Let me hear the woodland song,
 Echoing through the forest wide,
 On the airy mountain's side
 Let me view at earliest dawn,
 The herds upon the dewy lawn ;
 Or see the mist by Phœbus' beam
 Drove from off the lucid stream.
 Or if yet by kinder fate,
 Thrown upon some craggy height,
 I may view the landscape wide,
 Stretching far on every side ;
 Where hills, and dales, and tufted trees,
 Mine eyes behold unshap'd seas,
 Give me to list the rural hills,
 And no other joys I miss.
 3 — 12, Otober 10, 1787.

THE OCCASION OF THE FOLLOWING WAS AN INTIMATE FRIEND'S LEAVING THE NEIGHBOURHOOD IN WHICH I LIVED.

• ADDRESS TO THE LARES •

YE guardian powers, whose bounteous
 hands have shed
 The blissful calm of peace around my head ;
 Have sooth'd away of thought the blackening
 train,
 And built delight on transitory pain ;
 Farewel ! I leave you with a fond regret ;
 And mourn, alas, your desolated seat !
 I leave you ! and I. — Oh, by every art
 Persuasive, emanating from the heart,
 Come, and preside now o'er my stranger
 board,
 Nor let the joys you scatter'd be deplor'd.
 Oh come ! — no meaner dwelling asks your
 care ;
 I will not less the chearing feast prepare ;
 Mirth still shall spring exulting from the soul's
 Still flow libations from the circling bowl,
 And wedded love, unchang'd by varied place,
 Still shew affection beaming in the face.
 Here, too, my children play their little wiles,
 And deck the mother's happy brow with
 smiles
 Then, leave you blank uncomfortable scenes !
 For Gratulate with Joy will fill my mien,
 If, with prolific hand, ye deign to show'r
 So copious rapines on the social hour

THE POET'S MISTRESS.

HER'S in each mild attractive grace,
 Which beam bountifully from the face
 Of beauteous innocence ;
 That rare-sound function in the mind
 Of dignity with sweet self join'd, —
 Simplicity with sense.

As nature owns her wondrous charms:
 The frozen blood of age she warms,
 And fires the madd'ning youth,
 Her's are,—a seraph's matchless frame,
 Supernal love,—a spotless fame,—
 And everlasting truth—

S O N N E T,

Occasioned by reading Rousseau's Confessions.

DEAR tender amiable spirit! fram'd
 For other days, and far more pure than
 our's;
 The endearing softening ties thy feelings
 claim'd,

To meliorate and soothe afflictive hours,
 Society like our's can ne'er supply.—
 Ah, wherefore leave thy rusticated home
 For suppliant Polly's idly-painted dome?
 To fill Society's stul-wearied eye!
 For rural bliss thy artless nature sigh'd,
 For the wild cataract's, the cavern'd rock
 Resounding the reiterated shock,
 For the lone hut fast by the mountain's side,
 Where simple viands every wish supplant,
 And the sweet bird of night enchanted thee to
 rest.

THE DEATH OF HONOUR:

A VISION.

IN a deep cavern all o'ergrown with thorns
 And murky fuzze, detestable retreat!—
 Where drest Neglect, in discontented gloom,
 Pines away life—in loathsome weeds array'd,
 His wretched arm—at ill-sustaining prop!
 A pallid head supporting, thought-entranc'd,
 Dejected Honour lay: and in his breast
 The flame of unrequited toil deep-fix'd,—
 Yet rankling, added to the bitter pangs
 Of Poverty, Disease, and slow-paced Death.
 Full in his view—with rust o'erspread—yet
 hung
 The warrior's helmet and helm, with many a
 rift
 Deep trench'd by Violence's faultchion in the
 assault,—
 The time-worn plume nodded o'er the crest.
 Dug was there in it his changeful hues,
 With pale Amity, and Horror's ghastly
 mien—
 When to a more than mortal pow'r appear'd
 With milk-white countenance.—His head
 No beam of light attended,—but his arm
 flash'd the lightning,—and, onward as he
 march'd,
 Danger surround'd in a fiery flame,
 Horror and Fear grew almost valorous.

I knew the form of Courage. On his breast,
 And in his mov'd, the helmet's honour'd bow'd;
 The curafs clank'd; shiver'd the spear danc'd.
 He stood: a ray of hope beam'd on the cave;
 The languid eye was clear'd; the pallid
 cheek
 With spirit flush'd; and Honour grasp'd his
 sword
 Once more:—convuls'd he sigh'd,—and sunk
 to peace.
 Sullen the armour rang.—The phantoms fled.

Written at CALCUTTA, on hearing that a certain beautiful YOUNG LADY intended to retire to EUROPE to take the Veil.

AND canst thou, Margaret, then for sake
 Each gaudy beau and chattering rake,
 That flutters round thy chair?
 Canst thou despise love's tender tale,
 And take, in opening youth, the veil,
 Like virgins in despair?—
 Sweet child of nature! shall the bloom
 In its first dawning seek a tomb,
 That might adorn a throne?—
 Wilt thou obscure those radiant eyes,
 Which might like planets grace the skies,
 If there their splendor thou?—
 Methinks I hear thee sighing say,
 "I would not give these charms a prey
 To gloomy cloister'd ailes;
 Nor would I at cold altars sigh,
 Nor waste a life to learn to die;
 And change for tears these smiles,—
 But that among the youthful troop
 Who at my feet in flattery stoop,
 Bow, ogle, cringe, and sigh;
 I cannot mark one generous youth,
 In whom my heart may hope for truth,
 When age and sorrow's might.
 'Tis the complexion of the times:
 Sincerity and truth are crimes,
 And fond affection's folly;
 True, men at beauty's feet will kneel,
 But talk of love they never feel,
 Yet swear their faith most holy.
 'Tis vanity inspires the flame,
 They love because on beauty's fame
 Their own may chance to rise;
 They love, that fluttering through the
 throng,
 They hear the whisper pass along,
 And fix the wandering eyes."
 Are these thy reasons?—Sweet—farewell!
 Go, seek in peace thy cloister'd cell;
 Too truly hast thou set to view
 Our modern swains in trifling hum.

* T he first of his most pleasing gratifications—to view the current
 rushing down the rocks, and he became perfectly dizzy from the height.

P O E T R Y.

With thee shall innocence retire,
Pure candour, and truth's steady fire :—
And Beauty's Queen, on thy sad bower
Shall weeping strew each spring-born flower,
And when thy sparkling eyes grow dim,
And death shall chill each tender limb,
She, with her gentle Boy, shall mourn,
And virgin-fairies guard thy urn.

V E R S E S,

By JOHN GIFFORD, Esq.

(Supposed to have been written when at School)

On the SCHOOL-MASTER'S CANE.

IS there no Muse of all the Nine
Will deign to smile on strains like mine—
As, proudly scorning ancient lore,
I sing—what ne'er was sung before ?

—Ah ! Inspiration is deny'd !

—The author's boast—the poet's pride.
No heavenly fire my bosom warms ;
My brain no modern Pheebus charms.
Yet—spite of nature—like Sir John—
Tho' sense may shudder—I'll sing on.

Who feels his subject sings with ease,
'Tis said—if true, I can't but please ;
Applause must crown each fluent line,
For long—full long—have I felt mine.

This doom'd to chaunt, in tuneless strain,
The pregnant virtues of—*A Cane* ;
—Not of that Cane which sweets distils
In luscious drops on Indian hills ;
Which causes Discord's savage hands
To light her torch on Afric's sands,
And makes Humanity resign
Her rights at Lux'ry's pamper'd shrine :—
Such Canes as mine no sweets disclose,
Tho' daily doom'd to deck—a *Rose* * ;
—Tho' often in a *Gardener's* * hand,
No cultivation they demand,
And—strange to tell !—can wit afford,
Tho' wielded by a modern *Lord* *
Form'd a scholastic mews to dish up,
When us'd by an unmitred *Bishop* * ,—
A mews where sense predominates,
Garnish'd by Learning's precious cats.
Should Ign'rance o'er the youthful head
Her dark and noxious vapours shed,
(Which the fair bud of Genius blight,
And wrap the mental world in night)
Its magic touch the gloom destroys,
And wakes the mind to Wisdom's joys ;
The clouds of Dullness quick pervades,
Which low'r o'er academic shades,
And spread their baneful influence 'round,
Producing weeds on classic ground.
If lost in Pleasure's tempting maze,
Captive Genius fondly strays ;

Or lurk in Sloth's benumbing coils,
Is pos'sible stroke the charms disclose,
Like Hermes' wand ne'er fails to inspire
Logic's true force and rhetoric's fire :
Nor yet less skill'd, by inverse ruse,
Fierce Anger's madd'ning flame to cool,
Like the fair olive—mark of peace—
When it appears, all quarrels cease ;
Better than all the sapient Quorum,
Preserves truth, justice, and decorum
Like doctor's fee—applied to pain—
The raging blood it soon will calm :
In short, to sum up all its merit,
'Tis fill'd with learning's purest spirit,
Which with a stroke it can convey
Into ferce-animated clay ;
And, like the philoponic stone,
(To skilful alchemists well-known)
Can brilliant gold extract from lead
—*Poetae Gaud from P'ris Head*

The THREE VERNONS,

By the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE, of
STRAWBERRY-HILL.

HENRIETTA's serious charms
Awe the breast her Beauty warms :
See the blushes, Love pictures ;
See the frowns ! he drops his plumes,
Dancing lighter o'er the ocean,
Was not Cytherea's motion,
She speaks, and Art repines to see
The Triumph of Simplicity.

Lips that smile a thousand meanings,
Humid with Hyblean gleanings,
Eyes that glitter into wit,
Wanton Mirth with Fancy smit ;
Arch Navete that gaily wanders
In each dimpling cheek's meanders ;
Shedding roses, shifting graces
In a face that's thousand faces,
Sweet assemblage, all combine
In pretty, playful Caroline.

Sober as the matron's air,
Humble as the cloyster'd fair,
Patient till new springs disclose
The bud of promis'd Beauty's rose,
Waving praises, perfumed breath,
Lures it young Elizabeth.

Lovely three, whose future reign
Shall sing some younger, sweeter Swain,
For me suffice in Amptill Groves,
Cradle of Graces and of Loves,
I first announc'd, in artless page,
The glories of a rising Age ;
And promis'd, where my Anna shone
Three O'riys as bright as one.

* * * Names of the four Masters.

L I N E S,

Written Extempore in the Environs of a Gentleman's Seat, in Worcestershire, to whose fostering Hand, and refined Taste, they owe their chief Beauty

Incipit, Kyarion, mecum, mea tuist' r- jus— Vigil*

"Begin with me, my Pipe, Kyarian
"Hears"

YE Sylvan Deities, and Nymphs wild
Who love with Freedom unrestrained to sport,

Or in the deep-embow'd recess, oh lave
Your wint'ron limbs in these redundant streams,

Join grateful in the choral praise to him
Whose hand hath led the scanty rills to flow
In lakes resplendent, or with force to rush
In murm'ring leasens o'er the rock,
And catch at intervals the wandering eye,
And who, with the peculiar, hath rais'd
The feeding bunches o'er the meadow,
And n'ed their tints in well-contrasted fluid

No Arkic columns, near the stately dome,
No firm stupendous dith'ral were—
Here Nature reigns, free, simple, unobtrud,
In solitude, housing with the breeze

Here, is thou oft turn'd to entertain it
pipe

Thou hast had thine own illustrious friends,
And Acad'ic sages, to thee

Be sacred to thy friend and well-belov'd
To make me to or thee a wish,
To female excellence, to female mind
Charm, with the breath of every art of
it,

But yields the palm, and owns the whole
complete

But happy should I meet thee here,
Circumstances of the present,
Still seem kinder than the former
time

Of prizing for itself, and the eye perceiving

Long to visit, but per, at night
sufficiently,

And to be desired, to witness the
long flow of years into the
time

K A M B L I.
Newca P A, A. R. 1787,

A N T H E M

On the Birth of
H O L I N S

Addressed to the EARL OF HOLLIS
H O L I N S

By Dr JAMES FORSTER.

THOU art to become you well, ye noble
pair!

That Angel merited your tend'rest care

Kyrios—Locus in agri Pagona, r', etque, h'ia sh, fua in aqua Nymphis, fua.

Each friend, who knew her worth, with you
must share

The pain great Nature doom'd your hearts
to prove,

Oh! it was sad the dire disease to trace,

Through all its flow, mischievous, cruel course!

Nor youth, nor rank, with every pleasing
grace,

Nor skill, nor care, avail'd against its force.

Unfeeling world! that cries "Forget to grieve,

"She only paid the debt that all must pay,

"Come, take amusement,—twill your
thoughts relieve!

"Fly solitary scenes, and join the gay!"

Unfeeling world! I hate thy dull career,

I love Affliction's fond pathetic flow—

They, they alone, can taste delight sincere,

Whose souls perceive the charm of tender
woe.

'Mid toils and cards, and vain intemperate
mirth,

Thy serene voice of Wisdom's not heard,

But grief to his heart's summit gives birth,

And seeks an altar to Religion's old.

There adoration, faith, and piety ascend,

Like wreaths of mingled incense, sweet to
Heaven,

There meekness and lowliness adorn'd
the face,

And the sweetest hope's sun
gleam.

When the royal LIZA early fate

Divine's present breath the secret
fate,

When the illustrious Peary relate,

"The loved FETTER lives in yonder sky!"

S T A N Z A S,

On the new Mr GARDNER'S Picture plac'd
of the FINEST PICTURE.

By Dr HARRISON, of Bath

THIS Picture's virtue are in symbols
shown

The Virtue is the same Virtue known,

The Virtue's weak Locus in fine,

The Virtue is mark'd by Phœbus golden Lyre.

may express your venerable bust,

And form each feature to resemblance just;

but Aetna's pierc'd, with choice, d' tints de-

signed

The happy symbol of her *Shakespeare's*
mind

I L L E G Y

Written in the PLAIN of

F O N T E N O Y.

CHILI blows the blast, and Twilight's
dewy hand

Draws in the West her dusky veil away;

A deeper shadow steals along the land,

And Nature mutes at the death of day!

P O E T R Y.

Near this bleak waste no friendly mansion
rears
Its walls, where mirth and social joys re-
found,
But each sad object melts the soul to tears,
While Horror spreads the scatter'd bones
around.

As thus, alone and comfortless I roam,
Wet with the drizzling rain, I sigh sincere;
I cast a fond look tow'rs my native home,
And think what valiant Britons perish'd
here

Yes, the time was, nor very far the date,
When Carnage here her crimson toil be-
gan;
When Nations Standards wav'd in haughty
state,
And mix the murth'rer met the mur-
th'rer man.

For War is murth'rer, though the voice of
Kings
Has staid it justice, staid it glory too!
Yet from worst motives fierce Ambition
springs.

And there fix'd Prejudice is all we view!
But see, 'tis Heaven's immutable decree,
For th' world, ev'ry age in fight to fill;
Some n'ral Cause prevails, we cannot see;
And that is Fate, which we Ambition call.

O let th' aspiring warrior think with grief,
That as produc'd by chymic art refin'd—
So glittering, Conquest, from the funnel leif
Extincts a gen'ral poison for mankind.

Here let him wander at the midnight hour,
These falling runs, these ghastly gales to
meet;

And mourn like me the ravages of Pow'r,
And feel like me, that Victory is deat'
Nor deem, ye van' that e'er I mean to
swell

My feeble verte with many a founding
Lan,

Of such the Mercenary Bard may tell,
And call such dreary detolation, Fame.

The genuine Muse removes the thin disguise
That cheats the world, whence'er she
deigns to sing;

And full as meritorious to her eyes
Seems the poor soldier, as the mighty king.

Alike I shun in labour'd strain to show,
How Britain more than triumph'd, though
she fled;

Where LOUIS stood, where stalk'd the co-
lumn slow;

I turn from these, and dwell upon the
dead.

Not much my beating breast respects the
brave;

Too well I love them, not to mourn their
fate;

Why should they seek for greatness in the
grave?
Their hearts are noble—and in life they
great.

Nor think 'tis but in war the brave excel,—
To Valour ev'ry virtue is allied!
Here faithful Friendship 'mid the battle fell,
And Love, true Love, in bitter anguish
died.

Alas! the solemn slaughter I retrace,
That checks life's current circling thro'
my veins,
Rath'd in moist sorrow many a beauteous
face,
And gave a grief, perhaps, that still re-
mains.

I can no more,—in agony too keen
Affords my senses, and my mind subdued;
Hard were that heart which here could beat
secure,

O, the just tribute of a pang refuse.
But lo! through yonder opening clouds afar
Shoots the bright Planet's sanguinary ray
That bears thy name, fictitious Lord of War!
And with red lustre guides my lonely way.

Then FORTENOY farewell! yet much I
feet,
(Where'er chance my course compells)
to find
Discord and Blood—the thrilling sounds I
hear,
“The noise of battle huttles in the wind.”
From barbarous Turkey to Britannia's shore,
Opposing it rests into rage increase;
Destruction rears her sceptre, tumults roar,
Ah! where shall hapless man repose
peace?

O 15, 17 7. DELLA CRUSCA.

H O W A R D,

The PHICATHROPY:

• AN ODE.

THE rising Zephyr's gentle gale,
That flutters in the flow'ry vale,
That hovers on the high hill's side,
And curls the river's rippling tide,
Shall oft, BENICANT HOWARD! shed
A winnow'd fragrance round thy head,—
When chance, at sultry noon, thou'rt lodg'd
Beneath the Asp's quivering shade!
At night, no darkness shall rise
To chase light slumber from thine eyes.
Near thy abode no sound be heard!
Unless the melancholy bird—
That leans her bosom on the spray,
Shall warble all her warbling.

You pearly moon that beams so bright
Upon the sable breast of night,
Has seen thy wandering footsteps go
To shores where distant billows flow;

Where

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Where Europe owns a Sultan's cot,
 And smarts beneath the tyrant rod,
 For partly moon now sees thee roam
 O'er Britain's isle, thy native home;
 Explors each prospect, to cheer
 Sorrow, and to chase want, and fear,
 For still COMPASSION bids thee wend
 Towards him— *de la n' other hand!*
 Tow'rd's him, when all forgotten lies!—
 Deep channels sunk round his eyes!
 While from their hill distanced glare,
 Looks forth, the magic fiend Despair!
 Alas! for many a tedious year,
 His only solace was a tear,
 But now by time the fount is dried,
 And that last solace is denied!
 Methinks thro' some small grate afar,
 He nightly wooes the POLAR STAR,
 That, ever settled, as his woe,
 Is all the sympathy he knows!
 Yes, ye, in fancy can I see
 The keen delights that once thee fed,
 The look of think, the writer's pray'r;
 In short, forgetfulness of care,
 The fond wife's smile, the child's caress,
 And all the luxury of bliss!
 O HOWARD! not the Poet's IWS,
 Tho' HALEY celebrates thy praise,
 Nor yet the SENATE'S loud applique,
 To hail thee first in VICE-ROY'S chair,
 Nor e'en the Public's just desire,
 To give the STATE, and the CHAIR;
 Can one mortal's gift compare,
 To that, which CENTERS IN THY HEART,
 ON EARTH thy *impensabile*,
 Already is commended BY HEAVEN.

DILLY CLEVER.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and warbles there,
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To ev'ry passing villager,
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.
 In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fair-foxted hours
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave,
 For those that win the race at eve.
 The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
 The canzonet and song-delay
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

L I N E S,

On a Seal held by a Cherub, on the Mon-
 ument of the late HENRY HOAR, Esq.
 of Stoughton, erected in Stoughton Church.
 Written by MR. HALEY.

YE, who have view'd, in Pleasure's choicest Hour,
 The Earth embellish'd on these Banks of Stour,
 With grateful reverence to this Marble lean,
 Rind to the friendly Founder of the Scene.
 Here, with pure Love of smiling Nature
 warm'd,
 The fruitful Demi-Paradise he form'd,
 And, happier still, here learn'd from Heaven
 to find
 A sweeter Eden in a founteous Mind;
 If thankful the clear and flowery Paths he trod,
 And priz'd them only as they lead to GOD,

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

RUSSIAN MANNERS.

THE Countess of the ...
 of the ...
 gikow, Mr. ...
 the declaration ...
 can no longer ...
 consequence ...
 the session ...
 For the ...
 agitated the public ...
 established by ...
 the Post, by ...
 too ...
 at to ...
 peace ...
 has shewn ...
 most want ...
 der the extent ...
 five.

Though the Court of Russia is furnished
 with ...
 which she ...
 the published ...
 the most recent, which
 on the unexpected develop-
 to the public system which
 showed most willingly on all occasions.
 herself to have used in immove-
 able ...
 by the declaratory con-
 vention of Aynly Cavack concluded in
 1770, by the commerce, and, in particular,
 by the navigation respecting the Presqu' Isle
 of ...
 the end of which was ag-
 reed not to extend the fron-
 tier of the Empire, but rather to terminate
 the encroachments and depredations continually
 made by the people of the Presqu' Isle, by
 subjecting them to a police which would
 make them obey the laws, and keep up
 harmony

harmony and good intelligence with the frontiers of both States. Such were the sincere intentions and views of the Court of Russia, which she was at great pains and trouble to accomplish.

After having reconciled differences of so delicate and important a nature, every thing seemed to promise a durable peace; but affairs were hardly thus happily compromised and adjusted on the faith of treaties and engagements the most solemn and sacred, when the next Turkish Ministry, which succeeded to that under which all these negotiations had passed, showed dispositions diametrically contrary to their spirit and tenor. Ill-founded pretensions soon arose respecting the exportation of salt, which had been granted by treaty to the inhabitants of Oczakow. Russian Consuls were denied entrance into some places of their nomination; and as if it had been proved that objects of this nature could not suffice to effect the rupture in view, protection was publicly permitted to the invasions of the Lefgis and Tartars of Cuban; the first of which hostilely attacked the States of Cz u H rachi u, the acknowledged vassal of the Emperess; and the last penetrated into the frontiers of Russia, where they robbed, pillaged, and carried off whatever was not defended by the troops stationed in those parts.

The Emperess, constant to her plan of moderation which her humanity and love of peace made her adopt, upon receiving the above notices contented herself with calling upon the Turkish Ministry to respect their treaties, and demanding in consequence satisfaction for such breaches of faith and peace; but all her remonstrances were fruitless, and answered with arrogance and disrespect. In the mean time, her principles remained unaltered. Being mistress of her choice of means, she still preferred once more the way of negotiations, and laid open to the Emperor, her ally, the state of her affairs, and accepted the good offer of the King of France to mediate between herself and the Porte: she made her pretensions known to them both, and these monarchs declared the justice and equity of them. In short, to neglect nothing that might preserve so valuable a blessing as the peace of her people, she took occasion, when in the neighbourhood of the Turkish States, during the memorable journey which she had but lately finished, to call her Minister at the Porte and examine him touching the differences which had arisen, and the means most efficacious for an accommodation of them all. In this view, and in full confidence of the respect which the Turks would show on their part for mutual and solemn engagements then subsisting, she returned

her Minister to Constantinople. Upon her return he was immediately summoned to a conference, at which, instead of the demands being refused which were in agitation at his departure, and acquiescence in the demands of Russia, a new turn to claims was given, and pretensions started, the first of which was contrary to stipulations made by treaty, and the others derogatory to the dignity of the Emperess, or rather hurtful to the interests of the Empire.

After the Turkish Ministry had thus broken through the limits expressly stipulated, they thought they might then at once take off the mask, and have discovered the design which in all probability was long harboured, since they declared to the Russian Minister, that the Porte considered itself bound by the Treaty of Kainardgi; and as the result which followed it were but the effect of compliance, she did not think herself obliged to adhere to it longer than suited her convenience. A term was fixed for receiving a categorical answer from the Russian Minister to the demands and pretensions communicated to him. The Minister protested against the injustice, the indecency, and impossibility, in so short a time, of complying with such a requisition; he was not heard, not even on the subject of the complaints stated before this time, and for which he had demanded satisfaction. All that he could obtain was the promise of another conference, which also took place, but at which the same demands and pretensions were repeated, without adding any thing more except a vague promise of the satisfaction he had demanded.

When the news of these two conferences came to the Emperess, she did not abandon herself to the discontent and resentment which were justifiable; she thought she might remain spectator of the attempt which a want of decency and circumsppection, sufficiently common on the part of the Turkish Ministry, had made them hazard: mean while the sequel has proved that it was a plan long formed, and going to be put immediately in execution. In these sentiments her Imperial Majesty was willing to crown all the former proofs given of her moderation and distance in thought from the consequences which such a very critical situation of affairs prolonged, by some concession on her part to some of the pretensions of the Porte; and for this purpose she was dispatched to Prince Potemkin, who suddenly she learned that the Porte, without waiting for the expiration of the term fixed by herself, had summoned M. de Bulgakow to a conference on the 6th (16th) and after proposing to him to sign an act by which the treaty of

...the transaction concerning the ... of the Crimea was to be equal ... his refusal power was declared to be broken, and himself sent to the Castle of Seven Towers, where, in despite of the rights of nations, he remains prisoner at this moment.

Such a proceeding presents every reflection that can arise on the subject. The Porte has been willing to unite perfidy with the most insidious attack. She omits nothing to manifest the strong desire that has been long felt to break a peace, which was granted in a manner that was generous and stable. Provoked by a conduct so offensive, the Empress sees herself obliged unwillingly to take up arms, as the only means remaining of maintaining her rights, which she has acquired with so much loss of blood, and revenging her wounded dignity. Innocent of all the evils attendant on the war ready to be kindled, she has a right to depend upon divine protection and the succours of her friends, as also upon the prayers of all Christians for her triumph in a cause of justice and self-defence.

Warsaw, Oct. 12. Letters from Moldavia confirm the news, that a Turkish Squadron, which sailed from Czakow, attempted the beginning of the month to make a descent on the Coast of Ruman, between the Ports of Kiahine and Jankale, where the Russians were surprised, and at first obliged to retreat, but their Camp being reinforced, they bravely obliged the Turks to retreat with a considerable loss.

Amsterdam, Oct. 12. This day 2000 Troops of the Line, both Infantry and Cavalry, entered this City, the Army echoed with the Acclamations of *Vive Orange* and *Vive la Nation*. The armed Burgers standing in the Kadyk plain, were by the Court, or Under Sheriff, and two Officers of Justice ordered to depart, and which they immediately complied with, under a general order, and with reproaches, saying, "Begone from hence, for Orange is uppermost."

London, Oct. 18. After many conferences between General Fawcitt and our Minister, a Treaty of Alliance and Subsidy is signed and agreed on between the King of Great Britain and the Landgrave; in consequence of which we shall furnish the English with 12,000 men, who are ordered to march on the first notice. General Fawcitt has likewise taken the troops of Waldeck into English pay. He set off from this place for Hanover on the 6th inst.

London, Oct. 21. The Noble and Great Council is resolved on the 11th inst. that the person appointed by Her Royal Highness to the same shall be empowered to the intent offered Oct. 11. to remain for

...the transaction concerning the ... of the Crimea was to be equal ... his refusal power was declared to be broken, and himself sent to the Castle of Seven Towers, where, in despite of the rights of nations, he remains prisoner at this moment.

Amsterdam, Oct. 21. The General Council who on the 11th inst. the 18th instant ... of His Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, received from him a note in the French language, of which the following is a translation:

STATE PAPER, No. I.

"I consider the dissolution of the Council of War, and the reinstatement of the old colonels, captains, and other officers, and that of the Company of Burgers, by the individuals of that corps, who were removed under various pretences in the late disturbances, as indispensably necessary, and leading to the principal objects for the satisfaction and restoration of peace.

"If any individual should thereby think himself injured, he may present his grievances at a proper place. I must add further, that I expect without delay, that these matters be put in execution between this and the 23d instant. It would grieve me much that by a further delay I should be compelled to take such measures, which I have on my part made it appear to you that I was ready to avoid.

(Signed) C. G. F. Reiguing Duke of Brunswick Lunenburgh.

General Head Quarters at Ousestoom, Oct. 18, 1787."

STATE PAPER, No. II.

"Gentlemen,

"You are fully apprized of the consequence and necessity there is for disarming that part of the militia unconstitutionally armed, and cannot but be convinced of the concern I take in the transaction, which in that respect you caused to be published on the 19th instant. I request, Gentlemen, that you render me an account of the fire-arms that have been delivered up to you; and whether the number of side-arms given up answers to the number of persons that were provided with them. I make no doubt, but that you have taken the requisite steps for the fulfilling of your orders within the time agreed between us.

"You cannot be ignorant, Gentlemen, but that I have taken mine to execute the orders I am charged with. I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,
CHARLES, G. F. Reiguing Duke of Brunswick Lunenburgh.

General Head Quarters at Ousestoom, Oct. 21, 1787.

"To the Burgomasters and Rectors of the city of Amsterdam."

Copied by

London, Nov. 10. The King, Queen, and Royal Family, accompanied by the Duke of York, and the Duke of Gloucester, went to General's house, and from thence to court. In the evening the King accompanied the Royal Family to the play, and the morning following had a Levée, at which the principal Nobility and the French Ministers had the honour of being presented to him. His Swedish Majesty and all his suite, which consists of thirty-six persons, are lodged at the Palace. *London Gazette.*

Hague, Nov. 6. Their Noble and Great Highnesses have unanimously resolved to authorize his Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince Stadtholder to change the Regents in the cities of this province.

Paris, Nov. 8. We learn from Bayonne, that the village of Sanguesa, in Navarre, upon the frontiers of Arragon, has been entirely destroyed by a severe storm; and such a quantity of rain fell among the mountains of Saca as occasioned so terrible an inundation in the lower lands, that out of 400 houses only one is left; that 2000 people have perished in this inundation, which was 14 feet higher than any former one. All the mills, and a vast number of cattle, are destroyed; upwards of ten villages are ruined, and, in short, the whole kingdom of Navarre has suffered amazingly.

Frankfort, Oct. 30. We receive from Munich and all parts the most melancholy accounts of the damage done by inundations, which have never before in the memory of any man been so great at this season of the year. The last accounts from Saltzhurg mention that all the streets of that place near the river are under water, the bridge is carried away, and much other damage done; at Linffer the water rose 31 feet above its usual height; the damage done by the overflowing of the Salzachstrom is the greater, as all the water-works which were erected last year at a very large expence are destroyed; at Vienna the flood on the 29th of October was uncommonly high; Leopoldstadt and all the suburbs next the Danube were under water.

Hague, Nov. 14. The States of Holland have requested of the French Court to inform

them whether the French General will furnish them with a plan for breaking through the connection with the French nation, which has of late proved so pernicious to the United Provinces.

The Russian army, under the command of Field Marshal Count Romanzoff, has entered Podolia, a province of Polish Russia. This General has published a Declaration, signifying that his august Sovereign could not avoid taking the above measures; at the same time he promises, that the most exact discipline shall be observed, and that he will pay in current coin for all the necessaries his troops may have occasion for.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 20. On Sunday last a messenger arrived here from Prince Potemkin, with the news of a victory obtained over the Turks, at an attack which they made upon Kinburn, on the night of the 12th instant, by a detachment of 5000 men, who landed near that fortress from Otchakow; and although the garrison was inferior in number, upwards of 4000 Turks were killed or wounded, and the remainder with difficulty escaped in their boats. The number of slain or wounded on the side of the Russians did not exceed four hundred; but several officers lost their lives on this occasion, and Generals Souwarow and Reck, who had the principal command, were dangerously wounded.

Upon the arrival of this agreeable intelligence, Te Deum was sung in all the churches of this capital, and the cannons were fired from the fortrefs. *L. C. 3.*

Copenhagen, Nov. 6. The King of Sweden left Copenhagen on Monday last, and after dining at Count Bernsdorff's country-house, his Majesty proceeded to Fribourg, where he intended to pass the night, and proposed to cross the Sound this morning at Elsinour in company with the Prince Regent. *Ibid.*

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WHITEHALL, Oct. 20.
THIS morning one of his Majesty's Messengers arrived at the office of the Secretary of State for foreign affairs, with Declarations and Counter Declarations, of Vol. XII.

which the following are translations, which were respectively signed and exchanged at Versailles, on the 17th instant, by his Grace the Duke of Dorset, his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary and the Right Honourable William Pitt

MONTMORIN

by Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, on the part of his Majesty, and by the Count de Montmorin, Extraordinary Christian Majesty's Minister and Secretary of State having the department of foreign affairs, on the part of his Most Christian Majesty.

DECLARATION

The events which have taken place in the Republic of the United Provinces appearing no longer to leave any subject of discussion, and still less of contest between the two Courts, the undersigned are authorized to signify whether it is the intention of his Most Christian Majesty to carry into effect the notification made on the 16th of September last, by his Most Christian Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary, which, by announcing that succours would be given in Holland, has occasioned the naval armaments on the part of his Majesty, which armaments have become reciprocal.

If the Court of Versailles is disposed to explain itself on this subject, and upon the conduct to be adopted towards the Republic in a manner conformable to the desire which has been expressed on both sides, to preserve the good understanding between the two Courts, and it be it also understood, at the same time, that there is no view of hostility towards any quarter, in consequence of what has passed, his Majesty, always anxious to concur in the friendly sentiments of his Most Christian Majesty, would agree with him, that the armaments, and in general all warlike preparations should be discontinued on each side, and that the navies of the two nations should be again placed upon the footing of the peace establishment, as it stood on the first of January of the present year.

Verailles, the 27th of October, 1787.

DORSET
Wm EDEN.

COUNTER DECLARATION

The intention of his Majesty notwithstanding, and having been informed by force in the affairs of the Republic of the United Provinces, the communication made to the Court of London on the 13th of September last, by Count Balthazar having had no other object than to announce to that Court an intention, the motives of which no longer exist, especially since the King of Prussia has imparted his resolution, his Majesty makes no difficulty to declare that he will not give any effect to the declaration above mentioned, and that he retains no hostile view towards any quarter relative to what has passed in Holland. His Majesty, therefore, being desirous to concur with the sentiments of his Britannic Majesty for the preservation of the good harmony between the two Courts, agrees with pleasure with his Britannic Majesty, that the armaments, and in general all warlike preparations, shall be discontinued

on each side, and that the navies of the two nations shall be again placed upon the footing of the peace establishment, as it stood on the first of January of the present year.

Verailles, the 27th of October, 1787.

Le Comte DE MONTMORIN.

In consequence of the Declaration and Counter Declaration exchanged this day, the Undersigned, in the name of their respective Sovereigns, agree, that the armaments, and in general all warlike preparations, shall be discontinued on each side, and that the navies of the two nations shall be again placed upon the footing of the peace establishment, as it stood on the first of January of the present year.

Verailles, the 27th of October, 1787.

DORSET Le Comte DE MONTMORIN.
Wm EDEN.

Friday was held in the parish of Hanwell in the county of Middlesex—not a boxing-match, but—a ploughing match, when several prizes were given by a gentleman of that neighbourhood, who had observed the general inattention of young farmers to that important circumstance of agriculture. The candidates were six in number, and three prizes were appointed for the three best ploughmen who ploughed in the straightest manner and laid up two lands each, in the neatest form. A pair of neat black oxen was assigned to the first, a good pair of white to the second best, and a handsome silk neck-handkerchief to the third. The young men who contended for the prizes had a lot of them cockades in their hats, the horses were decorated with ribbons, the day was remarkably fine, and every thing wore the aspect of innocent rural festivity, a number of respectable farmers attended, as judges and spectators.

On Saturday morning, a party of thieves broke into the Grey Coat Walk miller, by getting upon an old shed, by the distance in Ports Court, and in part of the statement, whilst in the church they broke open a small cupboard, and took from thence a silver chalice belonging to Mr. Calkin, the Vicar; they afterwards cut off the gold bars from the covering of the Altar table, and with this booty they got off undisturbed.

Some day was a meeting of merchants at the London Tavern, Mr. J. Wilton in the chair, to consider of a letter sent by the Treasury to the Chief Magistrates of the several ports in Great Britain on the subject of fees to the officers of the Customs, when it was almost unanimously agreed, that the present mode was better than any hitherto proposed.

The appeal of Mr. Baynes and Mr. Popple, one of the junior fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, from an admonition to behave with more respect to their seniors in future,

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future, made to them and eight other junior fellows of the College, by the Master and senior fellows, came to be heard before the Lord Chancellor, as visitor of the College; when his Lordship declared, that the practice of senior fellows electing without having examined the candidates, which was complained of in the memorial, for presenting which the sentence now appealed from was pronounced, was a very improper practice, and ought to be reformed; that independent of the statutes which positively required the electors personally to examine, it was their duty to do so. At the same time, he said that he did not approve of the manner in which the memorialists had attempted to reform this office, by presenting a kind of remonstrance to their seniors. That they ought to have proceeded criminally against the senior fellow who had elected, without having examined, and for the purpose they should have exhibited a charge against him, before the Master and eight junior fellows. That the Master and fellows had no means of preventing the abuse complained of, but by such a criminal proceeding, for no recommendation of theirs could do more to produce personal examination by the electors than was done by the statutes. He said, that the discipline and subordination of the College ought to be kept up, and respect ought to be paid to the governing part of it. He added, that not only the gentlemen against whom the sentence was pronounced, but the whole College was deeply interested to have it expunged from the Conclusion book. He expressed a wish, that the matter might be settled in an amicable way, and suggested, that it would be proper, that the junior fellows should declare, that they were sensible, that the effect of the mode in which they had exercised their wishes, had gone farther than they intended, and that the censure should be struck out of the Conclusion book by the Master and senior fellows; and that the matter now stands over, in order that the parties may consider, whether some accommodation of that kind cannot be agreed to.

Last week the Commissioners of the Stamp Tax, in the several districts, at the sums following, viz.

No.	Districts.	Put up at.	Let for.
1	North-Britain - -	5167	£ 7430
2	North-mo. Cumberland, Westmorland, & Durham	3301	4600
3	Yorkshire - -	7365	7365
4	Lincoln, Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Staffordshire	7801	10300
5	Lincoln, Nottingham, & Leicestershire - -	6225	6245
6	Northampton, Rutland, Warwick, and Devon.	4237	not let

7.	Wilt, Woxcestershire, and Gloucestershire -	7711	not let
8.	Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire -	7801	not let
9.	Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire - -	4877	5400
10.	Huntingdonshire and Hertfordshire - -	7714	7740
11.	Surrey - - -	5753	6500
12.	Middlesex, including London & Westminster	23261	23294
13.	Kent and Sussex - -	20594	not let
14.	Hunts and Berkshire	7814	10360
15.	Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, and Somersetshire	8183	8400
16.	North-Wales—Anglesea, &c. &c. - -	2384	not let
17.	South-Wales—Brecknock, &c. &c. - -	1171	2000

No. 1 let to Smith, 2 to Dawson, 3 to Hind, 4 to Clark, 5 to Stanton, 7 to Parwin, 8 and 9 to Cox, 10 to Wellford 11 to Seal, 12 to Baker.

It was explained at the Stamp-office, that saddle-horses hired by the day, were liable to duty. And by the contract made it is impossible for the farmer to assign any share, or even appoint a deputy, without the consent of the board. He is also to lay the state of the accounts before the commissioners that they may judge of the profit or loss.

31. On comparing the height of the Thermometer in October, with its height in June, July, and August, it appears there were 1 days nearly as warm, and sometimes warmer than 12 days in June, 16 in July, and 12 in August.

Wednesday morning eleven malefactors were brought out of Newgate, and executed on a scaffold, pursuant to their sentence.

Nov 1. "The States of Utrecht, by resolution, address the States General requesting that they form an alliance and treaty with England and Prussia, offensive and defensive with guarantee of their federal rights; that they invite any other Power to come in to the treaty and alliance; that their wishes to the two Courts be in consequence of the friendship they took in the late establishing peace in the Republic; that they request the King of Prussia to withdraw his troops; but if it be considered necessary for their safety to have some of the Prussians to stay in the country that they request his Prussian Majesty to be the pay for them, and that such who stay take the requisite oaths to the States."

Another Address, by way of Resolution, presented to the States-General from Selwyn, requesting them to recall Mythen Van Bachel, their Ambassador to the United States.

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of America, home. This was taken *in* *parliamentum*, by the deputies of the cities of Amsterdam, Dordrecht, Rotterdam, and some other places.

There is another Resolution of the States of Holland, requesting the States-General to thank the Kings of England, France, and Prussia, for their offers of mediation; but this being in peace at home, they stand no longer in need of it.

The Sieur De Mas, Charge des Affaires of the United States of America at the Hague, having represented to Mr. Jesteron, Minister Plenipotentiary from the said States at the Court of France, that he had been obliged to take refuge from the rage of the populace in the house of the French Ambassador; and the said American Minister having complained thereof to the Ambassadors of the Republic at Versailles, the same was transmitted to the Minister Fagel; who having laid it before the Assembly of the States-General, their High Mightinesses, after the most mature deliberation and investigation, came to the resolution of writing to Mr. Adams, the American Minister at London, acquainting him that the conduct of the Sieur De Mas had been so bad, they could not shew him any favour or protection, and therefore desired he might be removed.

It is this day ordered, by his Majesty in council, that the Parliament, which was to meet on Thursday the fifteenth day of this instant November, be prorogued to Tuesday the twenty-seventh, then to meet for the dispatch of business.

[The Gazette likewise contains an order in council for discontinuing the bounties on able and ordinary seamen, and able-bodied Landmen.]

Most of the sailors who were impressed from on board the colliers, being discharged, returned to their respective ships.

Orders were also sent to Liverpool, Bristol, and other ports, to discharge all such men as have been impressed for the King's service, and for the Lieutenants to make up their accounts, and carry them to the Admiralty.

Orders were sent to the several contractors for naval stores, &c. to discontinue their contracts, and at the same time to send in their proposals upon what terms they are satisfied to serve Government from the contracts already entered into.

A letter from Honiton in Devonshire, gives an account of a murder committed on the body of Mr. Joseph Jenkins and another revenue officer, in a skiff with six smugglers.

A letter from Amsterdam says, "The Prussian troops have begun to retreat. About 4000, it is said, will remain here during the

winter. In many places the farmers have taken the necessary measures to rid their land from the water; it is a very slow operation, and has hitherto not been productive of any good consequences, as the late very heavy rains have rather augmented it.—All that enjoy offices under the government of this city, and that are known to have signed any of the requisitions respecting the dismissal of the lawful magistrates, &c. are to be deprived of their places and emolument.

6. Seen after the sitting of the Court of King's Bench, Philip Jordan, a Custom house officer, who had been found guilty at last Hereford assizes of the murder of one Bonner, a smuggler, for which he has since received his Majesty's pardon, was brought up by habeas corpus, being detained in gaol on the appeal of Bonner's widow, for the said murder. The widow appeared in court, and in proper form counted or declared against the prisoner, charging him with the wilful murder of her husband, and he was allowed time to plead till the first day of next term.

7. At a Court of Directors of the East India Company, a letter was read from Sir Elijah Impey, acquainting the Court that his Majesty had been pleased to accept of his resignation of the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal. The salary annexed to the office, which is in the gift of his Majesty, is 8000l. a year.

The Court of King's Bench granted a rule for an information against Mr. Bowerman and several others, for a conspiracy in running away with Miss Fust, an heiress to a considerable fortune, and grand-daughter of the late Sir John Fust. The young Lady, though above 21, appeared on the affidavits to be quite an idiot, never having had the conduct of herself, or being capable of any rational exertions. Bowerman took her over to France, and there pretended he was married, but the Lady being pursued by her friends, was recovered by virtue of a warrant from the French Ministers, but not till, as Mr. Mingy stated, all the consequences of marriage had taken place.

The Georgium Sidus, unquestionably the greatest planet in our system, may be seen nearly stationary for more than two months, about 33 degrees to the eastward of Jupiter; he rises at present about eleven in the evening, as Jupiter does about eight, when Saturn is nearly upon the meridian, which Jupiter does not transit till four in the morning. About two months hence the Georgian planet may be seen, with good glasses, any time after seven in the evening.

8. In the Court of King's Bench, Mr. Bearcroft moved for, and obtained, a rule to shew cause why the Master of the Crown Office

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Office should not be ordered to file informations against Mr. Robinson and Mr. Williams, two Justices of the Peace for the Liberty of the Royalty of the Tower, for having discharged several persons who had been committed under a conviction by Staples the Justice, as rogues and vagabonds, in playing plays contrary to the act of parliament upon pretence that they had appealed to the Quarter Sessions. The rule was afterwards extended to next Term.

9. John Burnell, esq; the Lord Mayor elect for the year ensuing, was sworn in at Guildhall, when the chair and other ensigns of Mayoralty were surrendered to him in the accustomed manner. An elegant entertainment was provided at Guildhall, at which among other great personages were the Lord Chancellor, Lord Loughborough, the Attorney and Solicitor-General, the Earl of Salisbury, the Marquis of Caermarthen, Right Hon. Mr. Pitt, Right Hon. Mr. Fox, George Byng, esq, the French and Portuguese Ambassadors, with the Judges Ashurst, Heath, Hotham, and Thompson.

12. The Session for the High Court of Admiralty was held at the Old Bailey, when five prisoners were capitally convicted.

Arrived at Gloucester House, in Upper Grosvenor-street, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, from the Continent.

The Duke of Gloucester has received an adulation of 5000*l* a year to his income, which his Majesty has thought fit to grant him, from the motive of the necessity to increase in his expence by his children being grown up.

In the Court of Kings Bench, a solemn determination of that Court was made upon the construction of a clause in the general turnpike act of the 13th Geo. III. c. 84.

The question was, whether a carriage, passing empty through a turnpike gate, and paying the accustomed toll, is entitled to receive the toll to be paid back from the collector, on returning loaded with dung, or other manure, for the purpose of agriculture.—The clause in the act is, “That no person shall take exemption from toll in respect of any carriage or horse drawing the same, and carrying any particular kind of goods, unless such carriages have felles six inches broad, except carts and carriages employed in carrying corn, or grain in the sheaf, hay, straw, fodder, dung, lime for the improvement of land, or other manure, or any implements of husbandry only.”—It was argued by Mr. Serjeant Bland for the defendant, and the Court decided, that a carriage returning loaded with any of the articles excepted by the act of parliament, is entitled to be

the toll returned, which has been paid in passing empty.

14. The Prince William Henry, sailed from Dieppe to Brighton, and was wrecked about four on the morning of the 9th instant at Poete, near Boulogne, where he heard a number of passengers, who were providentially saved.

The ship containing the baggage of the Duke of Gloucester, and a large property belonging to the domestics of his household, foundered at sea; the passengers who embarked in the vessel are all providentially saved. His Royal Highness's loss is estimated at upwards of 4000*l*.—Accounts have been also received of great damage and loss of shipping having been sustained on the coasts round the island, from the high winds and rains that have prevailed this month.

The amount of the duties paid on merchandise entered inward at the port of London, during the last six months, is considerably greater than within any other period of similar extent for the last twenty years. It now appears that the sums actually received, together with the duties on goods secured to Government by bond, form collectively this very extraordinary sum of 2,294,221*l*. 6*s*. 3*d*.

17. The funeral procession of his Grace the late Duke of Rutland commenced about twelve o'clock this day, at the House of Lords, in Dublin, and proceeded through Grafton Street, Nassau Street, Dawson Street, round St. Stephen's Green, King Street, Henry Street, Sackville Street, Summer Hill, Circular Road, to the Platform on the North Wall, where the huge vaulted with the King's boat to receive the body, and conveyed it from thence in procession to his Majesty's view.—It would be difficult to convey a competent idea of the solemnity and grandeur of the scene. A decent sorrow was visible in every countenance. The Town-major, attended by a troop of horse, preceded the procession, the train of Royal Irish Artillery followed. Their march was brought up with the regimental band playing a solemn dirge. The battalion companies of the several regiments in the garrison followed, and after them their respective grenadier companies. They were succeeded by the whole of the army establishment, and the Commander in Chief, followed by the bands of music belonging to the six regiments embodied. The standards of the Orders of the Garter and St. Patrick were borne on lances; and the arms of these respective Orders, along with those of his Grace, were displayed on the mourning horses. The Dublin Herald carried the coronet on a velvet cushion; between which and the Viceregal body, a few Officers of the Household intervened. The body was attended

On each side by Pages, Aids-de-camp, and twelve Yeomen of the Guards, with their scutcheons on their halberds; the funeral chariot was drawn by eight horses with velvet, each horse led by a groom, the coachmen in deep mourning, the chief mourners were the Lords Justices in their coaches, with their train-bearers, &c. preceded by a troop of horse, then succeeded the Lord Mayor, as chief magistrate of the city; the Nobility, Judges, Commons, Clergy, Officers, King's Counsel, and Corporation of Dublin, the University, Rectors and Masters of the several parishes, the different Bishops, Governors of the Bank of Ireland, &c. and a squadron of horse closed the procession.—The multitude of spectators was innumerable, but owing to the precaution of the Commissioners of the Police, in conjunction with the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, no material accident happened; no scaffolds were suffered to be erected in the streets.—The minute guns in the Park commenced firing at six o'clock in the morning, and the bells of the churches rung their dead peals during the day.

The remains of the late Duke of Rutland were interred on the 26th in the family burial-place in Rutlandshire.

[The Gazette of his Ivering contains some further Regulations to be observed in the dress of the Admiral, Captains, and other Officers of the navy, which shall be given in our next Number.]

27. His Majesty went in the usual state to the House of Peers, where the Lord Temporal and Spiritual were assembled, and the Commons called to the Bar, he made from the Throne, the following most gracious speech.

“ My Lord and Brethren,

“ At the close of the last Session I informed you of the concern with which I observed the dispute which subsisted in the Republic of the East Indies.

“ Their situation soon afterwards became more critical and alarming and the danger which threatened their constitution and independence seemed likely to be neglected to affect the security and interests of my dominions.

“ No endeavours were wanting on my part to contribute, by my good offices to the restoration of tranquillity, and the maintenance of lawful government; and I also thought it necessary to express my intention of contracting alliance with the Republic in the part of France, in the internal affairs of the Republic. Under these circumstances the King of Prussia having taken measures to enforce his demand of satisfaction for the insult offered to the Princess of Orange, the

party which had usurped the Government of Holland applied to the Most Christian King for assistance, who notified to me his intention of granting their request.

“ In conformity to the principles which I had before explained, I did not hesitate, on receiving this notification, to declare, that I could not remain a quiet spectator of the armed interference of France; and I gave immediate orders for augmenting my forces both by sea and land.

“ In the course of these transactions, I also thought proper to conclude a Treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, by which I secured the assistance of a considerable body of troops, in case my services should require it.

“ In the mean time the rapid success of the Prussian troops, under the conduct of the Duke of Brunswick, which it was the means of obtaining the reparation demanded by the King of Prussia, enabled the Provincials to deliver themselves from the oppression under which they laboured, and to re-establish their lawful government.

“ All subjects of contest being thus removed, an amicable explanation took place between me and the Most Christian King, and Declarations have been exchanged by our respective Ministers, by which we have agreed mutually to disarm, and to place our naval establishments on the same footing as in the beginning of the present year.

“ It gives me the greatest satisfaction, that the important events, which I have communicated to you, have taken place, without disturbing my subjects in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace; and I have great pleasure in acquainting you, that I continue to receive, from all Foreign Powers, the fullest assurances of their pacific and friendly disposition towards this country. I must, at the same time, regret, that the tranquillity of one part of Europe is unhappily interrupted by the war which has broken out between Russia and the Porte.

“ A Convention has been agreed upon between me and the Most Christian King, explanatory of the Thirteenth Article of the late Treaty of Peace, and calculated to prevent jealousies and disputes between our respective subjects in the East Indies. I have ordered copies of the several Treaties to which I have referred, and of the Declaration and Counter Declaration exchanged at Versailles, to be laid before you.

“ Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“ I have ordered the estimates of the ensuing year to be laid before you, together with an account of the extraordinary expences which the situation of affairs rendered necessary.

“ I have

have the fullest reliance on your zeal and public spirit, that you will make due provision for the several branches of the public service. I am always desirous of confining those expences within the narrowest limits, which a prudent regard for the public safety will permit; but I must, at the same time, recommend to your particular attention to consider of the proper means for maintaining my distant possessions in an adequate posture of defence.

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ The flourishing state of the Commerce and Revenues of this country, cannot fail to encourage you in the pursuit of such measures as may confirm and improve so favourable a situation.

“ These circumstances may render you peculiarly anxious for the preservation of public tranquility, which it is your object to preserve.

“ I am, at the same time, persuaded you will agree with me in thinking, that we can more effectually tend to secure so valuable a blessing, than the zeal and unanimity which were shown by all ranks of my Subjects on the late occasion, and which readily suited their readiness to exert themselves whenever the honour of my Crown, and the interests of my Dominions, may require it.

Addresses to the above Speech were unanimously agreed to by both Houses of Parliament.

C O U N T R Y - N E W S.

Conclude, Nov. 15.

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester and son arrived at the Bishop of Peterborough's lodge, at Trinity College on Friday evening, to admit his son to that College. The next morning he viewed the college, chapel, and library, and from thence proceeded to the senate-house, where the Vice-Chancellor, Heads of Houses, Professors, &c. in their robes, waited to receive him, and from whom he was pleased to accept the degree of Doctor of Law. He then

went to the public library, King's chapel, and the other buildings most worthy of notice. He afterwards condescended to visit the Mayor and Corporation, at their Town Hall, and accepted the Freedom of the Corporation, and then returned to the Bishop of Peterborough's. On Sunday morning he attended divine service at St. Mary's church, after which he dined with the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Farmer, of Emanuel College) and the Heads of Houses, Noblemen, &c. from whence he set off on his return to London.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, NOVEMBER 1787.

- IN Much last, Mr. John Hay, printer, at Calcutta.
- 21. At Dresden, Mr. Kenneth Ferguson, Secretary to Norton L'En, Esq. the British Ambassador at that court.
- 18. In Wales, the Rev. Robert Carter of Redburn, rector of Broughton in Lincolnshire.
- 22. At Easington, Warwickshire, aged 82, the Hon. George Smiley, only surviving son of Robert first earl Ferrers.
- Lately at Sulsover, near Sheffield, Mrs. Kent, aged 103 years.
- 24. Mrs. Hulbert, mother of the bishop of Gloucester, aged 79.
- At Bath, Richard William Stack, M. D. Lately at Parrishou, Edward Burham, Esq. formerly agent to the packets at Dover.
- 25. Mr. Edward Wright, Butcher-row, brandy-merchant.
- At Benhall-lodge, Suffolk, Mr. Alexander Loppell.
- At Hackney, Mrs. Gibley.
- 26. At Stoke-Newington, Mr. James Slanderswick, merchant.
- Jacob Preston, Esq. of Beeston St. Lawrence, Norfolk.
- At Fulham, Mr. Carbelton.
- Mrs. Eliz. Oglethorpe, widow of the late Gen. Oglethorpe, and daughter of Sir Nathias Wright, Bart.
- Archibald Stewart, Esq. father of Dr. Stewart, of Southampton.

- Thomas Hudson R. Winton, Esq. at Lancaster.
- Mr. Twining, ship boiler, Chelsea.
- Lately at Hull, Mr. John Furraby, book-seller and printer.
- 28. Major Archibald Stewart, late of the royal regiment of horse guards.
- Mr. John Morn, eldest of P. M. Morn, Esq. formerly and secretary of State, aged 71.
- 29. Mr. Thomas Bacon, at Chatham.
- 30. The Rev. Dr. Wren, a dissenting minister, at Portsmouth.
- 31. Mr. Thomas Candler, undertaker Fleet market.
- Nov. 1. John Barker, Esq. in Market Street, Goulston's fields, aged 81, governor of the London Glass and Corporation, and one of the elder brethren of the Trinity-hospital.
- Mrs. Entwright, at Markham, Nottinghamshire, aged 81, relict of the late William Markham, Esq.
- 2. Mrs. Wilbraham, relict of Dr. Wilbraham.
- Lately in Dublin, Gerald Fortescue, Esq. Ulster King at arms, and chief herald of Ireland.
- 3. Dr. Lowth, bishop of London (See p. 359.)
- Dr. King, vicar of Wormley, Hertfordshire.
- Mr. De Camp, the celebrated Dutch-plays

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

1. **Fingeth**, near Woodburn, the
William, rector of that parish.

2. **Mr. John Williams**, Mill-bank, West-
 minster.

Henry Nichols, Esq. of the Old South-
 am-house.

Mr. John Broador, of Thame-street.

Gabriel Winstone Wayne, Esq. lieutenant
 of the 55th regiment of foot, at the battle of
 Minden.

6. **Mr. William Robbins**, of Holborn-
 street.

8. **Charles Hoyle**, Esq. of Little Chelsea.

Benjamin Ibbot, Esq. Dartmouth-street,
 Westminster, aged 73.

7. **Mrs. Church**, widow of Rich. Church,
 Esq. late one of the council at Bombay, and
 daughter of George Jackson, Esq.

Sir Thomas Hatton, Bart. at Long-stanton,
 Cambridgeshire.

Mr. Daniel Poulstone, printer and builder

Mrs. Arthorne, aged 104, who was for-
 merly shewn about as the strong woman.

8. **Mr. Thomas Branch**, one of the pro-
 curators of the ecclesiastical court, Gloucester

Lrely, John Duncy, Esq. of Wootton-
 Underage, Gloucestershire.

Lately, **Mr. William Stephens**, of Lime-
 street, packer

9. **George Cumming**, Esq. one of the
 Directors of the East India company.

Mr. John Thumpton, Quebec-street, Port-
 man square.

Sir James Douglas, Knt and Bart. admiral
 of the white, who had been in the service

72 years

Lately, at West-Hill in, Derbyshire, the
 Rev. **William Clarke**, rector of that place,
 and vicar of Heaton, aged 31.

10. **Henry Parket**, Esq. of the island of
 Jamaica.

Lately, at Clough, in Ireland, the Rev.
John Jackson, M. A. archdeacon of Cligbat,
 and vicar of Old Connel, in Kildare

11. **Charles Brown**, Esq. Lower street,
 Kingston.

Miss Charlotte Style, daughter of the late
Sir Thomas Style, Bart. of Whartonbury,
 Kent.

Henry Howard Esq. Heath-hall, near
 Wakefield, next in succession to his Grace of
 Norfolk.

Thos. Sweet, Esq. at Umahie, Perthshire.

The Rev. **John Ellis**, rector of South Repps,
 and Runton, in the county of Norfolk, aged

65.

12. **Mr. Walter Henry Franklin**, at Ryde,
 in the island of Wight, aged 103 years.

At Oxford, **Dr. George Jubb**, canon of
 Christ Church, and King's Hebrew professor
 in that university.

* The Lists of Births, Professions, and Marriages, are unavoidably
 deferred to the next Number.

Lately, at Spalding, Lincolnshire, **Mrs.**
Albin, wife of Mr. Albin, bookseller and
 printer. She was the mother of 27 children,
 21 of whom were single births, and the last
 twins.

13. The Rev. **Dr. Stebbing**, preacher at
 Gray's-inn, chaplain to his Majesty, rector of
 Gemmingham and Trunch, in the county of
 Norfolk, and Fellow of the Royal and Anti-
 quaran Societies, aged 70.

Mr. Lister, printer, in the Old Bailey.

The Rev. **Mr. Pearson**, of Wakefield.

14. At Ilford, in Essex, **Mr. John Bland**,
 aged 75.

Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, at the Dolphin inn
 in Bishopsgate-street. She was the compan-
 ion of Mrs. B. lately, and the publisher of
 her life. Being advertised for a forgery, she
 concealed herself in this inn, unknown to the
 landlord or his servants, and died in extreme
 agonies and distress.

At Paris, the Rev. **Mr. Labord**, chaplain
 to the embassy.

John Astley, Esq. at Duckenfield, in
 Cheshire, formerly a portrait painter.

Lately, **Lieutenant Colonel Horatio Ann Lowlet**.
 He lately served in the 44th reg. of foot, and
 was captain of Chesham's militia.

15. **Johnson Robinson**, Esq. aged 76, many
 years bookkeeper's first clerk in the office of
 ordinance

The Rev. **William Newborough**, A. M.
 lecturer of Thame in Oxfordshire, minister of
 Long Crndon, Bucks, and fellow of Pem-
 broke college, Oxford

16. **Mr. Panton**, distiller, Bishop
 Water Vane, Esq. brother of Sir Freder-
 ick Vane

George Hay, marquis of Tweedale, earl of
 Gifford, viscount Walden, baron Yester, &c.

17. **Mr. John White**, Newgate-street
 At Wilton, **Mrs. Streets**, relict of the Rev.
 William Streets.

18. **Mr. James Bush**, Hatfield.
Mr. Thomas Maskelyne, at Warminster,
 in Wiltshire

19. **Captain Patrick Innes**, of the late
 South Fencible regiment.

James Ferguson, Esq. the younger, of
 Craigdarroch

20. **Mr. Jameson**, timber-merchant, of
 Hill-top wall.

At Romney-college, Kent, the Rev. **Tim.**
Bagshaw, M. A. rector of Southfleet in Kent,
 and chaplain of the college.

At Foston, Bedfordshire, **Mrs. Susannah**
Greenfield, aged 103.

21. **Mrs. Walker**, wife of Mr. Walker,
 of Norris street, Haymarket.

Mr. Thomas Ormes, sen. one of the
 cashiers of the bank of England.



European Magazine

For D E C E M B E R, 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of COLONEL WATSON, late Chief Engineer of Bengal.
2. A View of the MUSJID at JONPOOR, designed by Mr. HODGAS. And 3. A Sublime
Plate of FAC SIMILES of EMINENT PERSONS in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.]

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L O N D O N:
Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;
And J. DEBRET, Piccadilly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The *Manchester Prologue* in our next
Manuscript—*R. P.*—*Martinus Scribens*—*An Admirer of Dr. Price*—*Secus*—*C. D.*
 and some others, are received.
 We have received a letter from Mr. *Darius*, in which we are informed, that the "*Democratic Press*" mentioned in the table of contents to our last, as written by him, was the production of another gentleman. We are sorry for the mistake, which had been discovered before the receipt of his letter.
 Marriages and Deaths from anonymous Correspondents are never admitted.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Dec. 17, to Dec. 22, 1787.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	5	11	5	11	2	11	2	11	1	
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middlesex	5	8	0	2	11	2	5	3	1	
Surry	5	8	3	0	10	2	3	4	4	
Hertford	5	3	0	2	10	2	1	3	6	
Hedford	5	0	3	2	7	1	11	2	11	
Cambridge	4	11	3	2	7	1	9	2	2	
Huntingdon	4	11	0	2	5	1	9	2	7	
Northampton	5	2	2	10	2	6	1	9	2	9
Rutland	5	1	0	2	10	2	1	2	9	
Leicester	5	2	3	6	2	9	2	1	3	10
Nottingham	5	5	3	5	2	11	2	3	3	3
Derby	6	0	0	3	1	2	4	4	2	
Stafford	5	6	0	2	11	2	5	4	9	
Salop	5	8	3	10	2	11	2	0	5	2
Hereford	5	4	0	3	1	2	0	2	8	
Worcester	5	4	0	2	11	2	0	3	4	
Warwick	5	1	0	2	9	1	11	3	7	
Gloucester	5	4	0	2	8	1	10	3	9	
Wilts	5	4	0	2	7	2	0	4	2	
Berks	5	6	0	2	8	2	1	3	0	
Oxford	5	1	0	2	7	2	2	3	7	
Hucks	5	3	0	2	9	2	0	3	0	

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans				
Essex	5	4	0	2	9	1	1	2	10
Suffolk	4	11	3	12	7	2	0	2	9
Norfolk	4	9	3	0	2	5	2	0	0
Lincoln	5	1	2	11	2	6	1	1	3
York	5	7	3	7	2	11	2	0	4
Durham	5	2	3	6	2	10	1	1	4
Northumberl.	4	9	3	5	2	7	1	10	4
Cumberland	5	9	3	4	2	10	1	1	4
Westmorl.	5	10	4	2	3	0	1	1	0
Lancashire	5	11	3	9	3	1	2	2	4
Cheshire	5	9	3	8	3	1	2	3	0
Monmouth	6	0	0	0	3	0	1	10	0
Gomerfet	5	7	2	10	2	9	1	1	3
Devon	5	6	0	2	8	1	7	0	0
Cornwall	5	6	0	2	9	1	5	0	0
Durfet	5	7	2	8	2	7	1	1	3
Hants	5	3	0	0	2	7	2	0	3
Suffex	5	2	0	0	2	9	2	1	3
Kent	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

WALES, Dec. 12, to Dec. 15, 1787.

North Wales	5	8	4	3	3	1	1	9	1	8
South Wales	5	2	3	7	1	8	1	5	1	9

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

NOVEMBER.		
BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
26—30	— 18	— 36 — E. S. E.
27—30	— 30	— 32 — E.
28—30	— 31	— 31 — E.
29—30	— 47	— 31 — E.
30—30	— 37	— 29 — E.
DECEMBER.		
1—30	— 14	— 39 — W. S. W.
2—29	— 70	— 39 — W. S. W.
3—29	— 64	— 41 — S. W.
4—29	— 60	— 39 — W.
5—29	— 55	— 46 — S. W.
6—29	— 50	— 41 — N.
7—29	— 93	— 39 — S. S. W.
8—29	— 91	— 46 — S. S. W.
9—29	— 72	— 55 — W. S. W.
10—29	— 87	— 48 — S. S. W.
11—29	— 76	— 50 — S. W.
12—29	— 46	— 53 — S.
13—29	— 76	— 44 — N.
14—29	— 43	— 51 — S.
15—29	— 44	— 47 — N. W.
16—29	— 44	— 47 — W.
17—28	— 30	— 43 — S. W.
18—29	— 28	— 49 — S.

19—29	— 45	— 47 — W.
20—29	— 36	— 47 — W.
21—29	— 74	— 40 — N.
22—29	— 53	— 32 — N. E.
23—29	— 58	— 30 — N. E.
24—29	— 30	— 58 — N. E.
25—29	— 26	— 32 — N. E.
26—29	— 52	— 31 — W.
27—30	— 09	— 35 — N. W.
28—30	— 44	— 33 — W.

PRICES of STOCKS,

Dec. 29, 1787.	
Bank Stock, —	Old S. S. Ann. —
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 95 $\frac{1}{2}$	New S. S. Ann. shut
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, shut	India Stock, shut
3 per Cent. red. 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ & 76	India Bonds, 77s.
3 per Cent. Conf. shut 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the op.	New Navy and Vict. Bills, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ p. ct. dif.
3 per Cent. 1726, shut	Long Ann. 22 3-8ths
3 per Cent. 1751, shut	30 yrs. Ann. 1778, —
3 per Ct. Ind. An. —	Exchequer Bills, 22s. prem.
South Sea Stock, shut	Lottery Tick. 16l. 13s.

EUROPEAN AND LONDON REVIEW

For DECEMBER,

ACCOUNT OF THE MUSJID* AT HONPOOY (WITH A VIEW OF IT.)

THIS Musjid was built by CHAJA JEHAN, the Vicier of SULTAN MAHUMMOOD SHAH, and who, during the minority of his son, Sultan MAHUMMOOD SHAH, was deposed, affixed to a prison, and lost possession of his property; he was released by the favour of the King, and died at Honpooy, where he was buried.

ed from it, for in the year 1593, MERLANE, General of HINDOSTAN, swept empty from before him;—But in the year 1617, he was defeated and retired to HONPOOY, and remained there till the year 1631, and, after a long illness, he died.

The above View is copied by permission from the sketch collection of Mr. ... which is now only to be seen in the possession of every person ...

THE ...

A NEW ... MAGAZINE ... DISPUTE at ... COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

A ...

They accordingly all attended except Mr. Matthew Wilson, who was prevented by indisposition, and in the afternoon were sent for before a meeting of the Master, Mr. Meredith the Vice-master, Mr. Backhouse, Mr. Peck, Mr. ... Mr. Postlethwaite, Mr. ... John Wilson the Bursar, and Mr. ... when each of the Memorials ... acknowledged his signature, ...

withdrawing it, they were informed that the Master and Statute had come to several resolutions which were read in the ...

... after mature consideration of the following Memorials, ... that in ... of Fellows, ...

* Musjid, the place of worship among the MUHAMMEDIANS, and frequently their tombs.
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piration of the time appointed by the Statutes for the examination in several branches of learning, and has even given a vote at the election to the exclusion of one who would otherwise have been an elector, and who had actually examined the candidates for that purpose."

It is agreed by the Master and Seniors, that it be recommended to all the electors to examine personally the several candidates; that that it does not appear to them that they have, or that it was intended by the Statutes they should have, the power to exclude any one of the Seniors who may be present at the time of election, and willing to take the oath prescribed by the Statutes, which oath hath been regularly taken by all the electors at the time of election of Fellows, Scholars, and Officers, and which to the best of their knowledge hath not been violated in any instance whatever.

It is agreed further, that it is uncandid, illiberal, and indecent, to suppose that any elector who may not (from indisposition or other accident) have personally examined the candidates, has not diligently informed himself from one or more electors who have examined, so as fully to satisfy his own conscience as to the respective merits of the several candidates in literature.

Agreed also, that it appears that the person avowed by the Subscribers to be pointed at in the latter part of the above Memorial, was in Collège part of the third, and on the whole fourth day appointed for examination of the candidates, although he was accidentally detained and prevented from being present so soon as he intended.

It is also agreed, that after the Master had disapproved of the mode of proceeding as hasty and violent, and had expressed his apprehensions, that it might produce animosity and distraction in the Society; after he had offered to speak privately to the person alluded to, and if his interposition was ineffectual, had expressed a readiness to take the sense of the Seniors on the necessity of any future regulation; the Subscribers, after a week's deliberation or more, did redeliver the said Memorial in the very form and words wherein it had been first presented; and that in so doing they appear, to the judgment of the Board, not to have had in view only the redress of the abuse complained of, but a design to insult one of the members, if not the whole Board of Seniors.

Agreed also, by the Master and Seniors, that the terms in which the Subscribers describe the abuse complained of, "as in its consequences dishonourable to the Society, subversive of the first principles of its foundation, and highly detrimental to the public," appear to the Board to be indecent and unjust, tending to excite the most alarming suspicions, and cause dissensions within the Society, while they bring disgrace and infamy upon it from without.

Agreed also, that the conduct of the Subscribers to the Memorial, concluding with the above cited expression, is directly contrary to the third Statute, which requires even from a Senior to a Junior Fellow, that in a case of actual delinquency, "*Illius amice communes factus horteturque, et quod peccatum sit ab eo per imprudentiam vel inuicem corrigat.*" Contrary also to the 26th Statute, which requires, "*Ut inferiores omnes erga superiores submissis se, et reverenter gerant, discipuli erga baccalarios, baccalarios erga magistros artium, illi erga baccalarios Theologos et doctores, et omnes tum erga magistrum tanquam summum moderatorem tum erga omnes seniores tanquam patres et priorios viros.*" Contrary also to another clause in the same Statute—"*Statuimus porro mandamus, et hortamur, ut magister, socii, discipuli, et ceteri in collegio, ut tum degentes, concordiam unitatem pacem et mutuam inter ipsos charitatem promovere solent fovere et observent. Scurrilitatem, obscena verba, scommata, injuria, probra, scandala, verbo vel facto, omnino vitent.*" Contrary also to the 40th Statute, which directs, that if the Master is found to be "*In suo officio obcurdo admodum negligens, per vicem magistrum et reliquos septem seniores aut per majorem partem eorum quorum consentiam quantum possumus in hac re operamur sicut domino Jesu rationem reddituri sint omni lenitate et modestia admonentur, qui si hoc modo admonitus non emendaverit, secundo similiter admonentur.*"

It is agreed, that for this offence, which the Master and Seniors wish may rather be imputed to imprudence and inconsiderateness, than to any studied design to injure; the Subscribers to the Memorial, viz. the Reverend George Waddington, John Baynes, the Rev. Thomas Cautley, the Rev. Miles Popple, the Rev. Thomas Jones, the Rev. Harry Porter, the Rev. Kingman Baskett, John Haüstone, the Rev. Matthew Murfit, shall together and

and severally repeated the first admonition, to behave themselves for the future with more moderation, decency, and respect to the Master and Seniors.

Agreed also, that the Rev. Matthew Winton be not included in this sentence, if upon his return to College, he shall leave to withdraw his name from the Memorial, but that if he refuse to do, that then he also be included in the above admonition.

JOHN PETERBOROUGH, M.C.

When the Master came to read that part of the Resolutions which first appeared to have a tendency to censure the Memorialists, Mr. Waddington endeavoured to address him to request a copy of the charge against him, and to allow them the opportunity of being heard in their defence, but he was impatiently opposed, and told with great heat, that it was an interference and impertinent intrusion, and the admonition being ended, Mr. Baynes, who had been representing for taking notes during the transaction, complained of the injustice of punishing him without previously letting him know what he was charged with, and nearing him in his defence - to which the Master replied, that it was unnecessary to hear them in their defence, as the Board of Seniors had proceeded on nothing which did not appear on the face of the Memorial itself. Mr. Baynes however, not satisfied with this answer, requested leave to read and take a copy of the Resolutions, which were re-

used, as not being customary. The Memorialists were then dismissed, after being told the Resolution should not be entered in the Conclusion Book, if they would sign a paper humbly begging pardon for having behaved irreverently to the Masters and Seniors in presenting a Memorial expressed in improper terms.

A few days afterwards Mr. Popple repaired upon the Master, and applied to him for a copy of the censure; when his Lordship said, that he wished it to be understood that he never would grant a copy of it, though the whole Seniors should consent to it, without an injunction of the King's Bench; and on Mr. Popple's complaining that the Memorialists had been called up to receive sentence before they knew that any crime was laid to their charge, he was told that it was the intention of the Board to keep them in the dark.

To a censure, as they conceived, so unmerited, Mr. Popple and Mr. Baynes were determined not to submit, and accordingly presented a petition to the Lord Chancellor, as Visitor of the College, stating the several circumstances of the case, and praying that the censure might be declared illegal and void, and that the same might be expunged from the Conclusion Book, that the Statutes, Charters, and Conclusion Book, might be produced at the hearing of the Petition, and that in the mean time the Petitioners might be at liberty to inspect and take copies of the same, which last was immediately ordered, and Mr. Baynes went

* This is the account in the affidavit of Mr. Baynes, Mr. Popple, and Mr. Hullstone. The Master, however, it should be observed, in his affidavit swears, that throughout the whole of this transaction, either in any private interview with either of the Subscribers, or at the Board of Seniors, he did not use any expression, to the best of his recollection or belief, which could be construed into warmth or provocation, or less the following expression could be construed. In answer to the Rev. George Waddington, who on the question being proposed, whether he was induced by any thing to sign the Memorial, or did he sign it willingly and of his own accord? he, Mr. Waddington replied, the question was an insult to him. To which he believed he might say—You, Sir, who are intended in your own feelings, ought to have had more regard to the feelings of others. And in another instance, when complaint was made by one of the Seniors, that Mr. Baynes was a second time taking notes contrary to the orders of the Board, he said to him—If you persist to take notes, do it at your peril.

† The Master in his affidavit says, that with respect to this application, he understood Mr. Popple's visit to have been made in consequence of an offer which had been made him to take charge of the education of the Master's son. On this occasion some objection might have arisen concerning the refusal of a copy of the sentence, yet he did not recollect any direct request of such copy being made. He did, however, recollect some conversation to have passed, and that he expressed a concern at his not finding Mr. Popple's name in the list of Subscribers. He also admits that he made use of the following expressions. That from the conduct of the Subscribers it seemed that the Junior Fellows thought the government of the College would be better in their hands than in the hands of the Seniors; but as the Statute had appointed otherwise, he meant to use this endeavour to keep the authority where he found it

to Cambridge, and was allowed access to them.

The hearing of the Petition came on the 30th October 1787; and the result of

it being already given at p. 430 of our last Magazine, is unnecessary to be repeated.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AN Admirer of your valuable Work never having seen the following original Letter in print—would esteem the insertion—and for such indulgence may transmit other similar curiosities I am, &c.

JOHN FRANKLIN WILLIAMS.

(COPY) SLOANE M. S. S. No. 1519.

Whitehall, 9 June, 1665.

My Lord Sandwich,

THOUGH you have already done me very eminent Services, yett the great part you have had in this happy Victory which it hath pleased God to send us, adds very much to the former obligations I have to you. I send this bearer, my Lord

Hawley, on purpose to let you know more particularly my love of it, and will say no more myself till I see you, that I may take you in my Arms, and give you other testimonies how truly I am

Your affectionate Friend,

CHARLES R.

To the Earl of Sandwich.

ACCOUNT OF THE SEVERAL PERSONS WHOSE SIGNATURES ARE INSERTED IN THE ANNEXED PLATES.

(1.) SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM,

secretary of state. He was born in Kent, and educated in King's College, Cambridge, and then travelled abroad for his improvement in the knowledge of languages and men, as he afterwards did in the reign of queen Mary on account of religion. He was employed by her successor in several embassies, particularly to the Court of France twice, and once to Scotland and the Low Countries. The offices of chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and of the order of the garter, which he held together with that of secretary, did not prevent him from dying in very necessitous circumstances in April 1590, with the reputation of having carried on the public service at the expence of his fortune.

(2.) John Whitgift, archbishop of Canterbury, born at Grimby in Lincolnshire, educated at Cambridge; in 1577, advanced to the see of Worcester, and from thence, in 1584, to that of Canterbury. He died of a palsy, February 29, 1603, at Lambeth, aged 70 years.

(3.) Thomas Egerton, lord high chancellor, was the natural son of Sir Richard Egerton, of Kitchy, Cheshire, by Alice, daughter of Mr. Spaite, of Bickerton in that county. He was born in 1539; entered of Brazen-nose College in Oxford, about 1558, and then removed to Lincoln's Inn. On 8th June, 1581, he was appointed solicitor general, and on June 2,

1592, attorney general. On 10th June 1594, he was made master of the rolls, which office he held, with that of lord keeper until the first year of King James the first. He was advanced to the degree of baron Ellesmere in Shropshire, on 21st July 1603, and on the 24th of that month constituted lord high chancellor of England. In 1610 he was created viscount Brackley in Northamptonshire, and died at York-house in the Strand, on 15th of March 1616-17, having on the 3d of the same month resigned the great seal.

(4.) Thomas Sackville, lord Buckhurst; born at Buckhurst in Sussex; educated both at Oxford and Cambridge; after which he became a student of the Inner-Temple, where he wrote the tragedy of Gondobuc. He was several years a member of the house of commons, and on the 8th of June 1567, was knighted, and advanced to the dignity of baron Buckhurst. He was employed as ambassador both to France and the Low Countries, and on the death of lord Burleigh, became lord high treasurer of England. At the accession of king James I. he was continued as lord high treasurer, and died suddenly at the council-table, Whitehall, April 19, 1608. He was interred in Westminster Abbey.

(5.) William Cecil, lord Burleigh; born at Bourne in Lincolnshire, Sept. 13, 1550; secretary of state to queen Elizabeth. He died August 4, 1598.

(6.) Edward Cinton, earl of Lincoln, knight

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE

[Handwritten signature]

Ed. North

[Handwritten signature]

Mr. Kemble

[Handwritten signature]

Robert

G. Hindley

Published by I. Sewell Cornhill 1787

knight of the garter, appointed lord high admiral for life in the 4th year of Edward VI. He died January 1584-5, and was succeeded in his office by Charles lord Howard of Effingham.

(7.) Thomas Ratcliffe, earl of Suffex, of a very ancient and noble family, honoured through many descents by the title of viscount Fitzwalter. He had been employed in Ireland, where he had performed signal services to queen Elizabeth at her first coming to the Crown, till she recalled him to court, and conferred on him the office of lord chamberlain, in which he died 1583.

(8.) Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, master of the horse to queen Elizabeth, was second son of John earl of Warwick, afterwards duke of Northumberland. He had been made master of the buck hounds for life, in the 4th year of Edward VI. and the year following sworn one of the six gentlemen of the king's privy chamber. When queen Mary recovered the crown from lady Jane Grey his sister-in-law, he was committed to the Tower, and attainted with his father, but released in October 1554, and made matter of the ordnance at the siege of St. Quintin's in 1557. Soon after the accession of queen Elizabeth to the throne, he was raised to the great office of master of the horse, and two years after elected knight of the garter, and appointed constable of Windsor Castle, and in September 1564, created earl of Leicester. The year following he was made chancellor of the university of Oxford, as he had been before high steward of that of Cambridge; and in 1566 was honoured by Charles IX. of France with the order of St. Michael. The extraordinary share of her majesty's favour which he enjoyed from the beginning of her reign till his death in September 1588, at which time he was possessed of the several posts of lord steward of the household, general of the army, and earl marshal of England, was less owing to the qualities of his mind, than to the advantages of his person and address; for he was the most obnoxious in his private character of all who were employed by her, and suspected on good grounds of the most shocking crimes, which he affected to conceal under high pretensions to piety.

(9.) Sir Francis Knollys, whose sister married to secretary Walsingham. He was born at Rotherfield Gray, near Henley in Oxfordshire, and educated in Magdalen College, Oxford. His first entrance at court was in the place of gentleman pensioner to Henry VIII. in the latter end

of his reign. Under king Edward VI. he distinguished himself so much by his zeal for the reformation, that he thought proper to retire into Germany when queen Mary succeeded to the crown; but upon her death he immediately returned to England, where he was sworn of the privy council to queen Elizabeth, who afterwards made him her vice chamberlain, treasurer of her chamber, and at last, treasurer of her household, and knight of the garter.

(10.) Sir Christopher Hatton, knight, lord Hatton, and high chancellor of England. He was of an ancient rather than a considerable family, at Holdenby in Northamptonshire, and educated in St. Mary Hall, Oxford. He removed thence to the Inner Temple, where he had not continued long before he distinguished himself so much in a visit at court, by the graces of his person and his activity, that her majesty appointed him one of her gentlemen pensioners, then of her privy chamber, captain of the band of pensioners, afterwards vice chamberlain, and of her privy council, and at last lord chancellor, in 1587. In that great post he supplied his own defects by the assistance of the ablest men of the profession, and his integrity in the administration of it was unsuspected. His death, which happened in 1591, was hastened by an unexpected demand of money from the queen, urged in so severe a manner, that all the kindness she afterwards shewed to him was insufficient to remove the impression it had made.

(11.) Dr. Thomas Wilson, a civilian; and native of Lincolnshire; educated at Cambridge with Sir Francis Walsingham, and was afterwards tutor to Henry and Charles Brandon, successively dukes of Suffolk. He travelled abroad during the reign of Mary, in the last year of which he was imprisoned at Rome by the Inquisition, on account of two books which he had published in England, upon the arts of rhetoric and logic, but escaped death upon a fire happening in the prison, the people of Rome forcing the doors of it open, and letting out the prisoners. The accession of queen Elizabeth to the throne occasioned his return to his own country, where he was appointed one of the masters of requests, and master of the hospital of St. Catherine, near the Tower of London, and was first ambassador to the Low Countries in 1575, and the year following, secretary of state. In 1579 he was made dean of Durham, which dignity, with the post of secretary, he enjoyed until his death in 1581.

(12.) Sir John Poplam, first Chief Edward

Edward Popham, esq. educated at Baliol College, Oxford; afterwards studied the law in the Middle Temple, and became successively, terjeant at law, solicitor general, attorney general, and chief justice of the king's bench. He died 10th Jan, 1607.

(13.) Robert Cecil, youngest son of lord Burleigh, and the first earl of Salisbury. He was born June 1, 1563; knighted June 1591, sworn of the privy council in August; and in 1596, appointed secretary of state. In 1599 he was made master of the court of wards, and in the same year went to France, to negotiate a peace between that country and Spain. On the accession of king James he was created lord Cecil, and viscount Cranbourn, and in 1605 earl of Salisbury. In 1608 he was constituted lord high treasurer, from which post he died May 24, 1612.

(14.) Robert North, first created the second lord North, was ambassador extraordinary from queen Elizabeth to Charles IX. king of France. He was constituted treasurer of the household 1597, and died Dec. 1600.

(15.) Sir William Knollys, treasurer of the household to queen Elizabeth. He was appointed by king James master of the wards, and a knight of the garter, and by king Charles I. earl of Banbury.

(16.) Sir John Fortescue, appointed chancellor, and under treasurer of the exchequer, 1590. He died 23 Dec. 1607, being then chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, master of the great wardrobe, and a privy councillor.

(17.) Charles Howard, earl of Nottingham, born 1536, appointed lord high admiral of England, 1585, and earl of Nottingham, 1597. In 1599 he had the title of lieutenant general of all England, an office unknown to succeeding times conferred on him, and during six weeks exercised absolute authority.— He died Dec. 1604, aged 68, under James I. and died 14th Dec. 1624, aged 87.

(18.) George Lord Hunilton, appointed lord chancellor 1597.

EPISCOPAL ANECDOTE

DR. BEAUCLEERK, the late Bishop of Hereford, having preached a sermon among his hearers a bishop, I believe (save a consistory) of a hundred, attended with much curious and interesting circumstances of a Bishop of Cork.

Dr. WILLIAM LYONS, who was preferred to the Bishoprick of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, by his late Majesty, Charles II. Elizabeth's son, was created a bishop of a diocese, which he distinguished by giving himself the name of the Spiritus sanctus, the holy ghost, in honor of the Queen, the mother of his Majesty, who had the honor of his birth.

Dr. LYONS, in the month of the Queen's death, was created a bishop of a diocese in the city of Cork, in the county of Kerry, and in the county of Wick, in the county of Down, and in the county of Londonderry, at which he could never think of an office suitable to him. It was, however, in vain, he said, the King's will was paid, and he would not take it. He then said, he would take a few days to consider of it, when, examining into his character, and finding him a lover, not a hater, as well as an independent gentleman, he sent for Lyons, and gave him the bishoprick, saying at the same time, "He should be willing to take as

little of the church as he had done of the world."

Dr. LYONS immediately set out for his bishoprick, which he enjoyed for 13 years, and then retired to his private house, where he died in the month of July, 1700, on the death of the Queen, which was a melancholy occasion to him, as he was obliged to pay the last duties to his Royal mistress, and to deliver a sermon on the pulpit in Christ Church, the city of Cork, when, after giving a good account on the necessity of it, he said, "The qualities of the Queen, concluded in the following manner, but without a name:

"Let those who feel this loss deplore with me on this melancholy occasion, but it shall be my duty that hear me who have secretly wished for this event (as perhaps some may) they have now got their wish, and the Devil do them good with it."

The writer of this article gives it on good authority.—The Bishop's name and the date of his appointment (1583) are on record in the Consistorial Court of Cork, and his picture in his lifetime's uniform, the left hand wanting a finger, is it to be seen in the Bishop's Palace at Cork.

POWER

THE POWER of CORRUPT SOCIETY and FALSE SHAME over the
NATURAL FEELINGS of VIRTUE; Exemplified in the STORY
of FATHER NICHOLAS.

[From "The LOUNGER," lately published.]

Je n'arme contre lui que le fruit de son crime. CREDILLON.

THE effects of moral instruction and precept on the mind have been rated very highly by some grave and worthy men, while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indisputable proof of their unimportance. Among those, say they, on whom Moral Eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wisest and most virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ablest and most persuasive guides, how few are there whose future conduct has answered to the instruction they received, or the maxims which were so often repeated to them. Natural disposition or acquired habits regulate the tenor of our lives; and neither the sermon that persuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent effect on the actions of him who listens or who weeps.

Yet, though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that the discourse or the story are useless and vain. Stronger motives will no doubt overpower weaker ones, and those which constantly assail will prevail over others which seldom occur. Passion therefore will sometimes be obeyed when reason is forgot, and corrupt society will at length overcome the best early impressions. But the effects of that reason, or of those impressions, we are not always in condition to estimate fairly. The examples of their failure are easily known, and certain of being observed; the instances of such as have been preserved from surrounding contagion by their influence, are traced with difficulty, and strike us less when they are traced.

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner so ungracious as neither to command their attention, nor conciliate their liking. He who says I am to instruct and to warn, with a face of instruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid as tiresome, or fear as unpleasant. A more willing and a deeper impression will be made when the observation arises with-

out being prompted, when the understanding is addressed through the feelings. It was this which struck me so forcibly in the STORY OF FATHER NICHOLAS. I never felt so strongly the evils of dissipation, nor ever was so ashamed of the shame of being virtuous.

It was at a small town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures which strangers used to visit. I went with a party whose purpose was to look at them: mine in such places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subject for meditation. I confess however I have often been disappointed; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind: one however was of a very superior order; that of a monk, who knelt at a distance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark Rembrandt shade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntarily no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his cross. The similarity of the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance that could not but strike every one. "It is Father Nicholas," whispered our conductor, "who is of all the brotherhood the most rigid to himself, and the kindest to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, and to the dying, he is always ready to administer assistance and consolation. No body ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take an interest, or request good offices which he refused to grant: yet the austerity and mortifications of his own

are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it is only from what he does for others that one supposes him to feel any touch of humanity." The subject seemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthusiastic, it sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. "It is not usual," said he, "my son, for people at your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime, why should you anticipate its decay? Grief and cheerfulness trim up around you, why should you seek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet though dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the charms of life. I feel your kindness, and wish for an opportunity to requite it. — He perceived my turn for letters, and shewed me some curious MSS and some scarce books, which belonged to the convent; these were not the communications I sought, accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his sufferings.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was fixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the Blessed Virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain what he I should wait the close of his devotional exercises, or retire unperceived as I did. He first was covered with his hands, and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence. He laid his hand on the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom, and then engaged on it earnestly burst into tears. After a few moments, he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a deep sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees, discovered me. I was astonished of my intrusion, and stammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions —

"Alas! (said he), we not deceived,

these are not the signs of devotion; see the meltings of piety, but the wringings of remorse. Perhaps, young man, it may lead thee to be told the story of my sufferings and of my sins: ingenuous as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to temptations like mine; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false honour, and mistaken shame."

MY name is St. HERR; my family ancient and respectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him, and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up, in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to Paris, along with the son of a neighbouring family, who, though of less honourable descent, was much richer than ours. Young Desferre (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army; me, from particular circumstances which promised success in that line, my mother and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. Desferre had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The first of every man who he despised, the intense superiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition, and led me to boast that. From nature I had that extraordinary faculty of shrewdness, which could not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. My orance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his superior effrontery, and the best established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry, or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners were naturally attached, having once let down that profession as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally dishonourable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally

naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delaferré enjoyed my apostacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his ruin; his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of superior dignity and show, the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill judged kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness, and reflected on with remorse. Sometimes, though but too seldom, I was a much a hypocrite on the other side, I was self-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by stealth, while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from view the restraints of conscience. But the dangerous connection I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delaferré receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his desire, I gave him the conveyance as far as to a relation's house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two in his vacation. "I will introduce you," said he in a tone of pleasure, "because you will be a favourite, my cousin's *utroque* is a sober and precise as you were when I first found you." The good man's homely thus characterised, justified indeed all those virtues of which the ridicule of Delaferré had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it had never made me entirely cease to revere. In his family I retained the station which, in our dissipated society at Paris, I had lost. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural disposition to goodness, but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more interesting assistant to it. After my experience of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaferré,

however, found them insipid and tasteless. He left his *kissin* the morning after his arrival, promising as soon as his regiment should be reviewed to meet me in Paris. "Except in Paris," said he, "we exist merely, but 'tis not five." I found it very different. I lived but in the presence of Emilia de Santonges. But why should I recall those days of perfect felicity, or think of what my *Isabella* was for nor long after she was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our ears, and the skill of his physicians, were fruitless. He died, and I left his daughter to my friendship. It was then that I first dared to hope for her love, that over the grave of her father I mingled my tear with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to ask, if she thought me worthy of comforting her sorrows. Emilia was too innocent for disguise, too honest for dissimulation. She gave her hand to my virtues (for I then was virtuous), to reward it the same time led to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as this life of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happiness, and I may say without vanity, since it is now my shame, that she since watched St. Hubert was then thought to deserve the blessings he enjoyed.

In this state of peaceful felicity we had lived for nothing more than a year, when my Emilia found herself with child. On that occasion my misfortune was such as a husband who does upon his wife may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that anxiety, I proposed in removing for some weeks to Paris, where she might have a better assistance in our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness for a variety of motives, but most of them were hours, applauded my resolution, and she, who was the nephew of a Farmer-General, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from these counties *accours* was such, that no body who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my

effects consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented, and we removed to town accordingly.

For some time I scarcely ever left our Hotel: It was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad prefaces which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. "I shall not live," she would say, "to revisit Santonges: but my Henry will think of me there: In those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least what mine, my Love, could not speak."—The good Father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images that rushed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choaked his utterance. After a short space he began, with a voice faltering and weak:

—Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind; the images her speech recalled softened my feelings into sorrow; but I am not worthy of them.—Hear the confession of my remorse.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit: mean time, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to transact the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

In passing through the Thuilleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion Delatierre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broke off.

He had heard, he said, accidentally of my being in town, but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice which were only not believed, from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiarised to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of inquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him to earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company consisted only of Delatierre himself, and two other Officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the Cross of St. Louis, and the rank of Colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantness around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old Officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delatierre. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the Colonel to sup with him the evening after.

The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister and a friend of her's, a widow, who, tho' not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my atten-

tions and conversation, and in hers I found myself flattered at the same time and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this Lady and me, and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaferré, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes; but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good-humour. Madame de Trenville (that was the widow's name), smiling to the Colonel asked him to take his revenge at her house, and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of ~~losing~~ a less favourable fortune.

At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be; thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia showed her uneasiness in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following Delaferré called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joined on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have staid, but for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delaferré was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the Colonel threw in a little railery on the subject of marriage. 'Twas the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

We played deeper and far later than formerly; but I was to shew myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw

Emilia next morning, whose looks were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delaferré came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as we went, that Emilia looked ill. "Going to the country will re-establish her," said I.—"Do you leave Paris?" said he.—"In a few days."—"Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have?"—"What motives?"—"The attachment of such friends: but friendship is a cold word; the attachment of such a woman as De Trenville." I know not how I looked, but he pressed the subject no further; perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

We went to that Lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual, and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country-manners, of country-opinions, of the insipidity of country-employments, was kept up with intimate spirit by Delaferré, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half-ashamed and half-forgy that I was going to the country, less uneasy than you at the preference that was shewn me.

I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents I had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her rival was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delaferré, who now retained the ascendence over me he had formerly possessed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the insatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her wit and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened, that just at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of hers in the neighbour-

of Santoges. He had been bred a miniature-painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and hers, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delafere and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honour, for relief from those difficulties into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning in distress and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and fished the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house I knew not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter.

When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbled with unspeakable horror, and my knees shuddered each other. It was night, and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some Russian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia and of my infant boy crossed my disordered mind, and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes; I rose, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep with a night-lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me,—I shudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart, its softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room, and, gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distressed lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sun-rise a stage-coach overtook me. It was going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food, and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail, and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed. It seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be

in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul, as he had done for my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlour. As I sat there one morning, the same stage coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw a light out of it the young Painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and amongst others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortune. My wife and child were no more. The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness the was then in had not strength to support. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He

put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outward state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst, and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to the spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown, and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences.—But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavour by works of charity and beneficence to make my being not hateful in its sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished.—Already, on my waiting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this stony couch are changed to mildness. 'Twas but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her! His voice ceased,—he looked on the picture, then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell for Vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his, and my tears began to drop on it—"My son," said he, "to feelings like yours it may not be displeasing to recall my story.—If the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy."

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

By M. L'Abbé PASQUET.

WHY must our lives be of so short duration? Why do but we live two or three thousand years? This is what we daily hear.

Almost all mankind complain of the shortness of life. If it was in their option to extend their length of days as far as they would wish, those who would resolve on death at the end of two or three thousand years, would be more scarce than the suicides of our days.

Senseless men! have you well thought on the result of so long a life? If God were to grant your inconsiderate wishes, it would be necessary he should enlarge the globe, or deprive us of the power of re-production. But our globe is not capable of being enlarged, without over-

throwing our planetary system, and producing its consequent ruin.

The bodies heaped on each other, in broad and deep holes, after a battle, convey but a faint idea of the confusion we should be in on this sorrowful planet, if no one was to die for fifteen hundred years only, or that the common life of man was to be of that number of years, and that he had the power of generation during seven eighths of that long life, as is commonly seen in the present system. This is evident from the following calculation.

The circumference of one of the grand circles of our sphere being 7,260 marine leagues of 2,850 fathoms, and of 10 to the degree, its diameter will be 2,297 $\frac{1}{2}$ leagues;

leagues; its surface $16,825,110,925,148,450$ square feet, which being reduced into square feet, gives $4,825,110,925,148,450$. If we only deduct one half, supposed to be occupied by the sea, the lakes, and rivers, there will remain $2,412,555,462,574,225$.

Now, let us suppose this half to be inhabited by a thousand millions of men; if this number was only to increase yearly only one hundredth, it would be so great at the end of $1,476$, that it would, within a trifle, fill the whole habitable surface of the earth, giving each man the space of a square foot; for $\frac{1}{100}$ elevated to the $1,476$ th power, and multiplied by $1,000,000,000$, produces the number $2,389,936,508,196,722$. If we add to this number the product of one year more, it will then give $2,413,035,673,278,689$, which will exceed that of the square feet the habitable part of our globe contains.

If instead of the hundredth, we suppose the number of men to increase a five-and-twentieth, which would not be exorbitant in a supposition of so long a life, were it even a great deal shorter, at the end of 374 years, this thousand millions of men would amount to $2,346,681,621,621,621$, a number almost equal to that of square feet contained in the habitable part of the earth. If we add one year more of such an increase, we then shall have $2,440,546,886,486,485$, a greater number than that of square feet

the water leaves uncovered on the surface of the earth.

This number, great as it is, is nothing in comparison of that which would be produced by such an increase continued for 1500 years: imagination starts at it. Then would mankind be heaped on each other, were they no bigger than lemons. Here is the number calculated according to the logarithms of eight decimals; $35,481,257,359,813,084,135,514,018,691,588,785$, a number above two hundred times greater than that of $162,628,999,125,937,863,623,442,432,000,000$, which gives the cubical points of matter contained on the entire mass of our globe. It must be observed a cubic inch contains $2,985,984$ of those points.

What must we conclude from thence? That every thing is wisely arranged; that all things, even those we dread so much, as death for example, are ordained for our good; that the Almighty, to leave us more at liberty, and give us elbow-room, has willed there should be diseases, physicians, military men, executioners, and a thousand other destructive methods, of which we are so silly as to complain, without reflecting that all this is necessary to prune the great tree of human nature, to give it air, and to husband its sap by retrenching its superfluous branches, which would soon cause it to perish without this precaution.

ON GOOD KINGS.

By M. MERCIER.

IN the sixteenth century, a certain person inscribed in the circumference of a farthing the names of all the good princes, ancient and modern; and still there was room left.

I wish this fancy were renewed in our days, as it has some humour in it, and that this fine coin was current.

The result of ancient and modern history would, in a manner, be contained in this small compass. What a laconic piece of philosophy!

Oh, happy farthing, decorated with the names of good kings, thou wouldst, in my opinion, exceed the finest quadruples, and I would wear thee at my button-hole!

Let us all assist in composing this uncommon farthing. Let us recapitulate the names to be admitted, and those that

should be retracted. Though this work would not be very voluminous, yet it must require much accuracy and understanding.

I admire that fine expression of Montaigne: "Clemency is the distinguishing quality of monarchs; monarchs obtain so much by clemency, it is followed by so much affection, so much glory attends it, that it is almost ever a great happiness for them to have opportunities of exerting it."

Let us hasten, then, my friends, to coin our farthing; let it be the medalion of posterity; let it take place of those bronzes the idle antiquarian accumulates, which present us the hard features of those wicked kings, from whom human nature was only relieved by the beneficent stroke of death.

THE

T H E
L O N D O N R E V I E W
A N D
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L,
F O R D E C E M B E R, 1787.

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid nor.

Guilelmi Bellendeni Magistri Supplicum Libellorum Augusti Regis Magnæ Britanniæ, &c. De Statu Libri Tres. 8vo. 12s. Sewell, &c.

A Free Translation of the Preface to Bellendenus; containing Animated Structures on the Great Political Characters of the Present Time. 8vo. 4s. Payne and Son, &c.

Remarks on the New Edition of Bellendenus, with some Observations on the extraordinary Preface. 8vo. 1s. Stalker.

WE hardly recollect an instance in which the attention of both our learned and political circles has been so powerfully engaged (so powerfully, it might even be said, *fascinated*) as by the recent republication of the long-lost, though inestimable work of Bellendenus “De Statu.” But before we enquire into the particular merits of that truly-classical performance (or rather assemblage of performances) it may not be improper to present our readers with a few anecdotes of the author, selected from the Preface now annexed to it by the editor, which is in itself a *TREASURE of modern Latinity*.

From the preliminary account alluded to we learn, that Bellendenus was by birth a Scotchman, and (so far as conjecture may determine) descended of an ancient and honourable family. Of his particular situation, and habits of life, we have little certain knowledge. Dempster, indeed, tells us, in his “*Lives of the Scottish Writers*,” that he was Professor of Humanity at Paris, in 1602; and it is an established fact that he enjoyed the office of *Master of Requests** to James VI. of Scotland, of whom he was a particular fa-

vourite. Whether James conferred any other mark of distinction upon him, we are entirely ignorant. Certain it is, however, that this monarch, who possessed no mean portion of learning himself, took a delight in patronising men of science, and certain is it also, that to his munificence Bellendenus was indebted for a life of honourable retirement at Paris, where he permitted not his abilities to languish, nor was forgetful of the welfare of his country.

In the year 1603, he there published the “*Ciceronis Præcepta*,” a work fraught with admirable instructions for the private, as well as public conduct of princes, and expressly calculated to demonstrate this grand and important truth, that no government can be permanently secure which has not for its basis the mutual felicity of the Sovereign and the People.—To this first edition of the “*Ciceronis Præcepta*” was annexed a valuable prefixed Discourse, entitled “*De Profectu et Scriptoribus Rei Politicæ*.”

It was not till the year 1612 that the first edition of the “*Ciceronis Consul, Senator Senatuf, et Romanus*,” made its appearance. This book—the longest of

* “*Magister Supplicum Libellorum*.” In explaining the nature and meaning of this title, the editor tells us, that the inhabitants of Sicily had a Magistrate termed *Libellensis*, the same with the *Magister Libellorum* of other countries; whose business it was to receive petitions, and to make a report of them, after examination, to the Sovereign.

the three, in our opinion too the most valuable, and the one which Bellendenus finished with most care—consists of fifty-six chapters, in which (while they contain political doctrines essential to the prosperity of every mixed government, together with a full account of the institution of the consulship, of the original extent and gradual diminution of its authority, and of the qualifications necessary to the due discharge of the consular office) we find the origin and constitution of the Roman Senate, and the various matters, both civil and religious, that were subject to its cognisance, described with *truth*, and enforced with *energy*.*

In arranging the books, or tracts, before us, the learned editor has preserved the order which Bellendenus himself preserved in the first edition, or the title page to which, *as it stood originally*, we shall present our readers with a copy.

“*Gulielmi Bellendeni Magistri Supplicium Libellorum Augusti Regi Magnæ Britannię, &c. De Situ Libri Tres. 1. De Situ Præci Orbis in Religione, Re Politica et Literis. 2. Ciceronis Princeps, sive de Statu Principis et Imperii. 3. Ciceronis Consul, Senator, Senatutique Romanus, sive de Statu Reip. et Urbis imperantis Orbis. Primus nunc primum editus, ceteris cum Tractat. de Processu et Scripturis Rei Politicæ, ab Auctore aucti et illustrati. Parisiis, apud Hæncum du Mesnil, vii S. Joannis Interimensis, subhæro Belleophonis Cœorum, M DC XVI. Cum Privilegio Regis.*”

After having published the piece here enameled, our author being, but was prevented by death from finishing another work entitled “*De Titulo Iunibus Romanorum*.” It is to have consisted of three tracts, descriptive of three of the most illustrious characters of antiquity, namely, Cicero, Seneca, and the elder Pliny. The only one he lived to publish however, was that which had Cicero for its object, and highly must it ever be lauded by the learned, that the other

two tracts were not permitted to come into existence, when it is considered how admirably, in the one that did appear, the author has selected from the works of the great Roman Orator, and exhibited in one comprehensive point of view, his most valuable remarks and opinions—exhibited them too in the very words of Cicero, with the addition merely of connecting sentences, which sentences, however, are written in a style of latinity that would have done honour to the pen of Tully himself.

On this occasion the editor—evidently with extreme reluctance, but evidently also with a manly detestation of literary plagiarism and iniquity—has held up to scorn the character and conduct of Middleton, the celebrated, but, as it now appears, the *disreputous*, biographer of Cicero, whom he asserts, in the most unqualified terms, not only to have been indebted to Bellendenus for many useful and splendid materials, but to have made a mere transcript of his work, wherever it might answer his purpose †.

With respect to the Three Books more immediately before us, our opinion would differ widely indeed from that of the learned world in general, if we did not declare, that they require no apology for their re-introduction to public notice beyond what is to be found in their own intrinsic merit; nor have we a doubt but that to every enlightened mind they will come with ample recommendations, not merely from the dignity of the subjects they discuss, but from the perspicuity of argument, the beauty of sentiment, and the varied elegance of diction, which, more or less, illumine and adorn every page of the work.

In the First Book, Bellendenus—at length *providentially* rescued himself from the “*gloomy regions of obscurity*”—brings to light from those regions many facts, not less curious than important, concerning nations of the most remote antiquity. With a diligence, equalled only by the cautions of a mind uncom-

* In 1716, these two books were re-published, with the addition of the tract entitled, “*De Situ Præci Orbis*,” a work abounding in curious and important information from Josephus, Eusebius, Aristotle, Plato, Clemens Alexandrinus, and Cicero, respecting the religion, the politics, and the literature of the ancient world, and enriched with remarks that rebound alike to the fame of the author as a scholar and as a philosopher.

† Before the period alluded to, the work of Bellendenus was known but to very few; nor had any person, Mr. Watson excepted, ever been at the pains to compare it with the performance of Middleton. Our editor himself, however, has since taken the trouble to collate the two productions; and on this ground it is, that, speaking on the subject decisively, he has—*as to express it—“done us a convincing fact”* the very name of Middleton.

manly penetrative and acute, clearly does he in the execution of this part of his work unfold every thing relative to the primitive discipline of the Persians and Egyptians, obscure as it was in itself, and variously as in its effects it had been diffused. In the like satisfactory manner, and with not less precision and brevity, he describes the primary origin of nations in general; points out the steps that conducted them to prosperity or grandeur; and elucidates the various means by which they differed from each other.

In this, as in all his other tracts, philosophy owes much to Bellendenus.—The fabulous details which encumbered, while they perplexed, the HISTORY of Greece, he elucidates, he refutes, and renders ultimately ridiculous. The wild and extravagant notions, or *systems* as they have been styled, that prevailed on the subject of RELIGION, he has also admirably exposed—exposed too by unanswerable arguments, derived not from *philosophy merely*, but from *revelation*.

Amidst all this glow of *antiquity*, however, in no instance does Bellendenus discover any thing of that coldness and insensibility which we are generally taught to consider as the essential characteristics of an *antiquarian*. Never does he degrade his talents by an investigation of *theological* points which are accompanied with *mystery*, or which, whether *mysterious* or *not mysterious*, are in themselves *idle*, and *unproductive of happiness to mankind*.—Researches like these our admirable author very wisely leaves to the *drones* of theology, who will not, or who cannot, *employ their time better*.

In truth, we hardly know an author who has more powerfully, or more irresistibly exerted himself than Bellendenus, in supporting the rights of human nature on the principles of a sound political government.

To this point, in all his works the sentiments of Bellendenus have a dignified tendency; and accordingly in the Second Book, beautifully do we find him illustrating these fundamental, though highly-neglected truths: That whoever dares to exercise authority over others, should previously learn the government of himself—should remember, and be ever ready to obey, whatever the laws command—should, on all occasions, be eager to listen to the sentiments of the wife, with a perfect disdain of flattery, and abhorrence

of corruption—should, in *extending* his dignity, be *cautious*, but in *preserving* it tenacious—should, in *summing* distinguish himself by the purity of his morals, and the moderation of his conduct; nor ever direct his HAND, his EYE, or his IMAGINATION to that which is the PROPERTY OF ANOTHER.

In his Third Book—which, as already intimated, relates chiefly to the duties of a senator—our author, whose learning and virtue were formed to keep with other an equal pace, seems to *soar above himself*.—Hyperbolic as this expression may appear, and unclad even with a *bull*, which, *hypercritically* considered, would not disgrace the land of Hibernia, we will not retract it.—In every sense, indeed, the book in question is literally and truly a *chef-d'oeuvre*; nor do we know whether to admire it more for the purity of the moral and political doctrines it contains, than for the classical energy of language in which those doctrines are inculcated.—To Britons—and not to Britons only, but to all nations that enjoy, or that wish to enjoy, the blessings of liberty resulting from LAW, uncontrolled by the *will of a DESPOT*, it must ever have charms.

It is remarkable—in fact, to the reputation of our literature it is *disgraceful*—that, till the republication before us, there were but three complete copies of the work existing, or *known to be existing*, in the kingdom. Of neither of the three have we been happy enough to obtain an inspection; but, from the high sense we entertain of the veracity of the editor, we are freely disposed to believe, that the present edition * is more correct than that which passed from the hand of Bellendenus himself.

After all, however, it may be asked—and, if we mistake not, repeatedly has it been asked already—Why, and for what purpose, is Bellendenus restored to the world at this particular period?—Questions like these it becomes not us to answer; but fairly are we of opinion, that his *imputed* editor, though borne away by a torrent of prepossessions and prejudices respecting what vulgarly we call the *Outs* and the *Ins* of the present government of our country, is a man who glories in his integrity, moral as well as political, and who would perish rather than utter a word inconsistent, in either sense, with the *mens sibi conscia recti* of a real patriot.

* The one before us is the *second*, which contains a list of corrigenda, to be had separately of the booksellers by the purchasers of the *first* edition.

With an allusion, sufficiently *van-
ty* it must be confessed, to the unfinished
work of Bellendenus, "De Tribus Lu-
minibus Romanorum," he has assimilat-
ed, or attempted to assimilate, the characters
of our great *Ex-Ministers*, Mr. Burke,
Lord North, and Mr. Fox; to whom the
several treatises before us are respectively
inscribed—inscribed, however, not in the
tervile language of *anathem*, but in terms
of a *panegyrical eulogium*, which, could
Cicero rise from his grave, Cicero would
not blush to own †.

Their distinguished statesmen—who in
their political career have certainly suffer-
ed more by invective, and been honoured
more by panegyric, than any other public
characters in the kingdom—he describes
as the *Three Luminaries of Great Britain*;
and, as such, of each of them he exhibits
an admirable portrait ‡.

It does not appear, however, that either
in the delivery of his own sentiments, or
in the republication of the works of Bel-
lendenus, he had the most distant inten-
tion of making either himself or them sub-
jects of popular animadversion. The size
of the volume, though excused by the
Preface, has not been suffered to increase
its price, and the editor declares he did
not think of writing it till he had positive-
ly agreed with the printer about the whole
expence of the impression, the copper-
plates, and the price of the book. This
being the case, it seems to give him but
little concern (and, in fact, but little does
it concern the public at large) whether he
has done well or ill in discussing points so
full of difficulty and danger as those which
occupy his main preface, provided, by
the trouble he has taken in publishing the
work itself, Bellendenus be but restored
to that rank in literature, in philosophy,
and in politics, of which he has so long
and so unjustly been deprived.

In noticing the Translation of this fa-
mous Preface, we are sorry that, recom-
mending the language of panegyric, we
must, if we speak of it at all, speak with
contempt. In the title-page, it is boldly
pronounced a *free one*: and yet it is *li-*

vile to an extreme, consequently to an
extreme *inelegant*. One more unworthy
of the illustrious original we conceive to
be hardly possible. In the language there
is no animation, no nerve, no dignity;
but there is an abundance of puerile af-
fectionation, of scholastic pedantry. Of its
imperfections, manifold as they are egre-
gious, the translator seems not himself re-
be wholly insensible; and thus, in pre-
senting himself at the tribunal of criticism
—thus *curiously* does he apologise for
them.—"Although," says he, "we may
venture to claim some commendation for
our diligence, we are not reluctant to con-
fess that *this our* youthful progeny has
not *animal strength* sufficient to undergo
the severity of inquisitional tortures."

"*Animal strength*"—What a brilliant
metaphor!—Perfectly are we lost in the
admiration of its beauty, added to its no-
velty, when thus rendered so happily al-
lusive to the *mental* excursions of a juvenile
translator. Far be it from us, however,
to inflict upon his *animal strength* any
tortures that may appear *inquisitional*;
but this we must say, that *as he translates
like a school-boy*, he ought not, for the
manner in which he has executed his pre-
sent task, to *pass without a school boy's
punishment*.

What a pity that the learned editor did
not himself prevent a composition, fraught
with such resplendent beauties of classical
diction, from being thus disfigured in an
English dress by any *Tyro* in literature
whenever!—If credit may be given to
the voice of Fame, he possesses the rare,
and truly wonderful talent of writing
Latin better than English, and English
better than most other men in the
kingdom. For the honour of our lan-
guage, then, let us hope that the period
is not very distant, when, stooping to be-
come *his own translator*, he will favour
the world with a version into his vernac-
ular tongue of one of the most admira-
ble and admired Latin productions that
ever flowed from the pen of an English-
man.

Of the "Remarks on the New Edition

† In delineating the objects of his political ridicule or censure, he frequently has recourse
to *obscure names*. Thus, by *Dofon*, we are to understand the Marquis of L—ne; by
Novius, the Lord C—nc—r; by *Miso-Themistocles*, the Duke of R—nd; by *Thrasyl-
bius*, Mr. D—d-s; by *Cohus*, Mr. W—ks; *et jà de multis aliis*. To the C—nc—r of the
E—g—re he barely gives a Greek appellation; imitating in this instance, he says, the example of
Nicholas Hemsius, who, in his Letters to Gronovius, frequently calls Gevartius "O *Αίδα*,"
avoiding, in testimony of contempt, to distinguish him by his proper name.

‡ The portraits of Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox are modern likenesses. Not so the portrait
of Lord North, which is engraved from the copy of a painting executed by Allan Ramsay

of Bellendenus," and "the Observations on the extraordinary Preface," which form the last article now under our review, all we shall observe is, that they are

permeated with elegance, and seem to flow from the mind of a gentleman possessed of sentiments somewhat congenial with those of the editor himself.

Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated. By John Whitaker, B. D. Author of the History of Manchester; and Rector of Ruau-Lanyhorne, Cornwall. 3 vols. 8vo. 188. Murray.

(Concluded from Page 378.)

HAVING closed the external evidence for the forgery of the ever-memorable Letters, Contracts, and Sonnets, our author proceeds to examine the internal! In order to place this evidence also in some new points of view, he presents us with a copy of these several documents in the languages in which they were originally published; subjoining to each of them a variety of remarks, in order to point out—as he *whimsically* expresses it—"the numerous signatures of forgery in the belly of them."

By this mode of inquisition, Mr. Whitaker produces a new train of witnesses at the bar of the public, deposing to circumstances of a very different nature from all that we have seen before; but completely coinciding with them, and equally, in his opinion, *deceptive evidences of the forgery*.

The Letters and Sonnets are printed from Goodall's edition of them, which he pronounces a standard one in itself. He has noted, however, several variations, seemingly of moment, that are to be found in Anderson's copy. Improving upon the plan of Goodall also, who first divided some of the Letters into paragraphs, and first numbered the divisions in the Sonnets, he has now termed paragraphs in all the Letters; broken the divisions into stanzas in the Sonnets, for the more commodious reading of them; and numbered the paragraphs in the Letters, for the facility of referring to them.

In the first of the Letters, this is certainly an improvement particularly calculated to facilitate the evidences of its authenticity, of its corruption, or of its entire forgery.—It runs, indeed, as our author observes, into all the length of "one of Richardson's conversational epistles. Only there is an infinite difference between the two in every other re-

spect. Richardson's are strikingly characteristic; full of spirit, and pregnant with intelligence. But *this* carries no light of intelligence within it. *This* contains no sparks of spirit in it. *And it is one complete violation of character, from the beginning to the end of it.*"

They are certainly bold assertions: but, to prove that they are not assertions merely, Mr. Whitaker has occupied above one half of the second volume; the remainder of which is engrossed by the subsequent seven Letters, and by his own masterly comments upon them, tending with irresistible energy to evince that they are, without exception, bare-faced forgeries.

Of those forgeries he will not allow the infamy to have been confined to Scotland. It extended, he affirms, equally to England. In 1581, Randolph, the agent of Elizabeth at the Scottish court, exerted himself with a very extraordinary vigour to drive the new Earl of Lenox from the administration of affairs, and to replace Morton in it. He therefore applied to the young king. But failing in his aims there, he addressed himself to the parliament, charging Lenox with having supplanted Morton, and other true subjects, in the good opinion of the king.

These collateral facts Mr. Whitaker turns to an admirable use in his deduction of the forgeries immediately under consideration. According to our author, this very Randolph produced some letters, that had been written by Lenox, he said, to encourage foreign nations in a descent upon England. And he conjured them, by their regard for the Reformed Religion, to resent this conduct, to draw their sword (if necessary) against their sovereign himself, and to expect the assistance of Elizabeth in the pious work.

"Here, as against Mary before, was a formal production of forgeries, to justify

* It must have been in a moment of whim, and certainly of whim merely, when Mr. Whitaker, with all the powers of sterling English at command, thus made a perfect sport of language by talking of signatures being in the "belly" of papers, whether published or not published, whether forged or not forged.

resolutions, and to sanction rebellion. Only here, the Letters stepped forward boldly, and appeared upon the open theatre of the world. They sued to be seen and examined, by Lenox and by all the parliament. And, for that very reason probably, it was instantly discovered that they were forged.*

Certain it is that Dr. Robertson omits all mention of these forged Letters, though he knew that his favourite Elizabeth was considered as an associate in the foul act of forgery with Randolph, who had evidently acted by her directions. It does not appear, indeed, that Elizabeth attempted to vindicate herself from the imputation. "She never disowned either the violence or the fraudulence of her ambassador. She did not even recall him. She even justified him *in form* upon his return, as a man of INTEGRITY, and as a FRIEND TO SCOTLAND †.

These are facts which are no longer deniable—facts, which in truth (the spirit of faction being no more) seem hardly to be longer denied.—Elizabeth, it is evident, had long been habituated to the sight of forgery.—Forgery, as our author justly observes, she had seen displayed in its liveliest colours, at the conferences before her Commissioners.—"She had made herself a party," says he, "in that grand deed of knavery, by assisting in the deception, and by vinting to prosecute the purpose of it. But she afterwards went further in forgery. She rose from the humility of an accomplice, to the dignity of a chief, in the work. The vile arts which she had seen practised by the Scots against their Queen, she practised with more confidence, and with less success, against the Scots themselves. And she exerted them equally against Mary afterwards; letters forged in the name of Mary being sent to the houses of Papists, letters forged in the names of Papists being pretendedly intercepted on their way to Mary, and even forged letters from Mary, concerning Rivington's conspiracy, being pretended to be found in the wall of her prison ‡."

Thus Mr. Whitaker calls "hellish myriades of iniquity;" and Lethington (with the assistance of his fabricators in the business, Murray and Morton) he scruples not to pronounce the original initiator of them all.—Thus Lethington had

been long in the habit of counterfeiting Mary's writing, and even acknowledged that he had, in some private conversations at York §.

"It was *he* therefore"—with infinite force infers our spirited author—"It was *he*, that forged the warrant from Mary for the execution of Lord Huntly. It was *he*, that forged the other warrant for the subscription of the nobles to Bothwell's bond. *He* forged the letter of June 15. *He* forged the letter, or the story of a letter, written from the Queen to the Captain of Dunbar Castle, and intercepted by the rebels. *He* forged the two letters from Linlithgow and Holyrood-house which were suppressed by the rebels. And *he* forged the eight that were actually published."

Of the petty forgers—the miscreants that trod in the steps of Lethington, and took his DOWNWARD road to fame—our author takes little notice. Their productions he considers as only the play-things of a wicked hour.—"They never," says he, "could rise to the dignity of such deeds of enormity as we see above. These required a spirit like Lethington for the work; a man whose rank entitled him to hold the office of Secretary of State, a man whose abilities qualified him to make a conspicuous figure in it; and a man whose soul was as daring in invention, as his hand was dexterous in execution. And that master-stroke of forgery, the fabrication of a set of letters which should convict a QUEEN of adultery and murder, is peculiarly too high and bold an operation for any but a Lethington."

In the delineation of characters Mr. Whitaker is always pre-eminently happy; and sorry are we that our limits will not permit us to exhibit at length the picture he gives of the temper, the disposition, and the manners of this subtil, this base, this unprincipled Statesman; who, in the midst of his evil deeds, scrupled not, like all his co-adjutors in the destruction of Mary, to style himself a Reformer, to exclaim against the abominations of Popery, and to be zealous for the purity of religion!

At the period of the Reformation, our author metaphorically considers FORGERY to have been the peculiar disfigure of Protestantism. "Originally coming forth," says he, "as a kind of leprosy upon the brow of Presbyterianism in Scotland, it was conveyed by the intercourse of vice to the

* Camden, Transf. 262, Orig. 316.—Spotswood, 312.—Crawford, 369.

† Stuart, II. 135—138.

‡ Stuart, II. 106, 108, 231, and 267.

§ Camden, Transf. 119. Orig. 143, 144.

profligate Head of the Church of England. In both, it concurred with the rebellious turbulence and the sacrilegious violence of the *Reformed*, to stop the nations of Europe, that were springing forward from the idolatries of Popery into the pure worship of Protestantism; to make them run back, with a too hasty horror, at the *frightful* face of Reformation before them; and to prefer even Popery with all its idolatries, to Protestantism with those enormities accompanying it. And the crimes of such wretches as Lethington, Morton, Murray, and Elizabeth, served unhappily to check the progress of that greatest of all illuminations to man, next to the first propagation of the Gospel; kept many of the States about us from coming forward to the glorious light of it; and actually abridged it of half its extensive utility to the world.*

So much for the Letters; and now for the Sonnets.—When these Sonnets pretend to be written, has not yet been determined. The rebels themselves, who should be the best judges, seem to have designed them for a time *antecedent* to the Letters; but both Lord Holes and Dr. Stuart think, that they appear from their internal evidence, to be calculated for the period between the seizure of Mary and her marriage*.

Be this as it may,—for it would lead us into a long train of investigation, were we to endeavour to ascertain the intended chronology of them, and then, like our author, “make it *conviel* them clearly of forgery”—let us proceed to enquire *who it was that wrote them*.—Lethington, though already proved to have drawn up the Letters, was not, according to Mr. Whitaker, “capable of drawing up Sonnets. *These were written originally in Scotch, and these in French*.” Even if Lethington was qualified for writing in French, he was certainly, from all that appears, not qualified to write *poetry* in French. This, indeed, requires talents of a very different nature from Lethington’s; nor was there a man among the usurpers, who, in the opinion of our learned historian, was qualified for poetical composition, and who was also capable of undertaking it in the French language, *except only the REDUCIBLE BUCHANAN*.

“This being the case, the whole enquiry is reduced to a short point; and Eu-

chanan must himself stand the *reputed* father of this poetical banding, *that has been laid so long at the door of Mary*.” Buchanan’s own manner of speaking concerning the Sonnets, serves remarkably to corroborate this conclusion of our author.

“In his History,” says he, “he mentions the Sonnets and the Letters together. He notices the Letters first; but he praises them not. He says only, that they were written by Mary. They are *Litteræ, Regina manu Gallico sermone confcriptæ, ad Bothwellum*. He did not chuse to compliment Lethington, against whom he wrote a printed libel so early as 1570. Then he immediately notices the Sonnets. But he passes not over them in to cursory a manner. He stops to praise them. He marks the *elegancy* of them. They are *carmen Gallicum, ab eadem NON INFLEGANTER factum*†. The natural partialities of self-love solicited this transient eulogium from him. He, who would not compliment the Letters as Lethington’s, could not but compliment the Sonnets as his own. He who praises not Mary for any thing, he who is eager to abuse her upon every occasion, he who is actually abusing her at the very moment, *for his own and for Lethington’s forgeries*; even he suspends his dashing pen at once, and even he praises her for the elegance of some verses—*which he had written for her*. And the father betrays his relation to the banding, by the visible yearning of his affections towards it.”

Such are the ingenious arguments of our author on this long-contested topic; and to the reader of penetration we leave it to comment upon them. Of the Sonnets themselves, whoever was the fabricator of them, the infamy is the more atrocious, as they agree entirely with the Letters in pretending a voluntary intercourse of adultery to have been carried on by Mary with Bothwell, but differ totally from them in the main circumstance of this adultery.

“The Letters,” says Mr. Whitaker, “suppressed all idea of the rape, by building themselves upon the *supmise* of an adultery antecedent to the date of the rape. They *thus* prove themselves to be spurious at once, and add one more to the many proofs of their spuriousness, which we have already witnessed. The Sonnets therefore deserted this treacherous soil, and came back to the solid ground of fact. They *founded themselves upon that rape*,”

* Stuart, I. 295.

† Hist. XIX. 374.

which the Letters had buried under their own rubbish. But then, to adduce any thing like a charge of criminality against Mary, they were obliged to borrow the fictitious tale of a lustery from the Letters, to give it a new origin, to assign it a later date, and to subjoin it to the genuine story of the rape. — Thus—to adopt the very natural conclusion of our author—thus do the Sonnet form a middle line, betwixt the truths of history and the falsehoods of fiction, taking a part from both, reflecting the light of truth in the rape, presenting the shades of falsehood in the adultery; and showing their own forgery the more conspicuous, by the striking opposition between them.

The forgery of the Sonnets, as well as of the Letters, being thus exposed, Mr. Whiraker passes immediately to the Contracts, which, with a similar overpowering lustre of evidence, he likewise shows to have been fabrications of the most infamous complexion. From that evidence it appears, that it is Lechington assuredly in the Letters, Buchanan composed the Sonnets, and Lechington transferred both into a hand-writing imitative of Mary's, to Morton (from the inferences,

at least, of our historian, and surely in his inferences do we think him erroneous) drew up the first Contract for Mary, which was therefore written in a chancery hand unlike hers; Morton also drew up the second Contract, in the pretended hand-writing of Huntly, his immediate predecessor in the office of Chancellor; and Murray himself, "who was the presiding genius of the whole villainy, and set all the implements of iniquity to work," fabricated with his own hand the Confessions of Paris, &c.

Having in this manner gone over the Letter, the Sonnet, and the Contracts, with an examining eye, and "pointed them out with the sure finger of truth to the merited scorn and derision of mankind," the author cloies his work* with an ample, and, we will add, a satisfactory, account of the murder of Darnley;—a murder, which, as he himself expresses it, is the fixed pivot, upon which the Contracts, the Sonnets, and the Letters, equally move— in fact, the grand centre of gravity to all that vast system of forgery, which is so admirably detected and exposed in the volumes before us.

The Works, Theological, Medical, Political, and Miscellaneous, of John Jebb, M. D. F. R. S. With Memoirs of the Life of the Author. By John Ditney, D. D. F. S. A. 3 vols. 8vo. 11 rs. in Boards. Johnston.

IN our memory, few men have left behind them a more untainted name than the late Dr. John Jebb. It was not, indeed, the time of heroes—ADVERSARIES merely—it was the time, more honourable far, and fortunate more, of superior VIRTUE, which he counted, and which, even amidst the rage of contending factions, the intemperate voice of Faction itself could never diminish, either in his theological, his medical, or his political pursuits. In each of those pursuits he uniformly evinced an incorruptible integrity, added to an indefatigable perseverance, in vindicating the cause of Truth, and in promoting, upon the liberal grounds of philanthropy, the welfare, not of this, or that sect, this or that nation, but of mankind at large.

Of his general character we cannot, indeed, communicate a more faithful idea than in the words (rather inclined as they may appear with panegyric) of Dr. Ditney, his worthy editor and biographer, to whom, however, we are sorry to add, no praise seems to be any where due for either accuracy or elegance of diction.

"The reputation of Dr. Jebb," says he, "rests on the most solid and lasting basis, while it is left to rest upon his own untainted, unimpaired and useful life.

"Examine his conduct, and the nearer you view it, the more distinctly will you observe his never ceasing pursuit of knowledge and truth, and his never once departing from his own well-formed principles and convictions. And in all his differences with others, you cannot fail to

* To the whole, however, he has annexed an Appendix containing the principal of those passages in the original papers, upon which he has founded the main parts of his "Vindications," and to some of those passages he has subjoined notes, in order to "elucidate a few points additional in the cloudy history of Mary, to assert still further the insulted interests of truth, and to maintain still more the violated rights of innocence."

in speaking of the persons of his adversaries, however they may have approved their opinions and views.

In every point of view he appears to have been deserving of much praise. In his own acquirements he united the various powers which have been attributed to man in the most distinguished eminence. As a divine, he truly deserved the character which was given by Erasmus of William Latimer, *vere theologus, in oritur sine conspicuus*. As a politician, we may, with great truth, apply to him what Calaubon said of Gilem, *criticorum non minus quam medicorum princeps*. As a patriot, we may mark him in the character of Sidney, *sanctus amor patriæ dat animam*.*

In the life of this respectable man (as exhibited at least by his present biography) there appear to have been few incidents worthy to be recorded beyond those connected with the two grand objects of his attainment—the improvement of education by the institution of public examinations at Cambridge, and the restoration of the British constitution by shortening the duration of parliaments,—objects, in the pursuit of which we all know, and many among us regret, that, with altho' zeal, he was unsuccessful.

The life itself of the author being thus interesting, we shall proceed to take a cursory view of his writings, as exhibited in the present edition, which is embellished with an elegant portrait of the Doctor, and graced with a list of subscribers highly honourable to the memory of his virtues.

The first piece that attracts our notice is, a Short Account of the Theological Lectures now reading at Cambridge, which was originally published in the Year 1770, and is re-printed from the Second Edition, with a Harmony of the Gospels annexed.

To this succeeds a tract consisting of Letters on the Subject of Subscriptions, to the Liturgy, first printed in the WHITE-HALL EVENING-POST, under the Signature of PAULINUS, and re-printed in 1772, with Notes and Additions, which tract is followed by a Letter to Sir W. Meredith on the same subject, signed AN

ENGLISHMAN, which made its first appearance in 1772.

In the Second Volume we are presented with Six Sermons. The only one of the number that appeared before, is the first, which is on the Excellency of the Spirit of Benevolence, was published in 1773, and preached at Cambridge (in the midst of the disputes relating to subscription) to recommend candour and good-will. The subsequent Sermons are now published from the original MSS and it is but justice to observe of them, that they all abound in sentiments that reflect honour upon the author as a Man, while they command veneration for him as a Christian—a Christian attached to no cause, but what he piously and conscientiously believes to be the *immutable cause of TRUTH* †.

The Sermons are followed by Theological Propositions and Miscellaneous Observations. These also are published from the original manuscripts, and not less than the Sermons themselves do they impress us with an admiration of that philanthropic disposition which, both in public and in private life, seems uniformly to have been at once the origin and the guide of the author's conduct.

The next piece that presents itself is a Latin Thesis defended in the Theological School at Cambridge in March 1761, on the question, "Status numerus, in intervallo mensuræ, defectum, æquum, quæcumque, five locum, ex facili hinc colliguntur." In this little piece there are many beauties of language—beauties, which, we confess, we should hardly have presumed to pronounce classical, elegant, as well as correct, if the Author (who certainly knew the Doctor more intimately than we had the honour to know him) had not expressly told us, that he *improbatè greatè in his Latin style astutus*.

Be it as it may, without commenting on the subsequent tracts that fill the present volume (in order to comment upon them, a volume would scarce be sufficient) we shall proceed to enumerate their titles.

After the Sermons, the Theological Propositions and Miscellaneous Observations, and the Latin Thesis (which forms the first three articles, and to which we

* And even of these, the most material the editor leaves us to gather from passages in the Doctor's own letters.—Some Memoirs of Dr. Jebb are given in Vol. IX p. 157. of this Magazine.

† In his religious opinions, our author was, in the strictest sense of the word, an Unitarian. In those opinions he persevered to the last; and rather than abandon them, he had many years before relinquished all claims to either clerical honours, or clerical emoluments.

THE LONDON REVIEW,

Since those took occasion their seats to display,
 Whom long had been wishing high out of the way.
 'Twas now the great pillars of State must be
 shaken
 By all who had lost, or who fear'd for their
 bacon.
 Priests, Lawyers, and Statesmen, united
 amain,
 ('Twere pity no force could such ardour
 restrain!')
 And the bully-minister spread ev'ry brain

"An army of heroes ex-order appear:—
 Their beavers they cock'd, and their canes
 they uprear'd
A-propos of such heroes—by fifties who spring
 Up in days full of show, such as now I may
 sing.
 On grounds piping hot they like cucumbers
 shoot,
 Cold, cold at the heart, and unsound at the root.
 Awhile they look green, as on fungus they
 lie,
 Till, nipt by a blast, they grow yellow and
 die.
 All this of the patriot heroes?—oh, fie!
 The bell of alarm they long threaten'd, but
 rung ill,
 And clos'd the campaign, like the cock of a
 dunghill.

"What wonder that those should
 when they're bit,
 Who reason exclude in what's of the name?
 The Clergy, the Statesmen, took fire, and
 Exclaim'd, that religion's religion was
 Ev'n law (to religion not
 join'd issue at once, and the
 All orders were seiz'd with
 Ev'n sailors rose up with
 arms!
 Confus'd and perplex'd to all corners they
 run,
 With reason, or not, on their side, 'twas all
 one,
 Since the naked old beggars exclaim'd,
 We're UNDONE!"

Adieu, Dennis—adieu, at least, for the
 present!—Thou art a droll, and, upon the
 whole, a witty fellow, nor would it dis-
 grace either a Swift, a Butler, or an An-
 stey, to have thee acknowledged as one of
 their lineal descendants.—As such, soon
 may we again have thee before us at our
 Monthly Tribunal, where, if a judgment
 may be form'd from the specimen before
 us, offend as thou mayest in other re-
 spects, thou wilt have little to dread for
 thy POETICAL SINS!

A Panegyric on Frederic III King of Prussia. Translated from the French (which
 is annex'd) of M. Lamoignon, Historiographer to the Count D'Artois. By Henry
 Charles Curist in Newman, B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. 4to. 2s 6d.
 K. nistley.

FROM imperial issue on the *livino*, we
 now turn, but turn, it must be confes-
 sed, with little pleasure, to royal panegy-
 ric on the *de*! In thus expressing our-
 selves, however, by no means would we be
 supposed to derogate from the merits of the
 composition itself, which, in its original
 state, contains many beauties of sentiment
 expressed with much energy of language.
 Our objection is, *not* to the translation.
 A more *ultra* one we have not lately
 seen, and in the pursuit of one more
infused Goddess of Dullness, long in thy
miry mayest thou defend us!—Mr. Henry

Charles Christ an Newman *may* be a Bac-
 chelor of Arts of Trinity College, Cam-
 bridge, but sure we are, that when he ob-
 tained that honourable degree, no enquiry
 must have been made into his proficience
 in the French and English language.—
 Of neither of them does he seem to know,
 and consequentiv or neither of them is he
 qualified to exhibit, the *characteristic* ex-
 cellences.—Amidst all his arts, then, let
 Mr. Newman (before again he appears
 before us in his present capacity) begin to
 learn the *humble* art of translating French
 into English

Edward; or the Curate. A Poem. By the Rev Samuel Hoole, A. M. 4to. 3s.
 Dodsley.

FICTION is the proper field of poetry;
 and therefore it is a circumstance of
 very little moment to us, or to the public
 in general, whether the little narrative
 contained in the elegant poem before us

has truth for its basis, or not.—Simple as
 the story is, it powerfully interests the
 passions of the reader, from the artless
 but pathetic manner in which it is told.
 A mutual attachment having taken

this *woof* *the* *score*, that, amidst all his *royal panegyrics*, the one was not a *poem*, and
 amidst all his *panegyrics*, the other was not a *poem*; nor, we fear, unless he mend
 his manners, *living* *to* *place*

between Edward the Curate, and Caroline the daughter of the Squire, the latter, on her refusing to desert the object of her love, is renounced and disinherited by her obdurate, relentless father.

After their union in the bands of wedlock, every happiness attends them that can be considered as the reward of virtuous love, that excepted of enjoying a decent competence for their support.—By degrees this deficiency embitters all their joys; and particularly is the sensibility of Edward shocked at seeing the loved partner of his bosom (entitled as she was to a respectable situation in life, not less from her birth than from her merit and her beauty) obliged to submit to the lowest menial offices—*drudge and drudge, and still be wretched!*—These circumstances preying upon the mind of the too-susceptible Edward, he at length falls sick, and sinks into a state of rooted melancholy and dependence. Her own afflictions Caroline could bear, but those of her husband she cannot withstand, and accordingly, yielding herself a prey to the corroding passions that consumed her husband, they both fall victims to the wayward circumstances of their mutual love.

The poem, upon the whole, bears a considerable resemblance to the style and manner of Spenser, divested of his uncut, obsolete phrases, and, as a specimen of Mr. Hoole's talents to do justice to his subject, we shall present our readers with a part of his picturesque description of the progress of love, as exemplified by the hapless Edward and Caroline.

“ THE maid, all innocent, his conquest sought,
And what her ear received her mind retained;
The lore of silence from his lips she caught,
Till on her heart Love's sweet infection gained.
Oft from her bosom stole th' unbidden sigh,
Her cheek grew warm when Edward met her view,
And now at village-church, she knew not why,
Though still attentive there, she more attentive grew.
“ Thus unperceiv'd both fed the young desire,
Till the strong passion laughed at all control;
In her, though bright, yet gentle was the fire,
But Edward's mightier flame consumed his soul.
O thou! who wealth or fame hast made thy choice,
Watch the first faint attack of mining love;
That moment fly, when once the melting voice
Or radiant eye begins thy changing pulse to move.
“ Why should I tell, what many a tale can show?—
The weak resolve, forgot as soon as made,
The thrilling transport, and the burning woe,
Which now by turns their days and nights invade,
Why should I tell? for who has never lov'd?
Each vowed from each to hide the first flame;
But soon, ah! by sudden impulse mov'd,
What long their eyes had shewn, their mutual lips proclaim.”

Six Narrative Poems. By Eliza Knipe. 4to. 3s. 6d. Dilly.

THIS Lady modestly styles herself an “unlettered Mute, who submits to the severity of criticism, and dares not hope much even from candour.”—Modesty, in all characters commendable, is in none so amably attractive as in the

fair followers of the “*tenacious nine*,” and therefore we feel a particular pleasure in recommending the pieces before us to the attention of our poetical readers in general.

Religion considered as the only Basis of Happiness, and of true Philosophy. By Madame the Marchioness of Sillery. 2 vols. 8s. T. Payne and Son.

IT would be as ridiculous to attempt to separate the principles of true religion from those of true philosophy, as it would be to affirm that happiness, in the proper sense of the word, can be attained but by a conscientious adherence to the duties inculcated by both. The volumes before us consist of essays, in the

form of chapters, on religion both natural and revealed; and though the Marchioness not only expresses herself in general with a tame simplicity, but calculated to attract the admiration of a fastidious critic, though she even borrows most of her arguments from other authors, yet, far from blaming her conduct

in either of these respects, we are disposed to applaud it; the work having been expressly written for the use of the Duke de Chartres, when a boy at the

age of only twelve years.—With respect to the translation, it is upon the whole executed with fidelity; but for elegance it has few claims to praise.

Edward and Sophia. A Novel. By a Lady. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Lang.

RATHER, it should have been said, "By a philosopher—a *pseudo-philosopher* in petticoats; one who, incapable of attracting her readers by novelty of incident, or originality of character, has contrived to eke out two infipid volumes with a number of trite ar-

guments, and indecent sarcasms, on the subject of religion, which, from their general complexion, we are inclined to suspect the fair lady to have picked up in her attendance on some of those *blessed* seminaries of free debate, vulgarly ycleped "Disputing Societies."

The Platonic Guardian, or the History of an Orphan. By a Lady. 3 vols. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Lang.

THIS lady affects not to *think so humbly* as the author of Edward and Sophia; but she excels her far in the happy art of interesting the *attention* of

her readers. The work is by no means correctly written; but we have seen many worse novels of the *modern manufacture* than The Platonic Guardian.

Adventures of Jonathan Corncob, Loyal American Refugee. 12mo. 3s. Robinsons.

JONATHAN Corncob seems to possess no small portion of that kind of humour which is generally one of the most predominant characteristics of a genuine *Jack Tar*. To fine speeches, and fine sentiments, he makes no pretensions. His object rather is, to delineate characters ludicrously, but with *truth*, and the scenes

he describes are those chiefly of which he had himself been a spectator. In his account of the present manners of the Americans, and of the prevailing vices and follies in the West Indies, there is much pointed ridicule; nor do we scruple to add, that we have perused his Adventures with considerable pleasure.

The Sympathy of Souls. By Mr. Wieland. Attempted from the French, and revised after the Original German. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Biadon.

IT was not till within these *three years*, we learn, that Mr. Winzer—the translator of this admired work of one of the most ingenious *sentimentalists* that have in our days graced the literature of Germany—*knew any thing of the English language*. Whether there be a propriety or an impropriety in this acknowledgment, *apparently* so very candid, we will not contend; but it is highly requisite that Mr. Winzer should be told, *many more years than three* must elapse before by his

good Genius he will be endowed with the powers of transfusing the beauties of a Wieland into *any language*. The work before us, as announced in the title-page, is little more than an ATTEMPT TO TRANSLATE A TRANSLATION; and accordingly, no wonder is it that in every page we should be disgusted with Gallicism, and forced to lament a total want of *sympathy of soul* in Mr. Wieland and Mr. Winzer.

More Last Words of Dr. Johnson. Consisting of important Anecdotes, and a curious Letter from a Medical Gentleman, published from the Doctor's Manuscripts, with original Stories, of a *private Nature*, relative to that great Man. To which are added, singular Facts relative to his *biographical Executor*, formerly Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. By Francis, Barber. 8vo. 2s. Rich.

AN impudent and most abominable imposition upon the public, for which the wretch capable of committing it can

never make a sufficient atonement, even by the publication of his *own Last Words*, when on the point of being suspended—
and

and hereby we ordain that suspended he shall be—on the highest gibbet of literary infamy!—By those who only read the title-page to this horrid mass of fraud, as well as nonsense, it was, at first, credulously supposed, that poor Frank Barber, the Doctor's black servant (than whom, it is certain, no person had more access to know him, without even excepting Sir John Hawkins, Mr Boswell, &c, verily, or Mrs. Piozzi herself) had commenced author, and undertaken to do those things in justice to the character of his departed

master, which his "biographical executioner" (or *Executioner*, call him, reader, which you please) had deliberately *left undone*.—Frank, however, took the first opportunity to undeceive the world by a public disavowal of all knowledge of the catch-penny farago; which, hardly with less impudence, is now pretended to be the production of one Francis, a Barber by trade, who, we are told, *had the honour to SHAVE THE DOCTOR, and COMB HIS WIGS.*

ACCOUNT of the late JOHN ASTLEY, Esq.

THIS is a biography which solicits notice, from the tenets of vicissitude, and the instances of being recent and well known. It exemplifies on human fortune, and shews how each extremity may be borne;—the one, sweetened by hope;—the other, sobered by reflection!

JOHN ASTLEY was born at Wem, in Shropshire, of parents much less showy in their circumstances, but, morally, much more enviable. His father practised medicine. After a little time spent at a country school, which usually does little more than turn ignorance into presumption, John Astley came to London, and was apprenticed to Hudson the Portrait-Painter, who, bad as he was, was the best of his time; and, though otherwise not worth the remembering, will never be forgotten, as the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Astley too, though not so elegantly minded as Reynolds, might have been conspicuous in his art. When he left Hudson, and went to Rome, he shewed such parts as got, and kept, the patronage of Lord Chesterfield. The best pictures he ever painted, were copies of the Bentivogios, and Titian's Venus, and a head much in the manner of Shakespeare,—and in the opinion of a judge whom few can doubt, Stuart, the portrait-painter, far preferable to the famous head in the collection of the Duke of Chandos.

When he returned from Rome, he was received for several months into the house of a friend, whose abundant kindness he never returned;—he then went an adventurer to Ireland; there his fortune was so good, and his use of it so diligent, that in three years he left the country with 3000l. more than he found it.

As he was painting his way back to London, in his own post-chaise, and with an out-rider, he loitered, with a little pardonable vanity, in his native neighbourhood; and entering Knutsford assembly with Major Este, of the 68th, Lady Daniel was at once won by his appearance. She contrived

the next day to sit for her portrait, and the next week she gave him the original: superseding the claims of Mr. Smith Barry, Lady Daniel married Mr. Astley.

The marriage articles reserved her fortune to herself; but so satisfactory was his behaviour, that she soon gave him the Tably Estate; and dying soon after, settled on him, after the death of her eldest daughter, by Sir W. Daniel, the whole Duckenfield Estate in fee, amounting together to 5000l. a-year.

The Tably estate, about 1000l. a-year, he decorated, built, and sold. Old Townkinton of Nantwich, who had the honour of breeding Sir Lloyd Kenyon, was the buyer; of course, it was not sold for more than its value, probably it was less, for Sir R. Taylor would have given 2000 or 3000l. more.

This money being spent, he was to look for other resources. With such a reversion as Duckenfield, what he looked for was easily found; and after he had made two or three charges on the property, he received a proposal, no doubt very fair, for it came from Prescott the banker, for a *post cedit* of the whole, in succession to the daughter.

Astley had then waited long and loth for this contingency. It did not seem nearer than at first; and he was eight or nine years nearer to his grave. He quickened the treaty with Prescott; the price was fixed, and nothing remained but finally agreeing to it, when lo! the night before the agreement becoming final—the daughter died.

The news reached Astley at midnight; and he made the most of it by his intelligence and dispatch. He hurried instantly into Cheshire, and going through all the forms, took possession of the estate, and returned to town before his wife's family knew what had happened, or could take the measures they proposed, to counteract his claims.

On his outset in London, he lived in St. James's street, where Dr. Hill followed him, and wrote the book, except the Bible of the most sale in the language, the Cookery of Mrs. Glasse.

Attley afterwards bought Schomburg House, in Pall Mall, with some credit to his skill as an architect, and with more credit to Lord Holderness, as an honourable man; for having proposed the house to Attley for good, he took that proposition as definitive, and refused James Payne's offer, for Lord Melbourne, of 2000l. more.

With 5000l. more he made three houses out of one. Gainsborough and his art have made one well known. The center he himself inhabited, and raised that fine room, where Dr. Graham, with such infamy to the police which suffered him, preceded Cofway. There too, he built an Attic story, which for the surprises of scenery, in a town like London, should be seen by all who come to it.

In the structure and decoration of small buildings, rich as the time is in architecture, Attley's architecture was pre-eminant. Pall-Mall is one instance; Lady Archer's saloon and conservatory at Barnes is another; Dickenfield is yet finer than either. The saloon, the loggia in front, the chamber on each side, and the great octagon, are all as exquisite as original, from their first idea to the last.

Attley's ingenuity led him also to commercial arts; but in this commerce, the balance was against him. In the different sinkings on his colliery, he sunk more money than he raised. In the furnaces for his iron-stone, he consumed more metal from his pocket than the mine.

But in the article of money, his destiny was inexhaustible. The wastes of folly were none than equalled by the wantonness of fortune. His brother, the Putney surgeon, was run over by a waggon at Wimbledon, and left his life on the road. This, at once, more than replaced the 10,000l. he had run down in the business.

Estimating what he got by painting, by legacies, and by his marriage, he was worth above 100,000l. Of this, about 25,000l. were spent in art, and eleven or twelve donations, blameless at least, if not praise-worthy. —30,000l. he told Dr. Warren, he had spent on seven years' excesses, when he was languishing under their consequences;—and, in his self-disapprobation of a retrospective hour, he told the writer of this account, he would give the remainder 100,000l. to redeem the time he had lost.

Some good is implied in the compunction that can wish for more. How more and more actively that wish might have aspired, had it been unchecked by time and chance — if his spirits had been disciplined by disaster — if his mind had been cherished by letters, and by truth. As it was, compared with his companions, and without literature to moral nurture, he had the benefit of content, and that favour which ranks from being the worst. Fugate as he was for

oppressor. Impetuous after pleasure, he abhorred those aggravated enormities which have to answer for the intruders on virgin innocence and domestic peace. He loved the pleasures of the table; but, like Charles the Second, he made his passion for wine subservient to the passion of love — He was temperate on principle—he was active against inclination.

He cultivated cheerfulness, and very successfully. His diction, by degrees, improved to great felicity. He conversed with such powers, as made him more than a match for men much more intelligent than himself. This he did, by what Bacon allows us dextrous — by seeming to know what he did not—and by the fair use of all he did know—by all that constitutes a ready man—by whom, vivacity, and very often, the fair force of thought.

A good judge of life and manners has said, that he had a prejudice for a man whose christian name was made diminutive and familiar. The prejudice is founded, as far as the convivial charm. Jack Attley earned it fairly by his hilarity and ease, his good-humour and good-manners.

As a Companion, he had powers of captivation;—but except on art, or the experience of life he instructed less than he entertained. He was more merry than wise.

As a Companion in his own house, his hospitalities were perfect, and reached to all—with that sense, that spirit, and taste, which made them to all very winning.

He had been thrice married—and here he had most praise for relative duties. To Lady Daniel his regard need not be doubted. His first wife, the mother of his eldest daughter, he never mentioned without a sigh. Those sighs, we find, are amply repaid by the lady he has left behind.

As a Father, he failed deplorably—he had neither the cautious strictness of a good man—nor the over-learned indulgence of a bad one. He first encouraged folly, and then was inexorable in punishing it. That forgiveness and re-establishment which should have come from him, are left to be done by his widow.

That he is gone, may be a mercy to the three young children he has left—for had he lived, it is too probable, he had bred them in the worst way possible—in the ignorance and looseness of a Convent in France. He had exposed them to error, and then, perhaps, never would have forgiven them.

Such was the character and condition of Attley. He owed his fortune to his farm—his follies to his fortune!—So very dubious are the tendencies of all apparent good; and thus, though low life may rise, it will rise only to fall the lower, unless it be upheld by the never-failing energy of sustaining worth — by mental merit, and preparations of the heart—by virtuous habits, and by useful

EXTRACTS from a TOUR in CATALONIA, by ARTHUR YOUNG, Esq. F. R. S. &c.

[From "ANNALS of AGRICULTURE."]

(Concluded from Page 396)

IN above a hundred miles in Catalonia, we have seen but two houses that appeared, decidedly, to be gentlemen's, one, the governor's at Viella, and the other in the town of Præbilar, and in the firm line of country, not more than one acre perhaps of cultivated land. Thus far, therefore, we have experienced an entire disposition in the expectation of finding the province cultivated.

In this country the ground is in a hundred cultivated, all rock, stubs, and weeds, with patches of wild corn on the mountain side. The road led us one which is all of stone, covered with a sandy, box, brambles, &c. At the top of a mountain on the view of a deep vale, or rather gap, at the bottom of which a muddy rivulet spoiled the little land which might have been cultivated. The hills are steep, and all is a level there that could be so, but the quantity very small.

Descend into a very rich vale, and to the town of Paous cross the river Sagre by a most commodious ferry boat, much better contrived and executed for carriage and cattle than any I have seen in England. I have crossed the Thames, the Severn, the Trent, and other rivers, but never saw any better fitted to leap through a narrow cut in the side of the boat, but I expected them to be lame, and have been present when they have, with the greatest difficulty, been waded. A carriage may be driven on and out of this ferry-boat with utmost ease, or any person may come from his farm to cross the river by a greater way, passing up with their wheel, which is long enough to allow for the spreading of the river in the worst floods. Every thing now changes its features. The vale on comparison with that we have seen is wide, and also flat, and water plentifully conducted in canals, which pass every quarter, for us to be let into the field of every proprietor. Having passed above 100 miles of dreary mountain, this vale, so great was the contrast, had the appearance of enchantment. The care and attention given to irrigation, cannot be exceeded. The land is prepared for it, by leveling with a nicety as curious as for making a bowling-green, and this (conducting the water excepted, which is common to every one) is the only excellence: this general level is divided into oblong beds, from 6 to 8 feet wide, by little ridges of fine mould, drawn up nicely and a take every

time the ground is sown, in order that the water may not be raised ever too much at once, in which case the irrigation would be unequal; there would be too much of a certain time put where the water enters, and a certain time of irrigation in watering grass land, but which would be mischievous in arable land. The water like the water from the canals, and passes by the ends of those beds, the farmer opens them at pleasure to distribute the water where wanted. As soon as the land is sown it is watered, and periodically, till the plants are up, moderately while they are young, but every day, and sometimes twice a day, when it is grown the effect is surprising, the infinitely exceeds that of the ordinary manures that can be spread upon any land. The quantity of vegetation is so great, that there are but few crops which demand all the summer for coming to perfection, I believe hemp is the only one. The plant is now 4 to 7 feet in height, and so thick a luxuriant that nothing can be imagined finer. The rice tubbles are ploughed and sown with the same, which are up and watered. A cart is employed to the crop. As you walk in a perfect winding silk, the cocoons were in warm water, and would not be so well as they are, and all difficulties from those of the...

Prices — 100, 115, 120, 130
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 100... of 48 oz.
 100... of 48 oz.

Here they were with the living mules and on a narrow road of 12 feet in the open air, and have three mules in a row, and four mules intended for turning, moving away the straw, and supplying the floor with corn. Their crops are 12 long there by, miles of asses with parcels, not several, they each carried six great sheaves, equal to twenty corn. In 1811 ones, where roads are bad, this is the only way in which it can be done.

July 16th Approaching Barcelona buildings many and good, some in villa, and within two or three miles. They spoke to the right and left, and we passed over the country. The first view of the town is very fine, the situation beautiful, and the road to view and well-made, to add much to the general scene; indeed there can not where be a finer it is carried on a level by a narrow

vales, so that you have none of the inconveniences, which otherwise are the effect of hills and declivities. A few palm trees add to the novelty of the prospect to northern eyes. The last half-mile, we were in great haste to be in time for the gates, as they are shut at nine o'clock: we had had a most burning sun for forty miles, were a good deal fatigued, yet forced to undergo a most ridiculous search at the gates, as every thing pays an entrée to government that goes into the town. When this was over, we went to the *Francis Crown*, but all full; then to *La Fond*, where we found good quarters.

My friend thought this the most fatiguing day he had ever experienced; the least being excessive oppressed him much. The contrast of this inn, which is a very great one, with many waiters, active and alert, as in England; a good supper, with some excellent Mediterranean fish, ripe peaches, good wine, the most delicious lemonade in the world, good beds, &c. &c. contrasted most powerfully with the dreadful starving or sinking fare we had every where else met with.

The 17th. View the town, which is large, and, to the eye, in every street remarkably populous: many of the streets are narrow, as may be expected in an old town, but there are also many others of a good breadth, and with good houses. Yet one cannot, upon the whole, consider it as well built, except in what relates to the public edifices, which are erected in a magnificent style. There are some considerable openings, which, though not regular squares, are highly ornamental, and have a good effect in setting off the new buildings to the best advantage. One quarter of the city, called *Barceloneta*, is entirely new and perfectly regular, the streets all cutting each other at right angles. It is true, the houses are all small, being meant for the residence of tailors, little shop-keepers, and artisans, but it is at the same time no inconsiderable ornament to the city: one front of this new town faces the quay. The streets are well-lighted; but the dust is deep in some of them, especially the broader ones, that I know not whether they are all paved or not. The governor's house, and the new mountain, are on a scale and in a style which shews that there are no mean ideas of embellishment here. The royal foundery for cannon is very great; the buildings spacious, and nothing wanting to shew that no expence is spared. The guns cast are chiefly brass; they were boring several 24 pounders, which had been cast solid, and which is an operation so truly curious, that one can never view it without paying some homage to the genius that first invented it. In time of war 300 men are employed,

but at present the number is not considerable. The theatre is very large, and the seats on the two sides of the pit (for the center is at a lower price) extremely commodious; there are elbows to separate the places, so that you sit in an elbow chair. We were present at the representation of a Spanish comedy, and an Italian opera after it, and were surprized to find clergymen in their habits in every part of the house. This, which is never seen in France, shews a relaxation in points of religion, that may by and by have its effect. They have an Italian opera twice a week, and plays the other evenings. I saw a blacksmith, hot from the anvil, come in, and seat himself in the pit, with his shirt-sleeves tucked above his elbows. The house is larger than ours at Covent-Garden. Every well-dressed person was in the French fashion, but there were many others that still retained the Spanish mode of wearing their hair, without powder, in a thick black net, which hangs down the back: nothing can have a worse effect, or be, in idea, more offensive in so hot a climate. But the object at Barcelona which is the most striking, and which has hardly any where a rival, is the quay: the design and execution are equally good: it is about half a mile long, as I guessed by my eye. A low platform is built but a few feet above the level of the water, of stone, close to which the ships are moored; this is of breadth sufficient for goods and packages of all sorts in loading and unloading the vessels: a row of arched warehouses open on this platform, above and over which is the upper part of the quay, which is on a level with the street; and, for the convenience of going up or down from one to the other, there are ways for carriages, and also stair-cases: the whole is most solidly erected in hewn stone, and finished in a manner that shews a true spirit of magnificence, in the most useful sort of public works. It does credit to the kingdom. The road by which we travelled for several miles to Barcelona, the bridge over which we passed the river, and this quay, are all works which will reflect a lasting honour on the present king of Spain. They are truly great. There are now about 140 ships in the harbour, but the number is often many more.

The manufactories at Barcelona are considerable. There is every appearance as you walk the streets of great and active industry; you move no where without hearing the creak of stocking-engines. Silk is manufactured into stockings, handkerchiefs, (but these are not on so great a scale as at Valencia) laces, and various stuffs. They have also some woollen fabrics, but not considerable. The great business of the place is, that of commu-

Ann; there are not many ships belonging to the town, but the amount of the trade transacted here, is very considerable.

The industry and trade, however, which have taken root and prospered in this city, have withstood the continued system of the Court to rival feverishly with the whole province of Catalonia. The famous efforts which the Catalans made, in the beginning of this century, to place a Prince of the House of Austria upon the throne of Spain, were not soon forgotten by the Princes of the House of Bourbon. Heavy taxes are paid in Barcelona, nothing comes into the town without paying an entree, a kind of 220 bottles of wine pays 12 pesettos, which is about 1.5 English; even wheat is not exempted. Houses pay a heavy property tax, which is levied with such strictness, that the least addition or improvement is sure to be attended with an increase of the tax. No taxation the only instance of severity: the whole province continues to this day armed, so that a nobleman cannot wear a sword, unless privileged to do so by grace, or office, and it goes so far, that they are known, in order to be able to exhibit this mark of distinction, to get themselves enrolled as Familiars of the Inquisition, an office which carries with it that licence. I note this correctly, as the information was given me, but I hope the person who gave it was mistaken, and that no such dishonour is in question, in a court, to give men four-score years after their offence, in which offence was only fidelity to the Prince they esteemed their sovereign, to so unworthy a means of personal distinction. The mention of the Inquisition must enquire into the present state of that holy office, and we were informed, that it was now formidable only to persons very notorious in ill fame, and that when it does set against offenders, an Inquisitor comes from Madrid to conduct the process from the executions, however, which were used, and the instructions given, it appeared that they take cognizance of cases not at all connected with faith or religion, and that if men or women were guilty of vices which made them notoriously offensive, this was the power which interposed an account by no means favourable, for the circumstance which was supposed most to limit their power, was the explicit nature of the offence, that it was against the catholic faith, and by no means against public morals, to secure which is an object of very different judicatures in every country.

There are reckoned to be from 1200 to 1300 monks and nuns in the city.

Price of Provisions.

Bread, 4 sous and a fraction per lb of 12 oz.	} that of the poor people, very little less; but they buy the finer bread, which come cheaper; they live very much on stock fish, &c.
Mutton, 2 2½ sous the lb of 36 oz.	
Pork, 45 sous the lb of 12 oz.	

Hams sometimes three or four pesettos or shillings the lb. of 12 oz. Wine four to five sous the bottle.

The markets are now full of ripe figs perche, melons, and more common sorts of fruit, in great profusion. I bought three large perche for a penny, and our laquais de plaisir said that I gave too much, and paid like a foreigner. Noble orange trees are in the garden in the town full of fruit; and all sorts of garden vegetables in the greatest plenty and perfection. The climate in winter may be conjectured from their having green peas every month in the year.

Labour Common day wages are 25 sous *l'ou*, sometimes rise to 23 sous, the very lowest 22½. Stocking weavers earn 33 sous.

View the very pretty fort to the south of the town, which is on the summit of a hill that commands a vast prospect by sea and land. It is exceedingly well built, and well kept. Notwithstanding this fort to the south, and not del to the north of the town, corsairs, in time of war, have cut fishing vessels out of the hands, and very near the shore.

The 1st leave *la ce* only, searched again at the gate going out, which forms for the payment of entrance to be a needless and burdensome precaution. Enter immediately an extraordinary scene of watered cultivation, and which must have given the general reputation to the province. Nothing can well be finer — The crops in perpetual succession — and the attention given to their culture great. Not the idea of a fallow, but the moment one crop is off, some other immediately sown. A great deal of lucerne, which is cut 4, 5, 6, and even 7 times in a year, all broadcast, and exceedingly thick and fine, from 2½ to 3 feet high when cut. It is watered every eight days. We meet many mule loads of it going into the town, each 450 lb or 2½ quintals, which sell for 100 pesettos, or near 40 English; suppose it 40 for 1 lb, it will not be difficult to calculate the produce of an acre. All I saw would yield ten ton green per acre at each cutting, and much of it a great deal more: let us suppose five cuttings or 50 tons per acre, at 16s a ton, this is 40l. sterling per acre. It is to be remembered that the growth we saw was the third, perhaps the

fourth, and that the first and second are in all probability more considerable; it will not, therefore, be thought any exaggeration to calculate on five such. I by no means affect lucerne yield's always, or generally so, as I speak only of what I see. I have very little doubt, however, but that the amount of that portion which is thus cut and sold to Barcelona; possibly one third, certainly one-fourth is to be deducted for the expence of carriage: this is the most difficult part of the calculation, for it depend on how many times the mule goes in a day, which must also depend on the readyness of sale and other circumstances. The profit is, however, amazingly great. All the other lucerne I have any where seen sinks, in my idea, to nothing, on comparison with the vit and luxuriant burthen given by these watered grounds.— The finest crops I have known in England are drilled, but there is a deficiency to the eye in the drilled crops in proportion to the distance of the row—they appear thick while they are ready to cut, but in broad cast ones which satisfy the eye, there is no deception, and these in most burthens, though which the scythe would destroy, produce more at one cutting than two-foot drills would afford, with the advantage of the herbage being fine and softer. But weeds in England and Catalonia are two very different things, it will deserve, however, with us, a better trial than it has yet generally received. I have viewed broad cast crops in that country, particularly Rocques, on a very rich garden-foil, and Dr. Tanner's on a common turnip form, which, though not to be named with the Spanish were certainly encouraging.

Hemp, though all these watered lands, is the predominant crop, it is seven feet high, and perfectly fine, some of it is already harvested. I am sorry to see that the watered

part of the vale is not more than a mile broad. Indian fig, called here *figua de Maura*, grows six or seven feet high, very branching and crooked, the arms at bottom as thick as the thigh of a common man; these and many aloes in the hedges. Every garden or farm has a small house with a reservoir for water, which is filled in most by a water-wheel, with jets around the circumference. The gardens between Barcelona and the fort, and also within the walls, are watered in the same manner; the water is let into every little bed, in the same way as I have already described. They are crowded with crops, and kept in most beautiful order. Those in and close to the town scattered with mulberry-trees.— But in the district of which I am speaking it present, among the hemp and lucerne, neither vine, olive, nor mulberry. These watered lands belong generally to proprietors who live in Barcelona, and are let at thirty to forty Spanish livres the journal.

The valley in its widest part is three miles broad. Here it lets at 24 Spanish livres a year the journal, and the journal sells from 60 to 100 livres, each of these livres being about 54 sous (1000 Spanish livres make 270 French ones). Taking the medium at 80, and the French livre at 10½, this makes the journal sell for 6d and the rent of it 4l. The gross rent of the land, therefore, paying nearly 4 per cent. but whether the tenant pays the rent, the tenant paying all tax, and doing the small repair of his house, &c. or whether there be deductions on those accounts, are questions which were neither foreseen nor resolved. To show the quick succession of their crops, they have corn in stooks on the borders of some of the fields, and the land ploughed and sown with millet, which is already nine inches high.

THE very ingenious writers who have already amused the Town at the expence of some of his Majesty's Servants, in THE REGISTER, and PROBATIONARY OPINIONS, being supposed to have taken their flight in a new publication, we think ourselves again obliged upon to preserve the effect of genius, though employed in a manner neither agreeable to our own amusement, or profitable, to those of some of our readers. PARNELL and HURDIS we deem ourselves bound to attend to, however employed, or in whatever manner excited.

THE ALBUM: OR, MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.

No. I

DURING the late business—the most awful, we are assured from *reputed* authority, that ever agitated these realms, when Ministers, with unheard of vigour, were employed in detecting the machinations of our

foes, before they had existence, and overturning plans, of which no political microscope has yet discovered the embryo,—Mr. Steele's hope Mr. Manion at STREATHAM assumed a complexion not at all agreeing with the felicity of its owner. It was there, that in defiance

france of the Proclamation, each Sabbath was spent in debate; it was from thence, that *dispatches* were *dispatched* without number, and without end, until Ministers had accomplished their own *wife* purposes, in a manner peculiar to themselves, and, to use an appropriate line of the late Dr. Johnson,

“Had killed the yet *unanimated* young.”

These important concerns, however, being at an end,—and *Gallia faith* being bound up to its propriety, in declarations and counter-declarations of the strongest parchment, it became necessary to seek an interval of relaxation.—Mr. Dundas was the first to propose a freer circulation of the bottle; but this proposition was strenuously opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on account of the danger of *notional* travels; and as strongly by the Solicitor General, lest by any unfortunate accident he should be betrayed from his usual *coajfency*. The Attorney-General declared himself inclined to neither side; upon which Mr. Martin cast a shrewd glance on Mr. Arden's nose, and laughed very heartily. Mr. Alderman Wilkes reminded the company of the *deorous* example which it was necessary for them to set to his Majesty's subjects;—but Mr. Braufoy terminated the contest, by rising to address the company in that graceful manner so peculiar to himself.—Having composed his countenance—moulded his *capere* into the size of a tennis ball—and disposed of his legs in such a manner, that one might not run away from the other—utter an exordium of only half an hour, he assured them, that “he was *experientially* convinced of the danger of the measure proposed by the Treasurer of the Navy; and that nothing but a total abstinence from wine could exempt that *body politic*—which the nation so deservedly held dear—from the morbid humours arising from its *deleterious* qualities.”

His Grace of Richmond next proposed, that the company should attend him into the meadow at the bottom of the garden, where, with their assistance, he offered to erect a model in clay, by which he would demonstrate, that, with his newly-invented machine, a garrison of 5000 men could defend themselves for a given time against a force superior by as many hundreds.—It is impossible for us to say how this proposal would have been received, as in that instant the Right Hon. Mr. Cornwall was observed to make a number of wry faces, occasioned, as he said, by a violent *colic*. The blue-room was instantly ordered to be aired for the venerable invalid, and in order to bring a speedier slumber to his relief, Major Scott was directed to attend him, and to read over his comments on the Preface to *B. M. M. M. M.*

Mr. Grenville then mentioned the excessive fatigue which he had undergone in pursuing the French Minister—who was pursuing the French King—who was pursuing the cock pheasants round his hunting-feat. He therefore declared himself incapable of any violent exercise; and only proposed a game of *Cribbage*, to which Mr. M. A. Taylor having assented, they retired together to the little parlour for that purpose.

After a few minutes spent in farther hesitation by the rest of the company, Mr. Steele suggested, as a more eligible mode of amusement than any that had yet been offered, that an *Album* should be immediately opened; to which each person present, and every future visitor, should be solicited to commit some *poetical* effusion of the moment. They could perhaps promise themselves, he said, as much *variety* as filled the Vase at Bath-Easton, with as much *jubilant* as appears in the *Album* at Sir W. J.—n's. At all events, it was certain, that such a number of *curious originals* might be procured by this means, as would not only beguile the present moment, but would even expand the ideas and enrich the collections of posterity.

This proposal, either through vanity or complaisance, was immediately assented to by every individual present; and the eagerness with which the task was pursued, being in proportion to its novelty, the *Album* in three or four days was nearly filled. It was not at first intended that this collection should be made public. It was fixed, on the contrary, that the *meddlesome* of Mr. Dundas, and the *chaste* whisper from whom the *Promises* caught his flame, should together hide their heads in secrecy. It was even cruelly determined, that the *dequence* of Mr. Martin—the *cut* of Sir Joseph Mawbey—the *huff* of James of Madon Surt—and the *ditto* of Lord Selbrey, should be for ever hid to the world. But from our first knowledge that such a treasure existed, our efforts to obtain a view were unremitting, and we are happy to add that they have been successful. We shall therefore present our readers with a few “*EXTRACTS* from the ALBUM at SECRET-HART,” circled only in those parts which the taste of the Noble and Hon. writers may have rendered unequal to the rest, or which allude to such jokes, as, though laughable in the circles where they originated, may perhaps fail of exciting a smile, if communicated to the public eye.

No. II.

WHEN, in consequence of Mr. Steele's proposal, and the general determination, the ALBUM

ALBUM was produced, a degree of anxious diffidence appeared in every face.—Mr. Dundas—though posterity will scarcely believe it—was observed to blush.—Mr. Rolle hid his face behind the *second* hat of oratorical notoriety; upon which Mr. Drake jun. in a speech which lasted one minute and thirty-five seconds, remarked on the difficulty of the task, and concluded with his usual happiness of quotation, by reciting the lines from Virgil,

Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.—

The remarkable volume which lay on the table, it appeared, had been originally intended for entering the vast amount of ministerial savings, and for noting the antiphetical progression in which they should happen—to extinguish one debt by creating another.—It was now, on the contrary, to be employed in receiving *giftions* of another kind, and taken from the *epic* talk of bold imposition, to the *personal descriptions* of mutual compliments or general adulation.

Mr. Pitt was first called on to favour the company with the effusions of his muse: but happening *in mediis res*, we shall omit to tell—how with reluctant modesty he declined the precedence—and how with proportioned urgency they insisted on his right,—how with meek diffidence the Premier at length took up the pen;—and how with a voice sweet as one of Longman and Broderip's *Celestis*, Lord Mulgrave whispered his congratulations on the occasion.—It will be sufficient for us to communicate the following extracts from this inestimable performance, accompanied by a hope that at some future time we may be enabled to lay the whole before our readers.

O D E.

Awake! awake! some virgin muse,
And kindred energies imbue;
Pure as this spotless page might be the strain,
Which to th' expecting croud
Shall speak our joys aloud,
For PEACE *is* ^{plann'd},
Not by the sword,
But by our councils, in long sapience plann'd;
For hostile machinations cross,
For PEACE *is* ^{lost}—ere it was lost,
To bliss—at small expence—this happy Land.

In a strain of grateful humility, he then proceeds, after some general congratulations, to compliment very highly the exertions of his coadjutors on this trying occasion.—The

truth of the following lines we make no doubt will be admitted by every reader.

Of powers congenial—for each other form'd,
And by an equal flame of genius warm'd,
When Sydney's labours meet the loud acclaim,
Then shall Garmarthen share the mead of fame;
When Mulgrave's praise shall sound from
ev'ry tongue;

Then shall Dundas's purity be sung;
And Arden and Macdonald,—honor'd pair!
Living or dead, an equal praise shall share.
So when my Grenville's parts shall fill the strain,
Their eulogy shall Hawksbury's virtues gain.

This beautiful Antistrophe then concludes with infinite modesty,

With humbler note—with more obscure regard,

Then shall my labors find a full reward,
When future ages all our deeds shall scan,
And speak of each—as MINISTER and MAN!

In a digression of about a hundred lines, he then, as if gaining confidence from his association with such *respected* names, dwells with considerable force on the terrors of the French cabinet and the alarms of Spain during the late memorable negotiation. Speaking of the situation of Holland, he uses a most sublime simile, comparing the perturbation of their spirits to the waves that foam after an inundation from one of their own sluices, when

Borne by the rushing tide,
Their *drunken hopes all chang'd to stern
despair,
The MYNHENRS see their chattels floating
wide,
And beat their breasts, and tear their hair,
And curse their fated shore,
For watry ruin marked—for dark com-
plottings more.

Returning from this digression to scenes less distant, the Right Hon. Poet seems to have caught new fire—To those who are well acquainted with his abilities, this circumstance will appear by no means strange, as they must frequently have observed, that nothing so powerfully calls forth the effervescence of his genius, as his being indulged in speaking for half an hour on a business no way pertinent to the subject in hand.—Such was the fire which suddenly kindling, dictated the following bold Apostrophe.

Now strike the lyre again,
A louder—yet a louder strain,

* Was the hope *drunk*, wherein you dress yourself?

St. Stephen's opens its venerable doors !
I see the hostile phalanx move,
Their firm-set strength to prove ;
But soon the event shall prove their contest
vain.

—First, my *Beaufoy*, his skill to try,
On *Dallin's* chords his hands shall lay ;
Pleas'd with the sound, he knows not why,
His strains complacently shall lead the way.
In order due, then next shall *Martin* rise,
Whilst Folly jingles all her bells ;
Thro' the long period still he tries,
And on the monstrous *Cochitox* dwells,
Till sense repugnant flies the sound,
And sombrous vapours fill the Dome around.
Thy speech too, *Greenville*, still to nought is
fix'd,

Sad proof of thy disorder'd state,
Of differing themes, the veering jargon mix'd,
Calls general pity for thy hapless fate.
Then next *Dundas*, his eyes on fire,
W' k'd by a thousand secret stings,
On *India's* woes shall touch the lyre,
Till mild Compassion trembles on its strings.
Whilst *Mulgrave*, sad as fix'd Despair,
In sullen strains his grief beguiles,
The solemn, strange and mingled air
At times is dull—at times he faintly smiles.

The Poet then proceeds with the same
happinefs, of discrimination, to characterize
the other less distinguished supporters of the
present Administration :—after compliment-
ing each on his genius, sagacity, &c. or the
more *passive* equalities of Intrepidity of face,
or cold Insensibility to argument, he con-
cludes with the following admonition:

Then each, my friends, pursue his separate
course,
A certain victory it is yours to gain ;
On souls like yours, all reasoning loses force ;
To powers like yours, all *Opposition's* vain.

Some Hypercritics may perhaps object to
the freedom with which Mr. Pitt in this
spirited Ode has treated some of his friends
and intimates.—But they are to recollect, in
the first place, that the piece in question was
by no means designed for publication, and
in the second, they should know, that such is
the *Amor Patriæ* which actuates our Premier,
that when the *public good* is in question, he
makes no scruple of acting in concert with
persons whose principles and abilities he holds
in equal and professed contempt.

No. III.

WHEN Mr. Pitt had received the general
congratulations for the excellent Ode with
which he had honoured the *ALBUM*, the

truly illustrious Lord *Hautefburg* was called
on to favour the company with a specimen of
his poetic powers ; but in the instant when
he was preparing to comply, a violent blast
was heard from a Sow-gelder's horn, which
excited a momentary laugh ; and immediat-
ly after, by a strange concurrence of circum-
stances, Sir *Joseph Martiney* was announced !

A proposal was then made by Mr. Steele,
that as the first visitor, the Baronet should
have the precedence, and he was accordingly
informed of the nature of the institution, and
of the compliment intended him.—Sir Joseph
stole, with his usual *grace*, to make a speech
on the occasion ; but as he drew forth his
handkerchief, scented with *Mosénau's* best la-
vender water, he unfortunately stirred from
his pocket the engraver's *bill* for etching that
portrait of the Hon. *Bur.* which embellishes
the front of a Magazine.—The paper was
picked up by Mr. Dundas, who archly ob-
served to Sir Joseph, as he returned it, that
it wanted a *receipt*.

This perverse accident, which would have
discomposed any other than the grave Baronet,
had no effect whatever on the solemnity of
his countenance ; it, on the contrary, fur-
nished a subject for his muse, who, after a la-
bour of one hour forty-five minutes and ele-
ven seconds, by the Baronet's own stop-watch,
brought forth the following very brilliant and
epigrammatic Stanza :

THE hon or some deride of Fame,
And scorn the whistling of a name ;
With others still it finds regard,
And forms their hope and their reward.
So when I'm dead—of life retir'd,
In *Coppe* he this fact admir'd,
And by the graver's art he'll seen ;
—Fit index of the mind within !
Thus, *SYDNEY*, when thy toils are o'er,
When rank and office are no more,
Appropriate honors crown thine head,
And he thy form rever'd—in *Lead*.—
So *DUNDAS*, when his powers are wither'd,
And when he's to his fathers gather'd,
When all his honor'd days shall pass,
Shall live in monumental—*Brass*.
Nor, *GREENVILLE*, shall thy fame expire,
Thy great, vast head shall all admire ;
For when thy glorious race is run,
And thy *Negotiations* done,
As high in fame, as high in blood,
Thy beautiful bust shall smile—in *Wood*,
And when their fire is their loss shall grieve,
In *Bronze* shall *SCOTT* and *ARDEN* live.
—Dull epitaphs may then be spar'd,
The worth of each may be infer'd,
Whilst History's bright page shall tell,
What feats we did—and *she* how well ;

And

And—such th' extent of mortal pride,—
How we were born—and how we dy'd.

The poetic beauties of the above delicious *monologue* must be too evident to the reader of taste to require any comment.—We shall only observe with what amazing coolness and Stoicism the Baronet speaks of his own *death*—an event which would doubtless fill every lover of his country with inconsolable affliction. The Borough of Southwark would mourn that eloquence which enforced the mild authority of the Surry Justices, and charmed all hearers—at Quarter Sessions;—*Vauxhall* would mourn that wit which cheered its walks, and that dignity which was so frequently the ornament of its bar;—nay, even the envious Dog and Duck must mourn the loss of that worth which has so greatly contributed to the essential interests of Religion and Morality—by silencing its origin.

We cannot forbear to remark also, with what a happy delicacy the Baronet adverts to the late important negotiation of the Right Hon. Mr. Grenville. The plural number very neatly implies, that the above will not remain a single exertion of his diplomatic talents, but that such was his address and dexterity, that his grateful country may place the most secure reliance on him on every future occasion. The genius of the Poet, in this instance, can only be equalled by that of the NEGOTIATOR.

We should not omit to add, that Mr. Dundas made some objections to the word "*etc.*" which occurs towards the conclusion of this beautiful poem, as being in his opinion too antique;—but Mr. Alderman Wilkes, who, since the late Proclamation, never goes without a Bible in his pocket, produced from the Version of the Psalms such a number of passages where it was used, that he not only silenced the civil, but also shamed that infidel want of recollection which the Treachery of the Navy had betrayed in making the exception.

This discussion being ended, Lord Hawkebury was again called on, but his Lordship requesting to be indulged with more time, several others offered themselves;—when the voice of Mr. Drake, being particularly *in alt*, he obtained an immediate attention. He was proceeding to address himself to Mr. Pitt, beginning his speech with these lines from Horace,

Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
Res Britannas armis tutis, moribus ornes—

but was informed by Mr. Steele, that his speech would be dispensed with on this occasion; upon which this young orator, who

may justly be styled "the classical Hope of Britain," sat down and produced the following lines:

RECITATIVE.

BEGIN, ~~hold~~ the strain, my Muse,
No ~~fact's~~ *fact's* ~~fit~~—I yet shall choose;
Whether to sing of Great St. Stephen's wars,
Where syllogisms take the place of tears,
Or thank the Gods—*pro jam* *Teora pace*,
Thy ~~things~~ *things*, still boding evil, would outface
ye.

I.

From Eloquence begins the song,
For which the young politic sinners long,
Who wait at some wary friend to tell 'em,
What dire heart-burgings there are a'le,
What breaths convulsed! what violent eyes!

Quas minus atas et furor behant!

With thee, oh! PITT, my strains begin,
Skilled Country Gentlemen to win

By declamation fluent;

Struck with the sound, with eager gaze,
Thy thick'nd ranks shall pour their praise,

Et in al facta ruent.

Nor thou, Dundas, shouldst pass unprais'd,
Had but my wayward Muse the tongue,

O! Eloquence to shew how;

I still admire thy—"gift of speech,"

And how I strive in vain to reach

Τε, τόπος εἰς ἀκίρα.

To learn from Mulgrave then I'll try,
Silent t' attend with downcast eye

To speeches, till I'm weary;

Or check *Beaufy*, when language mincing,

'Till haply I at length convince him

—*Quæ virtus sit filia.*

The applauses which Mr. Drake received for this equally learned and witty *jeu d'esprit*, will, we are certain, be echoed by all our readers, without exception.—The advantages which this gentleman derives from thus mixing the flowe of every language, as well in his vernacular Poet, v. as in his parliamentary Declaration, are so obvious, that we are not without a hope to see this style both shortly and universally adopted.

No. IV.

THE applauses which were bestowed on St. Joseph Mawbey and Mr. Drake, for their respective *jeux d'esprit*, it would surpass our limits to enumerate.—Mr. Drake, however, speaking of the quotations of the latter, mentioned in his usual facetious manner, something of the *purpureus pannus*; but Sir *Isackia Lewis* on the contrary, in the true spirit of a City jester, compared them to so many *plums* in a pudding.

These

These comments were interrupted by three formal knocks at the door, after which his Grace the Duke of Arundel entered the room, accompanied by his confidential friend Mr. James Luttrell, who Grace then presented to Mr. Steele his contribution for the ALBUM, but with such instantaneous condensation as the *Irish Ode* may be supposed to exhibit in stooping to play at *maïles*.—He then, in a manner equally *gracious*, proceeded to inform him, that his friend had lent his assistance to the composition, by answering the questions which his Muse had dictated, in the manner of an *Echo* from a distant part of the chamber!—This singular *Deut* we have now the honour of laying before our readers.

O D E

Not the Muse—but Memory come,
Bring the spirit-stirring drum,
And all the clangors of the war,
For these—at distance due—I love to hear.—
Let the fife now shrilly sound,
Let the chargers ~~hit~~ the ground;
Let *Mars* appear in his ensanguin'd car!
Bring the trumpet's stern alarm—
But ah!—for fear of harm—
Pray bring them not too near.
And now my fate shall taste to pry
Into the secrets of futurity,
Would inspiration haply come!

Luttrell. — I come.
Say then shall *Caracul's* vote still cross each
scheme,
And all my glorious plans but prove a dream?

Luttrell. — A dream.
Must then, ah! must each proud erection
fall—
Bastions, redoubts—~~say~~, counterescarp and
all?

Luttrell. — Counterescarp and all.
And speak, shall *Pitt* still cross each bold
design,
And but disgrace and vain command be mine?

Luttrell. — And mine.
Shall then no walls this fated Isle defend,
And must her *Navy* prove her only friend?

Luttrell. — Her only friend.
First let Destruction, pouring forth her cup,
"Compound and swallow *Navigation* up."
Be all the Winds united to make foul weather,
"And Nature's germs mingle all together!"
But—say, shall *Lansdown* speak me with
his smile,
Nor *Douglas* praise,—nor *Pitt* commend my
skill?

Luttrell. — And thy toil.
We 'told it impossible to describe, how,
whilst this wonderful performance was read,
his Grace sat—his eye in a fine phrensy
Vol. III.

"rolling!"—until he at last started up, and repeated with ~~enthusiasm~~ *Shakespeare*, in which action he unfortunately trod on the toe of Lord *Lansdown*, but sooner did his Grace perceive the accident than—such is the force of *habitual politeness*—his passion immediately subsided, and he begged pardon of the noble Peer with a readiness and an energy which no language but his own could express.

The comments and the eulogies on his Grace's Ode were extremely numerous; the idea of introducing the *Echo* was in particular admired, as being highly poetic, beautiful, and uncommon.—The late Doctor *Johnson* it was observed, used frequently to remark of an high Personage,—that he teized him with a number of *multifarious* questions;—he then, added the Doctor, he had the complaisance to answer them all himself.—It was therefore suggested by the Duke of *Queensberry* to Sir *George Howard*, to convey the mention of this *simple contrivance* to that Personage; so, by thus *conversing* with an *Echo*, he might save himself the trouble of uttering, at least, the half of his discourse.

The other observations we shall, for the present, pass over, hastening forward, as our readers must do, when they are informed, that the next production came from the *cradles* pen of the most noble the Marquis of *Lansdown*, who, passing by accident, was called in by his old and *grateful* pupil Mr. *Pitt*, and prevailed on to honour the *Album* with the following Ode to *Sincerity*; which we shall submit, without any comment, leaving our readers to decide both on its poetic beauties, and its *appropriateness* to the well-known Character of that Nobleman.

O D E to SINCERITY.

NYMPH of the spotless robe, draw nigh,
With breast fit to pervious to each eye,
And charm me with thy pow'r.
Long has my soul thy force contended,
And still shalt thou remain its guest,
—As fits the present hour.

Sweet being! seldom found on earth,
Thou have I worshipp'd from my birth,
—Where'er convenience suited;
With doubtful tale, of varied hue,
Still to the chameleon purpose true,
These lips were ne'er polluted.

As bending 'fore thine honor'd throne,
Thy praise then, heav'n-born nymph, be
my name,
'Twill gain new stores of words;
Thou, by the wreath that decks thy brow,
Nay, by thy sacred self, I vow,
—I scarce can thank I, *John R.*

When in future times the Bard
To each shall fix their due award,
And Eden's truth relate
When Sydney's eloquence is told,
And Hamlyn's high descent enroll'd,
As sapient as he's great,—

When Jot's want of candour's tongue,
And Sheridan's dull powerful tongue,
The loss of Swift's inspir'd;
Then,—in moments of sweet sleep,
Then I, sweet dreamer, shall dwell with thee,
And be with thee admir'd.
(To the Author.)

OBSERVATIONS on the FEMALE DRESS of the THIRTEENTH, FOURTEENTH, FIFTEENTH, and SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

[From Mr. Gouon's "Sepulchral Monuments," lately published.]

In the earlier periods the tresses were left to their natural flow, as those of queen Elizabeth before mentioned. The coiffure of the 13th century concealed the hair entirely. In the middle of the 14th century, a clove head-dress was introduced; the hair was shewn only in curls on the forehead, and covered with a veil, as on Joan de Cobham, 1354¹.

What objection the ladies had to the display of the hair (the greatest ornament of the human face) is hard to say. It was certainly more becoming, however formal, than either the fashions which soon succeeded, or perhaps obtained at the same time (the end of the fourteenth century) of muffing up the whole head and almost the face in drapery, or of pulling up the hair in protuberant nets, which covered the ears, or, which was still more ugly, was raised above them. This latter fashion appears at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The *reticulated head-dress* appears first on our monuments and quite on the continent about the middle of the fourteenth century. Perhaps it was introduced into England by queen Philippa, who died 1369, and has it on her monument².

Lady Berkeley at Berkeley, 1360, has the long close head-dress, adorned with net work of quaterfoils, a strap to be reaching up to her chin, and parting just below it, a border with a cordon³. It continued with us as late as the beginning of the 15th century, as appears on the brass of Joan wife of Richard son of Robert lord Phynings, in St. Helen's church, Bishopgate, 1421, whose veil folds over it in front of the head in form of a turban arch, like that of the lady of Judge Gascoigne, near the same time, in Harwood church, Yorkshire, who has also the reticulation. John of Gaunt's duchess in Old St. Paul's had the reticulation with the pediment.

The queen of Rene of Anjou, and Joan de Duras lady of Sarant, 1356, have the reticulated head-dress. The latter, with her husband, are represented kneeling on a monument of the 16th century, in St. George's abbey, near Angers.

It is not faithfully represented in the engravings of Mary wife of Frank van Malen lord of Lillo 1415, in the metropolitan church of Malines in the Theatre de Brabant⁴ and Matilda countess of Spanheim, at Hamarode, 1357, who has also the long buttoned sleeves⁵.

The hair of Cecilia Kerdeston⁶ is richly dressed in three rows. That of Maud de Cobham, in the same plate, fig. 2 in one mass of zigzag work, in five rows, which appears again at the bottom of the tresses. She has a single row of jewelry on her forehead. That of Catherine wife of Sir John Harbeck, who died 1384, has the plaited or braided hair only at the sides of the face, it being left *a la nature* on the crown, and a studded fillet on the forehead. Joan duchess of Burgundy first wife of Philip de Valois, who died 1348, has the same head-dress⁷. The wife of Sir Miles Stapleton shows the same plaiting at the ears, while her hair on her forehead curling naturally is inclosed by a studded fillet. Sir Thomas Chaucer's lady at Ewelme wears a veil covering the whole of her head. In all or most of these cases I doubt whether the hair be inclosed in net work, as the Spaniards of both sexes do up theirs in silken *redondas*, over which the women throw a veil, or gathered up in some kind of cloth, as seems to be the case on lady Beauchamp's figure at Warwick⁸, in which such plaits as these evidently appear to come round and finish in a facing of that sort; and on that of Isabel duchess of Clarence, about 1477, at Tewksbury, it is more strongly marked. These were the ancient *comperches*, in after times called *kerchiefs*.

One of the Marmion ladies at Tarnfield, about the reign of Henry III. or Edward I. has a close short cap showing her ears, but no hair.

Later ladies dressed their hair closer, with a narrow studded fillet: the gowns plaited, large loose sleeves, mantles, and girdle. A little figure in Chestnut church age unknown has close braided hair, with thin close head-dress and fillet, her ears left uncovered; she wears a kind of loose gown or frock, with

¹ Pl. XXXIX.

² Pl. XLIX.

³ Pl. XLIV.

⁴ l. 48.

⁵ Acta Theod. Palat III. p. 49

⁶ Pl. XXXIX. g.

⁷ Monf. II.

⁸ l. 2. Les cheveux tressés d'une maniere particuliere

⁸ Pl. 2.

bag sleeves close at the wrist, a standing cape or collar, and mittens on her hands.

We see the headdresses of the 14th century trikk and frounced in proportion as much as in Drayton's *Uggs* 1.

With dressing, beading, frouncing, flowering,

All your jewels on the pouring.
Or as Spenser describes,

Some frounce their curled hair in courtly guise,
Some prauische their ruffles—

The female headdress of the 14th century appears by the picture of Isah-1 queen of Edward II. before cited, in a MS of Froissart, in the king of France's library 4, to have been of the fugu-hat or conical form, very high, with lace flating in the air: a fashion which Montfaucon observes continued in France near two centuries, to the end of the fifteenth. A lady in Mr. Walpole's picture of Henry VI. whom he takes for Jaquelma duchess of Bedford, in a widow's habit, has the same headdress.

So have several ladies in Montfaucon, who calls it a *cornu* ornament, which continued in fashion near two centuries, and on Mary of Burgundy, wife of the Emperor Maximilian, appears of an extraordinary length, having fastened on the top a very long gauze, which hangs down on both sides to the ground 5. This is the origin of our huppets. Isabel de Bourbon wife of Charles duke of Burgundy has the same headdress, which Montfaucon there calls a *surarhauf*, from the form, whence falls a gauze so fine and loose, that though it covers her eyes and the greatest part of her face, her features are seen distinctly through 6. Isabel de Maille wife of John de Brie wears that great pointed headdress which continued near two centuries, and lasted till near the end of the fifteenth 7. See also Margaret of Scotland, who married the Dauphin of France, son of Charles VII. 1436 8.

When Isabel of Bavaria, the vain voluptuous consort of Charles VI. of France, kept her court at Vincennes, 1416, it was found

necessary to make all the doors of the palace both higher and wider, to admit the headdress of the queen and her ladies 9. The rich dress and train may be seen in Montfaucon, who adds, we have not yet seen a queen so set off as she 10.

The high headdress was however in fashion on fifty years before; as we see by the dress of Brotagne, 1341 11.

To support the breadth of these dresses they had a kind of artificial horn on each side of the head, bending upwards, on which many folds of ribbands and other ornaments were suspended. From the top of the horn on the right side a streamer of silk, or some other light fabric, was hung, which was sometimes allowed to fly loose, and sometimes brought over the bosom, and wrapped about the left arm 12. These horned headdresses, imperfectly represented by Mr. Strutt 13 from illuminated MSS. are what are otherwise called *mitred*, and seem to have been introduced about the reign of Richard II.

The headdress described by Ross as before cited as "*tara alta et cornuta*," and known to antiquaries by the name of *mitred*, is not so common on foreign as on English monuments, though frequent in illuminations in Montfaucon's tome III. Mr. Peman 14 calls it a remarkable *mitre-shaped cap*, describing the monument of Sir Thomas and Lady Bete-ler, in Warrington church, about the time of Edward the First. I am led to distrust my own conjecture on the monument assigned to the Fitz Walter family at Dunmow, where the knight has *plated* armour, and the lady the *mitred* headdress; both which were not introduced till two centuries later. I can only plead the tradition of the place, supported by the register of the house, and suppose the monument made so long after the time of the persons death, that no regard was paid to the dress of the time when they lived. Compare my print of this monument with that in Antiq. Repert III. p. 17. Matilda has what Montfaucon would call *flor*

1 Nov. Elys. Nymph. II. vol IV. p. 146. 2 F. Q. I. IV. 14.
3 from *fronce*, Fr. to curl. 4 Montf II. xlii. p. 239. 5 Montf IV. vi. p. 59.
6 III. lxxiv. s. 7 Ib. III. p. 166 Pl. lxxv. 8 Ib. III. xxviii.
9 Jouveau des Ursis gives this curious account of them: "Et quelque guerre qu'il y eut, tempêtes et tribulations, les dames et dames-filles menoient grands & excessifs etats, et cornes merveilleuses, hautes et longues, et avoient de chacun cote, en lieu de boursiers, deux grandes oreilles si longues que quand ils vouloient passer l'huis d'une chambre il faisoit qu'elles se tournoient de costé et baissent, ou elles n'eussent pu passer" Brantome says, "On donne le las a la reyne Isabelle de Baviere, femme de roi Charles VI. d'avoir apporté en France les pompes & les gorgizans pour bien habiller superbement et gorgeusement les dames" Hist de la Reine Marg. de Valletet, XIII. 493. Montfaucon, f. 201. s. Pasquier, p. 578. Henry's Hist. of England, V.
10 III. xxv. p. 108. 11 II. xlv. p. 256. 12 Montf. II. p. vi.
13 II. xlv. 14 Voyage to the Hébrides, p. 10.

Memo

the mantle, the short-bodied long-sleeved tunic, a collar of pearls and a profusion of jewels and rings. No figure like hers is to be found in the *Manuscripts de la Monarchie Francoise*.

The headdress of lady Say, 1473, in Woburn church, resembles a cylinder with loops, having wires at the end to bury out the flowing veil. She has a kind of falling double cape of fur and lace, and a jacket under her furcoat reaching to the knee. Joan de Bokenham, in Great Livermore church, Suffolk, and a lady at Long Melford in the same county, about 1425, has such an headdress.

The headdress was sometimes pointed at top like a pediment. So Aubrey describes the wife of one of the Mortimers earl of March, in the time of Edward III. in Maule church, c. Hereford. He says it was made of velvet or cloth embroidered. Henry the Seventh's Queen, in a picture by Holbein, at Whitehall, is such. Such is Anne Bulleyn's reputed portrait at Haver Castle, at Knoll, &c.

Margaret countess of Salisbury, daughter of the king maker earl of Warwick, beheaded 1541, has this kind of headdress like so many on tombs¹. It came in about the reign of Henry VII. and is very common on stone figures, brasses, and pictures. I have not found one instance of it out of this country.

Instances of this divided headdress not so high are to be found among the house of Bourbon in the middle of the 15th century, on Mary wife of Peter d'Orgemont, 1490², and two other ladies of the reign of Louis XII. on which last Montfaucon observes³, that they are dressed in the habit of the times, and their headdress is extraordinary, and both dress alike. See also two ladies about the middle of the 14th century⁴; and the two peaks gradually diminished almost to a concave form in the monuments of the succeeding age. On the ladies of the Fentayne family at Narford, c. Norfolk, 1453⁵, these peaks appear to the veil, which on one of the wives is flat, as on lady Harcourt about 1490.

In the reign of Edward IV. female apparel assumed a more costly form. The first wife of Thomas Payton, at Helham, is habited in the richest flowered silk⁶, and a heavy necklace of precious stones; her veil

flies behind her head, but shows very little hair, and in the coil under the veil is an inscription, which seems *habe de Jese*. On her wrists she has something like a flat turned back ruffe of succeeding times; her feet are concealed under the folds of her robe. The second wife, who appears older, has the same kind of headdress, the same necklace and ruffe; but these last are of furs with which her breast and shoulders are covered, and her robe trimmed at bottom. Both these ladies have very slender shapes, and are girded with broad belt-like girdles. The dress of the French ladies was very different at this time, and had less departed from the ancient fashion⁷. The furcoat was not left off in 1481⁸.

In the middle of the 15th century female dress made great approaches to that worn in the succeeding one; the long sleeves were left off entirely, the mantle exchanged for a flowing gown, tightened more indeed round the waist, but trailing in the skirts like modern dress. The headdress floated more at ease with veil-like lappets stretched on wires, and supported by a stiffened cawl; or if at all confined it was in the pediment form before mentioned, of which we have innumerable instances on brasses. A lady at Easton in Suffolk retains the long mitten sleeves, with a tighter gown, which seems to reach only to the knees, and shew a petticoat; her girdle drops so low that her purse is at her knees. This is one of the last instances of a cushion under the head. The wife of Thomas Broke serjeant at arms to Henry VIII. 1518, in Broxborne church, has the pediment headdress with very long lappets before and behind, while other ladies have only the lappets in front, and a kind of hood or close veil behind. She has also a belt reaching to her feet. About 1546 we come to ruffs round the neck and wrists, puffed sleeves with paillet holes, large falling hoods and jewels in front, stiff stays, lac'd apron, long petticoats, as Benet wife of Richard Dering, 1546.

In the reign of Elizabeth and James I. the stay or bodice was not so strictly lac'd, the sleeves at the shoulders were set in with raked and puffed work, the gown and petticoat and apron were distinct, the ruff confined to the neck, but enlarged⁹. In James's reign the women wore heavy shoes like men's, and high-crowned hats with

¹ See Ant. Reper. IV. 160. ² Montf. IV. 11. 5. ³ Ib. Pl. after xviii. 3.

⁴ Ib. p. 146. ⁵ III. liv. 8, 9. ⁶ Alpinet. III. 521.

⁷ Such I suppose as Stowe describing Sheriff Lion's gown, 1381. (see p. 137.) called *flowered drapery wrought with the likeness of flowers*, like Milton's *flowery-kirtled* *Yankee* (Comus, 254.) See also Mary of Burgundy, Montf. IV. v.

⁸ See Montf. III. p. liv. lxxvi. ⁹ Ib. IV. vi.

¹⁰ In France at this time the sleeve was long, to the wrist, and puffed at the shoulders, the

Even the youngest daughters retain the mother's taste, but sometimes have a kind of fix cap. Such a cap is worn by Mary Peyton of Holham, about the end of the sixteenth century. She has a standing cape to her gown, a ruff round her neck, her sleeves fast with ribbands from the shoulder to the wrist, a kind of fringed sash tied round her waist, and her gown opening in front discovers a rich embroidered petticoat. Radcliffe wife to Thomas Wingfield of Easton, Suffolk, 1607, has a close cap, hair drawn up high and stiff in front, standing ruff, puff sleeves, with falling laced ruffles, very narrow pointed bodice, gown puckered up over lacingale, and showing a rich embroidered petticoat. Elizabeth Lucy Culpeper, in Ardingley church, Suffolk, 1633, has an almost Van dyck headdress, a mantle wrapt round her, puff and corded sleeves, with puckered ruffles, a falling bind or ruff, and an embroidered petticoat. A young lady of this family, in

the same church, 1631, is dressed like her, except the mantle, which is fast to her girdle. In the middle of this century we see the veil falling over a black bonnet under the chin, and over the neck and shoulders a square white kerchief, as on the monument of John Oneby and wife in St. Andrew's church, engraved in Mr. Nichols's History of that town, pl. vi, and worn by the mother and daughters. The husband, who was a barrister of Gray's Inn, and steward of the court of records at Leicester, is in the dress of his profession, with a coil and large band.

Dr Henry who has given a short view of the dress of each reign at the end of his history of each reign, is rather too tender to his contemporaries, when he says, "Upon the whole, I am fully persuaded, that we have no good reason to pay any compliments to our ancestors of this period at the expense of our contemporaries, either for the frugality, elegance, or decency of their dress."

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE.

(Continued from Page 404.)

LETTER XXIV.

To ———.

Dijon, Nov. 9, 1765.

My dear Friend,

I RECOMMEND it to you, not, perhaps, above all things, but very assuredly above most things, to stick to your own understanding a little more than you do; for, believe me, an ounce of it will answer your purpose better than a pound weight of other people's. There is a certain timidity which renders early life amiable, as a matter of speculation; but is very inconvenient indeed, not to say dangerous, according to the present humour of the world, in matters of practice.

There is a manly confidence, which, as it springs from a consciousness of possessing certain excellent qualities and valuable attainments, we cannot have too early—and there is no more impropriety in offering manifestations of it to the world, than the putting on

your helmet in the day of battle. We want it as a protection—I say, as a protection from the insults and injuries of others; for in your particular circumstances I consider it merely as a defensive quality—to prevent you from being run down or run over by the first ignorant blockhead, or insolent conceit, who perceives your modesty to be a restraint on your spirit.

But thus by the way—The application of it is left to your own discernment and good sense, of which I shall not write what I think, and what some others think, whose testimony will wear well.

I am no more better since I set my foot on the Continent, than it would do you good to see—and more good still to hear me, for I have recovered my voice in this genial climate; and so far am I now from finding a difficulty to make myself heard across the table, that I am almost fit to preach in a cathedral.

the gown sometimes open in front, sometimes fastened with bows; the ruff small, the gloves short early in the sixteenth century: see also later Catherine of Medicis, Elizabeth daughter of Henry II. Margaret daughter of Francis I. (Montf. V. pl. v ix xi. xiv.) Margaret de Bourbon has a tucker without a kerchief; Diane de France, natural daughter of Henry II. has a handsome faced kerchief and larger ruff. Ib. pl. xii. 3, 6. The kerchief of Elizabeth queen of Charles IX. is of fur. Ib. p. xxiv. Magdalen de Corbe, to whom as 1562, has the old-fashioned chola sleeve buttoned at the sides, and issuing out of larger, and terminating in a kind of ruff. Ib. xv. 2. The hair of Francis princess of Conde, pl. xvii. is divided at top mitre-fashion. That great piece of stuff, as Montfaucon calls it, (V. p. 63) rising up over the shoulders, at the back of the neck and head, appears in most of the portraits of Catherine de Medicis. Ruff's appears as early as 1503. *pl. long fur gulle, pl. xxvii.*

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Here they are all boys go mad—The viilage has been abundant, and in power at the close. Every eye beams delight, and every voice is attuned to joy—Though I am running away from Death as fast as I can well go, and am without so pressed by the rascal, that I ought not in prudence to take time to look behind me; yet cannot I resist the temptation of getting out of my chaise, and sitting for a whole evening on a bank, to see these happy people dance away the labours of the day; and thus they contrive, for two or three hours at least out of the four-and-twenty, to forget, God bless 'em, that there are such things as labour and care in the world.

This innocent oblivion of sorrow is one of the happiest arts of life; and philosophy, in all its stores—house of human remedies, has nothing like unto it. Indeed, I am persuaded that mirth, a sober, well-regulated mirth, is perfectly acceptable to the kind Being who made us; and that a man may laugh, and sing, and dance too—and after all, go to heaven.

I never could, and I never can, nay, I positively never will believe that we were sent into this world to go sorrowing through it. On the contrary, every object around me—the rural dance, and the rustic minstrelsy that I behold and hear from my window, tell me that man is framed for joy. Nor shall any crack-brained Carthusian Monk, or all the Carthusian Monks in the world, persuade me to the contrary.

Swift says, Vive la bagatelle. I say, Vive la joie; which I am sure *is* *bagatelle*, but, as I take it, a very *serious thing*, and the first of human possessions.

May your treasury, my dear friend, continue to have good store of it—and, like the *widow's crust*, may it fail not!

At Lyons I expect to find some tidings of you, and from thence I will dispatch some further tidings of myself. So, in the mean time, and at all times, may God bless you.—Believe me,

I shall ever remain most truly

And affectionately your's,

L. STERNE.

L E T T E R XXV.

To _____

Lyons, Nov. 15.

HAVE travelled hither most deliciously—though I have made my journey in a *désolée*, and, of course, alone. But when the heart is at rest, and the mind is in harmony with itself, and every subordinate feeling is well attuned, not an object offers itself to the attention but may be made to produce pleasure. Besides, such is the character of this

happy people, that you see a smile on every countenance, and hear the notes of joy from every tongue.

There is an old woman, at this moment, playing on a viol before my window, and a group of young people are dancing to it with more appearance, and I believe, more variety of pleasure than all your brilliant assemblies at *Stuck's* casé boat.

I love my country as well as any of her children; and I know the solid, characteristic virtues of its people; but they do not play the game of happiness with that attention which is obtained and practised here.

I shall not enter into the physical or moral difference between the two nations—but I cannot, however, help observing, that while the French possess a gaiety of heart, that always weakens and sometimes baffles sorrow, the English still answer to the description of the old Frenchman, and really continue to divert themselves *moult tristement*.

Nay, how often have I seen, at a York assembly, two young people dance down thirty couple with as grave countenances as if they did it for hire, and were, after all, not sure of being paid; and here have I beheld the sun-burnt sons and daughters of labour rise from their scanty meal with not a pulse in their hearts that did not beat to pleasure; and, with the brightest looks of satisfaction, make their wooden shoes responsive to the sound of a broken-winded hautboy.

All the world shall never persuade me, there is not a Providence, and a gracious one too, which governs it. With every blessing under the sun we knock grave, and reason ourselves into dissatisfaction; while here, with scarce any blessing but the sun, we are content to see that.

But the kind Being who made us all, gives to each the portion of happiness, according to his wife and good pleasure; for no one—and nothing is beneath his all-providential care—be even *tempests* the wind to the *stern* lamb.

By such reflections, and such influences, I am perverted from my purpose; for when I drew my chair to the table, and dipped my pen into the ink-horn, I breathed nothing but complaint, and it was my sole design to tell you so—for I have sent *a la partie* *replante* again and again, and there is no letter from you. But though I am impudence itself to continue my journey towards the Alps, and cannot possibly indulge my curious spirit all I hear from you, yet such is the effect of my sympathetic nature, that I have caught all the ease and good-humour of the people about me, and seem to be sitting here, in my black coat and yellow slippers, as contented as if I had not another step to take; and, God knows,

know, I have a pretty circuit to make, my friend, before I may embrace you again.

As I was, as you well-know, my practice to scratch out any thing I wrote, or I would erase the last dozen lines; as, the very moment I had concluded these, your letter and two others arrived, and brought me every thing I could wish. I would really linger if I thought you would overtake me. At all events, we shall meet at Rome—and I shall take the wings of to-morrow morning to further my progress thither.

I sincerely hope this paper may be thrown away upon you—that is, I wish you may be come away before it has made its passage to England. At all events, my dear boy, we shall meet at Rome. So 'till then fare thee well—and there and every where I shall be

Your most faithful and affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVI.

To ———

I HAVE a great mind to have done with joking, laughing, and merrymaking, for the rest of my days, with either man, woman, or child; and set up for a grave, formal, serious character; and dispense stupid wisdom, as I have hitherto been said to have done sensible nonsense, to my countrymen and countrywomen.

To tell you the truth, I began this letter yesterday morning, and was interrupted in getting to the end of it by half a dozen idle people, who called upon me to lounge and to laugh; though one of them forced me home with him to dine with his sister, whom I found to be a being of a superior order, and who has absolutely made the something like a resolution with which I began this letter, not worth the feather of the quill with which it was written.

She is, in good faith, charming beyond my powers of description, and we had such an evening as makes the cup of tea she gave me more delicious than nectar.

By the bye she wishes very much to become acquainted with you—nor, believe me, from any representacious or biography of mine, but from the warm encomiums she has received of you from others, and those, as she says, of the first order. After all this, however, you may be sure that my testimony was not wanting. So that, when you will give me an opportunity, I shall have the honour of presenting you to Miss Herbert, and add another devout worshipper at the temple of such transcendent merit.

Learn nothing of opinion, that if there is a woman in the world formed to do you good, and to make you love her into the bargain, which, I believe, is the only way of doing

you any good, this is the person; and bewitching character. Indeed, were you to command my feeble powers of delineation, my lovely being whose affections would pay thee for all the heart-achy and apprehensions that may and will afflict me in thy passage through life, it would be a fair and excellent creature. My Kitty's servant spirit has already told her that she is a *Dulcinea* to me—but I would most willingly take off my armour, and break my lance, and resign her as an *Angel* to you.

I need not say any thing, I trust, of my affection for you; and I have just now a singular idea on your subject, which kept me awake last night, when I ought to have been found asleep; but I shall reserve them for the communication of my first letter to your's, as it may be; and I wish as desperately as ever I wished any thing in my life, that my fire was to brighten before you this very evening.

In the name of fortune, for want of a better at the moment, what business have you to be fifty-leagues from the capital, at a time when I stand so much in need of you, for your own sake?

I hear you exclaim, Who is all this about? and I see you had determined to throw my letter into the fire, because you cannot find her name in it. This is all, my good friend, as it ought to be; for you may be assured that I never intended to write her name on this sheet of paper. I have told you of the divinity, and you will find the rest inscribed on the altar.

I was never more serious in my life, so let the wheels of your chariot roll as rapidly as post-horses can make them towards the town; where if you come not soon, I shall be gone; and then I know not what may become of all my present good intentions towards you—future ones, it is true, I shall have as plenty—for, at all events, in all circumstances, and every where,

I am,

Most cordially and affectionately yours,
Bond Street. L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVII.

To ———

Friday.

THESE may be piping times to you, my dear friend, and I rejoice at it—but they are not dancing times to me.

You will perceive, by the manner in which this letter is written, that if I dance—*Macbin's* piper must be the fiddler.

Since I wrote to you last I have bartered other vessels of my lungs, and lost blood enough to pull down a very strong man; what it has done thus with my meagre form, the

it is with infirmities, may be better imagined than described.—I judge it is with difficulty and some intervals of repose that I can trail on my pen; and, if it were not for the anxious forwardness of my spirits, which adds me for a few minutes by its precious mechanism, I should not be able to thank you at all—I know I cannot thank you as I ought, for your four letters, which have remained so long unanswered, and particularly for the last of them.

I really thought, my good friend, that I should have seen you no more. The grim spectre-grow seemed to have taken post at the foot of my bed, and I had no strength to push him off as I had hitherto done—so I bowed my head in patience, without the least expectation of moving it again from my pillow.

But somehow or other he has, I believe, changed his purpose for the present, and we shall, I trust, embrace once again. I can only add, that while I live, I shall be

Most affectionately yours,

L. S.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To ———.

Bond Street, May 8.

I FELT the full force of an honest heart-itch on reading your last letter.—The story it contains may be placed among the most affecting relations of human calamity, and the happiest efforts of human benevolence. I happened to have it in my pocket yesterday morning when I breakfasted with Mrs. M——, and, for want of something to good of my own, I read the whole of your letter to her—but this is not all; for, which is more to the purpose, (that is, to the purpose of your honour) she desired to read it herself; then she entreated me not to delay the earliest opportunity to present it to her breakfast table, and the mistress of it to you. I told her of the awkward space of an hundred miles at least, that lay between us, but I promised and vowed, for I was obliged to do both, that the moment I could lay hold of your arm, I would lead you to her. I did—but I really begin to think I shall get some credit by you.

Love, I most readily acknowledge, is subject to violent paroxysms as well as fever, but there is so much pleasure attendant upon the passion in general, and so many amiable by-impulses are connected with it, that it is sometimes so suddenly, and sometimes so easily cured, that I cannot, for the life of me, pay its disasters with the same tone of commiseration which accompanies my consolatory visits to other less pleasurable sources of distress.—In the last sad separation of friends, Hope comforts us with the prospect of an eternal re-union, and Religion

lancholy history which you relate, I behold what has always appeared to me to be the most affecting sight in the gloomy regions of human misfortune; I mean, the pale countenance of one who has seen better days, and sinks under the despair of seeing them never. The mind that is bowed down by unrelieved calamity, and knows not from what point of the compass to expect any good, is in a state over which the Angel of Pity sheds all his showers.—Unable to sing, to be ashamed; what a description! what an object of relief and how great the rapture to relieve it!

I do not, my dear boy, indeed I do not envy your feelings, for I trust that I share them; but if it were possible for me to envy you any thing that does you so much honour, and makes me love you, if possible, so much better than I did before—it is the little fabric of comfort and happiness which you have erected in the depths of misery. The whole may occupy, perhaps, but little space in this world—but, like the grain of mustard seed, it will grow up and rear its head toward that Heaven, to which the Spirit that planted it will finally conduct you.

Robinson called upon me yesterday, to take me to dinner in Berkeley-square; and, while I was arranging my drapery, he gave him your letter to read. He felt it as he ought, and not only desired me to say every handsome thing on his part to you, but he said a great many handsome things of you himself, during dinner and after it, and drank your health. Nay, as his wine warmed him, he talked loud, and threatened to drink water the rest of his days.

But while I am relating so many fine things to flatter your vanity, let me, I beseech you, mention something on the part of my own, which is nothing more or less than a very elegant silver standish with a motto engraved upon it, which has been sent me by Lord Spencer. This mark of that nobleman's good disposition towards me, was displayed in a manner which enhanced the value of the gift, and heighten'd my sense of the obligation. I could not thank him for it as I ought, but I wrote my acknowledgements as well as I could, and promised his Lordship, that as it was a piece of plate the Shandy family would value the more, it should certainly be the last they will part with.

I had another little business or two to communicate to you, but the postman's bell warns me to write adieu—so God bless you, and preserve you as you are—and this with, by the by, is saying no small matter in your favour; but it is addressed not to you with the same truth that guides my pen in assuring you that I am most sincerely and cordially, your faithful friend.

L. STERNE.

JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS of the FIFTH SESSION of
the SIXTEENTH PARLIAMENT of GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Nov. 27.

AS soon as his Majesty had delivered his Speech, he left the House, and the Commons retired from the bar. The time was occupied till near five o'clock, in talking in the new Peers, among whom were the Duke of York, Marquis Townshend, Lord Heathfield, &c.

The Earl of Harrington rose to move the Address of Thanks to his Majesty, and presented his motion with a speech, in which there was much neatness and perspicuity, and was extremely well delivered.

He took a concise retrospect of the late political events, particularly in Holland, and stated the consequences that might have ensued, fatal and ruinous to England, if the Ministers had not by their spirited interposition bled the machinations of France.—The Address which he moved, as usual, followed paragraph by paragraph the Speech.

Lord Bulkley, in a short speech, delivered with fluency and grace, and without any kind of embellishment, gave his reasons for rising up to second the motion.

The Bishop of Landaff reminded the House of a remark he had made in the course of the last Session, while their Lordships had the Commercial Treaty in discussion, that the reciprocal policy of England and the United Provinces was a close alliance. The trade with Holland he had stated to be of the utmost importance to this country. And when he passed this remark of his on the recollection of the House, he did it to account for what might otherwise seem an inconsistency of conduct in concurring with the Address, and giving his vote of thanks to Government, for their pursuit of the real interest of the country. He declared, that when he had before opposed them, it was because in his heart he was convinced of the impolicy of their measures.—Now that he was assured they were acting wisely, he could freely give them his support with equal sincerity, and with as much decision. The approbation of a Bishop, he observed, might not be of much consequence to Ministers, but as far as his would go they were justly entitled to it.

He then took into consideration the right which the King of England, or the King of Prussia, might have to interfere in settling the internal affairs of the Dutch Republic. He did not conceive that they had, according to the law of nations, any pretensions to interfere, in order to vindicate the Prince of

Orange, whether deprived of his Stadtholdership, or curtailed of any other of his constitutional rights. But in stopping forward to prevent France from acquiring any improper ascendancy in the government of the Republic, they were justified on the ground of self-preservation.

To meddle in the internal affairs of an independent State, certainly appeared, at first sight, contrary to the avowal of nations—but the fact was, that the European nations were not merely to be considered as independent of each other. There were various relations between them; they were to be considered as so many links in a large chain, connected with each other. To suffer any one of these links to become weighty enough to drag down the others, would be destructive alike of personal safety, and of political concord.

Lord Stormont agreed to the Address, but with a certain modification and reserve. He did not pledge himself to give his assent to every proposition contained in it. The principle he readily assented to, and had before urged Ministers to adopt, of forming a continental alliance in opposition to the views of France—considering Britain as the avowed rival of that ambitious power. Without a continental alliance, his Lordship maintained that England could not subsist; and of all the powers on the Continent, none was so natural, so desirable an ally as Holland. He was happy to find, that the Government had succeeded in crushing the worst of all tyrannies, an aristocratic faction. They had done well in interfering—but should have interposed before. At the time they were amusing themselves with their *fury d'union* with France, they should have had their eyes open to the intrigues that were then carrying on in Amsterdam. He imputed much blame to Ministers, for suffering the East Indies to be wholly unprovided with any naval force, which he asserted to be the best safeguard his Majesty's foreign possessions could have. The force of the French there, he allowed, was not great—but as all force is relative, it must have been very great and formidable indeed, to those who have none—and if the late Ministerial measures had brought about a war, he saw nothing that would have prevented the French Government from sending over an express by land to India, which would have enabled the French to make themselves ma-

sters of all our East India Trade. His Lordship made some further reflections on the misconduct of the Board of Control, who, as he understood, had some difference with the Court of Directors.

The Duke of Norfolk expressed his general approbation of the measures which had been carried into execution, and of the good consequences which had resulted from them. He approved also of that part of his Majesty's Speech which recommended the putting our distant possessions into a proper state of defence, but reserved any observations he might make on that subject till a future day.

The Lord Chancellor then put the question, and the motion for an Address was carried *unanimously*.

Nov. 28.

Warren Hastings, Esq; being brought to the bar, presented his answer to the charges exhibited against him for high crimes and misdemeanors, and the same being received and the title read, ordered to be proceeded with on the morrow.

Received the report that his Majesty had been waited on to know when he would be attended by that House with their address of thanks for his Speech from the Throne, and that his Majesty had appointed that day at three o'clock. The House then went up with their Address, of which the following is a copy

Most Gracious Sovereign,

"WE your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled, beg leave to return your Majesty our humble thanks for your most gracious Speech from the Throne.

"We acknowledge, with heart-felt gratitude, your Majesty's constant regard to the interests of your people, which could not be more fully manifested, than by your attention to the disputes lately subsisting in the Republic of the United Provinces.

"The danger with which their constitution and independence were threatened, could not but affect, in its probable consequences, the security and interests of your Majesty's kingdoms.

"We beg leave, therefore, humbly to express our highest approbation of your Majesty's just and wise determination, to counteract all forcible interference on the part of France, in the internal affairs of the Republic; and we acknowledge in the fullest manner, the propriety and necessity of the declaration made by your Majesty, in conformity to these principles, when the intention of the Most Christian King to assist the party, which had usurped the government of Holland, was notified to your Majesty. And we cannot but heartily applaud the wise

and vigorous steps taken by your Majesty for the augmentation of your forces by sea and land; measures which, while they prepared the country for any emergency which might arise, were the most likely to prolong the blessings of peace.

"We learn with particular satisfaction the rapid success of the Prussian troops, under the auspicious conduct of his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, which has obtained for his Prussian Majesty the just separation which he demanded, and enabled the provinces to deliver themselves from the oppression under which they laboured, as well as to establish their ancient and lawful government.

"The important events which have taken place, without disturbing your Majesty's subjects in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace, afford matter of cordial congratulation to your Majesty; and we are happy to see your Majesty enabled to enter into an agreement with the Most Christian King for disarming, and placing the naval establishments of the two countries upon the same footing as in the beginning of the present year.

"We beg leave to return our humble thanks to your Majesty for ordering the several treaties and conventions to be laid before this House, and to assure your Majesty that we shall see with satisfaction any arrangement calculated to prevent jealousies and disputes between your Majesty's subjects and those of the Most Christian King in the East Indies.

"Your Majesty may depend upon our concurrence in such measures as it may seem expedient to adopt, in consequence of the other engagements entered into by your Majesty, as well as such as may be necessary for placing your Majesty's distant possessions in an adequate posture of defence.

"The flourishing state of the commerce and revenues afford us the highest satisfaction, and cannot fail to stimulate us to use our utmost endeavours to confirm and improve such important advantages, as well as to concur with your Majesty's paternal wishes for the continuation of the public tranquility. We lament that hostilities should have broken out in any part of Europe; but we receive with satisfaction the information that your Majesty continues to be assured of the pacific disposition of all foreign powers towards this country.

"We reflect with pleasure on the zeal and unanimity shewn by all ranks of your Majesty's subjects on the late occasion, as it must give more weight to the assurances we now humbly offer to your Majesty, that, with every wish to cultivate the blessings of peace, we shall be always ready to exert ourselves to the utmost, when the honour of your

your Majesty's crown and the interests of your people may require it."

His MAJESTY's most Gracious ANSWER.

" My Lords,

" I thank you for this affectionate and loyal address. The satisfaction which you have unanimously expressed in the measures I have taken, is particularly agreeable to me. You may depend, that both in war and in peace, my constant objects shall be the honour of my crown, and the advancement of the interests of my people."

Nov 29.

The House proceeded to take into further consideration the answers presented by Warren Hastings, Esq. against certain articles of impeachment preferred against him by the House of Commons. Mr. Hastings attending without, was brought to the bar by the Usher of the Black Rod, and kneeling, when he approached the table, was directed by the Lord Chancellor to rise: the Clerks at the table then proceeded to read the answers, relieving each other at the end of three skins of parchment; at about half an hour past five they got through the whole of the business. The Lord Chancellor then asked Mr. Hastings, whether those were the answers he meant to abide by? and being answered in the affirmative, he was directed to withdraw.

Mr. Hastings, in his defence, affirms, that he was four several times expressly appointed by the Legislature to the Office of Governor General of Bengal, in seasons of great difficulty and distress, affecting every part of the British Empire; and that he never, directly or indirectly, applied to the King's Ministers, to the Directors, or to any individual whatsoever, either to be originally appointed Governor-General of Bengal, or to be continued in that high office; that many of the acts for which he stands impeached were done prior to several of his re-appointments; that they were regularly communicated by him to the Court of Directors, and by them, according to law, to the King's Ministers; that of the millions who are said to be aggrieved by his acts, no one Man has yet been found to complain against him, although the charges originally exhibited arrived in India in the month of August 1786; that the system of Government which he established, is at this moment adhered to; that the Princes of India, who he is said by his acts to have injured, have corresponded with him since his return to England, and do to the present moment continue their correspondence with him; that from the Proprietors and Directors of the East India Company he received the most flattering marks of approbation while

abroad, and on his return to England, the unanimous thanks of the Court of Directors for his long, faithful, and able services; that at the time he resigned the service of the Company, he received the most convincing proof of the esteem of his fellow-servants, and the British subjects in Calcutta, in addresses delivered to him on the morning of his departure, and that a second from the Officers of the Army was transmitted to him many months after his return to England; that so far from the honour of the Nation having been affected, or the Company's prosperity diminished by his acts, he affirms, that during a long and arduous Government, the national character was preserved in Indostan, and the Company's prosperity considerably increased; that after Peace had been completely restored to every part of India, and the internal arrangements consequent of Peace effected, he, on the 1st of February 1785, voluntarily resigned that station which he had held for near 13 years; that he had not mentioned the preceding circumstances with a view of eluding any specific article of accusation, but when he was accused of Rapacity, Tyranny, Injustice, Peculation, and Breach of Faith, he deemed himself intitled to state generally, that the tenor of his Character, as known and esteemed by those amongst whom he had served for 13 many years, was held to be in every instance the reverse.

A copy of the above answer was, upon motion, ordered to be sent to the House of Commons.

Lord Stanhope afterwards moved, that the same might be printed, which was agreed to by the House, but not till after the same should have been sent to the House of Commons.

The Marquis of Carmarthen presented to the House copies of the following papers, viz. the Convention between his Majesty and the Most Christian King, signed at Versailles, August 31, 1787. — The Treaty between his Majesty and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel dated Sept. 28, 1787. — The declaration at Versailles, dated Oct. 27, 1787, and signed by the Duke of Dorset and Mr. Eden — A Counter Declaration, signed at the same time by the Count of Montmorin. — The Joint Declaration signed at the same time, together with translations of the whole.

The titles being read, the papers were ordered to lie on the table.

Dec. 5.

Received and read a number of petitions relative to private causes before their Lordships; the prayers of each were severally granted.

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...no business before their Lordships, the House adjourned on Monday, Dec. 10.

A message from the Commons being delivered, acquainting their Lordships, that certain of their Members attended, they were ordered to be admitted; and being introduced, Mr. Burke, accompanied by the Committee chosen for that purpose, delivered in the usual form to the Lord Chancellor, at their Lordships' Bar, the Replication of the Commons to the Answer of Warren Hastings, Esq; against the Charges exhibited against him, which the reader will find in the Commons Journal.

The Commons having retired, the above was read by the Clerk of Parliament, and a consequent Order made,

That their Lordships do proceed to the trial of Warren Hastings, Esq. at the bar of their House on the thirteenth day of February next.

Ordered, That the proper officers do make the necessary preparations for the aforesaid trial.

Adjourned to

Dec. 12.

Lord Kinnaird moved, "that an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, that he will be graciously pleased to give directions to the proper officers, to prepare Westminster-hall for the trial of Warren Hastings, Esq. the said Warren Hastings, having been charged with high crimes and misdemeanors,

and impeached by the Commons of England at the bar of that House." Ordered.

Dec. 14.

The Lords with white staves informed the House, that his Majesty had been waited on with their Lordships' address, for the sitting up of Westminster-hall for the trial of Warren Hastings, Esq. and that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to answer, that he would give the necessary orders for that purpose.

Dec. 15.

Their Lordships ordered their Journals to be searched for a precedent for an adjournment over the 30th of January (King Charles's Martyrdom). No precedents being found,

Ordered, That the Bishop of Lincoln do preach before this House on Wednesday the 30th of January.

Dec. 17.

His Majesty came in State to the House, and being seated on the Throne, the Usher of the Black Rod, Sir Francis Molyneux, went to the House of Commons to command their immediate attendance; and being returned with the Speaker and several Members, the Royal Assent was given to three bills, the malt, land-tax, and marine military bills.

As soon as their Lordships were entered, the House was resumed, and the Lord Chancellor put the question of adjournment until the 30th day of January next, which was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Nov. 27.

THE Hon. Mr. Ryder, the Member of the Address of Thanks to his Majesty for His Most Gracious Speech (see page 434), prefaced his motion with much elegance of expression, some argument, and no deficiency of what is termed *point*. Facts, he said, were so convincing of themselves, that they wanted no other aid than the mere recital of them, to gain the approbation of every individual; that the fear therefore of acquitting himself respectably in the office he had taken up thus voluntarily, was proportionably the less, as there was the less occasion to depend upon himself; he had only to recapitulate the measures pursued, that the conducting sentiments of the House might be intused to them. He stated the progress of all that Administration had done in the late dissensions in Holland. After many well-turned periods, fraught with matter, as well as words, Mr. Ryder sat down, with no small ease, and no small title to it, since

Mr. Fox deigned to pay the tribute to it he did.

Mr. Brooke seconded the Motion.

Lord Hood rose highly satisfied with the steps that had been taken; declared the unanimity of the Captains and Officers of the Navy on the subject of the late hostile preparations, and the spirit of the ordinary seamen, which had been evinced in their so cheerfully joining their respective ships.

Mr. Fox rose after Lord Hood, and expressed, with manner and language consonant, his perfect concurrence, in the warmest approbation, of all the most striking and important heads of the Address.

He could not refuse his acquiescence, without belying every principle he had ever held in that House. He was happy, that his sentiments of France, which had been thought romantic, were now found solid; that the high ideas he had ever supported of English liberty and importance were now realized, and that we might go to the laborious manu-

factorer,

Lecturer, and the poor mechanic, loaded as he is with taxes, with rates, and with duties, said by, "However low you may deem yourself, however burdened with taxes, I call upon you for aid to support the balance of power in Europe, and the dignity of England among the nations of the earth!" Mr. Fox proceeded, that though there might be some of the greater parts of the Address in which he could not entirely coincide, he was unwilling to check the fulcra of his approbation, by entering into them; nor should they induce him to make any motion, nor even to refuse his assent. He trusted, however, that neither the House, nor any individual in it, was expected to pledge himself in support of specific estimates, or the detail of measures, before these had been sufficiently unfolded to them. In the grand outline, in the important and efficacious parts of these measures, he repeated, that he agreed. The conduct of France had been peculiar. We had it from the Throne, and therefore must believe it (for it was not to be supposed, that any Minister would advise the Crown to deviate from truth) that France had declared her intention to interfere in favour of that party in Holland, whom his Majesty had called Umpires upon the Rights of Sovereign Power; and yet the Counter-Declaration disavowed any intention ever conceived, of interfering in the disputes of Holland. *It was well, we had a better security for the continuance of peace, than the possession of France, in her inability, in the avarice of her finances, and the disputes between the King and the Parliament.* This was the strongest security that we could have. He had observed in the Declaration, and Counter-Declaration, that which appeared to him regular, an agreement to discontinue the naval armaments only. He hoped, it did not admit the latitude or construction which he had heard given it in conversation, that neither power, upon any occasion, or in consequence of disorders in any other parts of Europe, were again to arm; He wished to hear from the Minister in that House, the proper construction to be given to this part of the Convention. However, for the improbability of any improper consequences from this, he also trusted to the inability of France, though he well knew her to be a nation of great resources.

Mr. Fox made a remark upon a part of Mr. Ryder's speech, which he seemed to do, for an opportunity of saying, that he had not come down to the House when it was delivered, but had been informed that its eloquence was of the first order; and that it was one of the best first speeches ever delivered—a compliment as honorable, from the quarter from whence it came, as it was just to the person who received it.

It may be inquired, said Mr. Fox, whether the late preparations for war were so extensive? Whether they were pushed so far? Or whether they ought to have commenced sooner? For his part, he saw a sufficient answer; he felt that the best eulogium on their success. One more expression in the speech he would remark upon—it spoke of *arriving*, to prevent the *possible* interposition of France: he knew no occasion for the word *possible*; he thought their secret combinations were sufficient cause to arm; he would arm against their *possibility*!

Mr. Fox touched upon the increase of the military establishment. He had formed part of the Administration which regulated the reduction at the conclusion of the peace. That establishment had been acquiesced in by a subsequent Ministry, who had continued several years in place. If therefore the establishment were defective, the Ministry who had continued must share the blame with those who had originally arranged it. If new occurrences or farther views had rendered an increase necessary, he expected that the Minister would enter, on a proper day, into an explanation of the subject.

Lastly, he repeated his fullest approbation of the leading features of the Speech and Address, declaring that he should concur in voting the necessary supplies with the greatest cheerfulness, and never gave a vote with greater zeal.

Mr. Pitt applauded the candour and sincerity with which the Speech and Address were treated by Mr. Fox; acknowledging that he had placed the tendency, and the extent to which the House would commit itself by them, in a very fair and proper point of view. He rejoiced that the general principle accorded so fully with his sentiments, and would not detract from the merit which Mr. F. endeavoured to assume, in having suggested at former periods, and in other situations, some ideas which conduced him to an approbation of the late measures. For his own part, he was satisfied with having performed what he thought his duty, in the best manner he was able, and with the best intentions; nay, he trusted with a considerable degree of success; nor would he by contending for any particular or exclusive share, in originating or conducting the proceedings, by any means contribute to *what* that love which Mr. Fox avowedly professed to a system, which, so lately for administration, he was so desirous to represent as his own. Well knowing that this was the best mode of securing his support and assistance, he was willing to adopt it, and also to commend the delicacy with which it was said some of the particular passages in the Address should not at this time be discussed. For bearing then to

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shall say of those parts of which the House had not had documents and estimates before them, in order to judge with accuracy, he could only advert to some few circumstances that could, even now, admit of being at least touched upon.

The House were not to conceive themselves pledged in the Address, even to the extent mentioned by Mr. Fox, on the subject of putting his Majesty's foreign possessions in a more complete state of defence, as the Address promised no more than that they would lose no time in considering of its expediency; for he concurred most perfectly with those who thought that nothing could be more nugatory, or indeed more improper, than to induce the House previously to pledge themselves on any subjects of which they had not the fullest information. He admitted the policy of confining the military establishments of this country within the narrowest limits that prudence and a regard to the national safety should suggest; and allowed, that if there was any fault or deficiency in the regulations as they now stood, he should be liable, whatever blame may be the consequence, with that administration under which the reduction took place. He was not prepared to state, that there was any notorious deficiency at present existing in any of the dependencies, but having lately occasion of looking more minutely into those circumstances, than was convenient or necessary for him to do before, the result of his enquiry was a conviction, that additional strength and improvements would be of the utmost advantage to this country in time of war, by enabling it to employ, in more actual service, that force which should now be unavoidably left to the security of those dependencies. Such was the opinion he now entertained, and if any blame was to arise from his not attending to it before, he knew his duty too well to sacrifice the national security by any backwardness to encounter such a censure.

With regard to the observations, that Government might have gone farther, and endeavoured to secure the revival of our ancient alliance with the Republic, he would, notwithstanding the delicacy to be used in speaking of pending circumstances, consider himself as disclosing no secret, when he admitted that every thing heretofore done, would be ineffectual and incomplete, if measures were not taken to form an alliance with the Republic, which would prevent a repetition of that connection with France, to which were to be attributed all the troubles the United States had lately been relieved from. This was the main object and the aim of Government, and from the present weakness of the power of France, there

could be no very great doubt of its happy and effectual accomplishment.

After touching very briefly on a few other circumstances, which he promised to go into more minutely on future occasions, he congratulated the House and the country, on the pleasing reflection of the unanimity which prevails in his Majesty's Councils, being followed and seconded by a similar and general concurrence of all ranks of his Majesty's subjects; a concurrence which he trusted would equally manifest itself on any future occasion, and which would teach all Europe a lesson as formidable as just; that whatever may be the state of politics in this country, and however various the sentiments, or different the temper on particular points, when the interests and welfare of the nation were threatened or in danger, there was then but one voice and opinion could prevail amongst the Representatives of the People of Great Britain.

After this, the House being desirous of testifying that unanimity commended by the Minister, no other observations were offered; an Address of course passed, *nem. con.*

Nov. 28.

The Report of the Address was received, read a second time, and resolved that it should be presented to-morrow by the Speaker attended by the House.

Nov. 29.

The order of the day being read for taking into consideration his Majesty's Speech, the same was accordingly read by the Speaker.

A Motion was afterwards made for a Committee of Supply, and a Committee was upon motion ordered to take the same into consideration.

The House rose at three o'clock, and proceeded to St. James's with their Address on his Majesty's Speech, to which his Majesty returned the following Answer:

“ Gentlemen,

“ I return you my hearty thanks for this
“ loyal and dutiful Address: The satisfaction
“ you express in the measures which I
“ have pursued, and in the important events
“ which have taken place, afford me peculiar
“ pleasure.

“ You may depend upon my invariable at-
“ tention to the happiness and prosperity of
“ my Kingdoms.”

Nov. 30.

Mr. Pitt officially presented to the House various papers, and among others the estimates of the expences of the his armaments, in the different departments of the army, navy, and ordnance. The titles of these papers were read, and it was agreed on the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that they

they should be taken into consideration * on this day fortnight.

Mr. Fox observed, that Mr. Pitt had omitted to lay before the House two papers of a very important nature, and without which gentlemen could not so well judge of the propriety of the resolution taken by his Majesty's Ministers to arm. The papers he alluded to, were the Notification from the French Court of the 16th of September last, and the dispatch which declared the intentions of the Court of Berlin towards France. The former of these two papers, he said, would be the more necessary, as though the British Ministry had made it the ground for their arming, yet the King of France states, in his Counter-Declaration, that he never intended to interfere by force in the disputes in Holland. Every body, he observed, must see the absolute necessity for producing the Notification, as without it, it would be impossible to say whether Ministers had armed from necessity or not.

Mr. Pitt said, he was as desirous as any man of giving upon every subject the most ample information, when he could do it consistently with his duty to the public. But in his opinion, he would but ill discharge that duty, if he did not resist the production of the papers alluded to by the Right Hon. Gentleman. All that appeared to him to be necessary for the information of Parliament respecting the form of these papers, had been mentioned in his Majesty's most gracious Speech; and the latter might involve particular points that it would not be decent or politic to divulge. He said, however, that though he could not consent to the production of the papers, he would peruse them very carefully, and, from memory, would give gentlemen any information from them, if he should be called upon so to do, which should not be inconsistent with that principle, upon which he refused to produce the whole.—Here the business rested, and the House adjourned.

DEC. 1.

Mr. Steele reported the resolution of Friday last, viz. "That a Supply be granted to his Majesty," which was read and agreed to.

The usual accounts of army, ordnance, garrisons, &c. were moved, and followed

with an Address to his Majesty, in which the proper officers by law, took oaths before the House.

DEC. 3.

The estimates of the army and ordnance for the ensuing year were presented, the former by the Secretary at War, the latter by Mr. Aldridge, who gave notice of their intention of submitting them to the consideration of the House on Monday the 10th.

Col Fitzpatrick moved, that the army estimates be printed for the perusal of the Members.

The Secretary at War resisted the motion. The practice of the House, he observed, was founded in wisdom and policy; and he trusted the House would not think of departing, on the present occasion, from ancient usage.

The Motion was rejected without further debate.

The House resolved into a Committee of Supply; and without any debate, 6,336,000*l.* were voted; the particulars of which sum are as follow:

Mr. Brett said he would propose to the Committee to vote exactly the same number of seamen for the ensuing, that had been voted for the current year; therefore, without going into detail, or making any longer preface, he moved that there be granted to his Majesty 18,000 seamen, including 3620 marines, for the naval service of the year 1788; and that 4*l.* per man per month be granted for defraying the expences of the same, (ordnance for the navy excepted) reckoning 13 months to the year. This supply, to the amount of 936,000*l.* was granted without opposition.

Mr. Rose then moved, that the necessary sums should be granted for taking up and cancelling exchequer bills issued for the service of the current year and charged upon the aids of the year 1788, for the following sums, viz. 2,500,000*l.* 1,500,000*l.* 1,500,000*l.* in all 5,500,000*l.*

These sums also were granted without any debate, and the House was returned.

Sir Gilbert Elliot gave notice that he intended to move a charge against Sir Elijah Impey; and in order that he might have proper documents to proceed upon, he

* The following is a correct account of the totals of the four estimates presented to the House of Commons, by Mr. Pitt, of the expence of the late armament.

Account of the Expences incurred by the late Armament.

Total amount of Navy,	175,407	5	11
Total amount of Ordnance,	18,300	0	8
Total amount of Army,	59,878	4	0
Money issued out of the Civil List for services performed abroad,	83,166	0	0
Total Amount,	£. 336,751	10	9

approved, that there be laid before the House a copy of a letter from Mr. Hastings and Mr. Barwell to the Court of Directors, dated April 30, 1786. The motion passed without opposition.

Mr. Fox said, that Monday next was by much too early a day for taking into consideration a question so important to this country in every respect as the augmentation of the army; and more particularly an augmentation that was to last beyond the ensuing year, and become part of the permanent military establishment of the kingdom. Such a subject ought to be discussed in the fullest House; and therefore he wished that the discussion of it might not be brought on before the holidays, unless some very particular reason should be urged for dispatch.

Mr. Pitt declared it to be his wish, that so important a question should be discussed in the fullest House; and for that reason, among others, he was anxious that it should be brought on before Christmas. Gentlemen had been apprized by the King's Speech that such a measure was to be brought forward; and if Gentlemen would take time to reflect, they must be satisfied, that if it was necessary at all to put our distant possessions in a proper posture of defence, the measure could not be too speedily carried into execution. The regiments destined for that purpose could not proceed upon their voyage, until the sense of Parliament should have been taken upon the measure; and therefore he thought, and he presumed the House would agree with him, that there was very good ground for resitting any proposition on this head that could delay the passing of the measure.

Mr. Fox acknowledged the reasons urged for dispatch to be satisfactory.

Adjourned.

DEC. 4.

Mr. Gilbert presented the report from the Committee of Supply, who sat yesterday, on the subject of the peace establishment of the navy, which was agreed to.

Mr. Rose presented the report of the Committee on the exchequer bills, which was also agreed to.

Mr. Rose then moved, that an Address be presented, humbly praying, that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to order an account of the money voted, but unprovided for by Parliament, to be laid before the House.

Agreed to.

Mr. Grenville moved, that leave be given to bring in a bill for the continuance two years longer of so much of an act as related to the navigation between the United States of America and the Island of Newfoundland.

Agreed to.

DEC. 5.

The order of the day was read for the House resolving itself into a Committee of the whole House, to consider of ways and means for raising the supply granted to his Majesty. The House being accordingly resolved into a Committee,

Mr. Rose moved, that the duties payable on malt, cyder, mum, and perry, and 4s. in the pound land-tax, be continued for one year. Resolved.

The House being resumed, a message was received from the Lords, that they had sent to that Honourable House a true copy of the answer delivered at the bar of the House of Lords by Warren Hastings, Esq. to the charges exhibited against him of high crimes and misdemeanors.

The messenger being withdrawn, and the title of the answer read, Mr. Burke moved, that the answer might be read *pro forma*. The same being done, Mr. Burke moved, that the answer be referred to a Committee to consider thereof, and to report what measures were most proper to be taken for further proceeding in the prosecution. Ordered.

Mr. Burke then proceeded to name the gentlemen whom he wished to have upon the Committee. Upon each name there was a motion; and all whom Mr. Burke proposed were by the House admitted to be of the Committee except Mr. Francis, who was excluded upon a division of Ayes, 97; Nays, 126; Majority 29.

The names of the Committee then stood as follow:

Edmund Burke, Esq.	Lore Vis. Maitland
Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox	Dudley Long, Esq.
R. B. Sheridan, Esq.	Gen. J. Burgoyne
Rt. Hon. T. Pelham	Hon. Geo. North
Rt. Hon. W. Windham	Hon. And. St. John
Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart.	Hon. A. Fitzb. Herbert
Charles Grey, Esq.	Caj. Fitzpatrick
William Adam, Esq.	John Courtenay, Esq.
Sir John Anst. utter	A. Rogers, Esq.
M. A. Taylor, Esq.	Sir James Esdaile.

When Mr. Burke found he was not to have the assistance of Mr. Francis, he declared, in the presence of God, and of the world, that he looked upon the business of the impeachment as *damned*, seeing he was deprived of the assistance of the man, who, of all persons, was, from local knowledge, the best qualified to assist in the undertaking. He said he would proceed however, let the event be what it would. He concluded by making motions for vesting this last Committee with the power of sending for papers, records, &c. which was granted.

Mr. Pitt moved the order of the day for going into a Committee of Supply to take into

into consideration the Treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse.

The order having been read, the House resolved itself into a Committee.

Mr. Pitt moved, "That it is the opinion of this Committee, that the sum of 36,093l. 15s. be granted to his Majesty to pay one year's subsidy to the Landgrave of Hesse for the year 1788, pursuant to Treaty."

Mr. Fox wishing to hear from the Right Hon. Gentleman an explanation of some particulars respecting this treaty, Mr. Pitt in the most clear and explicit manner answered every query of Mr. Fox, and the question being put, the motion was agreed to *nem. con.*

Dec. 6.

A Committee was upon the motion of Mr. Gilbert appointed "To inspect the return of the Charitable Donations, and to report their observations to the House."

Mr. Gilbert reported the resolutions come to, in the Committee of Ways and Means of Wednesday last, which were read and agreed to.

Sir John Miller moved, "That leave be given to bring in a bill to prevent persons intitled to their freedom by birth, marriage, or servitude in cities, towns, ports, or boroughs, from voting at elections of Members to serve in Parliament for such cities, towns, ports, and boroughs, until they have been admitted to their freedom a limited time previous to the election."

Mr. Jolliffe opposed the motion, on the ground of its unnecessarily narrowing the rights of electors, which he thought were sufficiently circumscribed already.

Sir John Miller rose to justify his motion, and in a summary way recapitulated his arguments of the last Session, to prove the necessity of the legislature passing some bill to limit and ascertain occasional voters.

Sir James Johnstone said, the bill then moved for went to the deprivation of a great number of persons of their Franchises, whereas no reason had been assigned for the depriving one man of his natural rights.

On a Division — *Ayes the two Teller's, Noes 52.*

The House broke up at half after four.

Dec. 7.

The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, Mr. Gilbert in the Chair, when the following resolutions were moved by Mr. Pitt, and carried without any opposition: That the sum of 175,407l. 5s. 2d. be issued for the extraordinary services of his Majesty's services. — That 59,573l. 5s. be issued for the extraordinary services of the Army. — That for the Ordnance, there be granted the sum of 18,300l. 9d. — That for the Civil List, there be granted

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the sum of 55,166l. — That for the repairs of Carlton House, there be issued 20,000l. to make good the like sum issued from his Majesty's Exchequer, in pursuance of a warrant from his Majesty. — That 50,000l. be issued to make good the payments for the discharge of the debts of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. — That the sum of 100,000l. be granted for the same purpose. — That 7,426l. 19s. 6d. be issued to replace the like sum issued from his Majesty's Exchequer in consequence of Addresses.

When the House was resumed, Mr. Burges, as Chairman of the Committee appointed to take into consideration the answer of Mr. Warren Hastings to the charges exhibited against him by the House of Commons, reported to the House that the Committee had attentively read and considered the said answer, and had resolved, that for avoiding any imputation of delay in the Commons, the following Replication should be sent to the Lords.

"The Commons have considered the answer of Warren Hastings, Esq. to the articles of impeachment exhibited against him, and observe that the said Warren Hastings hath endeavoured to cover the crimes laid to his charge, by evasive insinuations and misrepresentations of facts; that the said answer does give a gloss and colouring, utterly false and untrue, to the various criminal matters in the said articles; that the said Warren Hastings did, in fact, commit the numerous acts of extortion, bribery, speculation, cruelty, breach of faith, violation of the orders of the lawful authority to which he was subject, and of the various other offences and crimes of which he stands accused; — and the Commons, in full confidence of the truth and justice of their accusation, and of the necessity of bringing him to a speedy and exemplary punishment, and not doubting that their Lordships will use all becoming diligence to do justice to the proceedings of the Commons, and to vindicate the honour of the nation; do aver their charge against the said Warren Hastings to be true, and that he is guilty, in such manner as he stands impeached, and that the Commons will be ready to prove their charges against him, at such convenient time and place as shall be appointed for that purpose."

Replication read a second time, and agreed to. Adjourned to

Dec. 10.

Mr. Burke moved, that the engrossed Replication of the House to the answer of Warren Hastings, should be read; which having been done, he moved that the said Replication should be sent up to the House of Lords. This motion was agreed to, and Mr. Burke appointed the messenger. In carrying it up,

he was attended by most of the Members in opposition. The Lords returned an answer, as stated in their Journal of Dec. 10.

Mr. Gilbert, after a short introductory speech, moved, that a Committee should be appointed to take into consideration the state of the poor, and of the laws which provided for their maintenance. The motion met with no opposition.

The House then went into a Committee of Supply on the army and ordnance estimates.

The Secretary at War proposed that the military establishment for North America and the West Indies should be augmented from 6000 to 12,125 men.

Upon this motion a very long debate took place, which did not close till midnight.

Mr. Fox, among others, contended that the augmentation was impolitic, unnecessary, and dangerous to the constitution, as introductory to a new system, which would make us abandon our old and natural defence, the navy, in favour of the army, which was by no means so friendly to the constitution.

Mr. Pitt contended that in adopting the augmentation, he was not abandoning the system of a naval defence; he was only putting the distant possessions of the Crown in such a posture of defence, as would enable them to resist a sudden attack, and to hold out till a squadron could have time to succour them. No one, he said, could fairly say that he was not a friend to the navy, who had expended upon it above 500,000*l.* a year more in the extraordinaries of it than had been expended upon it in any former peace—the happy fruits of which expence were thirty ships of the line launched since the conclusion of the war. He also had expended 400,000*l.* a year more for the ordinary service than any former period of peace; for though after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the naval peace establishment fluctuated between 8000 and 12,000, it was now so high as 18,000 men.

A division took place upon the augmentation proposed by the Secretary at War, which was carried by a majority of—162.

Ayes	—	—	242
Noes	—	—	80

The ordnance estimates were then moved by Mr. Aldridge. A debate took place upon the new corps of 600 military artificers, now raising by the Duke of Richmond's orders, and for whom the estimates make a provision.

This motion produced another division, which was also carried by the Majority.

Ayes	—	—	146
Noes	—	—	28

Majority

112

After which, the House being resumed adjourned.

DEC. 11.

The land-tax bill being put into a Committee,

Mr. Rose brought up two clauses to be added to it: one of which was, that a warrant might be issued to distrain for non-payment, without referring to the commissioners; and the other, that the collectors should be bound by a penalty of 40*l.* to settle their accounts, and give in their money, within two years.

These clauses, after a few words from Mr. Sawbridge, the Speaker, and Mr. Rose, were agreed to.

Mr. Gilbert reported the following resolutions from the Committee of Supply: That a number of forces, consisting of 16,982 effective men, including 1,620 invalids, be employed for 1788;—that the sum of 598,637*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.* be granted for maintaining them;—that 315,865*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.* be granted for maintaining the forces in the plantations;—that 87,581*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.* be granted for difference between the charge of British and Irish establishments;—that 11,292*l.* 13*s.* be granted for pay necessary to be advanced to troops in India;—that 6427*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* be granted for General and General Staff Officers;—that 4273*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* be granted for full pay to Supernumerary Officers;—that 60,863*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* be granted for allowances to Paymaster-General, Secretary at War, &c. —that 419,407*l.* 0*s.* 1*d.* be granted for the charge of the Office of Ordnance, for land service, for 1788:—Which were read and agreed to.

Sir Richard Hill commended the increase: and observed, with respect to the confidence which had been talked of in yesterday's debate, that if some gentlemen had more confidence in the Minister and less in themselves, it would perhaps be better.

The several resolutions were all agreed to.

Mr. Burke, after desiring the Clerk to read the message from the Lords, appointing the day of Mr. Hastings' trial, moved, that the Committee to whom the answer of Mr. Hastings had been referred, should be appointed managers of the prosecution against him.

This motion was agreed to; as were also the following ones, viz. That A. Wallis and R. Toward, Esqrs. be appointed Solicitors for the prosecution; and that this House attend the trial, as a Committee of the whole House.

Mr. Fox rose, to move for the appointment of Philip Francis, Esq. to be one of the managers of the impeachment. He introduced this motion with a speech of some length, in which

which he urged the nomination of this gentleman in with great earnestness.

After some debate a division ensued, when there appeared,

For the motion	61
Against it	120

Majority — 58

DEC. 12.

Sir Gilbert Elliot rose, and in a most elegant speech addressed the House upon a topic which he declared he felt to be of the first consequence to the rights of human nature: he was conscious of his inability to undertake so arduous a task; but having pledged himself to his country and to the House, he now stood forward the public accuser of Sir Elijah Impey. He was actuated by no base motives of private pique or resentment, for he scarcely knew Sir Elijah's person: he was not influenced by the spirit of party, for the cause of eternal justice, he hoped, had but *one* party, which consisted of every Member of that House, and every man of honour in the nation (I great call of hear, hear). He could not justify his ambition, and aggrandize himself, by humbling a proud and powerful adversary, nor could he even hope to acquire popularity, criminal prosecutions being by no means calculated to obtain that end. As it was, therefore, impossible that he could have any of those objects in view, the House, he hoped, would give him credit when he solemnly protested, he felt no other impulse than a desire to vindicate the cause of truth and justice, by bringing a great offender to the tribunal of this country, to answer for the gross and wanton violation of that justice which was in so peculiar a manner committed to his charge. Sir Elijah arrived in India in the year 1774. The sword of justice was delivered to him, to convince the nations of that distant part of the British dominions, that the supreme legislative power of this country was always attentive to the welfare of all its subjects. Very shortly after his arrival, the innocent blood of Nuncon, (innocent because he was condemned by an unknown law, and by illegal evidence) was sprinkled upon the seat of justice. This transaction he could not consider in any other light than a premeditated murder. His lust of power, misadministration of justice, and enormities, continued, until application was made to the Crown of England in the year 1776. Shortly afterwards it became an object of Parliamentary enquiry; and the Commons of England, upon that enquiry, had censured him for his manifest perversion of justice. A system of corrupt laws, he said, was worse than no system at all, for the laws of self-preservation would step in, and prevent violence

to individuals. In the conduct of such a corrupt system he had disgraced the sacred character of a judge. "It was similar to a churchman committing blasphemy." After a great variety of other remarks of the same nature, Sir Gilbert adverted immediately to the charges, the particulars of which, he said, he should not attempt to elucidate, but content himself with delivering them at the table; and declaring, "that he, as a Member of the House of Commons, standing in his place, did charge Sir Elijah Impey, Knight, with High Crimes and Misdemeanors, the contents of which were set forth in the papers which he had delivered."

The Speaker desired to know, whether he meant to have the charges read at length, or read short, and Sir Gilbert preferred the latter, as he intended to move to have them printed, and delivered to the Members; after which he should move that a Committee might be appointed.

The Clerk then read the heads of six charges

1. The condemnation of Nunconmar.
2. The illegal extension of jurisdiction in the Dewanee.
3. His conduct at Patna.
4. Ditto at Benares.
5. His general mal-administration of justice, &c.
6. The affidavit.

Mr Pitt and Mr. Fox agreed, that it would be proper to print the charges, and on Monday next to consider of appointing a Committee. Adjourned.

DEC 17

Mr. Sheild apologized for bringing forward a subject which had been already discussed this Session—the Ordnance Estimates. He held in his hand a very valuable paper. It had been printed and made part of the Journal of the House—it was a report from the Ordnance, made in 1783, and signed *R. Inisd*. He observed in it a proposal to draft a number of men from the artillery, in order to form a corps of military artificers, whereby it was proposed to save twelve or fifteen thousand pounds annually, and after all, his Grace now comes and tells us, that if we will raise six hundred more men, we shall be able to save 3000. To be sure, he must allow that the scheme appeared very feasible at first. A number of workmen had always been employed at Woolwich at 2s 6d. a day, but many were to be detached from the artillery, who would work for 1s. 6d. a day. He much feared, we should find these but bad workmen, worse soldiers, and still worse citizens; for they would be citizens without interest, soldiers without discipline, and workmen without skill. How

ever, he made no doubt that his Grace had very cogent reasons for supposing, that men who could earn 2s. 6d. a day, would incline to work for 1s. 6d.—perhaps, on account of the douceur of military discipline.

After stating what motions he should make on this subject, he said, he should also move for an account of the expences of the Royal Powder Mills. He insisted, that gunpowder came to Government from these, at four times the price that it did by contract.

Mr. Sheridan then referred to the proposed fortifications in the West Indies. He did not mean, by animadverting on them, to convey the slightest reflection on the noble Duke at the head of the Ordnance; he really thought, that his Grace esteemed fortifications to be essential to the salvation of the country; and was determined to force them through Parliament, *by hook or by crook*; and upon his conscience, he believed, that his Grace would succeed. Precisely the same arguments which had been used for fortifying at home, had been used for fortifying abroad, and though one had been rejected, the other had been adopted.

Mr. Sheridan then moved his first motion, for an estimate of the expences of fortifying

the West-India islands; which, however, he afterwards withdrew.

Mr. Sheridan then moved several other motions, which were all agreed to.

Sir G. Elliot, in a few words, informed the House, that he was happy at the delay his intended motion had met with, as he now thought it much more eligible to refer the charges to a Committee of the whole House, than to a Select Committee, and should therefore move to that purpose.

Mr. Pitt was happy that the Hon. Baronet had altered his motion. He hoped, that no Member of the House was to be considered, by giving his vote for the commitment of the charges, as pledging himself to a decided opinion on the guilt contained in them; not only, not as to the *fact*, but, admitting the facts, not as to the *matter*. He himself, from the curious view he had of them, could not pretend to give an opinion; and he confessed, that, even in the most serious charge of all, he had very strong doubts, whether the facts alleged were contrary to the law of England.

Ordered, to be committed on Monday the 4th of February.

Adjourned to Thursday, Jan. 31, 1788.

A N E C D O T E.

IN the town of GALWAY in IRELAND there is a very ancient stone house, over the door of which is coarsely carved a Death's Head and Cross Bones.—The circumstance which caused this emblem is curious.

About the time of Henry VII. or perhaps earlier, the town was in itself a palatinate, and all the law proceedings ran in the name of the mayor, who had also the power of pardoning or condemning criminals.—John de Burgh, then mayor, was a very opulent merchant, and traded largely, especially with Cadix in Spain.—On some occasion he sent over his only son with a cargo to Don Alonzo Herrera, his correspondent there, who received young De Burgh with the greatest hospitality; and on his departure he sent with him on a visit his own son, together with a very large sum in specie to purchase merchandize.—The young De Burgh, tempted by the wealth, with the assistance of two or three of the crew, the vessel being his father's, threw the young Spaniard overboard, and on his return appeared greatly distressed by the hit of his friend, who he pretended had died at sea of a fever.—For some time this succeeded, but at length on a quarrel between two of the sailors concerned in the murder, the whole business transpired, the men were seized, and actually accused young De Burgh.—The wretched father was obliged to mount the Gallies, to sit in judgment on his only son, and with his own lips to pronounce that

sentence which left him childless, and at once blasted for ever the honour of an ancient and noble family.—His fellow-citizens, who revered his virtues and pitied his misfortunes, saw with astonishment the fortitude with which he yielded to this cruel necessity, and heard him doom his son to a public and ignominious death on the following morning.—Their compassion for the father, their affection for the man, every nobler feeling was aroused, and they privately determined to rescue the young man from the prison that night, under the conviction that De Burgh, having already paid the tribute due to justice and his honour, would secretly rejoice at the preservation of the life of his son.—But they little knew the heart of this noble magistrate.—By some accident their determination reached his ear; he instantly removed his son from the prison to his own house, and after partaking with him the office of the holy communion, after giving and receiving a mutual forgiveness, he caused him to be hung at his own door; a dreadful monument of the vengeance of Heaven, and an immortal proof of a justice that leaves every thing of the kind in story at an immeasurable distance.

The father immediately resigned his office, and after his death, which speedily followed that of his son, the citizens fixed over the door of the house a skull and bones, which remain there to this day.

SKETCH

SKETCH of the LIFE and CHARACTER of the late Colonel HENRY WATSON.

[By a CORRESPONDENT.]

[With a PORTRAIT of him.]

THOUGH the works of eminent men are the most durable monuments of their fame, yet the inquisitive mind is not always content with reading or understanding a work of genius, or contemplating the beauties of a fabric. Thus, in perusing a work of distinguished merit, or viewing an ingenious piece of mechanism, when the first transports of our admiration subside, we want to be informed of the author, or artist. So the Marquis de l'Hospital, when he first heard of the discoveries of the immortal Newton, exclaimed, "Does Mr. Newton eat, drink, and sleep like other men?" Anecdotes alone can satisfy this laudable curiosity; but it has been a constant, too often well founded, charge, that most of those concerning men of science are generally buried in oblivion. It is owing to this neglect that one of the greatest mathematicians this age has given birth to, remains undistinguished in a little country churchyard. I mean, the great Mr. Emerson, who has enriched science with so many valuable publications.

What has already appeared respecting the subject of the following sketch, is, for the most part, of a political nature; indeed, his life was an active one, but he joined theory and practice; and though *Holland* may have a *Cosborn*, and *France* a *Vauban*, yet *England* can boast their superiors in a *Robins* and a *Watson*.

HENRY WATSON was the son of a grazier, who lived at Holbeach in Lincolnshire, where he was born in or about the year 1737. When twelve or thirteen years old, he was sent to Golberton school, then kept by Messrs. Birks. Here his genius for the mathematics soon discovered itself; and his application was so great, that, it is said, in a little time he surpassed his masters; indeed, his progress must have been rapid, for as early as 1753 he cut a conspicuous figure as a mathematician in the Ladies Diary.

About this time the late Mr. Whichcot of Harpswell, then and many years after one of the Members of Parliament for Lincolnshire, hearing of young Watson's extraordinary abilities, sent for him, and had him examined by the master of Brigg school; whose report was so much in his favour, that Mr. Whichcot, ever ready to encourage rising merit, used his interest and got him into the Royal Academy at Woolwich; and he soon after obtained a commission in the corps of Engineers.

Under that great mathematician Mr. Thomas Simpson, then the Professor, he pros-

ecuted his studies, and continued to write for the Ladies Diary, which at that time was conducted by Mr. Simpson, till 1761, the year after Simpson died. After being the scholar, he became the friend and colleague of Simpson, who always held him in the greatest esteem; and such was his opinion of Watson's abilities, that at his decease he left him his unfinished mathematical papers, with a request, that he would revise them, and make what alterations and additions he might think necessary; and it is said, that the Colonel employed much of his leisure-time in correcting and finishing them. One of these manuscripts of Simpson, I am told, is a Treatise on the Construction of Bridges; this the Colonel has finished, and it is hoped, that the mathematical world will not be deprived of it.

During the war which broke out in 1756, he gave signal proofs of his superior abilities as an engineer; particularly at the siege of Belleisle in 1761, and at the Havannah in 1762. At the latter place his skill was particularly put to the proof; for having declared at a consultation, contrary to the opinion of the other engineers, that a breach might be made in the Moro Castle, then deemed impregnable, he was asked by the Commander in Chief, in what time he would engage to make the breach? He gave for answer, that with a certain number of men and cannon (naming them) he would undertake to do it in forty-eight hours after the proposed batteries were erected. Accordingly he undertook it, and though he was struck down by the wind of a ball which passed near his head, and carried for dead to his tent, yet he soon recovered and returned to his duty, and the breach was made in a little more than half the time. For this piece of service he not only received the particular thanks of the Commander in Chief, but of his Majesty.

His abilities soon became too conspicuous to be overlooked by that eminent soldier and politician Lord Clive, who singled him out as an engineer qualified for great and noble enterprises. Accordingly, he accompanied his Lordship to Dergal, for the purpose of carrying into execution which might be thought necessary for the preservation of the British acquisitions in that quarter; or to assist his Lordship in any further operations he might think requisite for the interest of his country.

It was not difficult for a person of the Colonel's penetration to see the advantageous situation

situation of the Bay of Bengal. He knew that if proper forts were built, and the English marine put on a tolerable footing in that part, they might soon become masters of the Eastern seas; he, therefore, got a grant of lands from the East-India Company for constructing wet and dry docks, and a marine yard at Calcutta, for cleaning, repairing, and furnishing with stores the men of war and merchantmen. A plan of the undertaking was drawn, engraved, and presented to his Majesty, and the East-India Company, and fully approved of; and the works were carried on for some years with a spirit and vigour that manifested the judgment and abilities of the undertaker; and though the utility of such a great and national concern is too obvious to be insisted on, yet the Colonel, after sinking upwards of 100,000*l.* of his own property in the noble design, was obliged to desist, to the eternal disgrace of this nation.

It is very natural for the reader to ask, why the Colonel was stopped in his proceedings? Time, perhaps, may answer this question; at present we must be content with conjectures. It is well known that about this time the French had sufficient reason to be jealous of the growing power of Great Britain, especially in the East-Indies; and it is also as well known how Lord Clive and his friends were treated both at home and in the East-Indies after the Earl of Chatham's administration.

Col. Watson had determined to come immediately for England to seek redress; but, on consulting his friend Mr. Creasly, (the superintendent of his works) he changed his resolution. Mr. Creasly represented to the Colonel, the loss he would sustain in quitting so lucrative an employment as chief engineer to the East-India Company; the gratification his enemies would receive on his leaving that country; the expences attending a voyage to and from Europe; the loss the Company might experience during his absence; and finally, the delay and uncertainty of the Law. These considerations induced him to send Mr. Creasly in his stead. This happened just at the eve of the last Spanish war; and, as the Colonel had great quantities of iron and timber in store, he resolved to build three ships, two of 36, and one of 32 guns; and in consequence he sent instructions to his agents in England to procure Letters of Marque. Mr. Creasly was to return with them to the Philippines for the purpose of intercepting the Spanish trade between Manila and China. This design, however, was frustrated, perhaps by the same means that stopped his proceeding with the docks; for

his agents on applying for the letters received a positive denial.

But these disappointments did not damp the Colonel's enterprising spirit; for, as soon as he heard of the ill success of his agents in England, he very prudently employed the two vessels he had finished in commercial service. The third remains to this day unfinished.

Perhaps the Colonel has not left his superior as an engineer. For near ten years he was the chief engineer of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. The East-India Company, in a great measure, owe their valuable possessions in that quarter to his unexampled exertions; for, in spite of party disputes, of bribery on the part of the nations then at war with the Company, and of the numerous cabals which perplexed and embarrassed their councils, he executed the works of *Fort William*, which will long remain a monument of his superior skill, and, for its strength, may justly be styled the *Gibraltar of India*. Nor are the works at *Buge Buge* and *Melancholy Point* constructed with less judgment.

But he did not confine his studies to the military sciences. In 1776 he published a Translation of the celebrated *Euler's Treatise*, entitled, "*Theorie complete de la Construction et de la Manœuvre des Vaisseaux.*" His motives for this undertaking will be seen best in the following extract from the dedication to Lord Sandwich.

"The great variety of important knowledge contained in *Euler's Theory of the Construction and Management of Ships*, and a wish to extend the benefit of his labours to such of my countrymen as are not conversant in the technical language of the original, have been my sole motives for attempting an English translation of that celebrated work. I shall be happy if the success of the learned professor, in treating the natural difficulties of the subject, may excite the navigators and artists of this Kingdom to render *his theory* more perfect, and to become as eminently skilled in the scientific as they now confessedly are in all the practical branches of their profession."

This work is divided into three Books, besides a Supplement. *Book 1.* is upon the efforts of the water to bend the vessel.—Upon the means of giving to vessels a sufficient degree of stability.—Upon the rolling and pitching of vessels.—*Book 2.* of the resistance which vessels experience in their courses, and upon the action of the rudder.—*Book 3.* Upon the masts, and of the management of vessels. The *Supplement* is upon the action of oars. This the Colonel received in manuscript from *Euler* just before he had finished the translation of what was published. But the Colonel has not given a

more

mere translation; for he has enriched it with many additions and improvements of his own; and he intended to have enlarged the work in a future edition, by making experiments for discovering the resistance of bodies when moving in a fluid; but I have not been able to learn if he has left any papers on the subject.

This book, which is almost the only one of the kind in the English language, ought to be in the hands of every Master-ship-builder; for though the subjects are handled scientifically, yet such practical rules for constructing vessels to advantage might be drawn therefrom as would amply repay the trouble of a close perusal. The Colonel has given the best proof of this in the *Nonjuck* and *Surprize* frigates; the first, of 36, and the other of 32 guns. These were built under his particular direction by Mr. G. Louch, and a few black carpenters at Bengal, at his own expence, and have proved the swiftest sailers of any ships hitherto known.

The Colonel's genius was formed for great undertakings. He was judicious in planning, cool and intrepid in action, and undismayed in danger. He studied mankind, and was a good politician. Few, perhaps, better understood the interests of the several nations of Europe and the East. He was humane, benevolent, and the friend of indigent genius. His friendship and generosity towards Simpson's widow is well known. And when Mr. Rollinson, a man of great abilities as a mathematician, conducted the *Ladies Diary*, after the death of Mr. Simpson, and was barely existing on the pittance allowed him by the Stationers Company, the Colonel sought and found him in an obscure lodging, and generously relieved his necessities, though a stranger to his person. Thus the old man related while the tears of gratitude stole down his cheeks. He survived the Colonel's bounty but a short time.

By long and hard service in an unfavourable climate, he found his health much impaired, two or three years before he left India; and therefore, in 1785, he put his affairs in a train of settlement, in order to return to England, not only to try the effects of his native air, but to prosecute the *East India Company* for not supporting the faith of

the grant they had solemnly made to him for the dock-yard. In the spring of 1786, he embarked on board the *Deptford Indiaman*; but the flux, and a bilious complaint which he had sometimes been afflicted, so much reduced him by the time he reached St. Helena, that he was not able to prosecute his voyage in that ship. This proved remarkable for the salubrity of its air, of which the Colonel soon found the benefit; but the importunity of his friends, or his own impatience to see England, got the better of his prudence, for as soon as he began to gather strength he took his passage in the *Asia*; the consequence was a relapse, which weakened him to such a degree by the time he arrived at Dover, that he lingered but a short time, and at that place departed this life on September 17, 1786.

He was buried in a vault made in the body of the church at Dover, on the 22d of the same month, in a private manner; only three of his confidential friends attended the funeral, namely, John Burchard, Esq. his agent, Mr. James Crossly, and Mr. George Louch, his ship-builder.

It is to be hoped that the Colonel's plan will still be carried into execution; but it is much to be regretted that he was not permitted to finish it himself; his knowledge of the country, joined to his great skill, in a little time must have laid the foundation for a superiority of the British arms in the East; and therefore his death may be accounted a national loss. No English engineer, since Mr. Benjamin Robins, F. R. S. possessed equal abilities. The same climate proved fatal to both; Mr. Robins died at Madras in the Company's service; and it may be said of the Colonel, that after he had quitted it, he lived but just long enough to bring his bones to England. The life of the former has been written by men of literary reputation, and it is the wish of the writer of this hasty sketch, that a more able pen would do justice to the distinguished merit of the latter.

* * * We hope to give a farther account of the *Duck business* in some future Number.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Written by ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.
And Spoken by Mr. PALMER, at the
ROYALTY-THEATRE,
On the Benefit Night for the MARINE
SOCIETY.

FOR noble ends when here th'g audience meets,

And every breast with British ardour beats;

When thus the naval Guardians here conspire
In the brave sea-boy's mind to fan the fire;
MAY I—a persecuted Actor!—dare
In zeal like yours to claim an humble share?
In this great cause how willing could I soar
To heights, my feeble wing ne'er reach'd before.

O for a Muse of fire! great Shakespeare's Muse!
Wide thro' the realm we spout it to diffuse.

Pat.

But not for me th' immortal hard to quote :
 Three modern Managers claim all he wrote,
 Elfe Henry's war and Agincourt we'd show,
 And bid with kindred warmth your bosoms
 glow.

What scenes so worthy here to strike your
 view.

As that which Britain's sons now act anew ?
 Rouz'd by the Gaul, when late with fierce
 alarms

The nation rung, and Heroes grasp'd their
 arms,

The Genius of the Isle then stood confess'd ;
 Still our Fifth HARRY lives in GEORGE'S
 breast.

A people's rights 'tis Britain's to restore,
 And spread fair Liberty from shore to shore.
 A Brunswick here supports the public cause ;
 For Nassau there lies sword a Brunswick
 draws.

United thus, we chase all danger far,
 Content with Peace, but still prepar'd for
 War ;

One voice, one hand, when Liberty inspires ;
 Man but our navy, and the foe retires.

Firm as Gibraltar Albion's cliffs shall stand,
 And other ELETORS guard their native land ;
 To France and Spain once more our power
 display,

And bid them summon on our glorious day,
 An amphitheatre of Princes round,
 To view the scene and tremble at the sound.

If war must come, with ten-fold ven-
 geance stor'd,

Our flag display'd and English hearts on board,
 Our fleets in ev'ry clime the wave shall sweep,
 And hear their thunder o'er the furrow'd
 deep ;

'Till farthest India, near the rising day,
 With willing hearts shall own Britannia's
 sway ;

'Till the new world the seas in vain divide,
 And wealth come floating on each swelling
 tide ;

'Till hostile nations all state craft shall cease,
 And bind with sacred Truth a lasting Peace,
 This glorious end the Navy's friends pur-
 sue ;

Of their wise system this the generous view.
 Ye Patriot Band, proceed : to Albion's eyes
 From your own School of War, new
 HAWKES may rise ;

Perhaps some youth, whom now with care
 you train,

In time may wield the TRIDENT of thy
 main.

And hark ! they come ; — these youths
 proclaim them new ;

The Plants you rear'd ! Britannia's Sons ap-
 pear.

The back scene draws and discloses a
 view of the sea, a man of war with

colours flying.—Then a procession of the
 Marine boys with officers and sailors.
 The curtain drops to "Rule Britan-
 nia."

P R O L O G U E

T O

The NEW PEERAGE,

Written by RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

And spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

POETS were privileg'd in ev'ry age
 To nominate the Peerage of the Stage :
 New Lords and Ladies—and when you join
 hands,

As their SUPPORTERS, the Creation stands.
 But our Stage-Lords are not like Lords of
 State,

For 'tis not merit only makes us great ;
 Ports well defended—hostile fleets subdu'd—
 Long life devoted to our country's good ;
 Deeds like these make not promotion cer-
 tain

To our great House of Peers behind the cur-
 tain :

No, Sirs ; the Comic Muse revokes these
 rules,

And deals her titles out to knaves and fools ;
 Her Lady Babs and Bettys — (eye upon
 her !)—

Are not all Ladies of the purest honour.

This night our Comic CIRCUS with a word
 Transforms a sober COT into a Lord ;
 To make the metamorphosis complete,
 Her real Lord she sends to Lombard-street :
 Mean while the moral of these transforma-
 tions

Teaches Content in your respective stations.
 You above Temple-bar, and you below,
 Steer to the Westward you—you EAST-
 WARD-NO !

Keep wide apart, good Sirs, for your own
 sakes :

Here Courts of Aldermen—there Clubs of
 Rakes :

Here Bank of England—there let Pharaohs
 sit—

Wit without money, money without wit.
 To you, ye Lords, if Nature lends a heart,
 The world's great stage pretends a leading
 part ;

Act up to your high cast—exert your skill,
 And study well the characters you fill :
 The Mule shall prompt you in the glorious
 cause,

And Theatres resound with your applause !
 Hold fast, ye traders, to your own domain,
 The seat of credit, and the source of gain :
 Whilst you support a British merchant's
 cause,

The Peerage cannot boast a nobler name.

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by M^{rs}. FARRER.

WELL, here I come, my sex's right to claim,

Who by loquacity aspire to fame :
The last word ever was a woman's rage,
And prudent poets grant it on the stage ;
Our curtain lectures furly spouses bear,
And beaux unmarried take a sample here.
And yet, methinks, our author of to-night
Might well the boldest friend to Hymen
fright.

What ! rashly bid each parent claim his child !
How could she venture on a thought so wild !
A Comedy she calls the piece too ! *fy* !
I rather think she means a Tragedy :
For say what direful scenes must soon arise,
Should ev'ry parent learn to doubt his eyes !
Or some strange magic ev'ry son inspire.
In wicked days like these to claim his sire ;
What civil wars !—But hold—suppose my fan

For one half hour this dangerous talisman.
(*Waves it.*) Before its magic pow'r what
crowds retire !

Peer, rustic, merchant, alderman, and 'squire !
I see them struck at once with wild affright !
I see—I see them—tho' they're not in sight !
Here, hopeful fathers stand without a son ;
There, bachelors—by families undone !
A strange contraction seizes well-turned
locks,

And in a snug round earl beaux mount the
box !

While unplumed toasts—now toasts, alas !
no more,
Contented dress those caps which once they
wore.

Are there who angrily the portrait view ?
Ah, let them turn to life, and own it true !
Mark that rank foil where vice or folly
thrives,

The careless husbands and the faithless wives :
Then bid some favouring Genius once again
Descend and bring the Virtues in her train ;
Bring some fair gift by magic touch refined,
Which more than bond or settlement may
bind.

And soft—ev'n now I've found the precious
spell,

'Twas from the brilliant eyes around it fell !
'Tis love—of every tie the certain test ;
Secure the charm and bind it to your breast !
Without it, marriage vows are dicers oaths ;
And folly settles what affection loaths.
Then seize the hint, adopt the generous pas-
sion.

Old Doctors Commons be no more in fashion :

Guard what the cruel goddess loves,
And lend your eyes and hearts—
not your hearts.

DEC. 11. The tragedy of *Julia*, acted last night last season, after various interruptions was again produced at Drury Lane. The performers were the same, except that M^{rs}. Wroughton represented the character of *Julia* acted by M^r. Palmer, and all acquitted themselves as well as on the former occasion.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

Tragedy of JULIA.

Written by EDMOND MALONE, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. KEMBLE.

FROM Theopis' days to this enlighten'd
hour,

The stage has shown the dire abuse of power ;
What mighty mischief from ambition springs ;
The fate of heroes, and the fall of kings.
But these high themes, how'er adorn'd by
art,

Have seldom gain'd the paffes of the heart :
Calm we behold the pompous mimick woe,
Unmov'd by sorrows we can never know.
Far other feelings in the soul arise,
When private griefs arrest our ears and eyes ;
When the false friend, and blameless suffering
wife,

Reflect the image of domestic life :
And still more wide the sympathy, more keen,
When to each breast responsive is the scene ;
And the fine cords that every heart entwines,
Dilated, vibrate with the glowing line.—
Such is the theme that now demands your ear,
And claims the silent plaudit of a tear.
One tyrant passion all mankind must prove,
The balm or poison of our lives—*is love.*
Love's sovereign sway extends o'er every
clime,

Nor owns a limit or of space or time,
For love, the generous fair-*one* hath sustain'd
More poignant ills than ever poet feign'd.
For love, the maid partakes her lover's toils,
Or pines long life out in sad footless gloom.
Ne'er shall Oblivion shroud the Grecian
wife,

Who gave her own to save a husband's life,
With her contending, sees our Edward's bride
Sighing poison from his mangled side.
Not less, though proud of intellectual sway,
Does haughty state the tyrant power obey :
From youth to age by love's wild tempest
tost,

For love, even mighty kingdoms has he lost.

*—*Spebant subantem futa mariti,*
Akktem. Juv.

4
With—wealth, and fame, and Fortune's
sust'ring care †.

If no fond breast the splendid blessing share;
And each day's bustling pageantry once past,
There, only there, his bliss is found at last.

For woes fictitious oft your tears have
flow'd;

Your cheek for wrongs imaginary glow'd.
To-night our poet means not to assail
Your throbbing bosoms with a fancy'd tale.
Scarcely sixty suns their annual course have
roll'd,

Since all was real that our scenes unfold.
To touch your breasts with no unpleasing pain,
The Muse's magic bids it live again;
But mingled characters, as once in life,
Return their functions, and renew their
strife;

While pride, revenge, and jealousy's wild
rage,
Rouse all the genius of the impassion'd stage.

EPILOGUE,

Written by JOHN COURTENAY, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

THOUGH tender sighs breathe in the tra-
gic page,
What lover now complains—but on the
stage?

No sutor now attempts his lov'd's life,
But lets him take that cordial balm—a wife:
And yet, to prove his pure and constant
flame,

Still loves his mistress in the wedded dame;
Still courts his friend, and still devoutly bows
At the fair shrine where first he breath'd his
vows.

For love she knows some gratitude is due,
Searches her heart, and finds there's room for
two;

And niter sees, her coy reluctance o'er,
Good cause to prize her *caro sps* more.
Thus misanthropes with sentimental spirit
N^o go astray, to prize their husbands' merit,
Or ope the door in this commodious age,
Without death's aid, to 'scape from wedlock's
age.

Abjuring stas, that soon will seem romance,
Love's gayer system we import from France;
Retain politely our old English *deje*,
And take off all restraints from wine and
beauty;

While lighter manners cheer our native
humour,
As Spain's soft wood restores the British loom.

Had Fashion's law of old such influence
shed,

The raptur'd Claudio ne'er had timeless bled:
His bliss with jolly Mantevole had been,
And Julia's favourite Cicisbe' had been.

The assiduous lover, and the husband bland,
Like Brentford judges, had still walk'd hand
in hand;

Together still had strolled at Park, and play,
Quiffing the fragrance of the same bouquet.

Our varlet poet, with licentious speech,
Thus far our injur'd sex has dar'd *impeach*.
The female character thus rudely flurr'd,
'Tis fit, at last, that I should have a word.

First then, without rejoinder or dispute,
This *virtuous* circle might each *charge* refute,
That 'tis a *nuptial* age, I sure may say,
With their own wives when husbands run
away.—

But truce with jest. Howe'er the wits may
rail,

The cause of truth and virtue must prevail.
Of former times whatever may be told,
We are just as good as e'er they were of old.
Conjugal love here long has fix'd his throne,
And bliss is ours, to foreign climes un-
known.

If now and then a tripping fair is found,
On Scandal's wings the buzzing tale flies
round:

While blameless *thousands*, in sequester'd life,
Adorn each state, of parent, friend and wife;
From private cares ne'er wish abroad to
roam,

And bless, each day, the sunshine of their
home;

Unmolec'd keep their noiseless happy course,
No dream of second wedlock or divorce.

I see the verdict our's; you smile ap-
pause;

So, with your leave, again I'll plead our
cause,

New triumphs nightly o'er this railer gain,
And to the last our female rights maintain.

15. *All on a Summer's Day*, a comedy by
Mrs Inchbald, was acted at Covent Garden;
but meeting with some disapprobation from
the audience, was immediately withdrawn.
This comedy, which possessed some of the
merits of the Lady's former performances,
seems to have been not finished with that
care which the reputation she has acquired
demanded from her; but as we find it was
produced without her hearty concurrence,
we shall recommend a revival of it, when we
think it will meet with more approbation.

† "Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender art
"With favour never class'd."

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The following letter to the Conductor of one of the Morning Papers, which has not been contradicted, ought to be preserved.

S I R,

IT is with the utmost concern I write upon the subject you require—yet no consideration can prevent my repeating, thus called upon—what—before the representation of “All on a Summer’s Day”—I never kept a secret—but had I been so fortunately cautious, I should certainly now have kept a profound one.—This Play was given to the Theatre contrary to my inclination, and even contrary to my most earnest intreaties. It has been laying by me about two years, in which time I have written two plays, besides other pieces, *merely to postpone the fate I had conceived would attend this.*—Yet, compelled to say thus much in justification of what you demand, I must add, that the friendly, liberal, and very generous behaviour of the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre to me, as an Author, prevents me from the smallest suspicion, that my advantage was not seriously considered in the producing this piece—and if to his mistake I have to lament its being represented, I likewise owe to his judgment the representation of many pieces, which, but for his good opinion of them, would most probably never have been brought forward.—“The Midnight Hour” I repeatedly declined translating, and at last undertook it, solely in deference to his opinion rather than my own, for which I have ever acknowledged myself obliged to him, and have never refused to mention that circumstance in the same manner as I have frequently mentioned my *extreme reluctance*, that “All on a Summer’s Day” should be performed, which, I imagine, first gave occasion to the paragraph I am now called upon to vindicate.

ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF
ALL ON A SUMMER’S DAY,

Written by H. S. WOODFALL, JUN.

And Spoken by Mr. FARREN.

WHEN haughty man usurp’d fair Learning’s throne,
And made the empire of the Stage his own,
He rul’d the realm where Genius seldom smil’d,
And Newtons hail’d him as her darling child;
She had polemic persecution rage,
And faction’s tumults thunder on the Stage;
And oft’ when wagner subjects would wail,
Ran’d the loud laugh by Gamin’s Curton’s tale.

There were, who, zealous in the Drama’s cause,
Strive to enforce its violated laws;

Who, forming Custom’s tie, indulgent bend
Her staid bows, and spur’d not gallant
yoke;

To whom her golden gates Fame open threw,
Great were their merits, but their numbers
few.

Bard followed hard, yet few could justify
claim

The laurel’d trophies of a lasting name,
Till gentle woman seiz’d the pen, and writ,
And shows not less in beauty than in wit,
Woman! by honest emulation fir’d,
By sense directed and by wit inspir’d;
Sportive, yet elegant; thro’ pointed, chaste,
To mend our manners, and refine our taste,
Man from her learnt the fascinating art,
To please the fancy, captivate the heart,
And paint the scenes of happiness and strife;
The various scenes that chequer human life!

This night a woman for your favour sues,
(When beauty asks, can gallantry refuse?)
At whose command, the buffo’s dusky face
Licentious humour moulds not to grimace.
No dragons wave their fiery pinions here;
She bids no giants on the stage appear;
No phantom rises to appal your souls,
No lightning flashes, and no thunder rolls,
’Tis her’s the tale of sorrow to impart,
And melt to sympathy the feeling heart.
Nor you behold her efforts with disdain,
Damp her warm hopes, and let her write in
vain.

On your decision all her joys await,
Whose smiles are rapture, but whose frowns
are fate.

Wednesday the 26th inst. a new pantomime, called *The Dumb Cake, or, The Regions of Fancy*, was performed at Covent-Garden for the first time.

Pantomime is one of the few things which defy Fortune.—It was always so bad, that we know not when or where it could have altered for the worse.

From the amending Taste of the Times, the late proper condemnation of Rich’s nonsense, it was hoped that this sort of mockery was gone by. They who think it should come again, may let it come, on this occasion, as well as any other.

The Dumb Cake, we are told, is found as a pastime in some of the distant parts of England. Most people, probably, will be contented to leave it where they find it. It is no more than some half dozen female figures with Columbine, in dumb show, about a large cake—still a shade on the wainfoot exhibits a whole length of Harlequin by himself—and then with Columbine and a priest. This vision is succeeded by the reality of Harlequin ascending through the cake—This is followed by the elopement, and that by the pursuit—

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which, with more than the usual quantity of letters, mothers, lover, and his wife; with the surprises, escapes, and recoveries, fill up about an hour and a half, till Cupid stops them, and reproduces the united pair, in a Transparent Palace.

This Pantomime, like all other modern productions of the same kind, has its share of incongruity, and violation of probability, but it possesses more fond for laughter, and infinitely stronger claims to public favour, than any of the various Pantomimes lately produced. The business is such as serves to keep attention awake, and to gratify those who admire all that tends to "surprise and surprize." The machinery is various and well contrived, the music (by Mr. Clapham) sprightly and agreeable, and the scenes are in general well painted; some of them in a superior style.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER, at the ROYALTY THEATRE,

On Mr. SEDGWICK'S First Appearance.

Written by Mr. BIRCH.

BROAD as the light, and gen'ral as the air,

Is public candour to dramatic fear;
Profusely beaming on the dawn of worth,
To call the latent gems of genius forth.

But in this age, whate'er the genius be,
"Who shall decide when critics disagree?"
When crush'd and cherish'd in the same
day's news,

His doubtlets fame the timid actor views,
Nor knows the censure or the praise to trust,
Lest this too flatter'ing prove, or that too
just;

But fears as much (since equal mischiefs
flow)

Too warm a friend as too severe a foe!

Whether the voice of sober sense to drown,
Fame prostitutes her clarion thro' the town,
And in high sounding paragraphs she draws,
The coarser colouring of untarn'd applause;
Or Merit meekly from her humble shade
Disfruits her strength, and droops abash'd
her head;

'Tis your's to try, to censure, or to raise,
And ours to cherish, what enjoys your praise.

To-night, a plant of British growth we rear,
To grace our garden green throughout the year.

Get not ingracious to the infant shoot,
Or ere it blossom'd, lapp'd its wholesome
root.

Transplanted here, we trust, a gen'rous soil,
And not unkindly to the planter's toil,

Tho' chang'd the climate, still may we behold
The same warm sun its beauties to unfold;
So shall its strength increase, its pow'rs
expand,

And ev'ry rude assailing blast withstand;
Firm by your sunshine fix its vigorous root,
And highly favour'd yield its grateful fruit.

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS of Mr. O. LEE LEWES,

Spoken on Thursday Night the 20th inst. at
the ROYALTY THEATRE.

Written by EDWARD NOLAN.

HARD is the task—unwelcome is the
view,

To bid our friends and native land adieu!
Where many a scene I bore, and many a
part,

When Mirth unlock'd her stores to cheer
the heart;

Each season only clos'd upon my care,
To meet your favour the returning year.

In such a nurtur'd soil, ah! need you know
What genial shoots of gratitude must grow?
The thought how irksome then, the pain
how keen,

To view, perhaps no more, this once-lov'd
scene!

When half the tenor of our life is past,
To part with home, and all that's dear, at
last!

By all the feelings of your bounty prest,
Conceive the conflict in this struggling
breast!—

When bound his plighted banner to restore,
The pang of *Regulus* was scarcely more.

But let me boast, (what nations can't
divide)

With manly candor, and with honest pride,—
Whatever scale of empire I may tread,
There must I see, the Flag of England spread;
And hear, where'er the God of Day can run,
Of Britain's glory, and of Chatham's Son!

Let Fortune shut the scene, or chance
display

The various colours of my future day;
The light of sunshine, or the gloom of shade,
Beam on my bosom, or enwrap my head,
While memory wakes me to your goodness
past,

Or the warm pulses of this frame can last,
Thou, like the Hebrew, to retard my stay
Angels shower'd manna in my destin'd way;
If Heaven's plan'd design my wishes to fulfil,
My land of Promise shall be England still;
And while the distant journey I pursue,
I'll think of Gratitude and think of You.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL,

PROLOGUE TO MATILDA,

Written by Mr. HATT,

Spoken by Mr. FACTOR, on the 15th inst.
at his private Theatre at DOVER.

[*Enters, as speaking Hamlet's Soliloquy*]

TO fight or not to fight? that is the question—

The grand debate, and general suggestion;
The martial note of warlike preparation,
Rings an alarm bell throughout the nation;
There's ammunition in each face you meet,
And smells of gunpowder in every street;
The regimental'd and the trowler'd trains
Already count their conquests and their gains;
The hardy veteran now restor'd to pay,
Again anticipates the glorious fray;
Grasps his good sword, which peace con-
demns to rust,
And sees in vision squadrons bite the dust;
While the brave youth feels all his bosom
glow,
Dreams every night he rushes on the foe;
Even beardless boys assume the proud cockade,
Brandish their bambos, and cry, "Who's
afraid?"
In short, so broad has spread the martial
passion,
That blue and scarlet will be all the fashion.
O' had there been a war, Sirs, ere we
play'd,
We would ourselves have join'd the glorious
trade;
In case of proclamation, I bespoke—
An *Epic Prologue*, full of fire and smoke;
I had contracted with the Muse to sound
The clarion till it echoed ten miles round;
You should have seen, although no blood
they spill,
A more than blunderbuss in every quill;
Here would we patch our teats, and prove
an host,
And FACTOR's bugle'd heroes guard the
coast.
To arms!—to arms!—Blank verse and
rhyme should rattle,
And every scene should animate the bat-
tle—
The Poe should hear us more than half seas
over,
And dread our cannonading here at Dover;
As erst in Rome, the dazzling eagle stand
On the Chief's banner in the Granic sand;
Upon our helmets should it proudly light,
And our sport emulate the real fight.
Our little Stage, a War Office should be,
Frequent with *Drammatic Artillery*!
And Master of our Ordnance—NAT. LEG.
While even you, ye Fair, in Glory's cause,
Would add our thunder with your kind ap-
plause;

For oh! in Peace or War, in Beauty's front
More terror has than frowning brow;
And from your smiles does forth such con-
quering powers,

I feel now, now—the Victory is ours.

EPILOGUE TO MATILDA.

Written by a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. FACTOR.

WHILE like the clock, the Statist to
four
Still points his finger to the passing hour;
In follies present loses future rest,
And swears this age much wiser is than the
last;
Why will not some good-natur'd soul among
ye,
Proclaim aloud how much such blockheads
wrong ye?
Improvement now old hobbling Time derides,
And hurries after with gigantic strides;
Learn what you will, an advertising tutor,
Who teaches by the hour, becomes your
futer.
Why send a boy for years to school and col-
lege,
When he may travel past the roads of know-
ledge?
Where the blind tutor gallops, tho' a stranger,
Faster than him whose eyes descry his danger,
Should your Son with in minutes steps t' ad-
vance,
Twenty-four lessons teach the boy to dance;
Or soring to *commerce-vous potem-vous*,
French he may jabber in a day or two.
Then as for music, half an hour each night,
And he'll soon play an easy tune at sight.
Improvement thus improved by *dehilleton*,
A week at most completes an education.
Would our young Hero farther yet proceed,
And think it necessary he should read;
Kind Criticism with candour long unknown,
(On pocket volumes raised his new-made
Throne)
Essence of *Autbars* daily advertises,
And tells their Beauties at the lowest prices,
Nay, should the task of reading be too great,
There are Societies for short debate,
Where for a *single sixpence* once a week,
You're taught to read—at least you're taught
to speak,
Where the wide range of subjects must ad-
mit
Something which shall every speaker hit.
The *financier*, who warms with Rhetoric
grown,
Bays Maitin's debts, but thinks not of his own,
Mouls as e'er her treasury—tells how to stock
it,
Speaks but of what he feels—an empty
pocket.

Or should debate round the taxation wheel,
 There all must speak of what they all must
 feel.
 The *City Blood*, who rails at the Police,
 Best knows its weakness, for he breaks the
 peace;
 Knocks watchmen down to prove our laws
 not right,
 And in the watch-house roars reform all
 night.
 But hold, our Prompter beckons—could
 I stay,
 I meant to give the moral of our Play;

To talk of *Edwin's* virtues—*Marsar's*
 rage,
 And sermonise the follies of the age;
 Then quick as thought, digress to silks and
 gauze,
 To rival Theatres and Monstrous Craws,
 Mix politics with satire on a gown,
 And put in rhyme the news of all the
 Town;
 All this, and much more too, I meant to say,
 But for this Prompter whom I must obey;
 Who swears that he'll not prompt another
 time,
 So, go I must. Adieu! the fault's not mine.

P O E T R Y.

ODE to the CAPE of GOOD HOPE.

Written the 2d of January 1786 at Sea,

By *Edwin*, Esq.

SEE! where, embosom'd in the main,
 The tow'ring Cape appears,
 Whose distant aspect not in vain
 Recalls the lapse of years.
 Full nineteen suns have run their course,
 Since guided by impulsive force,
 This stormy land was safely past:
 Alas! what numbers still relate
 The changes of his conquest and fate,
 Who here returned at last!

By love of independence fir'd,
 Indostan's shores he sought—
 From civil anarchy retir'd,
 With knowledge dearly bought,
 Ye half his pilgrimage was o'er,
 To Britan's shores he took his route,
 'Long where the fam'd Arab roves,
 On Mejaz' lands, or Thebas' coast,
 Or Nilus' banks, Egypt's boast!
 His various misery proves.

The scene is chang'd!—On British lands
 Kind Fortune smiles again,
 For him her brightest page expands,
 And hushes an age of pain.
 Beauty applies her siren snares,
 And Virtue's charms the conquest shares.
 What bulwarks in his bliss combin'd!

When tenderness with kindness strove,
 And constancy with nuptial love,
 Th' ambrosia of the mind!

But evil still to good is nigh,
 On pleasure borders vice;
 The brightest day that gilds the sky,
 A transient cloud must know.
 The airy dome of his desires,
 Than love a grosser base requires.
 O' baneful want of fordid gold!
 Rich in affection and content,
 Why to them loves did fate present
 No Arcady of old?

But duty calls—the husband parts,
 His orient store to increase;
 Again when absence rends such hearts,
 Thy triumphs, Death! shall cease:
 Strange lot! enamour'd of retreat,
 Forc'd into high ambition's feat,
 To public trust, and public care;
 Torn from the Muse, whose soothing song
 Was wont his raptures to prolong,
 His anxious thoughts to share!

'Tis past—the hard probation o'er,
 Secure he spreads his sails,
 While heaving from Ierne's shore,
 His Cyrenure he haus!
 Not yet a votary to gold,
 To a'rice has repose been sold:
 Pleas'd, in the texture of his fate,
 That she, whose dear award is fame!
 To wealth prefers an honest name,
 And happiness to state!

* This alludes to the revolution in the government of Fort St. George in 1776. What misfortunes have been the consequence of the national ingratitude to Lord P. got! It would be a painful though easy task to trace the desolation of the finest country in the world from that source. May we mend while we say, "Hinc ille lacrymæ!"

By all the terrors of thy reign !
 To navies first found ;
 When whirlwinds sweep the southern main,
 And furies burst around ;
 By his, the † Lusitanian's fame !
 Who chng'd to *Hope* thy stormy name,
 When, pressing his advent'rous sails,
 By science and ambition led,
 He rounded first thy sable head
 With favourable gales !

By all the tribes of wandering ghosts,
 Who hapless met their doom,
 When dash'd on thy inhuman coasts,
 And 'scap'd a watery tomb,
 They stray'd forlorn o'er desert sands,
 By want to die, or savage hands !
 By him, renown'd as † Diu's chief !
 Who, here enduring many a death,
 While fled his wife or infants' breath,
 From tygers fought relief !

By their severe, but dubious lot,
 Who late thy vengeance brav'd,
 If living, to the world forgot,
 Or but for misery sav'd !
 Amid the § Grosvenor's destin'd crew,
 By those to whom the tear is due ;
 But chief, her friend in earlier days,
 By Hosea and his partner lov'd,
 Who for a change so fearful prov'd,
 The Muse her tribute pays !
 And if a more prevailing spell
 Thy marble breast require,
 By him ||, who made thy echoes swell
 The thunders of his lyre,
 When round thy base by fortune driv'n,
 He shrin'd thy lofty brow in heaven.
 Tybur and Peneus heard the sound,
 And Phoebus with the epic wreath,
 Whose bays Mexican incense breathe,
 The bard of Tagus crown'd !

† Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese navigator, who first rounded the Cape, or rather effectually rounded it, by his discovery of the East-Indies anno 1494.

‡ Don Emanuel de Souza, several years Governor of Diu, a Portuguese settlement in India, where he amassed immense wealth. On his return to his native country, the ship in which were his lady, children, and all his riches, and 500 men, sailors and domestics, was dashed in pieces on the rocks at the Cape ! For the particulars of their sufferings vide the notes to Mickle's *Lusiad*.

§ The reader will find this melancholy story detailed by the accurate pen of Mr. Dalrymple. It may be only necessary to add, that the humane researches of the late Governor of the Cape have been attended with no success ; and that the destiny of the greater part of the passengers and crew is not ascertained.

|| It is scarcely necessary to mention the name of Camoens, whose epic poem, on the discovery of India, has been introduced to us by the channel of the elegant and spirited Muse of Mickle. The *Lusiad* may be esteemed a classic, by the European nations in India ; and cannot fail to delight those who have sailed on the seas, and explored the regions it describes.

¶ It should be understood here that the year is divided between the N. W. and S. E. winds at the Cape. On this account vessels lie in Table, or False Bay—open to the opposite points—as the season serves. The S. E. wind blows from October to April.

Proud Cape ! if then one Foot more,
 Tho' of the mortal kind,
 In notes infrequent, hail thy shore,
 May they acceptance find !
 Still let thy winds his canvas kiss,
 And waft him to the lap of bliss ;
 So in thy bays each sail be fur'd ;
 War still respect thy friendly coast,
 And Belgia in thy fortune boast
 Th'emporium of the world !

T H E R O S E.

T H E Rose had been wash'd, lately wash'd
 In a show'r
 That Mary to Anna convey'd ;
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the show'r,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful load.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were
 all wet,
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay ; so dripping and drown'd ;
 And shaking it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 I snapp'd it ! it fell to the ground !

“ And such,” I exclaim'd, “ is the pitiable
 “ part

“ Some act by the delicate mind,
 “ Regardlets of wringing and breaking the
 “ heart

“ Already to sorrow resign'd !

“ This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,
 “ Might have bloom'd with the owner
 “ awhile :

“ And the tear that is wip'd, with a little
 “ address

“ May be follow'd perhaps with a smile.”

APOLOGUS de RUSTICO et HERO.

RUSTICUS ex male cupidissima mensa quot-
annis

Legit, et ut bene lesia dedit domino:
Hic, incredibili fructus dulcedine captus
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debili ævo,
Mota solo æstivo, protinus aet iners,
Quod tandem ut patuit domino, spe lusus mani,
Damnavit celeres in sua divina manus.
Atque ait, heu quanto satius fuit illa colere
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
Possim ego avantium frangere, gulamque vo-
lucera.

Nunc peccate mihi et factus et ipse parens.

The SQUIRE and the COUNTRYMAN:

A PARTY of the above.

IN Sussex, if reports say true,
Behind a peasant's cottage grew
An apple-tree—was only tree
(But that a nonpareil) had he—
Aloft it rear'd its aged he'd,
Around its fruitful branches spread,
That bent beneath the plentiful store
Of mellow fruit it yearly bore,
Which soon as ripe the peasant pull'd,
And 'on his town-bred lordlerd cull'd,
With honest heart, and courteous cue,
As many as he well could spare:
Then with his basket on his head,
To town his annual journey sped.

That honest Hedge was well receiv'd
In town, will not be believ'd—
Nor in our page will be recorded
The pleasure which his fare afforded—
His lordlerd ate them to the core,
And would have done as many more—
But, John, says he, methinks this kind
Must ere you walk on the road
A plan I have this moment found,
Which to your ease will much redound,
And save you wadding up and down—
God bless your honour, quoth the town,
As hoping that the Squire of course
Would come to meet him with a horse—

'Tis this—you'll take a horse or two—
As I please you, master, one will do—
Such is the peasant full of glee,
Old Bow will fit me to a T.

But, says the Squire, what I intend,
You do not rightly comprehend;
I mean to send these horses down,
And have the tree remov'd to town—
What would I give were it transplanted!
The only thing on earth I wanted
You will not gain in my complaint—
John felt not the Squire's conceal,
But was too prudent to complain;
His annual remembrance had been vain,

So took a horse or two, and went
To execute the Squire's intent.
Uprooted from its native soil,
With ill-judged, ill-requir'd toil,
This tree, so fruitful heretofore,
Not blossom now nor apple bore;
But in the Squire's enclosure coop'd,
There wither'd, these unmanly droop'd,
When vegetation languid grew,
Nor from the earth its nurture drew
The saple's trunk—And lo! cry'd the Squire,
As he beheld the tree expire,
Had I my tenant's gift, tho' small,
With thanks receiv'd, nor long'd for all—
You fruit-tree in its native ground
Its branches still had spread around—
Had bent beneath its wonted load,
And part on me as erst bestow'd.
But since the sickly tree's decline,
The fruits of wance are mine,

Bromley, Dec. 2, 1787.

T. S.

To JOHN FONBLANQUE, Esq.

On the Death of a much loved Parent.

By Mr. PRATT.

O Friend! if *Agony* could ne'er displace
Peace from her seat, or beauty from her
face,

If years of sufferance like some saint she bore,
And breath'd so virtue till she breath'd no
more,

If keenest anguish ne'er subdu'd the mind
Where hero courage christian meekness join'd,
If when its aid the failing tongue deny'd,
Her speaking eyes extinguish'd voice supply'd,
If every look, each motion that remain'd,
The parent fondness of her heart explain'd,
If in a husband's and a child's embrace
Dying she prov'd how dear she lov'd her race,
If life's last parting sigh was kindly given,
That each might share that life's bliss to
Heav'n,

Which no vain wrings of the world annoy,
Th' according music of domestic joy,
If without blame from youth to age she
trud,

Till nature led her to the throne of God;
Well may the mute attend thy mother's bier,
And pay the tribute of a heart-felt tear.

O may the drops of sympathy impart
The healing balm of comfort to thy heart,
And cheer the drooping * little ones like
snow's,

When soft as dew-drops they descend on
flow'rs!

But lo! from flowers, dear mortals, more di-
vine,

Than all the wondrous magic of the wine;
From more than herbs or prophets holy fire,
Ev'n could Isaiah strike the heav'nly lyre,

* The Ld's here regretted has left a numerous and amiable Family.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

On her white plumes, bearing sweet relief,
 Virtue herself descends to calm your grief.
 O hear her hallow'd voice as thus she sings,
 Dulcet as music from a thousand strings.
 " Forbear to weep, and hush'd be every sigh,
 " Forbear to weep a parent in the sky;
 " Ev'n now her spirit in the realms of rest
 " Basks in the cloudless sunshine of the blest!
 " When filial Piety consigns to Earth
 " The sacred corpse of her who gave it
 " birth;

" When on the coffin the cold dust descends,
 " And o'er the stoning vault Affection bends,
 " Virtue permits the kindred tears to flow,
 " But mingles comfort in the tide of woe.
 " Severe your loss, but, oh, a parent's pain
 " Triumphant pleasure blends with grief's
 " pain;
 " Forbear to weep a parent in the sky,
 " Or weep with joy as you exulting cry,
 " Death hath no sting, her grave is victory."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Verfailles, Nov. 19.

IT having been determined in Council, on Sunday night, that the King should meet his Parliament the next day; his Majesty set out from Versailles at 8 o'clock this day, and arrived at the *Palais* in Paris about nine, when the *Perris*, Presidents of Parliament, and Counsellors of State attended to receive him. His Majesty carried with him two edicts to be registered; one for a new loan of 450 millions of livres, (18,750,000l.) the other for the re-establishment of *Professants* in all their civil rights. His Majesty opened the Meeting with the following Speech.

Gentlemen,

" I Am come to this Assembly to recall to my Parliament those principles from which it ought never to deviate; to hear what you have to say upon two great acts of administration and legislation, which to me have appeared necessary; finally, to reply to you upon the representations made to me by the Chamber of *Vacations* in favour of my Parliament at *Bourdeaux*. The principles which I mean to recall to your recollection, are a part of the essence of the monarchy, and I will not suffer them to be evaded or changed. I had no need of solicitation to assemble the *Notables* of my kingdom. I shall never be afraid of being among my subjects. A King of France is never more happy than when he enjoys their love and fidelity; but it is I only who am to judge of the use and necessity of these assemblies, and I will not suffer myself to be indirectly importuned for that which ought to be expected from my wisdom, and the love I have for my people, whose interests are inseparable from my own. The act of administration which I propose to myself, is an edict, containing a creation of successive loans for five years. I wished to have no further recourse to the resource of loans; but order and economy must have time to make them effectual. Limited and well-calculated loans will regard the operation of the former, but they will not prevent them. No new impositions will be established, and my engagements will be fulfilled. I will ever maintain, by the most constant and uniform protection, the holy religion in which I have the happi-

ness to be born, and I will not permit it to suffer the least diminution in my kingdom. But I am of opinion, that this same religion commands me not to leave a part of my subjects deprived of their natural rights, and what the state of society promises them. You will see in my answer upon the subject of the Parliament of *Bourdeaux*, to what a degree its conduct is reprehensible. My Parliaments ought to reckon upon my confidence and affection; but they ought to merit them, in confining themselves within the functions confided to their execution by the Kings my predecessors, being careful not to depart from, nor refuse them, and more particularly never to fail in giving to my subjects an example of fidelity and submission. My Keeper of the *Seals* will more fully communicate to you my intentions."

Permission having been announced to the Assembly, that every Member should deliver his sentiments without restraint, a debate ensued on the loan, warmly supported in its favour and against it; which lasted till near six o'clock in the evening, when his Majesty observing that the general opinion was for registering the edict, tired with the debate, and pressed by hunger, rose and ordered it to be registered. The Duke of Orleans arose immediately and protested against the proceedings of that day. His Majesty astonished, repeated his orders, left the Assembly, and arrived about seven o'clock at *Verfailles* to breakfast.

The King having retired, the Duke of Orleans, who had conducted his Majesty to his coach, returned, and the court deliberating on what had passed in the royal session, considering that the votes were not counted, as the standing orders of the court require. (It is resolved, that no deliberation has been taken on this subject) resolved, that the court do not consider themselves as having any share in the business of this sitting.

Baron Breteuil the next day (Tuesday evening) presented his Majesty's letter to the Duke of Orleans. It contained these concise orders.

" I have reason to be dissatisfied with your conduct. I order you to retire to *Villers Cotteretz*, [one of the Duke of Orleans's estates

scars, about fifteen leagues from Paris] where you shall receive no company except that of your own family. I order you to depart immediately. You shall lie at Reims, [about four leagues from Paris] where, for this night, you shall see none of your family, nor any person belonging to your house."

The same day L'Abbe Sabatier, and Mr. Freteau, another Member of the Parliament, were sent to prison; the first to Mount St. Michael, in Normandy, the second to Hamp, in Picardy.

After the exile of the Duke of Orleans, and the imprisonment of the two Magistrates, the Parliament went to Versailles, on the 21st, when the First President thus addressed the King.

S I R,

YOUR Parliament is come, in obedience to your orders. It has this morning been informed at the opening of the sitting, that a Prince of your august blood has incurred your displeasure, and that two Counsellors of your Court are deprived of their liberty. Your Parliament, in consternation, humbly supplicates your Majesty to restore to the Prince of your blood, and to the two Magistrates, the liberty which they have lost; having, in your presence, freely declared what their duty and consciences dictated in a sitting, wherein your Majesty had announced, that you came to take the sense of the Assembly by a plurality of suffrages.

The KING'S Answer.

When I put away from my person a Prince of my blood, my Parliament ought to believe, that I have very strong reasons for so doing. I have punished two Magistrates, with whom I ought to be dissatisfied.

ADDRESS of the PARLIAMENT to the KING, on the Exile of the DUKE of ORLEANS, November 23.

S I R,

THE public affliction has preceded your Parliament at the feet of the Throne. The first Prince of your blood is exiled; two Magistrates of your Parliament are imprisoned by your orders: the error of this august Prince, the crime of these two Magistrates, is unknown to us. Can it have been a crime to speak the truth in the presence of your Majesty? to speak it with a respectful frankness which might merit your approbation? Your Majesty has come among us to demand our free suffrages: to give them on every occasion, is the right and duty of your Parliament, and the interest of your Majesty. It is come surrounded with our intelligence and our awe. It is true, the Keeper of the Seals has expressed the sentiments of your Majesty;—but the counsel we have given to you would no longer come from the sanctuary of justice, the asylum of the

law, and the truth, but from the abode of terror and of silence. If the Duke d'Orleans is guilty, we ask all. It was worthy the first Prince of your blood to represent to your Majesty, that you was transforming a meeting of the Parliament into a bed of justice: his declaration has but announced our sentiments: his conscience has judged of ours; and it by the effect of that concord, which nothing can destroy, between the wishes and the duty of your Parliament, the Duke of Orleans has shewn a courage worthy his birth and rank, he has no less manifested a zeal necessary to your glory. In fact, Sir, strangers cannot conceive, posterity will not believe, that we could be exposed to any danger in telling your Majesty that truth, which you have demanded in person. Your presence is always accompanied with favour; must it henceforth produce fear and affliction? A bed of justice would be less terrible than a sitting of Parliament; the loyalty of your Majesty would suppress our voices, if our confidence, encouraged by yourself, was no other but the signal of our exile or imprisonment. And what imprisonment, Sir? Honor and humanity, as well as justice, tremble at it:—the basest men have laid hands on the person of one of your Magistrates;—his house has been besieged; instruments of the Police have driven away his family. It was by prayers and entreaties to them that he was permitted to see his wife, his children, and his sisters, on his departure. They have forced him away without a servant; and that Magistrate, who, on Monday, thought himself under the personal protection of your Majesty, is gone to a distant prison, unattended but by three men, devoted to arbitrary power.—The second of these Magistrates, seized by your orders, tho' treated in his own house less cruelly than the other, has nevertheless been constrained to depart with a fever, and threatened with an inflammatory disorder, to a place where life is a continual punishment. His dwelling is a rock; his prison beat by the waves of the sea; the air he breathes unwholesome; all assistance is remote, and your Majesty, without wishing it, without knowing it, in signing the order of imprisonment, has, perhaps, figured that of his death.—Thus are two Magistrates treated, without any other known crime than that of having told the truth, which they owe to you, and which you demanded; two Magistrates sitting under the dictates of their conscience, their honor, their oaths, encouraged by your orders, your goodness, your looks,—and depending with reason on the personal generosity of your Majesty. If exile is the recompence of the fidelity of the Princes of your blood; if outrages and captivities threaten the ingenuoussness of the first Magistrates of the kingdom,—we may ask ourselves with

terror

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

terror and grief, what will become of the laws, the public liberty, so nearly allied to our own, the national honour, and the manners of the French; these manners so mild, so necessary to be preserved for the common interest of the Throne and of the people. Such designs, Sir, are not in your heart. Such examples are not the principles of your Majesty.—They arise from another source. Your Parliament, Sir, most humbly beseeches your Majesty, by the interest of your glory, to remove those afflicting councils, to consult and listen only to your own heart, and then, justice with humanity, encouraged by the return of the first Prince of your blood, and by the release of your two Magistrates, will begin to efface an example which would end by the destruction of the laws, the degradation of the Magistracy, an universal discouragement, and the triumph of the enemies to the honour of the French.

A deputation from the Parliament went again to Versailles on the 26th Nov and received the following answer from the King to its supplications:—

“ The day I sat amongst you, my Keeper of the Seals informed you by my orders, that the more goodness I shewed when I could follow the dictates of my heart, the more firm I could prove myself when I saw my goodness abused. I might here finish my answer to your supplications. But I am willing to add that it is blame not the concern you seem to give yourselves about the detention of two Magistrates of my Parliament, I disapprove of your exaggeration of its circumstances and consequences, and of your seeming to attribute it to motives which the freedom of opinion I allowed, does not permit you to suggest. I owe no explanation to any body of the motives of my resolutions. Seek no longer to join the particular cause of those whom I have punished, with the interest of my other subjects, and that of the laws. All my subjects know that my goodness is continually awake to their happiness and they feel its effects even in the acts of my justice. Every one is interested in the preservation of public order, and this essentially belongs to the support of my authority. If those who have been charged with the execution of my orders have behaved in a manner contrary to my intentions, I will punish them. If the place wherein the two magistrates are detained be prejudicial to their health, I will order them to be transferred to another.”

“ The sentiment of humanity is inseparable in my heart from the exercise of my justice. With respect to the absence of the Duke of Orleans, I have nothing to add to what I have already said to my Parliament.”

Since this answer was given, the sentences of M. Proteau and the Abbe Sabatier have been changed from imprisonment to exile; the former to one of his estates, the other to a Convent of Benedictines.—But the King's Edict for the Loan had been previously registered by the Parliament.

SECOND PETITION of the PARLIAMENT of
PARIS to the FRENCH KING,
On the Assembly of the Great Chamber of
Parliaments, 10th Dec. 1787.

SIRE,

YOUR Parliaments, the Princes and Peers of your realms, being tested, have charged us with the commission of laying to the feet of your Throne their most respectful representations on your Majesty's answer to their supplication.

The Magistracy of your kingdom, as well as every true citizen, are equally astonished at the reproaches it contains, and the principle which are manifested in it.

We are however far from attributing these reproaches to the personal sentiments which inspire your Majesty.

Public decency received a severe wound in the choice of the executors of your orders. If their crime was not carried to the personal arrest of one of your Magistrates, the exposition of other facts, far from being exaggerated, is yet incomplete, and your Parliament may add, that this Magistrate, whole house was invested by armed men, himself delivered up to the agents of the Police, like a malefactor, saw himself reduced to the humiliation of being liable to the summons of an Officer, from a superior to your Majesty's order.

May we be allowed, Sir, to represent to you, that in devoting ourselves to the public service, in promising to release your Majesty of the first duty you owe to your nation, namely, that of justice; in bringing up our children to be subject to the same sacrifices; we never could have supposed we were deserting ourselves and our children to the misfortunes, still less to outrages of so heinous a nature.

But we do not come so much to claim your benignity, as the protection of the laws. It is not to your humanity alone we address ourselves, it is not a favour which your Parliament solicits, it comes, Sir, to demand justice.

This justice is subject to regulations independent of the will of man—even Kings themselves are subservient to them, that glorious Prince Henry the IVth. acknowledged he had two sovereigns, God and the Law.

One of these regulations is to condemn no one without a hearing, it is a duty in all times, and in all places, it is the duty of all men, and your Majesty will allow us to be content to you, that it is as obligatory on you as on your subjects.

But your Majesty has not to execute this function, and your Parliament with pleasure brings to your recollection its glorious privilege, that of shewing mercy to condemned criminals. To condemn them yourself, is no a function belonging to Majesty. This painful and dangerous task the King cannot ex-

ercise but thro' his Judges. Those who find a pleasure in hearing your Majesty pronounce the dreadful word of punishment, who advise you to punish without a trial, to punish of your own accord, to order exiles, arrefts, and imprisonments; who suppose that acts of rigour are compatible with a benign disposition, equally force a wound to eternal justice, the laws of the realm, and the most consolatory prerogative belonging to your Majesty.

It does not allow, that opinions delivered in Parliaments should be considered as motives for your rigour, and in some measure, a consolation for us. But if strong reasons should astute you to the exile of the Duke of Orleans—if it can be called a kindness that you no longer leave two magistrates exposed to perish in distant prisons, or unwholesome places—if it is considered as an act of humanity which temperates justice, in releasing them from such a situation, they must indeed be guilty! But it is the duty of your Parliament to judge them, and we demand only, that their crimes should be published.

The meanest of your subjects is not less interested in the success of our reclamations than the first Prince of your blood—Yes,

Sire, not only a Prince of your blood, but every Frenchman punished by your Majesty, and especially who is punished without a hearing, becomes necessarily the subject of public clamour. The union of these ideas is not the work of your Parliament, it is that of nature, it is the voice of reason, it is the principle of the most wholesome laws, of those laws which are engraved in every man's heart, which is the principle of yours, and which assures us of your personal approbation. The cause of his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, and of the two Magistrates, is then without our consent; and by forcing those principles, the act of the Throne, whose only foundation is justice, and without which no nation can be happy.

It is therefore, in the name of those laws which preserve empires, in the name of that liberty for which we are the respectful inter-preters and the lawful mediators, in the name of your authority, of which we are the first and most confidential Ministers, that we dare demand the trial or the liberty of the Duke of Orleans and the two exiled Magistrates, who are imprisoned by a sudden order, as contrary to the sentiments as the interests of your Majesty.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Nov 30.

BEING St. Andrew's day, the Royal Society met at Somerset-house, and re-elected their former officers for the ensuing year.

The gold medal (called Sir Godfrey Copley's) was presented to John Hunter, esq. for the 3 papers he communicated last year, viz.

1. An experiment to determine the effect of extirpating one ovarium upon the number of young produced.—2. Observations tending to shew that the wolf, jackall, and dog, are all of the same species.—3. Observations on the structure and economy of whales.

The whole amount of the bounties paid by the Chamber of the city of London to Volunteers to enter into his Majesty's service during the late commotions does not exceed 500l.

The following ANECDOTES of Mr. HOWARD form part of a Letter written by Dr. LETTISON to a Gentleman in America, and inserted in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, from which we have copied them, as worthy of being preserved in our Repository.

“Just as Mr. Howard got out of the *Repe* (on his return from his travels through the East) in Bishopsgate-street, London, he took a hackney-coach, into which he was removing his trunks, one was stolen, and has never since been recovered: besides a duplicate of his travels, it contained twenty-five guineas and a gold watch. A friend of mine who visited Newgate the next day, was told by a convict, (such intelligence have

they) that the papers were all burnt. Of the Lazaretto at Marseilles he had no duplicates, and luckily the drawings were in the preserved trunk. Howard told me, he valued them so highly, that, had they been stolen, he would have returned to Marseilles to acquire new ones. To enter this place is forbidden by strangers; and it was by a singular stratagem that he got in nine days successively, without being discovered. Having heard at Marseilles, that an English Protestant was confined in a prison at Lyons, into which the intrusion of a stranger was always punished with confinement to the galleys for life; the difficulty of access only stimulated the enthusiasm of Howard. He learned, as well as he could, the different turnings and windings that led to the prison he more particularly wished to visit. Howard is a little man, of emaciated features, who might pass for a Frenchman: he dressed himself like one, with his hat under his arm, and passed hastily by twenty-four officers, and entered the very apartment he wished to see without suspicion. He disclosed the secret to an English Minister at Lyons, who advised his immediate departure, as he would inevitably be discovered if he remained at Lyons all night. He therefore departed hastily, and got to Nice.

“When he arrived at Paris, it was almost eleven o'clock at night. He had concluded to depart at three in the morning by the British stage, and to the inn he sent his baggage,

P R E F E R M E N T S.

and, hoping to get an hour or two's sleep, he went to bed. He had scarcely fallen asleep, before his room door was forced open, and in stalked a formal dressed man, preceded by a servant, bearing two lighted candles, and solemnly interrogated him in French to this purpose:—"Are you John Howard?"—"I am," replied the Englishman.—"Did you travel with such a person?"—"I do not know any thing of him," said Howard. The question was again repeated, and the same reply, but with some warmth, was given to it. The personage left the candles on a table in the room, and departed; immediately Howard dressed himself, and stole to the Lyons hotel; he heard of two messengers in pursuit of him, but he arrived at Brussels undiscovered.

"At Vienna he proposed to remain two days; but the Emperor Joseph, hearing of his arrival, desired to see him: but as he had found his prisons upon a bad plan, and badly conducted by persons in high trust,

Howard evaded an interview at first; but Joseph sending him a message that he should chuse his own hour for an interview, the Englishman consented to the Emperor's request. The moment Howard's name was announced, he quitted his Secretaries, and retired with him into a little room, in which there was neither picture nor looking-glass. Here Joseph received a man who never bent his knee to, or kissed the hand of any Monarch: here he heard truths that astonished him, and often did he seize hold of Howard's hand, with inexpressible satisfaction and approbation. "You have prisoners," said Howard, "who have been confined in dungeons without seeing day-light for 20 months, who have not yet had a trial, and should they be found innocent, your Majesty has it not in your power to make a compensation for the violated rights of humanity." To the honour of this great Prince, let it be remembered, that alterations were made in the prisons before Howard's departure."

P R E F E R M E N T S.

War-Office, Oct. 27.

5th LIEUT-COL. Oliver Nicolls, from 1st reg. batt. of royals; 66th reg. Major Henry Roper; Col. Abercrombie, reg. Col. James Hartley, of the East-India company's establishment at Bombay;—to be Lieutenant-Colonels.

66th reg. Brevet Lieut.-Col. Henry Bowyer, to be Major.

10th reg. drag. Lieut. John Slade, to be Captain of a troop.

17th reg. Capt.-Lieut. Gideon Shairpe; 66th reg. Lieut. Rich. Gabbit, sen.—to be Captains of companies.

Oct. 29. The most Rev. Richard Baron Rokeby, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, the Right Hon. James Viscount Lifford, Chancellor of the said kingdom, and the Right Hon. John Foster, Speaker of the House of Commons, to be his Majesty's Justices and General-Governors of the said kingdom of Ireland.

Nov. 2. George Marquis of Buckingham, to be Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of his Majesty's kingdom of Ireland. Scroop Bernard, Esq. to be Usher of the Black-Rod in Ireland.

The Rev. Lilly Butler, Dean of Ardferret, to be first Chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. John Harley, Dean of his Majesty's Chapel-Royal in the castle of Windsor, to be Bishop of Hereford.

Dr. J. Esauclerk, deceased.

The Right Rev. Father in God, Beilby,

Lord Bishop of Chester, to be Bishop of London, vice Dr. Lowth, deceased.

Lieut.-Col. Grey, and Lieut.-Col. Gwynn, to be Aids-de Camp to the King.

Henry Esau. Bunbury, Esq. to be one of her Majesty's Pages of honour, in the room of George Hotham, Esq.

The Rev. Rich. Farmer, D. D. Master of Emanuel, to be Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge.

The Rev. Dr. Lockman, Clerk of the Closet to the Prince of Wales, to be Master of the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester.

The Rev. Dr. Smith, Head-Master of Westminster-School, to be a Prebendary of Peterborough-Cathedral, vice the late Rev. Mr. Geary.

The Rev. John Pretymann, Prebendary of Norwich, to the Prebend of Aylsbury in the Cathedral church of Lincoln.

Thomas Cowper, Esq. of Overleigh, to be Recorder of Chester, vice Robert Townsend, Esq. resigned.

Lieut.-Col. Robert Mason Lewis, from the late 29th reg. light drag. to be Captain of Carlisle-Castle, in the isle of Wight, vice Lieut.-Col. Powlett, deceased.

Mr. Charles Welles, to be Comptroller and Clerk of the Kitchen and Cellars to his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

His Grace Henry Duke of Beaufort to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Leicester.

The Right-Rev. Father in God, Beilby Lord Bishop of London, sworn of his Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council, and to be Dean of his Majesty's Church-Royal.

M A R-

MARRIAGES.

THE Rev. James Yonge, rector of Newton Ferrers, Devon, to Miss Ann Granger, of Exeter.

Capt. Thomas Hodgson, of the Earl Cornwallis East-Indiaman, to Miss Sarah Warner, of Warmistley.

Nicholas McLo, Esq. to Miss Saunders, of Highgate.

Francis Semour Paley, Esq. nephew to the Earl of Sandwich, and second-cousin to the Duke of Somerset, to Miss Haimes, of Netherhaven.

At Liverpool, Capt. William Rose, of the 9th regiment, to Miss Chetwode, heiress of the late Charles Chetwode, Esq.

His Serene Highness Prince Anthony, brother to the Elector of Saxony, to her Royal Highness the Archduchess Maria Theresa, daughter to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The Rev. Mr. Fulkers, to Miss Symons, of Saltash.

Edward Cotford, Esq. member for Midhurst, to Miss Lydia Manning, youngest daughter of the Rev. Henry Manning.

George Shifner, Esq. of Pontilas, Herefordshire, to Miss Bridger, daughter of Sir John Bridger, of Combe Place, Salix.

At Hereford, William Symons, M. D. to Miss Woodhouse, daughter of the late James Woodhouse, Esq.

Peter Cowling, Esq. of Fenstanton, to Miss Dickous, daughter of the Rev. Dr. C. Dickens.

The Rev. George Chamberlaine, of Wimbledon, to Miss Long, youngest daughter of the late Captain Long, Esq.

Sir Joseph Senhouse, of Carlisle, to Miss Ashley, daughter of Joseph Ashley, Esq. of St. Legers Ashby, Northamptonshire.

Richard Cowling, M. D. of Wigan, to Miss Hampton, of Bedford, Lancashire.

James Garner, Esq. to Miss Champneys, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Champneys, of St. Pauls.

The Rev. Dr. Kilvert, prebendary of Worcester, to Miss Green, of the College Precinct.

At Colchester, Lieut. Craven, of the 63d regiment, to Miss Kersteman.

John Popham, Esq. captain in the 11th of Wight militia, to Miss Mary Perry, of Wootton, in the said isle.

Col. Yorke, of the 33d regiment of foot, to Miss Dodd, daughter of the late John Dodd, Esq. many years member for Reading.

John Bartholomew Bicknell, Esq. of Doctor's-Commons, to Miss Charlotte Foxcroft, daughter of Edward Foxcroft, Esq. late of Hilshead, Yorkshire.

Mr. Voss, of Cheapside, to Mrs. Say, of Avemaria-lane, printer.

James Thomas, Esq. captain of the Pemborne East-Indiaman, to Miss Woodhouse, daughter of Mr. Woodhouse, of Leominster.

James Duberley, Esq. of Soho-square, to Miss Howard, youngest daughter of the late Gerrard Howard, Esq. of Hampstead.

Mr. Andrews, attorney, of Sible-Hedingham, to Miss Ann Bullock, niece to William Bullock, Esq. clerk of the peace for Essex.

The Rev. Mr. Holme, rector of Bungay, Suffolk, to Miss Charlotte Lyon.

George Sumner, Esq. member for Hchester, to Miss Pembble, daughter of the late Charles Pembble, Esq. commander-in-chief at Bombay.

James Bradshaw, Esq. of George street, to Miss Dymoke, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Champion Dymoke, of Screvelsby, Lincolnshire.

The Rev. Samuel Chambers, rector of Higham in Leicestershire, to Miss Fisher, of Caldicot, Warwickshire.

William Digges Latouche, Esq. of Dublin, to Miss Puget, eldest daughter of Mrs. Puget, of Redlion-square.

John Gibbon, Esq. of Ramsgate, to Miss P.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

LATELY at Bombay, Joseph Hughes, Esq. late of the civil establishment there.

Nov. 17. The Rev. Mr. Broke, rector of Henthurst and Newton, in Suffolk.

20. John Grantham, Esq. of London Mile House, near Kew, Middlesex.

23. Mr. Benjamin Williams, cooper, Toley Street.

At York, John Sinclair, Esq. late Major of the 7th regiment of foot.

John Wells, Esq. Peckham, Surrey.

At Marybury, Cheshire, the Honourable Richard Barry, son of James, formerly Earl of Barrymore.

24. Will Hillier, Esq. many years collector; and, lately, Mr. Bere, Surgeon, at Rochester.

25. Edward Johnson, Esq. Secretary to the Commissioners of the Lottery.

Lately, Paul Fisher, Esq. of Chertsey, near Bristol.

26. The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Hamilton, minister to Lord Aberdeen, Canon of Wind-

for,

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

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for, Prebendary of Salisbury, Rector of Taplow, and Vicar of Bray,

The Rev. Mr. Hopkins, Yuccessor to Dr. Gifford as Pastor of the Baptist meeting, Eagle-street.

Lately, in Ireland, Capt. Edward O'Brien, brother to Sir Lucia O'Brien.

27. John Pritchard, Esq. of Lamb's Conduit-street.

28. Mr. Dickens, master of Garraway's coffee-house, Exchange-alley.

Lately, in Yorkshire, — Pilkington, Esq. brother of Sir M. Pilkington, Bart.

29. Mr. Henry Sterry, a quaker in Hatton-garden.

Mr. Rayson, master of the Ship tavern, Greenwich.

Joseph Manning, Esq. Stevenage, aged 106 years.

30. Mr. Thomas Collins, confectioner, in St. Paul's Church Yard.

Lately, Lord Riversdale, of the Kingdom of Ireland.

Dec. 7. William Clark, Esq. Bow Church Yard.

Mr. Francis Moore, of Cheap-side.

At Summerhill, near Tunbridge, Henry Woodgate, Esq.

2. Mr. Edward Wix, many years Deputy of Bishopsgate ward within.

Lady Sutton, wife of Sr Richard Sutton, Bart. and first-cousin to Lady North.

At Bishop Middleham, near Durham, General John Beckwith, who had retired many years from the Army.

The Rev. Dr. Bernard Mills, at Kitchen, Cambridgeshire, aged 72.

4. At Dartmouth, Lieut. John Summers Browne, of the Navy.

Sir John Vauhallen, Knight, of Dinton-hall, Bucks.

At Ravenhead, Lincolnshire, Mr. La Bruyere, manager of the British cast plate-glass manufactory there.

Lately, Anthony Oldfield, Esq. Steward of the Courts of the Duke of Rutland.

5. At Ilford, Mr. John Maion, aged 88, formerly a wine merchant, in London.

6. Mr. Eurland, Commensal of Oriol College, Oxford.

7. Edward Wormley, esq. of Riccab in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

Miss Mary Pitt, at Hertford.

Mr. John Heming, linen-draper, of the Borough.

John Russel, esq. aged 81.

Mr. Robert Palmer, father of Messrs. Palmers of the Royalty Theatre and Drury-lane.

Lately, the Rev. John Fisher, M. A. Rector of Calborne, in the Isle of Wight.

8. Mr. Bennet, late partner with Mr. Sayre, printseller, in Fleet-street.

Mr. Henry Cailon, Gower-street, Bedford-square.

Mr. Goodluck, of New-street, Strand, partner with Mr. Richardson, of Bank-buildings, stock-broker.

John Coulthaid, esq. at Carlisle, twice mayor of that corporation.

Mrs. Allan, wife of George Allan, esq. Darlington.

9 In Norwich Castle, William Southgate, commonly called Capt Southgate, of Thornham, imprisoned on an Exchequer writ for 3164l.

John Blagrave, esq. aged 75, formerly Member of Parliament for Reading.

At East Barton, Northamptonshire, aged 68, the Rev. Thomas Gery Bennet, 43 years Vicar of that parish.

The Rev. Wm. Gelly, Rector of Hawkesdon, in Suffolk.

10. The Rev. John Heap, A. M. Rector of Cottingham, Nottinghamshire, and late Fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford.

Lately at Galway, the Rev. Dr. Blake, titular Primate of Ireland.

11. Mr. Richard Winstone, at Bristol, aged 88, formerly of Drury-lane Theatre.

12. Mr. Robert Court, wardrobe-keeper and assistant clerk at Chitt's Hospital.

Mr. Henry Peter Kuchou, of Drury-lane.

Mr. Robert Stirling, surgeon, of Colchester, F. R. S.

Charles Finch, esq. at Cambridge, aged 81.

At Beverley, in the 83d year of his age, Samuel Spendlove, esq. many years an alderman of that corporation, and one of the oldest lieutenants in the navy.

Lately, Capt. Court, late commander of the King George East-Indiaman

13. Robert Bruce, esq. of Bloomsbury-square.

At Canterbury, the Rev. John Airton, 38 years Minor Canon of the Cathedral, Rector of St. Martin's and Vicar of St. Paul's in that city.

14. Christopher Johnson, esq. county clerk and treasurer of the county of Durham.

John Hollingworth, esq. baker.

Lately, Robert Dundas, of Arncliffe, esq. Lord President of the court of session in Scotland.

19. Mr. Jonathan D-lvere, sen. wholesale merchant, near Chippendale.

Lately, at Brostoff, in Shropshire, Thomas Stephens, esq. many years senior Curator of the court of Chancery.

15. Mr. Chamier, at Southampton.

At Kirby, near Stokely, the Rev. Wm. Ellis, brother of Mr. Elias Ellis, of Clifton, near York.

George Errington, esq. Newcastle.

Lately,

Lately, at Whitby, Mr. Marmaduke Watson, aged 98.

17. At Dover Place, Capt. Waghorn, of the royal navy.

Robert Bunney, esq. Kiggston, in Surrey.

At Bradfield, Suffolk, James Weller, esq. aged 109 years.

18. At his house in Tylny Street, between eleven and twelve o'clock, Soame Jenyns, Esq. in the 8th year of his age. (Some particulars of him in our next.)

At Hackney, John Barclay, Esq. son of the late David Barclay, Esq. of Cheapside, who had the singular honour of entertaining three successive Kings.

Henry Milles, Esq. timber merchant, in Rotherhithe.

At Windsor, Miss Clayton, aged 18, only daughter of Lady Louisa Clayton.

Richard Cheslyn, Esq. of Langley Hall, Leicestershire, aged 72.

The Rev. J. Swift, Vicar of Stoke Prior, Worcester-shire, and one of the Minor Canons of that Cathedral.

19. Mr. Daniel Webster, in Leadenhall Street.

Mr. James Giffard, grocer, in Bridges Street, Covent Garden.

Colonel Hazeler, of the First Regiment of Foot-Guards.

George Mellor, Esq. Captain of the Derbyshire Militia.

Lately, Joseph Pickering, Esq. of Bedford Row.

20. Mr. Hugh Hughes, silk mercer, Charing Cross.

21. Thomas Gibson, Esq. Benwell Lodge, near Newcastle.

Mr. John Payne, merchant at Malden.

At Cheshunt, Mr. William Blackmore, jun. late of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

22. At Colchester, the Lady of Sir Edmund Affleck, Bart.

Mr. John Maidment, of Dowgate-hill, coal-merchant.

Capt. Richard Ayrton, one of the oldest captains of the navy.

John Sage, esq. at Stanmore, aged 78.

At Hammer-smith, Mr. George Medicot, formerly a merchant in the Levant trade.

24. Mr. Turner, partner with Mr. Abbot, in Fleet-street.

25. William Yeats, esq. Edmonton.

P. P. Walth, M.D. Member of the College of Physicians, and physician to the Lying-in Hospital, Brownlow-street.

BANKRUPTS.

JOHN Smith and Jacob Smith, of Fenditton, William Smith, of Blackman-street, James Smith, of Cambridge, and John Smith, of Kingston-upon-Thames, merchants. John Standerwick, of Whitechapel, dealer. Robert Jackson, of Charing Cross, merchant. Richard Todd, of Huslet, in the parish of Leeds, clothier. James Anger, of Romsey, butcher. James Angus, of Burr-street, master mariner. John Steward, of Chelmsford, perfumer. Joseph Freeman, of Carbat-court, Grace-church-street, corn-factor. Jane Manby, of Pall-mall, milliner. John Cropper, of Welbeck street, coach and coach-harness maker. Thomas Hopkins, of Eptom, brewer. James West, of Cattle street, St Giles's, broker. William Thompson, of Friday street, inn-holder. Thomas Collins, of Prince-row, dealer. John Stewart, of St. Saviour, Southwark, butcher. Wm. Withamton, of Canhill, hardwareman. Tho. Malm, St. Martin's-le-Grand, grocer. Tho. Wilton, of Deptford, brewer. Wm. Miller, of Hanway-street, public-keeper. Richard Lalley, of Liverpool, merchant. Joseph Mares otherwis Laris's, and Morris Morris, of Nicholas-lane, merchants. Wm. Anderson, of Tid St. Giles, Esq. of Ely, shopkeeper. George Payne, of Newgate-street, hatter. Benjamin Se-

vens, of St. Mary Lambeth, victualler.— John Gould, of Coventry-street, linen-dra-per. William Manning, of the Strand, hosier. Charles Atkinson, of Newcastle upon Tyne, iron and tar merchant. Anthony Morgan, of Bristol, grocer. James Yerrall, of Tower-street, London, turner.— William Waite, of Calne, Wilts, cheese-factor. Matthew Wilkinson, of Huddersfield, thread-maker. John Williams, of Dover-street, fadler. Wm. Atkinson, of Bear-street, Soho, carrier. John Smith, of George-street, Portman-square, brick-layer. Philip Baker, of Tothil-street, linen-dra-per. John Alderman, of Battersea, apothecary. Benjamin Howes, of Shadwell, mason. Wm. Magnels, of St. Mary-le-bone, grocer. Christopher Hall, of St. Martin's-lane, button-seller. Peter Baldwin, of Royston, Cambridgeshire, draper. John Bevan, of Marazion, merchant. John Doman, of Taunton, maltster. Robert Sinclair, of Burr-street, merchant. David Swincow, late of Queen-street, brandy-merchant. Lilly Pretty, of St. John Wapping, linen-dra-per. Joseph Symes, of Northampton-street, St. James, Clerkenwell, butcher. John Franklin Tunnard, of Eptom, in the county of Surry, dealer.

S U P P L E M E N T

TO THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER 1787.

THE following story, on which the new tragedy of JULIA appears to have been founded, was related by the clergyman of the place where the facts happened; and but a few years ago many persons were living who remembered every material circumstance of it.

ABOUT the year 1726, John Andrew Gordier, a gentleman of French extraction, and of considerable fortune, in the Island of Jersey, was upon the point of marrying the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Guernsey; but, on a sudden, he was lost to his friends and relations, as well as to the lady who was to have been his bride; and, notwithstanding the most diligent enquiry in both islands, with every possible search that could be made, not the least intelligence could be obtained, either of his death or his retreat.

It happened, however, that, after a time, when all discourse concerning him had subsided, his body was accidentally found in Guernsey, by some boys in traversing the beach, with two wounds on the back, and one on the head, thrust into the cavity of a rock, whose mouth was so small, that it must have been with difficulty that the body could be made to enter it.

This discovery, with those evident proofs of murder, alarmed the two families; the former enquiries were in vain renewed; not the least light, either to countenance suspicion, or to ground conjecture, could be gathered, to trace out the murderer; and all that could be done, was, to pay the last duty to the remains of the unfortunate youth, by solemnizing his funeral with all the marks of unaffected sorrow.

The mother of the young gentleman remained inconsolable; and the lady, to whom he was soon to have been wedded, pined in secret for the loss of the only man in the world whom she could love. She was, indeed, courted by a young merchant; but though she was, in a manner, constrained by her parents to admit his addresses, she was inwardly resolved never to give him her hand.

The mother of Gordier, who never ceased to ruminate on the catastrophe which had befallen her son, was not a little sollicitous for the welfare of the young lady, whom she looked upon as her daughter-in-law, and whom she regarded with the greater ten-

derness, as she heard how severely she was affected by the sudden disappearance of her intended husband.

Some years afterwards, being told that the young lady's life was in danger, she resolved to cross the sea that divides the islands, in order, to afford her every consolation in her power, by condoling with her, sharing her griefs, and thereby endeavouring to alleviate the sorrows of her heart. As attendants in her voyage, Mr. Gordier took with her a beloved brother and an only surviving son. When they arrived, they were advised by the apothecary, who attended the young lady, not to surprise her by an unlooked-for visit, till she was prepared by degrees to receive it; but, notwithstanding all the care that could be taken, the sight of the mother brought to her mind the full remembrance of the son, and the shock was too great for her weak spirits to bear; she fainted upon the first approach of Mrs. Gordier, and it was with difficulty that she was brought to herself. The mother was curious to know every little circumstance that attended the last interview of the young lovers, and of all that had passed since the discovery of the murder of her son; and the young lady was no less earnest to prolong the conversation, but her fits returned at almost every period, and she could only say how tenderly they parted, and with what ardency she expected his promised return the next day. It was no small concern to the afflicted mother, to see the poor lady in this weak state, dying as she plainly perceived she was, of a broken heart; and the company present could not forbear vehement execrations against the author of this double distress.

Mrs. Gordier, all on a sudden, burst into a flood of tears, on seeing a jewel pendant to the young lady's watch, which she knew her son had purchased as a present to her, before he left the Island of Jersey. The violence of her grief was observed by the young lady, who had just spirits enough to ask her the occasion. Being told that she might

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of a jewel, the presentation of which to his beloved bride was to be the pledge of their mutual happiness, revived in her mind her irreparable loss, the young lady was seemingly struck with horror and astonishment at the declaration, and, touching the jewel, as with an expression of contempt, sunk into the arms of her weeping visitor, and without uttering a single word, except only *M. Cl-a-r-k*, breathed her last. The manner of her expiring seemed to involve a mystery. All present were astonished. The confusion which her death occasioned, stopped for some time, all further utterance; but when every means had been used to restore her, without being able to bring her to life; and when the effusions of sorrow, poured forth at her death, had for a while ceased, all who were present began to speak what they thought of her behaviour in her last dying moments. Mrs. Gordier, who was totally unacquainted with the soft and delicate temper of the deceased, could not help dropping some unfavorable expressions concerning her manner of leaving the world, which she thought plainly enough indicated a knowledge of the murder. Her own parents, who were present at the last affecting scene, fired with indignation at the insult offered to the unspotted innocence of their darling child, could not help resenting the ungenerous interpretation put upon the last closing moments of her blameless life. A scene of trouble and mutual reproach ensued, which is easier to conceive than to relate. When the commotion, however, was a little abated, and reason began to take place, the friends of both families very cordially interposed, and endeavoured to reconcile the mothers by a cool examination of the circumstances that occasioned the unseasonable heat.

Young Mr. Gordier recollected, that he had heard his brother declare, that the jewel in question was to be presented to his bride on her wedding-day; and, therefore, as that had never happened, his mother might be justified in her suspicions, though perhaps the lady might be innocent. The sister of the deceased calmly replied, that she believed the warmth that had happened to be founded on a mistake, which she thought herself happy in being able to correct. The jewel, she said, which her sister wore, was not presented to her by Mr. Gordier, but was a present to her some years after his unhappy death by Mr. Galliard, a very respectable merchant in Jersey, who had very assiduously paid his addresses to her, endeavoured to do with a view, if possible, to relieve her mind, by diverting her affections to a new object; that as many jewels have the same

appearance, that purchased by Mr. Gordier, and that presented by Mr. Galliard, might probably not be the same. Mrs. Gordier very readily acquiesced; and, having had time to recover her temper, fell again into tears, and in the most affecting manner apologized for her late indiscretion, adding, at the same time, that if it was the jewel purchased by her son, his picture was artfully concealed within it, which, by opening, would put the matter beyond a doubt. The sister nor any of the family had ever seen it opened, and knew nothing of such a contrivance. Young Gordier in a moment touched a secreted spring, and presented to the company the miniature enclosed, most beautifully enriched. The consternation was now equal to the discovery. The mystery was unravelled. It was instantly concluded, that the horror of the murder must have struck the deceased, and the detestation of the murderer overcame her. The contempt with which she wanted to spurn the jewel from her, and her desire to declare from whom she had it; all these circumstances concurred to fix the murder on Mr. Galliard, who having been formerly her father's clerk, the last word she attempted to utter was now interpreted to mean the *cl-a-r-k*.

The clergyman who was present, and who gave this relation, being the common friend of Galliard and the family where he now was, advised moderation and temper in the pursuit of justice. Many circumstances, he said, may concur to entangle innocence in the snares of guilt; and he hoped, for the honour of human nature, that a gentleman of so fair a character as Mr. Galliard, could never be guilty of so foul a crime: he therefore wished he might be sent for, on the present melancholy occasion, rather as a mourner, than as a murderer; by which means the charge might be brought on by degrees, and then, if innocent, as he hoped he would appear, his character would stand fair; if guilty, care should be taken that he should not escape. He added, in support of his counsel, that a man, once publicly charged with murder, upon circumstances strong as the present appeared, though his innocence might be clear as the sun at noon-day to those who examined him, yet would never again be able to redeem his character with the world, let his whole life after be ever so irreproachable.

The greatest part of the company seemed to approve of his advice and reasons; but it was visible, by the countenance of Mrs. Gordier, that she, in her own mind, had prejudged him guilty. However, in conformity to the advice that had been given, Mr. Galliard was sent for, and in a few hours

the messenger returned, accompanied by Mr. Galliard in person. The old lady, on his entering the room, in the vehemence of her passion, charged him abruptly with the murder of her son. Mr. Galliard made answer coolly, that indeed he well knew her son, but had not seen him for many days before the day of his disappearance, being then out of the island upon business, as the family in whose house he now was could attest. "But this jewel, (said the mother, shewing him the jewel open as it was) is an uncontestible proof of your guilt: you gave the deceased this jewel, which was purchased by my son, and was in his possession at the time of his death." He denied ever seeing the jewel. The sister of the deceased then confronted him; and taking it in her hand, and closing it, "This jewel, (said she) you gave to my sister in my presence, on such a day, (naming the day, the hour, and the place) and pressed her to accept it: she refused it. You pressed her again; she returned it, and was not prevailed on to take it, till I placed it to her watch, and persuaded her to wear it." He now betrayed some signs of guilt; but, looking upon it when it was closed, he owned the giving it, and presently recollecting himself, said he knew it not in the form it was first presented to him: "But this trinket (said he) I purchased of Levi the Jew, whom you all know, and who has travelled these islands for more than twenty years. He, no doubt, can tell how he came by it." The clergyman now thought himself happy in the counsel he had given; and, addressing himself to Mrs. Gordier—"I hope, madam, you will now be patient till the affair has had a full hearing. Mr. Galliard is clear in his justification, and the Jew only, at present, appears to be the guilty person: He is now in the island, and shall

soon be apprehended." The old lady was again calm and forced to acknowledge her rashness, owing, as she said, to the impetuosity of her temper, and to the occasion that produced it. She concluded with begging pardon of Galliard, whom she thought she had injured.

Galliard triumphed in his innocence, hoped the lady would be careful of what she said, and threatened, if his character suffered by the charge, to refer the injury to the decision of the law. He lamented the sudden death of the unfortunate young lady, and melted into tears when he approached her bed. He took his leave after some hours stay, with becoming decency; and every one, even the mother, pronounced him innocent.

It was some days before the Jew was found; but when the news was spread, that the Jew was in custody who had murdered young Gordier, remorse, and the fear of publick shame, seized Galliard, and, the night preceding the day on which he was to have confronted the Jew before a Magistrate, he was found dead, with a bloody pen-knife in his hand, wherewith he had stabbed himself in three places, two of which were mortal.

A letter was found on the table in his room, acknowledging his guilt, and concluding with these remarkable words: "None but those who have experienced the furious impulse of ungovernable love will pardon the crime which I have committed, in order to obtain the incomparable object by whom my passions were inflamed. But thou, O Father of Mercies! who implanted in my soul those strong desires, wilt forgive one rash attempt to accomplish my determined purpose, in opposition, as it should seem, to thy Almighty providence."

P O E T R Y.

A N E L E G Y,

Written at BRUSSELS,

On the 31st of DECEMBER, 1787.

By the Author of the "Elegy written on the Plains of Fontenoy."

YES, I will climb yon rough Rock's giddy height,

That o'er the Ocean bends his brow severe;
And as I muse on Time's neglected flight,
Wait the last sunshine of the Parting Year!

Why do the winds so sadly seem to rave?
Why broods such solemn horror o'er the deep?

It is, that Fancy points the yawning grave:—
And sick'ning, shudders at the pond'rous sleep!

For O! since last December's hoary head
Bow'd to oblivion's wave, and sunk beneath,

From this strange World what bustling
crowds are fled,

To throng the caverns of remorseful Death!

And every transitory shade is lost,

That in its course was fondly call'd "To-day!"

Spring's sweets are gone! and Summer's
flow'ry bow!.

And Autumn's purple honours pass'd away!

And

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And now tho' *Winter*, in rude mantle drest,
Extends his icy sceptre o'er the plain !
Soon shall he sink on *April's* dewy breast !
And laughing *May* shall reassume her
reign !

But *man*, when once his bright day's flush is
o'er,

And youth's too fleeting pleasures take
their wing,

Must on Life's scene revegetate no more,
But leap its gulph, to find a second Spring.

And can that *something* each man calls "*Him-
self*,"

'Midst this wide miracle of earth and sky,
Waste the swift moments in the toil for
pelf,—

Nor raise one thought to Nature's Ma-
jesty !

On the globe's surface creep a grov'ling
worm !

Nor joy the noon-tide radiance to behold,—
Nor trace the Mighty Hand that guides the
storm,—

But think existence relative to gold ?

Ah ! since this awful Now remains for me,
To think, to breathe, to wonder at the
whole,

To move, to touch, to taste, to hear, to see,
To deem the mystic consciousness, my
Soul ;

Fain would I seek awhile the sportive shade,
Ere the scene close upon this doubtful itate ;
Catch every painted phantom ere it fade,
And leave the vast Uncertainty to fate.

But *greif* is mine—yet can I quit the crew
Whose boloms burn with avarice and pride,
In yon blue vault to quench my thirsty view,
Or tell my feelings to the boist'rous tide,

For are there not, as journeying on we go,
With pilgrim step thro' an unfriendly vale,
Oppression, Malice, Cruelty, and Woe,
And do not Falsehood's venom'd shafts
assail ?

Were it not nobler far, with social love,
As fellow-trav'lers in a rugged road,
That each the other's evils should remove,
And with joint force sustain the general
load ?

O while such *sanctified* happiness I trace,
A glow of gladness runs thro' ev'ry vein,
Rapture's warm tear fresh silent down my
face,

And thus I wake the philanthropic strain.
Ours, Ours, may Britain's gen'rous Isle be
blest

With foreign commerce, domestic joy increase ;
At every insult, sh like the warlike Crest ;
Then weave her laurels in the bow'r of
Peace !

Blest be her Sons in hardy valour bold,
And all who haunt thee Learning's sacred
shade ;
Th' aspiring Young ; and the reposing Old ;
The modest Matron ; and th' enchanting
Maid.

And blest be those whose wisdom rules the
land ;
Who cherish Freedom with a fostering
wing !

All who obey ; and all who give command ;
Brunswick's fam'd House ; and Albion's
Patriot King !

And might the *Bard* upon *himself* bestow
One humble wish, that soon his cares may
end !

With the dead Year, resign his weight of
woe !

And live to better days ;—to find a *Pow'rv-
ful Friend*.

DELLA CRUSCA.

S O N N E T.

Imitated from METASTASIO.

AND still, inconstant goddess of the sphere,
And dost thou still thy cruel sport dis-
play,

And still with thorns perplex my "*weary
way*,"

And show the distant blessing ever near ?

Ah ! once, or warmed by hope or chilled by
fear,

I marked in doubtful joy thy wandering
ray,

Held the fair promise of the coming day—
And sunk beneath thy sudden blow severe.

No longer now I heed thy dangerous smile :
Thy frowns no longer kill—perhaps are
kind,

They win my soul from falsehood's specious
wile ;

So the pure steel, to nobler use assigned,
By the fierce flame subdued and torturing fire,
Shines a bright emblem of the constant
mind.

The E M B A R R A S S M E N T.

A S O N N E T.

I F her dear favour I obtain,
For whom I heave the frequent sigh,
My transports such an height will gain,
Of too great pleasure I shall die.

Or, if her heart, with coldness steel'd,
So high forbid me to aspire,
My certain doom will then be seal'd,
I the victim of too fond desire.

Thus the sharp pain that grieves my heart,
Admits no palliative cure ;
Alike the remedy and smart,
My instant ruin will ensure.

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER 1787.
 MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Nov. 28,

LAST night a number of villains (as yet unknown) found means to conceal themselves in the Palace of his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, where they murdered the porter and house-maid, and set fire to the Palace in several places, but happily the flames were extinguished without much damage. The Coroner's inquest has sat on their bodies, and brought in their verdict, Wilful Murder.

It is remarkable that the cellars were not broke open; nor do we learn that any goods were taken away, which is attributed to the courage of the ancient, faith ul porter, who had once been in the army, and probably made a stout resistance.

Cork, Dec. 6. Tuesday James Kingston, Esq. Mayor, the City Sheriffs, and Corporation, waited on his Royal Highness Prince William Henry, who lately arrived at this port in the Pegasus, from America, and presented him with the freedom of this city in a gold box.

Admiralty Office, Nov. 17. The King having signified to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty his royal pleasure that the frock uniform cloathing, at present worn by the flag officers of his Majesty's fleet, and the uniform cloathing now worn by the Captains, Masters, and Commanders, Lieutenants and Midshipmen of his royal navy, shall be altered in the manner mentioned at the foot hereof, and also that the uniform cloathing hereafter described shall be worn by the Warrant officers and Masters Mates of his royal navy; their Lordships do hereby give notice thereof to all Flag Officers, Captains, Masters and Commanders, Lieutenants, Warrant Officers, Masters Mates, and Midshipmen above mentioned, and require and direct them to conform strictly thereto.

Such Officers, however, as are provided with the uniforms in present use, are permitted to wear the same, if they think fit, until they have occasion to make up new suits of cloaths.

Pl. Stephen.

Admirals Frocks.—Blue coat with blue capes and cuffs, gold-lace holes three, pointing at the end, with the same distinction in the disposition of them for the different ranks as before; stand-up collar, with one hole on each side, three holes on the flap, three on the outside cuff, and three behind; white lining; new anchor button with laced, same as to the full dress.

Captains, post of three years, Full Dress.—Blue coat, with white lapels and cuffs, laced

with gold lace, the pockets double laced, round cuff with two laces, three buttons to the pockets and cuffs; blue stand-up collar double laced; white lining; new buttons with the anchor in an oval; white cloth waistcoat and breeches, plain.

Ditto Frocks.—Blue cloth coats, blue lapels and round cuffs; fall-down collar; gold lace holes, square at both ends, regular in the lapels; two to the pocket, and two to the cuff, none behind; white lining; buttons same as above; white cloth waistcoat and breeches, plain.

Captains under three years, Full Dress.—Blue coat, with white lapels and cuffs laced with gold lace; the pocket once laced; round cuff with one lace; three buttons to pockets and cuffs; blue stand-up collar double laced; white lining; buttons as above; white cloth waistcoat and breeches, plain.

Ditto Frocks.—Blue cloth coat, blue lapels and ditto round cuffs; fall-down collar; gold lace holes, square at both ends, nine holes in the lapels by three's; two to the pockets, and two to the cuff, none behind; white lining; buttons same as above; white cloth waistcoat and breeches, plain.

Masters and Commanders, Full Dress.—Blue cloth coats, with blue lapels and ditto round cuffs, laced with gold lace; the pocket once laced, and one on the cuff; three buttons to each; stand-up collar, double laced; white lining; buttons as above; white cloth waistcoat and breeches, plain.

Ditto Frocks.—Blue cloth coats, with blue lapels, round cuffs, and fall-down collar; gold lace holes, square at each end, ten in the lapels, by two's; two to the pocket, and two on the cuff; none behind; white lining; buttons as above; white cloth waistcoat and breeches, plain.

Lieutenants, Full Dress.—Blue cloth coat with white lapels and ditto round cuffs; holes regular in the lapels; three buttons to the pocket, and three on the cuff; stand-up collar; white lining; buttons same as the Captains; white cloth waistcoat and breeches.

Undress.—Blue cloth coat, edged with white cloth; blue lapels and ditto round cuffs; three buttons to the pockets and cuffs; stand-up collar; buttons as above; white cloth waistcoat and breeches.

Warrant Officers.—Blue cloth coat, with blue lapels and round cuffs; fall-down collar; three buttons to the pocket and cuff; white lining, but not edged with white; buttons with an anchor, same as the Captains' former one; white cloth waistcoat and breeches.

Masters Mates.—Blue cloth coat edged

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with white; no lapels; blue round cuff with three buttons, and three to the pocket; fall-down collar; white lining; buttons same as Warrant Officers; white cloth waistcoat and breeches.

Midshipmen.—Blue cloth coat, no lapels, blue round cuff, with three buttons, and three to the pocket; stand-up collar, with small white turn-lack as before; white lining, but not edged; buttons same as Warrant Officers; white cloth waistcoat and breeches.

22. On a motion for a new trial yesterday in an action brought by the assignees of a bankrupt, the Court decided the following point:—A trader being arrested, goes to prison, and while there, employs a person to sell goods, who accordingly does so, and pays the produce over to the trader, in gaol. The trader remains in prison above two months, and thereby commits an act of bankruptcy, which, by the statutes of bankruptcy, shall relate to the first day of the imprisonment. The person to selling the goods and paying over the produce, is liable to the assignees, either for the value of the goods in an action of trover for them, or for the produce of them in an action for money received to their use; the goods being by the bankruptcy become the goods of the assignees for the benefit of the creditors.

30. Being St. Andrew's day, the Royal Society met at Somerset-house, and re-elected their former officers for the ensuing year.

The gold medal (called Sir Gualtrei Copley's) was presented to John Hunter, Esq. for the three papers he communicated last year, viz.

1. An experiment to determine the effect of extirpating one ovary upon the number of young produced. — 2. Observations tending to show that the Wolf, Jackall, and Dog, are all of the same species. — 3. Observations on the structure and œconomy of Whales.

Dec. 1. His Majesty has been graciously pleased to give directions to the Admiralty Board, that every commissioned officer who has been on duty, viz. Captains and Lieutenants, shall receive three months pay — that the warrant officers shall receive two months pay — and common seamen one month's pay extraordinary, as a gratuity for the expenses they may have been at in preparing for actual service.

The amount of the bounties paid by the Corporation of the City of London to voluntary recruits into his Majesty's service during the present year, does not exceed 500*l.*

We learn from Berlin, that General Bernese the Duke of Braunschweig arrived in perfect health the 24th of last month at Prussia, and was most graciously received by his Prussian Majesty, who honoured that distinguished General with the most affectionate tokens of esteem.

By a private letter from the Continent we are assured of the following instance of rigid justice:—The Prince of Orange, resolved to discourage as much as it is in his power, the disorders and ravages produced by the unprecedented oppressions of the Patriotic Party, has lately given an instance of his determined love of justice, by ordering a regiment in his service that had been guilty of pillaging the inhabitants of Bois le Duc, to march from thence to Maastricht, under the pretence of doing garrison duty.—On their arrival they were ordered to the parade, and to lay down their arms. After which they were stripped to their very shirts, and narrowly searched, officers and men, on whom it is said that jewels, gold, and specie, have been found to the amount of 30000*francs*, part of which was even concealed in their hair. A third, at least, of the officers, it is said, will be dismissed. Several of the men are under confinement, and it is not doubted but they will be made a severe example of.

7. By virtue of a Judge's warrant, Lord George Gordon was apprehended at Birmingham, for contempt of the Court of King's Bench, in not appearing upon the prosecution last Hilary Term for publishing a libel, of which he was found guilty. Lord George was conveyed before Joseph Carter, Esq. who directed him to be conducted to town, attended by an officer from Bow-street, and the keeper of the prison there.—It was in the month of August last that Lord George came to Birmingham, and he has ever since lodged at the house of a Jewels, in Dudley-street, to whom he was unknown when first he arrived. When the officers waded upon him he did not deny himself, but told them he was a Jew, and whatever might happen, should continue one; and when he learnt it was ordered that he should be in London on Saturday evening, he expressed much concern thereat, as it would oblige him to travel on the Sabbath-day of the religion he had embraced.

The next evening (Saturday the 8th) he was brought before Mr. Justice Buller, who committed him to the custody of the Marshal of the King's Bench Prison; but it being too late to be admitted that night, he was taken to Froome's Grand Hotel, Covent-garden, and next morning at ten o'clock, was delivered into the custody of the Marshal of the King's Bench.

8. Three actions for damages were tried at Guildhall, against Capt. Rogers, of the Middlesex East-Indiaman, for improper treatment to one of the Mates belonging to the same ship, and two passengers, on their voyage to India, when verdicts were given in each action, the first in 1000*l.*, the second for 800*l.* and the third in 600*l.* damages.

The *Mars East-Indiaman*, Capt. Farrington, got ashore off Margate, where the sea was so furious, and beat the ship so much

that in a short time after she struck, her rigging went overboard, and she had twelve feet water in her hold, in consequence of which her cargo is much injured. She is laden with tea, and just arrived from China.

The loss of the East-India Company by the wreck of the *Mars*, amounts to between thirty and forty thousand pounds. About one hundred and forty chests of tea have been saved.

The Trustees of the Surrey new roads put up at auction, at the Royal Oak, at Vauxhall, the tolls arising from the same, when they were let on lease for three years to Mr. Sabine, for 3,251. per annum. They were let during the last year at 4,000.

The Irish papers announce, that all the debts of the late Duke of Rutland have been already settled and paid.

The expences of the late Duke of Rutland's funeral amounted to 702 31.

10. Last week a dangerous riot took place at Leicester among the working manufacturers, occasioned by the introduction of Sir Richd. Arkwright's *Spinning Jennys*. They went to Market-Harborough and destroyed all the machines there—the riot act had been read, and the Magistrates of Leicester had sworn in 500 constables to keep the peace—In the course of the Mayor's discharge of his duty he was dangerously wounded with a large stone by one of the rioters; two of the constables were also very much hurt.

An unfortunate affair happened at Christ Church, Oxford, two singing men belonging to the Cathedral, Whitney and Woodcock, having some words upon their return from evening service, a scuffle ensued, in which the latter struck the former so violent a blow, that it occasioned his death in less than two hours afterwards. The best medical assistants were immediately called in, but all their united efforts proved ineffectual. The Coroner's Inquest sat upon the body of the deceased on Monday morning, and brought in their verdict *Manlaughter*. Woodcock was immediately secured, and he now lies in the Castle-gaol to take his trial at the next Spring assizes.

12. The Lottery-office keepers measuring in the Irish Lottery were *persecuted* to an immense amount, by some persons who had, it is supposed, hired a private express, which arrived before that of the Committee; in consequence of which thousands of people last night surrounded the offices for their money—but every place in London and Westminster was shut up, and refused to pay. Some were taken in for 3000, some for 4000, and one for 8000.

13. Lord George Gordon was removed from the King's Bench prison to Newgate.

In consequence of a Council held at the Cock-Pit, to take into consideration the present state of the copper coin of the kingdom, Lord Effingham, who is Master-Warden of the Mint, attended, and repeated the various representations that had been officially made to him, in order to prevent the present abuse of that species of coinage. It was then determined immediately to commence a new coinage; and, in order to put a total stop to counterfeit halfpence and farthings, which are now so great a burden to the public, it was resolved, that in the new arrangement one pound of copper should be made into 24 halfpence, instead of 48, which has been the practice hitherto; and the farthings in the same proportion of size and weight.

14. Henrietta Radbourne, convicted in April Sessions last for the murder of Mrs. Morgan, her mistress, was executed before Newgate.

18. The Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when eight convicts received judgment of death, 57 were ordered to be transported, two to be kept to hard labour in the house of correction, one to be imprisoned in Newgate, four to be whipped and discharged, and 22 discharged by proclamation; and five were acquitted.

Among the prisoners capitally convicted, was James Carle, late cooper on board his Majesty's ship *Boras*, for the wilful murder of Sarah Hays (an unfortunate woman of the town, into whose company he was accidentally introduced by another woman of the like description), by cutting her throat with a clasp knife in a most shocking manner, of which she instantly expired. He received sentence to be executed to-morrow, but on some evident marks of insanity, and a general good character as a peaceable quiet man, the Court were pleased to respite his execution until his Majesty's pleasure be further known.

19. A general half yearly Court was held at the India house, Leadenhall street.

After the usual form, a motion was made and seconded, that the dividend for the last half year on the Company's stock be 41. per cent which was passed unanimously.

The long-expected engagement between Ryan and Johnson, which was to have been fought at an inn-yard at Staines, but from whence they were driven by order of the Justices, was decided in Wraybury-field, Buckinghamshire. After a very sharp contest of about five-and-twenty minutes, the contest terminated in favour of Johnson, who beat his antagonist very handsomely. When the contest was over, Johnson made a short address to the audience, in which he told them, that having now won the victory, he should not accept of another challenge.

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20. By a case lately adjudged in a Court of Justice, it was formally determined, that all vessels upon rivers, in passing each other, should incline to the left hand, as in the manner of carriages, and that any damage that was sustained by their not doing so, should be made good by the party who neglected to do it.

22. *Dublin-Castle, Dec. 16.* His Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Lieutenant of this Kingdom, landed near Dunlary this afternoon at four o'clock; and proceeding to the Castle, attended by a squadron of horse, was introduced in form to the Lords Justices and Council; and the oaths being administered to him, his Excellency was in-

vested with the collar of the most illustrious order of St. Patrick, and received the sword of state from the Lords Justices.

23. This morning, at 7 o'clock, four men entered the house of Mrs. Graham, in Liverpool, one of whom stayed below, whilst the other three, armed with pistols and knives, went into the different lodging-rooms, and with horrid imprecations in case of resistance, tied the persons in their beds, and robbed them of 19 guineas, some silver, one bill of 30l. another of 10l. several second, third and fourth sets of bills of exchange for different sums, none under 100l. and none exceeding 300l. and many other articles.

B I R T H S.

THE Infanta Dona Maria Victoria, Consort of the Infant Don Gabriel of Spain, of a Princess.

The Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Bayham, of a daughter.

The Countess of Tankerville, the Right Hon. Lady Deerhurst, and Mrs. Jolliffe, wife of William Jolliffe, Esq. Member for Peterfield, each delivered of a daughter.

P R E F E R M E N T S.

LIEUT. Col. Robert Mason Lewis, to be Governor of Carisbrook Castle.

Dr. Adam Smith, late Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, Rector of that University, vice Robert Graham, Esq. of Gartmore.

The Rev. George Law, M. A. to a prebend in York Cathedral.

His Grace Henry Duke of Beaufort, to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Leicester.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. William Preston, Bishop of Killala and Achonry, translated to the united Bishoprics of Leighlin and Ferns, vice Dr. Walter Cope, dec.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. John Law, Bishop of Clonfert and Kilmacough, translated to the united Bishoprics of Killala and Achonry; and the Rev. Richard Marlay, M. A. Dean of St. Edan's, in the diocese of Ferns, promoted to the united Bishoprics of Clonfert and Kilmacough, all in Ireland.

The Rt. Rev. Bilby Lord Bishop of London, sworn of his Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council.

The Hon. and Rev. Thomas Stopford, M. A. Dean of St. Flannan, Killaloe, to the Deanery of the Cathedral of St. Edan, in the Diocese of Ferns, Ireland.

The Rev. Mr. King, Private Secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham in 1782, to be Prebendary to the Hon. Society of Gray's-Inn, vice Mr. Stebbing, dec.

The Rev. Richard Ormerod, M. A. Reader in Hebrew at Christ College, Cambridge, to be Rhetoric Lecturer by the Master and Fellows of that Society.

The Rev. Benjamin Blayney, D. D. to be Professor of Hebrew in Oxford University, vice Dr. Jubb, dec.

Charles Runnington and Samuel Marshall, both of the Inner Temple, Esqrs. and James Watson, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. D. L. called to the degree of Serjeant at Law.

69th reg. of Foot. Major Johnson, from the 46th foot, to be Lieutenant Colonel, vice Major Gen. Skeene, Lieutenant Colonel, resigned.

Francis Smythies, Esq. formerly Town-clerk, to be Recorder of Colchester.

The Rt. Hon. Alleyne Fitzherbert, to be one of his Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council.

Dr. Jones, to be Sub-Dean of Hereford.

Robert Thornton, Esq. to be a Director of the East-India Company, vice Mr. Cummings, dec.

The Rev. John Plumtre, M. A. to the Prebend of Worcester void by the resignation of the Rev. William Langford, D. D. promoted to be a Prebend in his Majesty's Chapel of St. George, Windsor, vice the Rev. George Hamilton, dec.

The Rev. John Murray, M. A. to be Dean of St. Flannan, Killaloe.

The

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The Rev James Douglas, F. A. S. Rector of Lychbarrow, Northamptonshire, to be chaplain in Ordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Dr. Cleaver, Rector of Petworth, to be First Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

John Robinson, Esq. First Secretary to the Treasury in Lord North's Administration, to be Surveyor-General of his Majesty's Woods and Parks, vice John Pitt, Esq. dec.

Lists of the three classes of Navy Officers, who have received Promotion, in consequence of the express declaration of his Majesty.

Masters and Commanders made Post-Captains.

John Boyle,	John Smith,
David Lard,	Piercy Brett,
T. Goldbrough,	George Lumdain,
William Heath,	John Hills,
Francis Pender,	Vil. Edwards,
Joseph Rogers,	George Countess,
David Snow,	James Drew.

W Alb Otway, Lieutenant. made Masters and Commanders.

John Tierce,	John Lawford,
J Lughane,	Robert Waton,
Robert Parker,	Jeremiah Beale,
Maur Delgano,	Richard Purvis,
Alexander Frizer,	Henry Warre,
George Westcott,	John Edwards,
Henry Deacon,	Stephen P. Mouat.

Scoby Barker, Midshipmen made Lieutenants.

James Duncan,	Andrew Fitz Evans,
David Campbell,	William Elliot,
Richard Cudlipp,	John Watton,
William Barnes,	J. Culverhouse,
John Blake,	M H Scott,
Alexander Wilson,	C Thackray,
T. le M. Goffelin,	George Andrews,
John Stevens,	

The Rev. Wm. Langford, D D. to a prebend of St George's Chapel, Windsor.

The Rev Benjamin Jeffreys, to the Fellowship at Winchester vacated by the death of Dr. Ballard.

By the Duke of Portland, Dr. Kays, to the living of Marybone.

The Rev. Dr Hames, of Nottingham, to be one of the Prebends of Southwell.

The Rev. James Mayo, A. B. to be Master of the Free Grammar-school at Wimbourn, Dorset.

Thomas Millar, of Barksimming, Esq. Lord Justice Clerk, to be President of his Majesty's College of Justice in Scotland, vice Robert Dundas, Esq. dec.

Robert M'Queen, of Braxfield, Esq. one of the Lords of Session, and a Senator of the College of Justice, to be his Majesty's Justice Clerk in Scotland.

John Swinton, of Swanton, Esq. one of the Ordinary Lords of Session, to be one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Justiciary in Scotland.

John MacLaurin, Esq. to be one of the Ordinary Lords of Session in Scotland.

Mr. Evans, to be Secretary to the Commissioners of the Lottery, vice Mt. E. Johnson, dec.

Cul Phillips, to be chief Engineer at Gibraltar, where he served during the whole of the late siege, and for many years before.

4th reg. of foot. Major General Archibald M'Nab, to be Colonel.

Ditto. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Gordon, from the half pay of the 83d regiment, to be Lieutenant-Colonel.

6th reg. of foot. Major Joseph Buckeridge to be Lieutenant-Colonel, vice Steynor Jones.

Ditto. Capt Farman Clofe to be Major, vice Joseph Buckeridge.

MARRIAGES.

THE Rev Josias Lambert, of Lancaster, to Miss D. Rotheram, fourth daughter of the late Dr. Rotheram, of Newcastle.

Mr. Robert Wortwick, banker, of Lancaster, to Miss Alice Betham, of Liverpool.

Alexander Luders, esq. of the Temple, to Miss Seawell, of Gower-street.

John Lloyd, of Dinas, esq. to Miss Williams, daughter of the late Mr. Roger Williams, of Brecon.

Mr. Gage, of Lambourn Woodlands,

to Miss Goodluck, of Henley-hall.

At Portsea, Mr. James Whitehall, of Wickham, a fine sprig of 18, to Mrs. Mary Hatson, a healthy evergreen of 62, with a handsome fortune.

Major Murray, brother of Sir David Murray, to Mrs Hopkins, widow of Benjamin Hopkins, esq.

The Rev Christopher Spurgeon, to Miss Cooper, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cooper, minister of Great Yarmouth.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE

The Rev. Mr. S. Lovick Cooper, (son of Dr. Cooper) rector of Ingoldthorpe, to Miss Rede, of Beccles.

John Amherst, Esq. of Farleigh, in Kent, to Miss Eliz. Lomax, daughter of the late Caleb Lomax, Esq. of Clifwick-Bury, Herts.

At Atcham near Shrewsbury, (the first marriage having been solemnized in Scotland) Thomas Outley, Esq. of Wroxeter, to Miss Dana, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dana.

Mr. T. Mackenzie, a Captain in the Royal Navy, to Miss Sarah Ann Coxe, daughter of the late Richard Coxe, Esq. of Mizehead.

At Dorchester, Charles Cozens, Esq. barrister at law, to Miss Charlotte Smith, with a fortune of 3000l. which the gentleman generously presented to her three maiden sisters.

The Rev. John Mollo, jun. of South Stonham, Hants, to Miss Hallett, of Edgware, Middlesex.

Mr. Kemble, of Drury-lane Theatre, to Mrs. Brereton.

Elisha Trapaud, esq. Captain of Engineers, on the Madras establishment, to Miss Harriet Foster, daughter of the late Jonathan Foster, esq. of Ailstone.

Capt. Geo. Cowell, of the Artillery, to Miss Ogilvie, daughter of the late Capt. Ogilvie.

William Becket, esq. of Winchester, to Miss Wools, of Alresford.

Capt. Wm. Harris, to Miss Eliz. Williams, of Swansea.

W. Dickinson Rastal, esq. of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, to Miss Harriet Kenrick, daughter of John Kenrick, esq. Member for Blechny.

Wm. Bosanquet, esq. of Queen Ann-street, West, to Miss Ives, eldest daughter of the late John Ives, esq. of Norwich.

William Augustus Skynner, esq. of Charlotte-street, to Miss Ward, of Southampton-street.

At Newnham, in Gloucestershire, the Rev. Mr. Knight, to Miss Wintle.

Mr. A. Heathfield, of Lymington, to Miss Hubert, daughter of Ja. Hubert, esq. of Guernsey.

At Paris, to a French Lady, the Hon. Thomas Walpole.

Ralph Leake, Esq. to Miss Thurstby, daughter of Walter Harvey Thurstby, esq. of Shrewsbury.

At Ottringham, in Yorkshire, Mr. Stephen Brignall, to Miss Mary Christy. It is remarkable that the bridegroom paid the minister, clerk, and ringers, all in farthings; the minister received 252 as a fee, the clerk 72, and the ringers 250; a very large number were thrown among the populace.

The Rev. William Lance, vicar of Horsford, in Norfolk, to Miss Elliot, eldest daughter of the late Gavin Elliot, esq. of Blackbeath.

Thomas Strong, of Red Cross-street, Cripplegate, esq. F. R. S. to Miss Irith, of Greenwich.

Robert Douglas, esq. of Witham, in Essex, to Miss Frances Jeffreys, daughter of Henry Vaughan Jeffreys, esq. of Worcester.

The Rev. George Buckton, M. A. of Ashborne, to Miss Walhouse, daughter of Moreton Walhouse, esq. of Hatherton.

The Rev. Dr. Birker, master of Christ's college, in Cambridge, and rector of Waddingham in Lincolnshire, to Mrs. Duckwray, of Newcastle.

Samuel Peat, esq. of the East-Indies, to Miss Henrietta Kentish, daughter of Dr. Kentish, of Bridlington.

At Church Eaton, Staffordshire, Mr. Thomas Swift, sen. of Wood-Eaton, 72 years of age, to Mrs. Hall, aged 81; this is the third time they have both been married.

Samuel Long, esq. of Bloomsbury, to the Right Hon. Lady Jane Maitland.

At Abthorpe, in Northamptonshire, the Rev. Price Jones, to Miss Sally Jenison, of Weedon-Bek.

Lord Viscount Sudley, son to the Earl of Arran, to Miss Tyrell, eldest daughter and coheir of the late Sir John Tyrell.

Pierre Starkie, esq. of Lancashire, to Miss Charlotte Freedy, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Freedy.

The Rev. Mr. Bahin, of Chelsea, to Miss Morris, of Hollis-street.

Peter Rambin, esq. M. D. to Mrs. Mary Rowton, of Bristol.

BANKRUPTS.

JOHN Hodgson, of Savoy-gardens merchant. John Lewis Francis Bacher de la Cour, late of Southampton-street, near Blomby-square, merchant. Thomas Price, of Dale-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, wine-merchant. Philip Kuslav, of Buxton, Derbyshire, innkeeper. Jonathan Mitchell, of Wimpole-street, Paddington-road, carpenter.

Edward Capper, of Great Shire-lane, jeweller. David Meredith and John Gibson, of Queen-street, in the Mint, cabinet-makers. Wm. Weeden, of the Strand, cheesemonger. James Haugraves, of Rotherhithe, linen-draper. Thomas Wall, of Bristol, maltster. Wm. Serrell, of Camberwell, carpenter. James Mills, of George-lane, merchant.

James

James Upchurch and Thomas Dudge, of Travel-lane, Houndston, smiths. Nicodemus Rblout, of Bristol, maltster. John James, of Clifton-street, carpenter. Wm. Barnard, of Bures St. Mary, Suffolk, milk-ler. Ann Baker, of Monmouth, grocer. Wm. Lowe, of Little Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, tailor. Thomas Capstick, late of Knight-bridge, cheesemonger. Robert Capner, of Birmingham, carpenter. Sam. Huxtable, of Broad-street, Ratcliffe, ship-builder. Tho. Bayly, of Deptford, baker. Tho. Laney, of Barnard's-inn, Holborn, money scrivener. John Fell, of Mason-street, Lamb-th, horse dealer. Wm. Volaus, of Holborn, haberdasher. Wm. Burtost, of Well Street, Ratcliffe-highway, coal-merchant. Daniel Justier, of Goswell-street, merchant. Wm. Wright, of Spilby, Lincolnshire, shopkeeper. John Jollins, of Great Yarmouth, turner. Tho. Jarrett, of Storrington, carpenter. Wm. Fregleton, of Wolverhampton, mercer. George Garck, of Stephen-street, Rathbone-place, musical-instrument-maker. Tho. Beard, of Great Sutton-street, Clerkenwell, carpenter. John

Tollody, of Mitley, Essex, merchant. John Roduan, of Richmond, haberdasher. The Taylor, of Droitwich, butcher. Wm. Fisher, of Norwich, linen-draper. Timothy Halton, of Redale, shopkeeper. Joseph Simpson, of Warwick-court, coal-dealer. John Spateman and John Hotham, of Cannon-street, grocers. Isaac Moran, of Crosby-square, Bishopgate-street, broker. Charles Polit, of Manchester, cotton-spinner. Andreas Emmerich, of the Adelphi, wine-merchant. James Philip Desjunes, of Exeter, merchant. James Haviland, of Bridgewater, timber-merchant. John Champion, of Bristol, merchant. Joseph Langford, of Nottingham, hosier. Wm. Richards the younger, of Dursley, Gloucestershire, victual-ler. Ely Sutcliffe and John Sutcliffe, of White-horse-yard, Drury-lane, mercers. John Brace, of St. Martin, Worcester, tailor. John Thompson, of Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. Bennett Cham- pion, of Helton, in Cornwall, hat-maker. John Cuming, of Totness, Devon, tobacco-uit.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

HAY-MARKET.

Sept.

1. INKLE and Yarico—Widow's Vow.
3. Ditto—A Mogul Tale.
4. Ditto—Village Lawyer.
5. *Vivanda*—Golden Pippin.
6. Ditto—Gretia Green.
7. Ditto—Comus.
8. Inkle and Yarico—Cross Purposes.
10. Ditto—Village Lawyer.
11. Ditto—Widow's Vow.
12. Ditto—Village Lawyer.
13. Ditto—Gretia Green.
14. Ditto—Guardian.
15. Ditto—Romp.

DRURY-LANE.

Sept.

18. Hamlet—First Floor.
20. Stratagem—All the World's a Stage.
22. Country Girl—High Life below Stairs.
25. George Barnwell—First Floor.
27. Love in a Village—Ditto.
29. Percy—Irish Widow.
- Oct. 2. Way to keep Him—Harlequin's In-vasion.
3. The Country Girl—Virgin Unmask'd.
6. Venice Preserv'd—Englishman in Paris.
9. The Claudine Marriage—Comus.
11. Itabella—Ditto.
13. School for Scandal—Virgin Unmask'd.
15. Love for Love—Harlequin's Invasion.

16. Way to keep Him—Comus.
18. The Grecian Daughter—The First Floor.
20. The Heiress—Comus.
21. Beggar's Opera—Harlequin's Invasion.
23. Venice Preserv'd—High Life below Stairs.
24. The Wonder—Comus.
25. Artaxerxes—Englishman in Paris.
26. The Pilgrim—All the World's a Stage.
27. Othello—The Irish Widow.
29. Hamlet—Harlequin's Invasion.
30. The Gamster—The Humourist.
31. The Pilgrim—Comus.
- Nov. 3. School for Scandal—The Sultan.
2. The Pilgrim—Comus.
3. Macbeth—The Sultan.
5. Cymbeline—Harlequin's Invasion.
6. As You like It—Bon Ton.
7. The Heiress—The Sultan.
8. Country Girl—Richard Cœur de Lion.
9. George Barnwell—Harlequin's Invasion.
10. The New Peerage—High Life below Stairs.
12. Ditto—The Sultan.
13. Ditto—Comus.
14. Love for Love—Harlequin's Invasion.
15. The New Peerage—The First Floor.
16. Jane Shore—Irish Widow.
17. New Peerage—Richard Cœur de Lion.
19. Ditto—The Sultan.
20. The Carmelite—Virgin Unmask'd.
21. New Peerage—Hurly Burly.

22. The

SUPPLEMENT TO THE

25. The Pilgrim—Richard Cœur de Lion.
 26. New Peerage—Hurly Bully.
 27. Merchant of Venice—Ditto.
 28. New Peerage—Bon Ton.
 29. Percy—The Distreid' d Baronet.
 30. The Pilgrim—Richard Cœur de Lion.
 31. The Double Dealer—Ditto.
 32. Artaxerxes—The Distreid' d Baronet.
 Dec. 1. The Heness—Comus.
 2. Hamlet—Harlequin's Invasion.
 3. School for Scandal—Comus.
 4. Artaxerxes—Who's the Dupe.
 5. The Provok'd Husband—Comus.
 6. The Jealous Wife—Harlequin's Invasion.
 7. The West-Indian—Who's the Dupe.
 8. Richard the Third—Comus.
 9. Julia—The Humourist.
 10. Love in a Village—Englishman in Paris.
 11. Julia—High Life below Stairs.
 12. New Way to pay Old Debts—Comus.
 13. Julia—The First Floor.
 14. Richard the Third—The Defenter.
 15. Julia—Ditto.
 16. School for Fathers—The Humourist.
 17. Julia—The First Floor.
 18. The Double Dealer—Ditto.
 19. Julia—The Defenter.
 20. Henry the Second—Harlequin Junior.
 21. George Barnwell—Ditto.
 22. Trip to Scarborough—Ditto.
 23. Julia—Ditto.
 24. Tamerlane—Ditto.

COVENT-GARDEN.

- Sept.
 17. Merry Wives of Windsor—Poor Soldier.
 19. Bold Stroke for a Wife—Defenter.
 21. Cymon—Devil upon Two Sticks.
 24. Romeo and Juliet—Midas.
 26. He would be a Soldier—Poor Vulcan.
 28. The Foundling—Padlock.
 Oct. 1. Macbeth—Love and War.
 2. Love in a Village—The Lying Valet.
 3. Such Things Are—The Two Misers.
 4. Love in a Village—The Lying Valet.
 5. The Brothers—Love in a Camp.
 6. Midnight Hour—Poor Soldier.
 7. Othello—The Romp.
 8. Ditto—Ophelia and Eurydice.
 9. The Hypocrite—Love in a Camp.
 10. Robin Hood—Intriguing Chamber-maid.
 11. The Beaux Stratagem—Irish Widow.
 12. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 13. Alexander the Great—Orpheus and Eurydice.
 14. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 15. Ditto—Irish Widow.
 16. Alexander the Great—Love in a Camp.
 17. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 18. Venice Preserv'd—Barstaple.
 19. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 20. Zeluco—The Passenger.

- Nov. 1. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 2. All in the Wrong—The Farmer.
 3. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 4. Henry IV, Part I.—Enchanted Castle.
 5. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 6. Much Ado about Nothing—The Farmer.
 7. The Follies of a Day—Ditto.
 8. Jane Shore—Enchanted Castle.
 9. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 10. Romeo and Juliet—Enchanted Castle.
 11. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 12. The West Indian—The Farmer.
 13. Such Things Are—Ditto.
 14. Macbeth—The Liar.
 15. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 16. Henry the Eighth—Enchanted Castle.
 17. Rule a Wife and Have a Wife—Farmer.
 18. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 19. Belle's Stratagem—The Farmer.
 20. Such Things Are—Barnaby Rattle.
 21. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 22. Merry Wives of Windsor—The Farmer.
 23. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 24. Which is the Man—Ditto.
 25. He would be a Soldier—The Farmer.
 26. The Provok'd Wife—

- Dec. 1. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 2. Roman Father—Enchanted Castle.
 3. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 4. The Tender Husband—The Farmer.
 5. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 6. The Tender Husband—The Farmer.
 7. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 8. The Inconstant—The Farmer.
 9. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 10. The Tender Husband—The Farmer.
 11. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 12. The Inconstant—The Farmer.
 13. All on a Summer's Day—Midnight Hour.
 14. Alexander the Great—The Farmer.
 15. The Hypocrite—The Poor Soldier.
 16. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
 17. The Belle's Stratagem—The Farmer.
 18. All in the Wrong—Rufina.
 19. The Duenna—Midnight Hour.
 20. Jane Shore—The Dumb Cake.
 21. The Grecian Daughter—Ditto.
 22. Douglas—Ditto.
 23. A Bold Stroke for a Wife—Ditto.
 24. Henry IV, Part I.—Ditto.

ROYALTY-THEATRE.

- Sept.
 1. Thomas and Susan—Catch Club—Don Juan.
 2. Lecture on Heads—Ditto—Hobson's Ch.
 3. Thomas and Susan—Ditto—Ditto.
 4. Hero and Leander—Ditto—Ditto.
 5. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
 6. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
 7. Ditto—Ditto—Don Juan.
 8. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
 9. Aquirica—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.

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|--|---|
| 11. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto. | 3. The Birth-day—Catch Club—Left. on Heads—Ditto. |
| 12. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto. | 5. Tho. & Susan—Almirina—Ditto—Ditto. |
| 13. Ditto—Ditto—Don Juan. | 6. Sailor's Resolve—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto. |
| 14. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto. [Choice. | 7. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto. [Ditto. |
| 15. True Blue—Lecture on Heads—Hobson's | 8. Ditto—Gray's El.—Pastoral Entertainment. |
| 17. Hero and Leander—Catch Club—Don | 9. Ditto—Ditto—Left. on Heads—Ditto. |
| 17. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto. [Juan. | 10. Ditto. |
| 19. Almirina—Ditto—Ditto. | 12. Ditto. |
| 20. Recruiting Serjeant—Do—Do—Do. | 13. Rec. Serj.—Ditto—Ditto—Harleg. Mungo. |
| 21. Almirina—Catch Club—Hero and Lean. | 14. Almirina—Tho. & Susan—Ditto—Ditto. |
| 22. True Blue—Ditto—Ditto—Don Juan. | 15. Address for Mar. Soc.—Do—Do—Do. |
| 24. Ditto. | 16. Patriotic Baker—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto. |
| 25. Ditto. | 17. Ditto. |
| 26. Ditto. | 19. Ditto. |
| 27. Thomas and Susan—Almir.—C. Club— | 20. Ditto—Gray's Elegy—Ditto—Ditto. |
| 28. Ditto. [Don Juan. | 21. Ditto. |
| 29. Ditto. | 22. Ditto. |
| Oct. 1. Thomas and Susan—Almirina—C. Club—Lecture on Heads—Don Juan. | 23. Hero & Leand.—Almirina—Do—Do. |
| 2. Ditto. | 24. Ditto. |
| 3. Ditto. | 26. Ditto—Muses in Motion—Ditto—Ditto. |
| 4. Ditto. | 27. Ditto—Mar. Soc. Add.—Left. on Heads |
| 5. Ditto. [Choice. | 28. Ditto. [Ditto. |
| 6. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Hobson's | 29. Ditto. |
| 8. Ditto. [Juan. | 30. Ditto. |
| 9. Ditto—Theat. Festival—C. Club—Don | Dec. 1. Ditto—Almirina—C. Club—Ditto. |
| 10. Ditto—Almirina—Gray's El. gy. | 3. Apollo turned Stroller—Ditto—Ditto. |
| 11. Ditto. | 4. Ditto—Collins's Ode on the Passions. |
| 12. Ditto. | 5. Ditto—Gray's Elegy. |
| 13. Ditto. [Don Juan. | 6. Ditto. |
| 15. Recruiting Serj.—Almirina—C. Club— | 7. Ditto. |
| 16. Tho. & Susan—Sailor's Resolve—Ditto. | 8. Ditto—Don Juan. |
| 17. Ditto. | 10. Ditto—Harlequin Mungo. |
| 18. Ditto. [Choice. | 11. Ditto—Muses in Motion. |
| 19. Rec. Serj.—Alm.—C. Club—Hobson's | 12. Ditto. |
| 20. Ditto. | 13. Ditto. |
| 22. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Tho. & Susan. | 14. Ditto—Collins's Ode on the Fables. |
| 23. Ditto. | 15. Ditto—Left. on Heads—Don Juan. |
| 24. Ditto. | 17. Ditto. |
| 25. Ditto. [son's Choice. | 18. Ditto—Harlequin Mungo. |
| 26. Tho. & Susan—Alm.—C. Club—Hob- | 19. Ditto—Muses in Motion—Gray's El. |
| 27. Ditto—Ditto—Recruit. Serj. | 20. Ditto. |
| 29. Ditto—Ditto—Left. on Heads—D. Juan. | 21. Ditto. |
| 30. Ditto—The Tavern Bickers—Lecture on | 22. Constant Couple—Almirina—Don Juan. |
| Heads—Don Juan. | 26. Apollo turned Stroller—C. C.—H. L. M. |
| 31. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto | 28. Hero and Leander—Collins's Ode—Ditto. |
| Nov. 1. Sailor's Resolve—Gray's Elegy—C. | 28. Apollo turned Stroller—C. C.—Ditto. |
| Club—Don Juan. [Choice. | 29. Ditto—Gray's El.—Cat. Cl.—D. Juan. |
| 2. Tho. & Susan—Ditto—Ditto—Hobson's | 31. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto. |

A GENERAL BILL of all the CHRISTENINGS and BURIALS,
From DECEMBER 12, 1786, to DECEMBER 11, 1787.

Christened in the 97 Parishes within the Walls 1084—Buried 1405.	Whereof have died,	
Christened in the 16 Parishes without the Walls 4698—Buried 3961.	Under two years of age	6119
Christened in the 23 Out-Parishes of Middlesex and Surry 7536—Buried 9285.	Between two and five	1888
Christened in the 10 Parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster 4190—Buried 4698.	Five and ten	874
	Ten and twenty	863
	Twenty and thirty	1587
	Thirty and forty	1840
	Forty and fifty	1959
		Fifty

SUPPLEMENT TO THE

Fifty and sixty	—	1556	A hundred	—	6
Sixty and seventy	—	1346	A hundred and one	—	0
Seventy and eighty	—	897	A hundred and two	—	1
Eighty and ninety	—	374	A hundred and five	—	1
Ninety and a hundred	—	44	Decreased in the Burials this year	—	1105.

The DISEASES and CASUALTIES this YEAR.

Abortive and Still-born	627	Dropsy	820	Miscarriage	2	Executed*	24
Abcess	5	Evil	10	Mortification	132	Found dead	4
Aged	1176	Fever, Malignant Fever, Scarlet Fever,		Palsy	57	Fractured	1
Ague	6	Spotted Fever, and		Pleurisy	13	Frighted	1
Apoplexy and Sten	188	Purples	2587	Quinsy	5	Killed by falls and several other accidents	49
Asthma and Plethoric	353	Fistula	5	Rheumatism	5	Killed themselves	25
Bedridden	4	Flux	7	Scald Head	1	Murdered	2
Bleeding	8	French Pox	48	Scurvy	2	Overland	2
Bloody Flux	1	Gout	42	Small Pox	248	Poisoned	3
Bursten and Rupture	1	Gravel, Stone, and Strangury	51	Sore Throat	27	Scalded	2
Cancer	76	Grief	1	Sores and Ulcers	7	Smothered	1
Canker	1	Head Ach	1	St. Anthony's Fire	8	Starved	3
Chicken Pox	1	Headache, and		Stoppage in the Stomach	3	Strangled	6
Childbed	213	Horseshoehair, and Water in the Head		Teeth	400	Chr. { Males 8929 Females 879	In all 17508
Cold	1	Jaundice	43	Surfeit	3		
Colic, Gripes, and Twisting of the Guts	6	Imposthume	62	Thrush	32		
Consumption	4579	Inflammation	168	Vomiting and Loosness	1		
Convulsions	4159	Leprosy	1	Worms	9		
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CHRONOLOGY of the Most REMARKABLE EVENTS of 1787.

January 1, 1787.

A Large ox was shown to his Majesty in the little park at Windsor, who ordered Mr. Wedg to make a portrait of the animal.

2. The King of Prussia established in his dominions a court of honor to suppress the practice of duelling.

4. New Year's Day not celebrated at Court till this day.

9. Two ships sailed from Gravesend with the black people on board, intended to form a new settlement at Sierra Leona, on the coast of Africa.

10. The King of France convened a meeting of the *Nobles*, for the purpose of reforming certain abuses, and regulating the finances of the Empire. A similar Convocation had not been held since the year 1626; the event of the meeting was at that period looked up to by the people with joy and reverence.

15. A Convention, explanatory of the late Commercial Treaty, signed at Paris by Mr. Eden and the French Plenipotentiary.

18. The Empress of Russia set out from Smolensko, on her journey to her new Kingdom of Taurida, or the Crimea.

Feb. 20. Intelligence arrived from Paris of the death of Monsieur Le Comte de Vergennes, Minister of the Foreign Department in France. He had been in various offices in the state upwards of thirty years, during which time he effected great changes in the Government. He died in the 67th year of his age.

March 7. The King of Poland had an interview with her Imperial Majesty at Kow.

17. The Parliament of Paris entered on their journals, the letters patent which abolish the Droits d'Aubaine, and by which all English subjects dying in France, are to be considered as natural born subjects.

* There have been 123, executed, of which number 24 only have been reported to be buried as such within the Walls of Mortality.

21. Nine transport ships, with convicts on board, sailed from Spithead, under convoy, for Botany Bay.

22. A motion in the House of Commons for repealing the Corporation and Test Acts, negatived by 176 to 98.

23. The claims of the inhabitants of St. Lucia heard before the Privy Council, and determined in their favour against Lord Rodney and General Vaughan.

April 10. M. de Calonne, the Minister of the Finances of France, removed from his office.

A new Comet discovered between the Pleiades and the five stars at the head of Taurus.

20. A declaration in the House of Commons to bring on a motion respecting the situation of the Prince of Wales; but a reconciliation taking place between his father and him within a few days, the motion was withdrawn.

25. The Royal assent given to the Commercial Treaty, and Consolidation of the Customs Bill.

May 10. The Commons impeached Mr. Hastings at the Bar of the House of Lords.

19. A volcano in the moon discovered by Dr. Herschell.

21. His Majesty sent a message to both Houses, respecting the debts of his Highness the Prince of Wales.

The first divorce brought before the Irish House of Lords since they reassumed their judicial authority, was rejected unanimously, as tending to encourage breaches of conjugal fidelity.

22. Mr. Hastings appeared at the Bar of the House of Peers, and beseeched their Lordships to admit him to bail, and give him time to be heard in his defence by counsel. He was accordingly admitted to bail in 40,000*l.* and his sureties, who were Messrs. Sumner and Sullivan, in 10,000*l.* each; and their Lordships also agreed that he should be heard by counsel at their bar.

23. The Empress of Russia arrived at Cherson.

24. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, after an absence of a considerable length of time, attended the Drawing-room at St. James's.

The Commons agreed to a loyal Address to his Majesty, and voted 161,000*l.* for the payment of his Royal Highness's debts, and 20,000*l.* on account of Carlton house.

The Hartwell East Indiaman lost off the Island of Bonavista, the Captain and the greatest part of the crew saved.

26. Their Majesties honoured Mr. Whitbread with their presence, and took a view of his extensive brewery.

30. In the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, Andrew Robinson Bowes, Esq. and others, were found guilty, fined and imprisoned, for having conspired to assault and take into custody Lady Serathmore, his lawful wife, at a period when her Ladyship had commenced a suit against him for a separation and divorce.

June 1. Mess. Ternon and Columb arrived in London, deputed by the French Academy of Sciences, by order of the French Court, to visit all the Hospitals in Great Britain.

5. The celebrated Countess de la Motte escaped from her prison in the Sal-Petriere, at Paris.

6. A proclamation issued for the encouragement of piety and virtue, and the suppression of vice and immorality.

7. Dr. Herschell discovered two Satellites belonging to the Gemium Sidus; the revolution of the first is about eight days, and that of the second fourteen. These moons appear like small luminous spots on the disks of the planets.

20. Mr. Palmer's theatre, in Well-Close-square, opened with the performance of *As You Like It*, with Miss in her Teens.

21. Sir George Augustus Elliot arrived in town from Gibraltar.

July 5. The Theatre at Bury in Lancashire fell down, by which many persons were killed, and dangerously wounded.

6. Accounts were received of the detention of the Princess of Orange, at Oudwater, in South Holland, on her way to the Hague, by a body of armed Burghers, inimical to the Stadtholderian party.

9. The niece of Alderman Boydell, accompanied by Mr. Nicol, Bookseller in the Strand, was fired at by Mr. Elliot, Surgeon, late of Carnaby-market: the pistol was not loaded with ball, though the explosion of the powder set fire to Miss Boydell's handkerchief. Mr. Elliot on the trial proved to be insane, and afterwards died in Newgate.

10. A Memorial presented to the States of Holland by the Prussian Ambassador, demanding satisfaction for the insult offered to the Princess of Orange, his Royal Master's sister.

21. Her Imperial Majesty arrived from Cherson, at her Palace at Czarikozelo, near Petersburg.

27. Deputies from the States of Brabant set out from Brussels to Vienna, to lay their grievances before the Emperor.

August 15. The Duke of York, after an absence of seven years from England, arrived at the Castle of Windsor.

30. A new packet for the first time from Mulwal Haven to Waterford.

11. The Province of Nova Scotia erected into a Bishop's See, and Dr. Charles Inglis appointed Bishop thereof.

16. The Russian Ambassador at Constantinople sent prisoner to the Castle of Seven Towers.

The Parliament of Paris, for disobedience, were, by the French King, banished to Troyes.

22. The Turks declare war against Russia.

September 4. Mr. Stone the maniac was taken into custody for writing an extraordinary letter to his Majesty, expressive of the very warm passion he had conceived for the Princess Royal. After an examination he was committed to Bedlam.

17. The Dutch mail brought intelligence, that the King of Prussia's troops, headed by the Duke of Brunwick, had taken possession of Utrecht, in Holland, and that the States of Holland had restored the Stadtholder to his just rights.

20. The Stadtholder made his public entry into the Hague.

21. Prets warrants were issued from the Admiralty office, and sent off by express to every sea port in England.

24. Twenty-three sail of the line were put into commission, and seventeen new Admirals appointed.

October 3. The uniform clothing of the Flag officers of his Majesty's fleet ordered to be altered.

8. The Duke of Brunwick, at the head of the Prussian troops, made himself master of the strong holds of Amsterdam, and declined accepting any conditional surrender.

9. The States of Holland assembled on the ad instant, and agreed to give the satisfaction required by the Duke of Brunwick, rather than expose the city of Amsterdam to certain ruin.

11. The Prussians got entire possession of Amsterdam.

13. A most remarkable aurora borealis.

The atmosphere was so uncommonly red with the aurora borealis, that its appearance at intervals was truly terrific, and seemed like a dreadful and near fire.

16. The city of London came to the resolution of giving an additional bounty to seamen; 40s. to able, and 20s. to every ordinary seaman, exclusive of government bounty.

27. Declaration and counter declaration signed at Paris between the Courts of Versailles and St. James's, respecting discontinuing the armaments on both sides.

29 Two messengers arrived from Ireland, with the intelligence of the death of the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Nov. 2. The Marquis of Buckingham

was nominated by his Majesty in Council Lord Lieutenant of Ireland;—the Hon. Doctor John Harley, Dean of Windsor, was appointed Bishop of Hereford.

3. Doctor Robert Lowth, Lord Bishop of London, died at his house at Fulham.

9. Doctor Beilby Porteus, Bishop of Chertsey, was promoted to the See of London.

16. Doctor Douglas, Canon of St. Paul's, was promoted to the See of Carlisle.

19. The Grand Monarque of France met his Parliament at Paris—carried with him two edicts to be registered, and gave permission to the Members to deliver their sentiments without restraint: a spirited debate on the subject of the edicts ensued: the King growing incensed with those Members who spoke against the registering them, ordered them to be entered on the Journals; but the Duke of Orleans protesting against it, so offended the high authority of his Majesty, that he abruptly quitted the assembly, with a countenance which bore visible marks of indignation. The following day the Duke of Orleans was, by the King's command, exiled to his seat at Ville Cotterets; and L'Abbe Sabatier and another Member of the Parliament were sent to prison.

27. Both Houses of Parliament met pursuant to prorogation, and the Duke of York took his seat in the Upper House.

28. The London Gazette announced a victory gained by the Russians over the Turks, at Kimburn; the latter were repulsed with the loss of 4000 men killed and wounded.

Dec. 5 Parliament ratified the subsidiary treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, for four years, and agreed to vote annually the sum of 36,093l. 15s. The Landgrave in return is to furnish Great Britain with 12,000 troops, whenever the occasion is such as to require their assistance.

6. Prince William Henry arrives at Cork from America.

7. Lord George Gordon was apprehended at Birmingham, where he had some time lived among the Jews, and had strictly conformed to the doctrine of the Hebrew church. He was committed to Newgate, for a contempt of the Court of King's Bench, in which Court he had been found guilty of being concerned in the publication of a libel.

8. The *Mais East Indiaman* wrecked off Margate.

17. Sir Gilbert Elliot, in the House of Commons, made his preparatory motions for the impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey, the late Chief Justice of India.

24. The Emperor writes to the Council of Brabant, in resentment of their patriotic proceedings.



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