

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND
London Review:—

Containing the

(Literature, HISTORY, Politics,)

Arts, Manners, Amusements of the Age)

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vita

BY THE

Philological Society of London.

VOL. 10 for 1786.



(L O N D O N :)

Printed for J. Snell, Cornhill. 1786

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE



M^{rs} Piouze

Published by J. Sewell Cornhill 27-28

THE European Magazine, AND LONDON REVIEW;



CONTAINING THE
LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE;
By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON;
For J U L Y, 1786.

[Embellished with, 1. A beautiful EMBLEMATICAL FRONTISPIECE, engraved by WALKER. 2. An engraved TITLE-PAGE and VIGNETTE. 3. A Striking Likeness of Mrs. Piozzi, engraved from an Original Painting, by HOLLOWAY. And 4. A VIEW of KNIGHT'S HILL FARM, the Villa of the Rt. Hon. the LORD CHANCELLOR.]

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L O N D O N :
Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;
And J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly.
[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Memoirs of Dr. Harwood*, sent us by himself, in our next.

The hint of the Manufacturer from Norwich will be attended to.

Faelio must excuse us. His piece can upon no terms be received.

We decline the *Epistle to Peter Pindar*, as it might lead to personalities, which we have not room for, and do not approve of.

The business of Parliament being over for some months, we shall be more able to oblige our numerous correspondents.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from July 10, to July 15, 1786.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	4	3	3	2	2	9	2	4	3	3
C O U N T I E S I N L A N D.										
Middlesex	4	5	0	0	2	10	2	8	3	10
Surry	4	6	0	0	0	0	2	5	4	7
Hertford	4	4	0	0	2	10	2	5	4	0
Bedford	4	0	2	9	2	2	2	4	3	10
Cambridge	3	11	2	10	0	0	2	0	3	2
Huntingdon	4	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	3	5
Northampton	4	4	2	9	2	9	2	5	4	0
Rutland	4	10	0	2	10	2	4	5	0	0
Leicester	4	9	2	11	2	11	2	6	4	5
Nottingham	4	9	2	11	2	7	2	3	4	8
Derby	5	7	0	0	0	2	6	4	10	0
Stafford	4	11	0	0	0	2	8	4	6	0
Salop	5	2	3	10	3	8	2	9	5	7
Hereford	4	8	0	3	10	3	2	0	0	0
Worcester	4	11	0	0	0	2	9	5	1	0
Warwick	4	6	0	0	0	2	7	4	2	0
Gloucester	4	11	0	2	10	2	7	4	7	0
Wilts	5	0	0	3	0	2	6	4	2	0
Berks	4	5	0	2	8	2	8	4	5	0
Oxford	4	8	0	2	9	2	8	4	8	0
Bucks	4	3	0	2	10	2	7	3	11	0

C O U N T I E S upon the COAST.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Bean	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	3	11	0	0	2	10	2	1	3	2
Suffolk	3	11	2	10	2	6	2	1	3	0
Norfolk	4	3	2	7	2	4	2	2	0	0
Lincoln	4	5	2	11	2	7	1	11	3	2
York	4	11	3	2	2	10	2	4	4	6
Durham	5	8	0	3	4	2	7	4	8	0
Northumberl.	4	10	3	7	2	10	2	3	4	2
Cumberland	5	5	3	10	3	0	2	3	4	4
Westmorl.	6	0	4	3	5	2	6	4	5	0
Lancashire	5	9	0	4	0	2	5	4	9	0
Cheeshire	5	4	3	9	3	5	2	6	0	0
Monmouth	5	11	0	0	0	2	8	0	0	0
Somerset	5	8	0	3	8	2	10	4	6	0
Devon	6	1	0	3	6	2	2	0	0	0
Cornwall	5	10	0	3	5	2	1	0	0	0
Dorset	5	3	0	3	4	2	2	4	8	0
Hants	4	8	0	3	0	2	5	1	1	0
Suffex	4	4	0	0	0	2	2	4	0	0
Kent	4	2	0	2	8	2	3	3	0	0

W A L E S, July 3, to July 8, 1786.

North Wales	6	7	4	6	3	7	2	2	5	0
South Wales	5	9	4	1	3	8	1	4	9	0

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

J U N E,		
BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
28—29	99 — 68	W.
29—30	04 — 67	S.
30—29	97 — 66	W.

J U L Y,		
BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
1—30	10 — 66	W.S.W.
2—30	10 — 68	W.
3—30	00 — 66	W.
4—30	05 — 67	W.
5—30	25 — 64	N.
6—30	00 — 64	N.
7—29	92 — 64	N.
8—29	80 — 63	N.
9—29	70 — 60	N.
10—29	76 — 63	N.
11—29	94 — 60	N.N.E.
12—30	20 — 64	N.
13—30	40 — 65	N.
14—30	49 — 63	N.
15—30	38 — 67	N.
16—30	30 — 68	N.
17—30	23 — 70	N.
18—30	20 — 66	N.
19—30	12 — 69	N.E.

20—29	92	64	N.
21—29	87	70	W.N.W.
22—29	90	71	S.S.W.
23—29	89	65	5 W.
24—29	94	67	N.
25—30	00	69	W.
26—29	80	69	W.S.W.
27—29	80	68	W.

P R I C E of STOCKS,

July 28, 1786.

Bank Stock, 149 $\frac{7}{8}$	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann.
New 4 per Cent. India Bonds, 80s.	1777, 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ 3-8ths prem.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 111 7 8ths, a 112 $\frac{1}{2}$	New Navy and Vict. Bills —
3 per Cent. Bank red. 75 $\frac{3}{4}$	Long Ann. 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ yrs. pur.
8 per Cent Conf. 74 7-8ths & 75 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 years Short Ann. 1777, —
3 per Cent. 1726, —	30 years Ann. 1778, —
3 per Cent. 1751, flut	14 7-8ths, 15-16ths, yrs. pur.
South Sea Stock, flut	Old S. S. An. —
Old S. S. An. —	Exchequer Bills, —
New S. S. Ann. flut	Lot. Tick. 141. 119 6d.
India Stock, —	

P R E F A C E.

THE Proprietors of **THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE** having now experienced the favour of the **PUBLIC** through nine volumes, and, with satisfaction, perceiving its attention increase with every publication; can, in the present Address, do little more than return their acknowledgments for the favours with which they have been honoured, and solicit the future assistance of their learned and ingenious correspondents. By their aid, they have been enabled to put forth a periodical work, which, they flatter themselves, will not suffer by any comparison that may be made with those of their competitors. For the original pieces they are chiefly indebted to writers who have been long known and approved by the world; and they trust that the selection of the whole is such, as will not disgrace the productions of any author. From the assistance they have already received, as well as that which they have been promised, they are encouraged to hope, that the present work will continue to deserve and to command the approbation it has experienced.

As a proof that they have not been wanting on their parts, they might refer to the **PLATES** which ornament the last volumes, and which they presume to hope will meet with the approbation of the most fastidious observer. They are already in possession of several, for the continuation of the work, which need only to be seen to ensure approbation; and they have many others in forwardness, of equal beauty and value. On the commencement of the present volume, they have also caused a new letter to be cast for it by **Mr. CASLOW**, which they do not doubt will prove pleasing to every reader.

THEY beg leave, on the present occasion, to repeat their acknowledgments to the **PUBLIC** and their **FRIENDS**; to assure them, that they will not slacken their endeavours to inform and entertain them; and they have some confidence, that **THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE** will, as it proceeds, be acknowledged to be the most copious and faithful Repository of the Literature, the Amusements, and the Politics of the times.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.

THE Affectionate Father; a Sentimental Comedy. Together with Essays on various Subjects. By James Nelson. 8vo. 5s. Doddsley.

Saint Peter's Lodge; a Serio-Comic Legendary Tale, in Hudibrastic Verse. By the Author of the Register-Office. 8vo. 1s. Davis.

An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces. Vol. II. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Debrett.

The Poems of Mr. Gray; with Notes by Gilbert Wakefield, A. B. 8vo. Kearsley. 5s.

Farewell Odes to the Royal Academicians, for the Year 1786. By Peter Pindar, Esq. 4to. Kearsley. 2s.

The Scottish Village; or, Pitcairn Green: A Poem. By Mrs. Cowley. 4to. Robinson. 2s.

The Commemoration of Handel: A Poem. 4to. Cadell. 1s.

An Ode on the Immortality of the Soul; and Life: An Elegy. By John Walters, M. A. 4to. Johnson. 1s. 6d.

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The Miscellaneous Works of Charles Colignon, M. D. 4to. 1l. 1s. White.

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Letters and Papers on Agriculture, Planting, &c. by the Bath Society, vol. III. 8vo. Dilly. 2s.

The Observer, in 3 vols. by Richard Cumberland, Esq; 8vo. Dilly, 10s. 6d.

The Memorial of Prince Louis Reni Edouard, Cardinal de Rohan, 8vo. Jarvis. 3s. 6d.

Manon L'Escaut; or, The Fatal Attachment. A French Story, 2 vols. 12mo. Cadell. 6s.

The Adventures of Lucifer in London, in a Series of Letters to the Right Hon. Lord President of the Stygian Council, 12mo. Debrett. 3s.

An Arabian Tale, from an unpublished Manuscript, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, 8vo. Johnson. 4s.

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Sepulchral Monuments in Great Britain, applied to illustrate the History of Families, Manners, Habits and Arts, at the different Periods from the Norman Conquest to the 17th Century, fol. Payne. 6l. 6s.

Historical Tracts of Sir John Davies, Attorney General, and Speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland, 8vo. Stockdale. 6s.

POLITICAL.

An Explanation of the Case relating to the Capture of St. Eustatius, 8vo. Stockdale. 1s.

Hints respecting the Publick Police, by H. Zouch, Clerk, 8vo. Stockdale, 1s.

DIVINITY.

A Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Durham, in the Year 1751. By Joseph Butler, L. E. D. Bishop of Durham. Republished by Dr. Hallifax, Bishop of Gloucester. 8vo. Cadell. 2s. 6d.

A Sermon, preached at the Old Jewry, on the 26th of April, 1786, on Occasion of a New Academical Institution among the Protestant Dissenters for the Education of their Ministers and Youth. By Andrew Kippis, D. D. F. R. S. and S. A. 8vo. Cadell. 1s.

BANKRUPTS, JULY 1786.

Thomas Hooper, of Longham, in the parish of Hampreston, Dorsetshire, merchant. John Kennedy, of Liverpool, druggist. Lewis Pantin, of Southampton-street, in the Strand goldsmith. Thomas Price, of Leadenhall-market, salesman. John Histed, of Westerham, Keg, dealer in horses. David Freaston, of Liverpool, iron-monger. Israel Elliot, late of Aldermanbury, oilman. William Jones, of Bristol, linen-droper. William Chilcott the younger, and Thomas Chilcott, of Bristol, linen-droppers. Stephen Jones, late of Old-street, leather-seller. Benjamin Holdsworth, of Watling-street, haberdasher. Benjamin Brad-

nock, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, dealer. Luke Cockroft, late of Booth-town, Yorkshire, stuff-merchant. William Good, of Ravenstone, Derbyshire, maltster. William Wright, of Mansfield, Nottingham, grocer. Thomas North, of Kington-upon-Hull, wine-merchant. George Pears, of High-street, Surrey, mercer. Thomas West, of Brentford, Middlesex, felt-maker. Edward Baldwin, of St. James's-market, butcher. Richard Braithwaite, of Swansea, Glamorganshire, timber-merchant. Christ. White, of Colchester, Essex, innholder. William Millett, of Ilminster, Somersetshire, shop-keeper.

No. 9
THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW;
For JULY, 1786.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

*An ACCOUNT of Mrs. PIOZZI.

[With an EXCELLENT LIKENESS of HER, from an Original Painting.]

MRS. PIOZZI, better known by the name of **THRALE**, is the daughter of John Salisbury, of Bach-y-grag, in the county of Flint, Esq. by Hester Maria, daughter of Sir Thomas Cotton, of Cumbermere, in the county of Cheshire, Bart. Her parents were married in the year 1739, as we learn from an inscription written by Dr. Johnson to the memory of her mother*. Her uncle, by her father's side, was Sir Thomas Salisbury, a gentleman who rose to considerable eminence as a civilian in Doctors Commons. In the month of October 1763, she united herself in marriage with Mr. Henry Thrale, whose ancestor, from a very low situation, acquired a great fortune with reputation as a brewer, in the Borough. Mrs. Thrale, as we shall at present call her, by means of a very careful education, united with excellent talents, early aspired to eminence in literature, and by means of the friendly intercourse which subsisted between her family and Dr. Johnson, has obtained no inconsiderable portion of literary reputation. Her first acquaintance with this gentleman we shall communicate in her own words: "The first time I ever saw this extraordinary man was in the year 1764, when Mr. Murphy, who had long been the friend and confidential intimate of Mr. Thrale, persuaded him to wish for Dr. Johnson's conversation, extolling it in terms which that of no other person could have deserved, till we were only in doubt how to obtain his company, and find an excuse for the invitation. The celebrated Mr. Woodhouse, a shoemaker, whose verses were at that time the subject of com-

mon discourse, soon afforded a pretence, and Mr. Murphy brought Dr. Johnson to meet him, giving me general cautions not to be surprised at his figure, dress, or behaviour. Dr. Johnson liked his new acquaintance so much, however, that from that time he dined with us every Thursday through the winter, and in the autumn of the next year he followed us to Brighton, whence we were gone before his arrival; so that he was disappointed and enraged, and wrote us a letter expressive of anger, which we were very desirous to pacify, and to obtain his company again, if possible. Mr. Murphy brought him back to us again very kindly; and from that time his visits grew more frequent, till, in the year 1766, his health, which he had always complained of, grew so exceedingly bad, that he could not stir out of his room in the court he inhabited, for many weeks together; I think months †."

At this juncture, Mr. Thrale recommended to his wife to endeavour to prevail on Dr. Johnson to quit his cloister-habitation in the court and come to Stratham, the country residence of Mr. Thrale, where she had the happiness of contributing to the restoration of the Doctor's health, who from that period became a constant visitor, and for the greater part of his time an inmate in the family.

After this event, which appears the most conspicuous one respecting Mrs. Thrale, years passed on with few varieties: the even tenor of her life was no otherwise interrupted than by the increase or diminution of her family. Domestic employments and literary pursuits filled up

* Anecdotes, p. 131.

† Ib. p. 135.

her time. In the company of Dr. Johnson she acquired reputation and respect, and from his conversation a considerable advantage to her intellectual faculties, which she appears to have cultivated with great diligence and success. In 1773, she lost her mother; and in 1781, death deprived her of her husband. From this period she probably resolved to release herself from the restraints which Dr. Johnson's unaccommodating manners laid upon her. With great fairness she has informed the world, that after Mr. Thrale's death, who had a very powerful influence over the Doctor, and could make him suppress many rough answers, and soften many of his asperities, it grew extremely perplexing and difficult to live in the house with him, when the matter of it was no more; the worse indeed, because his dislikes grew capricious, and he could scarce bear to have any body come to the house whom it was absolutely necessary for her to see.

In consequence of this resolution, she took advantage of a lost law-suit, and pleaded inability of purse to remain longer in London and its vicinage. She had been crossed in her intentions of going abroad, and found it convenient, for every reason of health, peace, and pecuniary circumstances, to retire to Bath, where she knew Dr. Johnson would not follow her. This measure being adopted, it was immediately carried into execution. She continued, however, to correspond with the Doctor until near the time of her marriage to Mr. Piozzi, which took place the

25th of July 1784. It has generally been supposed that a warm, if not rude, expostulation on the part of the Doctor against this step dissolved a friendship of almost twenty years standing.

Soon after her union with Mr. Piozzi she left England, and has since visited many parts of Europe. During her residence in Florence, she, together with some English gentlemen, formed a very entertaining miscellany, under the title of the place of her abode. Her performances in this collection have been already given in several of our late Magazines; and, together with "The Three Warnings," a tale; a translation of Boileau's Epistle to his Gardener, first printed in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies; and a Prologue to "The Royal Suppliants," comprehend the whole of her Poetical Works.

From the Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, a book which has afforded as much entertainment as any one of the five that we recollect, and which has given birth to more of the effusions of spleen and the severity of criticism than it seems to deserve, we have derived most of this article. We are promised, at a future time, a volume of Dr. Johnson's Letters, which, from the specimens we have given in former volumes of this work of his correspondence, we expect with some impatience. Public report hints, that Mrs. Piozzi will return to England in the course of next winter, and that her husband will then be naturalized, and assume the name of Salisbury.

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION and of EUROPE, for JULY, 1786. No. XXIX.

THIS month commenced with a noise about two pensions; the one conferred on one of our American Generals, his wife, and sons, during their respective lives; the other, upon that same General's Commissary-General, during his life; which shews how harmonious and cordial the two Generals were, the military and the Commissary-General, and how steadily they still go on hand in hand. This haste was hardly stifled, when lo! the public consternation was again excited by the report of a peerage being conferred on the General! Every body may ask the reason of these accumulated favours of titles and honours; but few, perhaps, can assign the real efficient cause, until the patent of creation comes forth, to which we must refer; with this observation, that if the General has merited a peerage, surely his Commissary-General and his confidential friend may expect a baronetage added to

his pension. In this, however, we may be mistaken; for the ways of Ministers of state are incomprehensible to men of common sense and moderate intellects. It signifies little to observe the contradictions between the Royal message and the ministerial comments upon it respecting those pensions, and the motives inductive of the same: let them rest in peace.

This same month has been productive of much variety to the Royal Family, of a striking pungent nature. Britannia saw three more of her Royal Sons torn from her bosom, to be embraced by a foreign step-dance! She saw, she wondered, and she wept, either at her own unworthiness or their unkindness, or both. She had the mortification to see five of these Royal youths transplanted (besides a sixth for a time) to suck foreign juices, acquire foreign habits, and learn foreign laws, customs, and principles, and to grow up in-

glorious branches grafted on foreign stocks ! Even the Prince next but one to the Throne has undergone a civil exile of seven years, or nearly so, without once re-visiting his native land, so far as we know of. There may be a meaning in all this, but we cannot develop it to the honour of our country.

Immediately on the departure of the younger branches, a rumour spread of a misunderstanding between the Royal Father and his eldest Son, the heir-apparent, concerning a farther pecuniary aid than the Parent has yet thought proper to ask of Parliament for him. This report has been followed by some steps of the Prince which bear striking marks of the reality of the report. For want, however, of sufficient authentic documents of the particulars that have occasioned this expectation of the Son, and also the disappointment from the father, we are incompetent at present to reason upon it. Only in general we are free to say, that a good father must be the best judge of the wants and necessities of his son, which are real and which imaginary ; which of his expences are laudable and praise-worthy, and which are imprudent, unwarrantable, and reprehensible, consequently which should be encouraged and which rejected. It is therefore proper, on the general grounds of nature, reason, morality, and sound policy, for the Son to submit with patience and resignation to the wholesome check and controul of the Parent and Sovereign, until ways and means may be found out to bring all matters in dispute to a happy issue. Looking at things in this general view, we scruple not to say, that the prudence is where it ought to be, on the Parent's side ; and those who want to persuade the Son otherwise, are not his true friends, but concealed enemies to his family, himself, and his own future government.

• It would seem that this month (uncommonly cold and chilly a great part of it for the season) has been the hot-bed season of political events in a time of peace. A transaction has transpired through the House of Lords, in their investigation of a bill, which at first sight blackens human nature, and degrades the name of Statesman below all possible degree of contempt. That Ministers of state, entrusted with the reins of government and the general welfare of a great nation, should connive with enemies, rebels, and traitors, combined against our country, give them up the vouchers and proofs of their own criminality, which ought to bring them to an untimely end, and thereby arm those very rebels and traitors to turn upon their coun-

querors, the true, the faithful, and ardent defenders of our country, assertors of her just rights ; to tease, to harrass, to distract, and even ruin those great men, heroes indeed, for their many and eminent services done to the commonwealth ! this is a train of conduct or misconduct, of baseness, treachery—we know not what name to call it by—our laws, our constitution, even our language, does not furnish a term adequately expressive of the foul deed ! We hope no man or woman, however elevated in rank or station, will dare to open their mouths, or drop a hint in vindication or extenuation of the horrid crime, by way of averting just vengeance from falling on the guilty heads.

The second amendment of the East-India regulating act, after much debate and alteration, passed both Houses, and received the royal assent, at the time when the East-India Directors were quarrelling with their new masters or comptrollers about the construction and execution of the former regulating acts. They spoke too late, when speaking, murmuring, and grumbling can be of no avail : they ought to have seen into the nature and tendency of these new regulations, and resisted them before they passed into laws. But a blind submission to, and tame acquiescence in, the dictates of the Minister, whosoever he may be, has marked all their conduct of late years ; therefore they are no longer free agents, becoming the trustees of a great trading Company, but the humble obedient servants of the Minister, by the instrumentality of his new-invented Board of Controul : it is for the Minister to command ; it is for them to obey.

Towards the close of the Session the Minister brought into a very thin House a Royal message, recommending an enquiry into the state of the Crown lands, which he afterwards converted into a parliamentary commission for disposing of the same ; a measure very different from the purport of the message. We lament that the solid property annexed to the Crown (should, by the artifice and finess of a Minister or Ministry, so easily, not to say rashly, be put up to public sale for the purpose of paying the national debt. The lands may soon be sold, but the debt may never be paid ; and we may say, the sale of the Crown lands, if actually carried into execution, will do little towards it. We wish the Minister would content himself with sporting in little things that are retrievable, and not in great things that are and must be irretrievable. Perhaps his Majesty may suspend the execution of this commission.

til Parliament in both Houses can have a revision of what has been done in very thin Houses, in a manner nearly touching his own interest, his family's and posterity's interest. There can no harm accrue from a short delay of this business; much may ensue from a precipitate execution of it.

The Wine-duty bill too has surmounted all difficulties, and passed into a law; there we must leave it, to shew its good or bad qualities in the course of its being carried into execution. The wine-merchants and vintners will soon inform us of its good effects.

This month has likewise seen closed the late Session of Parliament, by his Majesty's most gracious Speech to both Houses, informing them that foreign Princes have assured him of their pacific intentions. How far these assurances are to be believed, is better deducible from their actions than their words, which are generally more words of course, calculated to amuse and deceive the unwary and unwise. We may judge of the Grand Monarch's intentions by his extraordinary exertions with unremitting assiduity to promote, improve, and increase his navy, and to combat nature itself in preparing accommodations and secure havens for his ships.

The Emperor has little to do with us as Britons, whatever he may have to say to our Sovereign in his electoral and ducal capacity; but we may judge from his commercial edicts, that he is not over-friendly to our nation more than to our Hanoverian brethren.

We have heard much of the progress of the state of our commercial treaties with France as well as with Russia; we should have yielded more credit to it if announced in the Royal Speech: those who expected it are disappointed; nevertheless it serves our diurnal politicians as matter of panegyric upon the Ministers for the time being.

Spain has not yet vouchsafed to honour us with an Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, altho' we kept one loitering on the way to Madrid two years, waiting the approach of the Spanish grandee to our dominions, but in vain; and it is said we have one now on tiptoe waiting the certain intelligence of the Don being set out on his journey.

Our Ambassador at the Hague, poor man! keeps plying their High Mightinesses with Memorial upon Memorial, to very little purpose: so far from honouring his Excellency with a friendly answer, the Dutch Burgomasters stem to turn their backs upon him, by adjourning for three weeks, without even a complimentary acknowledgement of the receipt of his favour.

The King of Prussia, if he means to do anything warlike with the Mynheers, or any body else, will be very ready and willing to take our money, as usual, and convert it to his own purposes; but nothing further. Thus we stand with Europe at present: if any sound politician will make us out a better case, he shall have our thanks.

An ACCOUNT of KNIGHT'S HILL FARM.

[Illustrated with an ELEGANT ENGRAVING.]

KNIGHT'S HILL FARM, the villa of the Right Honourable Edward Lord Thurlow, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, is situated between Dulwich and Norwood. When his Lordship purchased it a few years since, it was a common farm-house. He has since caused it to be new fronted, and some additional apartments and offices have been built, and the

gardens and adjacent grounds laid out in a pleasing taste; in which, however, utility has not been sacrificed to show. From its vicinity to town, and agreeable situation, it has become the favourite residence of his Lordship, when he is disposed to exchange the pomp of state for the pleasures of retirement and domestic felicity.

The ADVANTAGES of SCEPTICISM.

NUMBERLESS are the errors to which we are liable, when we believe things upon the credit of others. By discouraging our doubts, we voluntarily set limits to our knowledge.

One day, says a certain Eastern writer,

I enquired of a philosopher, by what means he had gained so much wisdom? "I gained it (replied he) by imitating the blind, who never move a step till they have sounded with their stick the ground on which they are to trust themselves."

INSTANCES of EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION of DEAD BODIES
IN THEIR RESPECTIVE GRAVES.

[From Mr. GOUGH's "SEFULCHRAL MONUMENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN:"]

THE body of Archbishop Elphege, who was murdered by the Danes at Greenwich, 1012, and buried at London, was found ten years after "ab omni corruptionis tabe immune," and transferred to Canterbury*.

The corpse of Etheldritha, foundress of Ely monastery, was seen through a hole which the Danes broke in her coffin; a priest, more forward than the rest, prying too busily, and endeavouring to pull the envelope out by a cleft stick, the saint drew back the drapery so hastily, that she tript up his heels, and gave him such a fall as he never recovered, nor his senses afterwards. Bishop Athelwold stoppt up the hole, and substituted monks to the priests. Abbot Brithnoth transferred hither the body of Withburga, the foundress's sister: and when afterwards, in the time of Abbot Richard, some doubts were entertained about the incorruptibility of the foundress, no body presumed to examine her body; but they contented themselves with uncovering that of her sister "ultra mammas," who was found to be in such good preservation, that she seemed more like a person asleep than dead: a silk cushion lay under her head; her veil and vestments all seemed as good as new; her complexion clear and rosy; her teeth white, her lips somewhat shrunk, and her breasts reduced †.

"In the year 1497, in the month of April, as labourers digged for the foundation of a wall within the church of St. Mary-hill, nere unto Bilinggate, they found a coffin of rotten timber, and therein the corpse of a woman, whole of skinne and bones undissevered, and the joynts of her arms plyable without breaking of the skin, upon whose sepulcher this was engraven:

"Here lye the bodies of Richard Hackney, fishmonger, and Alice his wife; which Richard was sheriff in the 15th of Edward II."

"Her body was kept above ground three or four dayes without noyance; but then it waxed unfavory, and was again buried †."

In the curious and ancient registers of this parish is the following entry, alluding to this fact: A receipt of of seven shillings

and eight pence, from John Halked, grocer, paid by Thomas Colyn, 1496, "for the obyt and setting up the tombe, and buryinge of Richard Hackney, and Alya his wyff, the xx day of Marche." And in another book a charge "for lyme, sand, and for mason's huyr and his laborer, making ageyne of their tombe, and their dyrge, and masse and masse peny, and for the ryysking to the priests, and to the parishioners for al maner of charges."

The body of Robert Braybroke, Bishop of London, who died 1404, and was buried in his cathedral, though he had expressly forbidden any persons to be buried in it, under pain of excommunication, being dug up after the Fire, was found complete and compact from head to foot, except an accidental wound in the left side of the skull, and left breast, within which one might perceive the lungs and entrails dried up without dissolution, or any kind of decay †. Notwithstanding it had been exposed to the air in the damp earth, or ground-floor of the chapter-house, and to the sight and handling of most spectators for two or three years together, the flesh kept firm on the neck, and the whole weight of the body, which was but nine pounds, was supported on the tip-toes; the bones and nerves continuing all as they were stretched out after death, without having any Egyptian art used to make mummy of the carcase; for on the closest examination, it did not appear to have been embowelled or embalmed at all. On the right cheek was flesh and hair very visible, enough to give some notice of his visage and stature, which was but ordinary, and so easy to be taken up, by reason of the lightness of the whole body, that it could be held up with one hand, and all of it looked rather like singed bacon, as if it had been dried up in a hot place (according to the appearance of St. Charles at Milan, or St. Catherine at Bologna) than as if it had been cured by surgeons, or wrapt up in cærecloth, there being no part of the whole covered or put on by art, or taken off as aforesaid, as far as could be perceived.

The body of William Parr, Marquis of Northampton, brother to Queen Catherine Parr, who died 1571, was found in

* Malmf. Digest. Reg. II. p. 35. a. London, Ed. 1633. from Fabian's Chronicle. of it, Antiquarian Repertory, II. p. 57.

† Ib. 167. b. † Stow London. † See Lord Coleraine's Account

making a common grave in the choir of St. Mary's church, Warwick, about 1620, perfect, and the skin entire, dried to the bones, rosemary and bay laying in the coffin, fresh and green, preserved by the dryness of the ground, it being above the arches of the fair vault under the choir, and of sand mixed with lime rubbish*.

The body of Dr. Caius, who died 1573, was found entire and perfect when the chapel at his college was rebuilt and lengthened 1725, and his tomb raised from the ground, and placed in the wall as it now stands †. His beard was very long, and on comparing his picture with his visage, it is said there was a great resemblance †.

The body of Humphry Duke of Gloucester was found entire, in pickle, in a vault in the choir at St. Alban's, 1747.

Some bodies of the Engayne family were, not many years ago, discovered in the same state, in repairing the family vault near Upminster.

In the south aisle of the choir of the Abbey-church at Bath, is a free-stone monument, a kind of sarcophagus, under a canopy supported by six pillars of the Ionic Order. In the sarcophagus are lodged two bodies, in slight oak coffins, one upon another. The man, who lies uppermost, is reduced to a skeleton, with the skin completely dried on the breast and belly, and the hair of his head, chin and chest, perfectly preserved, that on his head thin and red. His head reclines to the right, the jaw fallen; his arms stretched by his side; the right hand lies on his right thigh; the left arm pendent; the nails on the great toe and third toe of his left-foot perfect and long, and the leader of the leg complete; the toes of the right foot less perfect. The body measures five feet ten inches: pieces of the wrapper remain between the thighs and legs. The woman, who, by being placed under the other coffin, was not discovered till within the last six or seven years, is completely enveloped in a wrapper of linen, incrustated with wax or some preparation, which, when first opened, was white, but is now turned to a yellow colour. The outer swathing is gone, but the web of the linen may be seen in that part which has been broken into, and which discovers the left hand dried like the man's, and lying on the belly; this corpse measures five feet four

inches, and the head reclines to the left. By the falling of the man's jaw, it may be presumed his corpse was never swathed. Tradition, supported by some printed account which I have not been able to meet with, ascribes this monument to one Thomas Lychefield (Lutanist to Queen Elizabeth) and Margaret his wife. The arms on the top are, Barry, or, a fess crotty by a bend. Crest, an armed arm and hand, holding a ring or garland. It is pretended that a sum of money was left to have the monument opened at certain stated times; but this depends entirely on the consent of the church-wardens, by whose favour I was permitted to take a view this summer (1784), and thereby enabled to give the above particulars.

About the year 1737, were found in St. Margaret's church-yard, Westminster, in a dry gravelly soil, at the depth of about 18 feet, or less, which had not been broken up for above fifty years before, three entire fir coffins; the two largest clamped together with iron, as boxes sometimes are. In one was a fat, broad-faced man; the body perfect and soft, as if just dead; the lid had been glewed together, lengthways, and the weight of the earth had prest down his nose; his beard was about half an inch long; the winding-sheet was crape, tied with black ribbons; and the thumbs and toes with the like; the date was composed of small nails (1665) by which it appeared he had been dead seventy-two years; as were also the figure of an hour-glass, death's head, and cross bones. In the second coffin was a female body, in the same state, in a white crape winding-sheet, date 1673. And in the third a male child, perfect and beautiful as wax-work; the eyes open and clear, but no date on the coffin. In one of the larger coffins was a dry nosegay of bay and other leaves and flowers, which appeared like a nosegay that had lain a year among linen. These bodies changed within twelve hours after they were exposed †.

A woman was found in the same church-yard, 1758, in an old coffin. The body was four feet eleven inches long; the skin and flesh entirely dried up, like old parchment, which it much resembled in colour. The features were perfect, except the nose and part of the upper lip; the nails were all on the hands, and on the left foot

* Dugdale, Bar. II. 382.

† Blomf. Norf. II. 212.

‡ Ibid.

Collect. Cantab. p. 100. See a curious account of an embalment of a corpse near Riom in Auvergne, Gent. Mag. xxvi. p. 332. 334.

|| Kirkpatrick's

Reflections on the Causes that may retard the Putrefaction of dead Bodies, 1751.

Ph. p. 65. 27.

something like a very thick thread stocking*.

A few years ago two dried bodies of men, who, by the inscriptions on the coffins, appear to have been a drummer and trumpeter to King George I. were taken out of the vaults under St. Martin's church-yard in the Fields, and made a shew of, till Dr. Hamilton, the Rector, ordered them to be restored to their places.

To these may be added, the famous instance of a poor parish-boy, supposed to have been shut into a vault in St. Botolph's church, Aldgate, and starved to death, at the time of the plague; 1665, since which time the vault was known not to have been opened, where he was found 1742, with the fancied marks of having gnawed his shoulder, only, perhaps, because his head reclined towards it. The skin, fibres, and intestines were all dried, and very little of his bones appeared. The body weighed about eighteen pounds, and was as exact a counterpart of Lichfield's as could be. No sign of any embalment appear, and the body is perfectly free from any fetid or other smell †.

In February 1750, in a vault of the ancient family of the Worths at Staverton, near Totness, Devon, was found in a single wooden coffin the body of a man, entire and uncorrupt; his flesh solid and not hard; his joints flexible as if just dead; his fibres and flesh retained their natural elasticity; his beard was black and about four inches long, and the flesh no where discoloured; the lips sound, and some of the teeth loose. The body never was embalmed, as there was not the least sign of incision, and the bowels seem to be still entire. It was wrapped in a linen sheet very white and dry, over which was a tar cloth. The coffin lay nine feet under water. By the register it appeared that the last person buried in this vault was Simon Worth, 1669, and the tradition of the parish was, that he died in France or Flanders, and was brought over to be buried †.

Leland says † that he saw in St. Peter's Abbey-church at Bath, a fair great marble tomb of a bishop of Bath, out of which they said oil did distil, and likely for his body was baumed plentifully.

Antient chemistry made people fancy that bodies could be preserved with the resemblance of real life, by means of a precious liquor circulating through every part in golden tubes artificially disposed, and operating on the principles of vegetation ¶.

In the peat mosses of Derbyshire were found the bodies of a man and woman entire, twenty-eight years and nine months after their interment, having perished in the snow; the joints flexible, and the flesh fresh and white **.

On the moors of Amcotts, in the isle of Axholme, was found, about six feet below the surface, a female body lying on its side; the head and feet almost together; entire, soft, and plyable; the skin of a tawny colour, strong as tanned leather, and stretched like it; the hair fresh; the bones of the legs and arms shooed out of the skin; the grisly part of the heel, and the nails fresh; but both the hands and nails shrunk on being exposed to the air. It had on sandals, made of one piece of raw hide, with a seam at the heel, and a thong to the same, and tanned of the same colour with the corpse, by the moor water. Mr. Vertue referred the form of it to the time of Henry III. or Edward I. A body was taken up on the moors at Geel, and another in the great moor near Thorn, with the skin like tanned leather, the hair, teeth, and nails quite fresh, ††.

There was found at Locherby moss, in the stewarty of Annandale, the body of a man of gigantic stature; his upper coat appeared to have been made of the skins of beasts; his shoes of the same, and in the fashion of rullions worn by the ancient Scots, and at this day by some of the Highlanders, sewed together in a new and wonderful taste. The corpse was found four feet under the moss, with a heap of stones above it; the flesh seemed somewhat fresh on the bones when first discovered, but being brought to the bank, mouldered to ashes ††.

In the mosses of Salla or Stennets Island, Shejland, was found a female corpse which had lain above eighty years. Every part was so well preserved, that the muscles were discernible, the hair of her head, and the gloves on her hands ¶¶.

* Gent. Mag. 1758. 572.

† It was in the possession of Mr. Rogers of Maiden-lane, Wood-street, where a print of it, by R. Rogers, was sold for two shillings.

‡ Kirkpatrick ubi sup. p. 8.

¶ War-ton's Hist. of English Poetry, II. 98.

¶ Balcuy in Phil. Transf. No. 434.

¶ Phil. Transf. 484. p. 571—575. Dr. Shaw, in his Edition of Bacon's Works, III. 571, proposes an enquiry, whether tanning may not be applied to dead bodies.

¶ Caledonian Mercury, 20th Nov. 1742. See in Archæologia, VII. 90—110, Lady Moira's Account of a Skeleton and its habits, found in a peat turbary, at the foot of Mount Drumkeragh, in the county of Down, from whence she deduced a complete system of Irish apparel.

¶ Itin. II. fo. 39.

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¶ Lowe's MSS.

The tomb which once contained the famous national mummies, is at the south-east corner of the island of Stroma, on a small neck of land, near the sea bank. Mr. Lowe was in full hopes of being gratified with a sight of them entire as formerly, but was highly disappointed, when entering the tomb he saw only two bare skulls laid apart, and in the bottom of the vault, which is full of sheep's dung, a few leg and thigh bones, with others, but all quite bare, and no appearance of what they had been, nor could one have judged from their look that they had been preserved above ground. He was informed by the inhabitants of the island, that curiosity to see the mummies had brought many idle people to Stroma; that some, out of wantonness, had shattered the door, and others the bodies; and the door not being repaired, sheep and cattle entered the vault, and trampled them to pieces. There is little doubt but their bodies have been preserved without any farther preparation than excluding insects by the saltness of the air. Even the situation of the tomb favours this, which is surrounded on three sides by the sea. It was a common custom in the Isles to preserve beef and mutton by hanging it in the caves of the sea, which effectually resisted putrefaction by the saltness of the air; and there is little doubt but this has been the case with the bodies at Stroma, which were light and thin, the limbs flexible; certain signs of inartificial preservation*.

The corpse brought from Teneriffe, by Captain Young of his Majesty's ship *Weazle*, and presented to Lord Sandwich, who gave it to Trinity College, Cambridge, is entire and perfect in all its parts. The skin is of a deep tawny brown, dry and hard, but many of the muscular parts so prominent, as to be easily defined. The body is laid out at full length; the hands brought together over the belly; the nails, except a few, remain on the fingers and toes, both which are connected and secured by thongs, probably of goat's leather, continued round each finger and toe. It is five feet one inch long, and weighs only thirty pounds. The hair of the head, which has almost all fallen off since its exposure, is of a darkish black colour, and curled deeply, a few hairs on the chin short and stiff. The face is the least perfect part, having suffered by some violence, and the upper jaw on the right side beat in, so as to be now nearly in the mid-

dle of the palate, and the parietal bone on that side projects considerably over; yet there is no apparent fracture, so that it is, perhaps, owing to the resistance made by the hardness of the skin in that place. The bones of the nose were gone, and the skin in this part is so flexible as to be capable of being somewhat elevated, and here it feels like tanned leather. A probe passes freely into the orbits of the eyes, and quite back into the cavity of the skull, through which the optic nerves pass; likewise perpendicularly into the skull, through a small hole in the top of the head. There appears to have been an incision made horizontally on the right side of the abdomen, which is sewed up again, by which probably the intestines were extracted. There are likewise cuts about an inch long, one on the back part of each thigh, and one on the calf of each leg, through which a probe will easily pass down without any resistance. As the neck has never been cut through, the muscles and teguments being completely whole all round, and there is no mark of the cranium having been sawn through, and the scalp is likewise nearly entire, the brain cannot have been extracted by the former operation. May we not conjecture it was left in, and has waited to dust? This, at least, is known to be the appearance of its remains when examined in skulls buried in common graves. † Captain Young accidentally discovered the cave, which contained in its recesses a number of human corpses, not less than thirty, laid horizontally on their backs on the rugged stones, neatly sewed up in goat-skins, with the hair on, and in many parts very perfect. The cave was in its natural state, without any offensive smell from the bodies, and yielding a refreshing coolness ‡. Some of these bodies were seven feet one inch long, and he had ordered one of these dimensions to be brought off; but there was some mistake which prevented his orders being obeyed. He was informed there were many such caves so filled in the island, and held in such reverence by the inhabitants, that it was deemed sacrilege to remove any of the bodies; not to mention that in general their situation is inaccessible. The goat-skin is of a light brown colour, seemingly tanned, and retaining the hair, the seam remarkably strong and neat, and the thread of a fine tough animal substance, like catgut. This account is also given by former travellers, by Mr. Ni-

* Lowe's MSS.

† Account of this mummy by Dr. Colignon.

‡ See a curious paper on this subject, by the Rev. Dr. Lort, in the minute book of the Society of Antiquaries, vol. XIII. p. 368. 1774.

cholla, in Hackluyt's Voyage *, in Sprat's History of the Royal Society, and by Glafs in his Account of the Canaries †. The latter adds, that after swathing the body

round with bandages of goat-skins, they fixed it upright in a cave, cloathed in the same garments as the deceased wore when alive.

ANECDOTES of GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, Esq.

THIS singular character, who afforded much entertainment to the circle of his acquaintance, seems to claim some notice on his departure out of the world. He united in his own person talents and absurdity, genius and application, law and poetry, in short, sense and nonsense; and was equally the butt and companion of the wits of his times and of his country.

He received his school-education under the Rev. Dr. Sheridan, the companion of Swift, then esteemed the first schoolmaster in Ireland. With him he remained until he was fitted for the university of Dublin.

"I was first," says he, speaking of himself, "intended for the church, and my passion was to be a Fellow of the said University; but Mr. Nixon, then the clerk of the Pleas-office of the Exchequer, having conceived a liking for me, offered to take me an apprentice to him, without any fee; and as in his office I might quickly earn somewhat to maintain me, these considerations induced my mother, whose finances were but small, and others, my relations and friends, to persuade me to accept of this offer, which I accordingly did, though against my inclinations abundantly. The consequence of this was, that for three years I gave but little attention to my business; and at length, having had some difference with my said law-master, and the then Spanish war being proclaimed, I left him, and engaged as a cadet in General Otway's regiment of foot, where I carried arms for near twelve months; at the end of which period, my relations and friends having again interfered, I returned to my service; in which I continued an additional year, to compensate for the time I had been absent: yet, for almost two years more, my application to the business in the profession was with much indifference; in which interval I not only wrote several little odes, which were inserted in our public papers of those times, but also formed the sketch of a tragedy on the story of Abradatus, Alafpes, and Panthea, in Xenophon, which I finished some short time after I had been sworn an attorney.

This piece was to have been exhibited on the stage in Ireland; but having, by preferring thus my pleasures to my profit, neglected some little suit, with which I had been entrusted, and thinking myself in honour bound to repair the loss (which was some cost in the cause) out of my own scanty finances, and recollecting what had been said to me by a very celebrated witty genius, on reading a translation by me of one of the odes of Horace into English verse, when I was at school, of which he approved, "That if I proceeded in the way I had begun, I might have the honour of starving in a garret;" on the very morning that the tragedy was to have been put into rehearsal, I threw the manuscript into the fire, and made a solemn vow not to write a line of poetry for five years."

Mr. Howard then applied assiduously, and with great success, to his profession of an attorney; "so that (says he) for two-and-twenty years and upwards, it was the astonishment of every one how I could possibly go through what I did; and yet in this interim, I published my *Treatises on the Law and Equity Side of the Exchequer*, in four large octavo volumes, and several other miscellaneous works in prose and verse." These treatises (he tells us in another place), and other works, "make no less than twelve volumes, relating to law, equity, and revenue; in the publication of which, notwithstanding their general utility hath (I believe) I may venture to say) been established, yet I have lost several hundreds by them, and if my time be taken into the account, I may also say some thousands." The latter part of a note, tending to account for these heavy losses, has these words: "Accidentally, my aforesaid first productions lay on my hands until they became an incumbrance to my house, having unluckily caused to be printed no less than two thousand sets of the said two first of my Treatises; so that I sold the large remainder of the impression thereof, for, I may say, next to nothing; and yet, by ambition and the thirst of fame impelled, I have still pursued these labours."

* Vol. II. p. 151. Copied in the Universal History, and the French Collection of Voyages.

† B. II. C. 4.

During

During this period of Mr. Howard's life, the following occurrences may perhaps not be wholly uninteresting, or unentertaining, to the reader; especially as they relate to the erection and improvement of two structures, now principal ornaments of the city of Dublin.

"In the year 1757, dining one day with the late Mr. Bristow, then one of the commissioners of the revenue, and others, shortly after Essex-bridge had been finished, at the then noted chop-house called *Sots-hole*, adjoining thereto, in the passage leading from the bridge to Essex-street, and lamenting the narrowness and irregularity of that passage, and being told that some of the houses there had been presented as nuisances, it was conceived that I should instantly apply to, and treat with the proprietors for a sufficient number of feet in depth to the front, so that the new houses to be built might range in a line with the walls of the bridge; and having succeeded, Mr. Bristow advanced the money, which he got from Parliament afterwards, and I drew up the heads of a bill, to widen not only that passage, but also all other narrow passages in the city which needed it; which having been passed into a law, I was appointed the sole conductor and manager thereof, under the commissioners thereby appointed; and, accordingly, the present grand passage to the seat of government was made, and parts of Essex and Dame street were widened.

"But while I was proceeding on this business, and the time had come for the several inhabitants to remove from their houses, some who were lodgers or room-keepers only, and had not by the last moment to continue their possession, after the money adjudged to their landlords had been paid to, and the deeds of conveyance executed by them, having conceived that they had a right to continue their possession six months after, and this coming to my knowledge on a Saturday, and that no less than fourteen bills for injunctions would be on the file before the Tuesday following, when the work was to begin, and knowing well the prodigious delay such suits would produce, I immediately directed the undertaker I had employed, to have as many workmen and labourers as he could get (as numbers had been engaged) ready with ladders and other tools and instruments, on a moment's warning, but with as much secrecy as possible, to unroof the several houses of those who were to file those bills; and, accordingly, a great number of them began some hours before it was day, and by eight o'clock in the

morning the flats were totally stripped off, and several of the inhabitants, men, women, and children, had run directly from their beds into the streets; some of them, in their fright, conceiving (it being then war-time) that the city had been taken by storm; whereupon, instead of injunctions, bills of indictment were talked of; but I heard no more of the matter, save that, for some time, it afforded excellent sport to the city.

"Immediately after this, the then chief governor, the Earl, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, who in greatness of soul is exceeded by none, sent to me, to attend him with the several surveys which had been taken of the passages; and when I brought them to him, having asked me (as it had been found it was not possible to carry on the aforesaid passage in a direct line with any entrance into the Castle-yard, without destroying a considerable part of the buildings therein, which could not be spared), if I had thought of any object as a termination for the new street? I told his Excellency, that a new chapel for Government had been thought of, with a high cupola; but as the merchants of Dublin had not any place to transact their public business in, save a coffee-house, and the open street, that an exchange would be most acceptable to them. He quickly adopted the idea; and never quitted the pursuit, until he got the ground for it, and a charter of incorporation from his Majesty, as appears by several letters I received from his Lordship after he returned to England, and had been created a Duke; and Lord Viscount Townshend, his successor, laid the first stone of it.

"Now, for all my ingenuity, labour and time in this, I may with safety say, if I did not lose, I never gained a shilling; for an association (to give it the mildest term) having been entered into by several persons, to purchase the grounds at a low rate, and I being informed of this, and regarding the trust reposed in me, and the advantage of the public, more than my interest, I not only bid myself, but got others to bid on me, until I raised the ground from 25 to 35s. and some of it more a foot, and from 21 to 25 years purchase; and afterwards gave up three feet of the ground I had purchased at the corner of Essex-street, for the new buildings, which were to have been ranged with the custom-house, to the great disadvantage of the two houses I afterwards built there, without exacting a shilling. I submitted it to the commissioners.

"And

“ And on the final settling of my accounts of many thousands of pounds, a resolution was made by the committee, who were appointed by the House of Commons for the purpose, on the 13th of February 1762, in which I am mentioned in such a way, as must ever give me the highest satisfaction; as must also the previous resolution of the 16th January 1762, by the commissioners appointed by Parliament, as to my whole conduct in that business.

“ And shortly after these my services, the freedom of the guild of merchants was granted me, which was followed by that of the city, without my knowing the least of the matter, until presented to me.”

In the short intervals of business, and even in the hours of sickness, Mr. Howard still maintained an intercourse with the Muses, which gave birth to various odes, idylls, epigrams, and no less than three tragedies. The manner in which Mr. Howard himself speaks of these several productions, and their origin, will, we conceive, amuse the reader.

“ Thus plunged in the pleasures of the imagination, it is easy to conceive, that the business or study of my profession, so diametrically opposite to them, could not fail of growing very irksome, if not quite disgusting; for if there be a being so the creation to which, above all others, the Muses bear an especial antipathy, it must be a deep-read, plodding, special pleader; nor is the sophister behind-hand in his aversion to them; however, I thought, whilst I retained my occupation in the profession, the closest attention thereto was not only a moral, but a religious and indispensable duty: wherefore as I ever was a most early riser in the morning, some hours before many of the men of business in this kingdom have a thought of stirring, and but very seldom waited an evening in the way that numbers of them do, so that, in general, I laboured about fourteen hours, sometimes fifteen, of the four and twenty, I determined with myself, that after nine or ten at farthest in the forenoon, I would not pay any further court to the Muses: but, alas! I found I had undertaken what I could not execute; an unfinished thought when I broke off intruded on me whilst I walked the streets, so that I have often slipped into shops and entries, and scribbled for minutes; on which account I was actually, in the last war, seized in the Castle-yard by a centinel as a spy, and brought to the guard-room, to the high entertainment of all who heard of it; and many are the accidents my limbs have met with when in this musing mood.

“ Wherefore had it not been for this talent for poetry, which, wherever it appears, however inferior it may be, is undoubtedly inborn, and therefore hard to be suppressed, I might have been worth many thousands more than I have been ever possessed of; for I most solemnly declare, that at any time of my life, I had far more pleasure in composing a single line of verification to my satisfaction, than in any pecuniary earning whatever.”

By this time our Reader is become acquainted with the *singularities*, as well as excellencies, of Mr. Howard. He will not wonder, therefore, that, in spite of all his embarrassments in the course of his poetical pursuits, and legal disquisitions, he afterwards adventured in the field of politics. Of all his literary campaigns this was the most arduous. There, as a loyal and courteous knight, he encountered the windmills of ridicule, and the giants of opposition. There he was, for years, overwhelmed with a torrent of wicked prose and verse, “ in the several volumes of the *Batchelor, Baratariana, and Pranceriana*,” and, above all, “ exposed and derided, by the Judas-like guests of his own table, in a poetical satire, entitled, “ *An Epistle to G. E. H. Esq; by Alderman George Faulkner, then printer of the Dublin Journal!*” For these, and sundry additional mortifications, our Author received little other consolation than his freedom of the city, a silver epergne from the Irish Catholics, and the occasional encomiums of his friends, Mr. James Solas Dodd, Mr. Charles Macklin, as well as of the several writers in the *Magazines and Reviews of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin*; for all which encomiums, it was maliciously and enviously flattered, as Mr. Howard assures, in the Irish papers, that “ he had paid five hundred pounds.”

Mr. Howard's works, however, have one claim to praise, which ought not to go unnoticed. In one of them he says, that he could challenge the world to find in any of his publications, poetical, political, or otherwise, a single syllable so the prejudice of his neighbour, or to the peace of society, in any respect against truth, or the strictest principles of religion and virtue.

We intended to have given a list of the works of this multifarious writer, which amount to fifteen volumes, four in quarto, and eleven in octavo; but finding it difficult to obtain copies of them in England, we are apprehensive the catalogue, unless perfect, would be of little value.

The most important of his performances are his three tragedies; viz.

(1) *Almeyda; or, the Rival Kings.* A tragedy taken from Hawkeſworth's *Almorán and Hamet.* 12mo. 1769.

(2) *The Siege of Tamor.* A tragedy. 12mo. 1773.

(3) *The Female Gameſter,* a tragedy. 12mo. 1778.

THE PAINS and PLEASURES of the language of Poets has always been warm and glowing in the representation of rural life: Horace, and Cowley, and Virgil, and Pope, and Dryden, and all the dramatists at his back, with the writers of pastoral and manufacturers of morality, are all animated by the description, and kindle as they go, whenever scenes of shade, and fun, and solitude, are the subject. Lowliness of degree, and happy humility of station (they argue), is a "richness" that Poverty enjoys, to the despair of Wealth. The man who passes his life in the country (they teach us to believe) indulges in the highest reliſhes of human felicity: the din of business and the distraction of debate, the jargon of coffee-houses and the clatter of courts, never interrupt him: He cultivates his land, and improves Nature, by which her bounties are not only dearer, but doubled. He congratulates himself that no foreign robes are necessary, nor foreign meals; and that he is not obliged to comply with every absurd prescription of the ever-shifting modes of the moment. He hugs himself in his home-bred plenty, and hugs himself with the quiet of his character, and laughs at the "laborious idleness" (as Kenrick calls it) of the rich and fashionable. It were, in a critical view, worth while to see how poets have sung and said alike, on this very florid subject. --- Listen to the similarity of the strains.

O fountains, when in you shall I,
O fields, O woods, when, when shall I
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches lie, that the
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From Heav'n did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too, thither. ---

So sings the poetical Cowley. ---

Who leads a quiet country life,
He views his herds in vales afar;
Or shears his over-burthen'd sheep,
Or mead, for cooling streams prepares;
Or in the new-declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And cluſtring grapes, with purple spread.
Sometimes beneath an antient oak,
Or on the matted graſs he lies:
No god of Sleep he need invoke,
The stream that o'er the pebbles flies,
With gentle ſumber crown'd his eyes,

Mr. Howard died in June 1786, at Dublin, possessed of a very considerable fortune, wholly acquired by his own industry and application. The news-papers have made it amount to no less than 60,000l.

RESIDENCE in the COUNTRY.

Happy the man whom bounteous gods allow,
With his own hands paternal ground to plough;
Like the first golden mortals, happy he,
From business and the cares of money free;
He sees the lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
While neighbouring hills lowe back to him
again;

And when the season, rich as well as gay,
All her autumnal beauty does display,
This is the life from all misfortunes free.
Thus, in the same key, the elegant *Maria*
in the dress of Dryden.

Oh! knew he but his happiness; of men
The happiest he, who, far from public rage
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of a country life,
Health ever-blooming, unambitious toil,
Calm contemplation and poetic ease.
So sings the Virgilian Author of the Seasons.
Hail! ye soft seats, ye limpid springs and floods!
Ye flow'ry vales, and meads, and mazy woods,
Here grant me, Heav'n, to end my peaceful
days,

And steal myself from life by slow decays! ---
So says another tuneful Englishman. ---
Even the manly Juvenal, in the nervous
language of Johnson, speaking of the country, says,

There prune thy walks, support thy drooping
flowers,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers;
And while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despite the dainties of a venal Lord.
There ev'ry bush with Nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings:
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thy ev'ning walk, and morning toil.

To the same purpose, and pretty nearly to the same sentiment, might I collect comparisons on the Country from a thousand other votaries of the Muses; but these extracts are sufficient to shew that verifiers are all in the same story: from whence one would be led to conceive that Cities were altogether intolerable, and fields, grots, groves, rills, hills, mountains and fountains, were the only objects that answered the pains of searching. But, alas! the hours of Arcadia are over; the pastoral pleasures amongst Nymphs and Swains, Shepherds and Shepherdesses, are no more; and the joys which we read of in rhyme, a mere poetical Utopia. But we wish the reader to indulge his imagination in the luxury of the foregoing descriptions, till the appearance of our next month's Magazine; against which time we will beg leave to enter a little into the plain prose fact, and shew the Country divested of the magic of picturesque expressions. exactly as it is in the present

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

FEW works of the present age have excited, both at home and abroad *, a greater share of public attention than Dr. Gillies's *History of Ancient Greece*. The praises of his admirers have, perhaps, exaggerated his merit; and he has doubtless been too much depreciated by the censure of his detractors. As an author, he may rejoice that his book has not been allowed to follow the *fallentis femita vite*, which, though the best for a man, is the worst for his works. With such pretensions to originality, and such ambition to please, it was impossible that this performance should not excite very different sentiments not only in friends and enemies, but even in impartial critics of different tempers and dispositions. In the *European Magazine* for May 1786, an anonymous writer, who forbears to dispute the principal merit of this historian; who allows the utility of the attempt to interweave the scattered threads of Grecian story into one connected narrative; and who admits the favourable opinion given in other monthly publications of Dr. Gillies's plan, and the diligence with which he has laboured it; attacks, with great severity, the Doctor's style, as over-refined, affected, nerveless, and prostituting the boldest and most poetical figures of speech. As discussions of this kind are useful when they refer to the works of a well-known and generally approved writer, I, who entertain a very different opinion of Dr. Gillies's style, shall follow the critic step by step, and examine, with the strictest impartiality, how far his animadversions are just.

1. The prostitution of the boldest and most poetical figures of speech. As Homer, designing an hero by some of his distinguishing qualities, instead of simply saying Hercules, says the might of Hercules; so according to Dr. G. "the son of Clinias is allied," not to Pericles, but, by some Platonic affinity, "to the eloquence and magnanimity of Pericles." To answer this observation, I shall cite the passage as it stands connected, page 667. "Alcibiades had not yet reached his thirtieth year, the age required by the wisdom of Solon for being intitled to speak in the assembly. But every advantageous circumstance of birth and

fortune, talents, natural and acquired accomplishments of mind and body, pleaded an exception in favour of this extraordinary character, which, producing, at once, flowers and fruit, united with the blooming vivacity of youth the ripened wisdom of experience. His father, the rich and generous Clinias, derived his extraction from the heroic Ajax; and had distinguished his own valour and patriotism in the glorious scenes of the Persian war. In the female line, the son of Clinias was allied to the eloquence and magnanimity of Pericles, who, as his nearest surviving kinsman, was entrusted with the care of his minority, &c."

When this passage is fairly laid before the reader, I am persuaded, that every man of taste will consider what the critic condemns as a fault, as a beauty of a very high order; a beauty justified by the example of Homer, and conformable to the strict rules of literary composition, or rather to those principles of nature on which all rules must be founded. In describing the advantages of Alcibiades, which enabled him to act so illustrious a part in the Republic, it would have been less forcible to say simply, that he was allied to Pericles, than to distinguish those qualities of Pericles which rendered this alliance important, viz. his eloquence and magnanimity.

2. The critic observes, that if on some occasions Dr. G. uses expressive words with too great freedom, on others he neglects to use them when he ought. "The ardent passion of Paris for beauty, enabled him to brave every danger." The critic has not fairly quoted this passage: it runs thus, page 31. "Though a soldier of no great renown, Paris had strongly imbibed the romantic spirit of gallantry which prevailed in the heroic ages, and was distinguished by an ardent passion for beauty; which, notwithstanding the general softness of his unwarlike character, enabled him to brave every danger in pursuit of his favourite object." On this sentence the reader's feelings, if he has justice and candour, will be a sufficient comment, since he must perceive, at first sight, that the critic, in his eagerness to find fault, has destroyed the force

* We have heard that translations of this work are already publishing in the French, German, and Italian.

of the word "enabled," by leaving out the words "notwithstanding the general softness of his unwearlike character." Of what character must that man be, who mutilates an author's words, and then renders him answerable for faults which are only to be found in his own ill-natured and false misrepresentation?

3. According to this critic, Dr. G.'s style is every where enfeebled by tautology. The first examples of this are the expressions, "merited fame and well-earned honours." I answer this criticism by asking, whether "all fame be merited, and whether all honours be well-earned?" Before accusing Dr. G. of tautology, the critic should have known what tautology is.

4. But we are not offended by tautology and affectation alone; the same rage for ornament betrays him into downright nonsense. Speaking of Anacreon's poems he says, there may be discovered in them an extreme licentiousness of manners, and a singular voluptuousness of fancy, extending beyond the senses, and tainting the soul itself. The critic asks, Now, what sort of extreme licentiousness, &c. does not extend beyond the senses, and taint the soul itself? Dr. G. is not concerned in this question, since he denies not that all licentiousness, &c. extends beyond the senses, &c. and only asserts, that Anacreon's did so; adding, with propriety, the last circumstances to represent the voluptuousness of an old man whose passions had not subsided by age, but were excited by a corrupt fancy, rather than roused by the tumult of the senses.—The critic proceeds to give a false citation, on which he comments: "These weapons improve the courage: as well as the vigour of the soldier." "No classical bigot having, I believe, dreamed of any peculiar charm in the weapons of antiquity, this must be a new discovery; and Dr. G. in order to complete it, would do well to prepare a memoir for the French academy, pointing out those qualities in the Greek swords and spears, which render them more favourable to courage and vigour, than the bayonet of the European, or the tomahawk of the Indian." The passage fairly cited from page 206, runs thus: "It was a general boast, that one Grecian could conquer ten Persians, and the sug-

gestions of reason tend to confirm the evidence of history. In the battles of the Greeks and Persians, victory was not obtained by the mechanical exertions of distant hostility. The contest was decided by the point of the sword and spear. These weapons require activity of the limbs, steadiness of the eye, and dexterity of the hand. They improve the courage as well as the vigour of the soldier," &c. Dr. G. does not, like the critic, institute a comparison between the spears of the Greeks and the tomahawks of the Indians; but, comparing the mode of fighting among civilized nations in ancient and modern times, he affirms that the use of the ancient weapons, when every man was closely buckled to his antagonist, has a more direct tendency to produce personal courage than the use of fire-arms. As to the sword and bayonet of the moderns, he proves, from the greatest military writers of the age, that they are rarely employed in action; and never at all employed by the Germans, the best disciplined troops now in the world.

5. The other criticisms of this good-natured writer may be answered by a single observation. He accuses Dr. G. of false taste by an indiscriminate profusion of the most forcible epithets which language affords. The epithet "inimitable" particularly offends the critic. Dr. G. vol. I. page 211. uses the phrase, "inimitable charms of the fancy" In vol. II. at the distance of many hundred pages, he uses the phrase, "inimitable qualities of a virtuous prince."—These passages are brought together, and the critic ingeniously laments, that detached sentences cannot give a proper notion of this defect, viz. the frequent recurrence of too forcible epithets. And again, having collected into one sentence from many hundred pages, some few expressions which he judges improper, although all of them are justified by the best authorities in the English language; he says, he is afraid that these deformities will lose much of their effect by appearing separately. In Dr. G.'s History they are separated at great intervals; in the criticism only they are conjoined. This observation must have struck the critic, if resentment or envy did not sometimes deprive men of common sense.

A Friend to injured Merit.

MEDITATION upon a RIVER.

ORIVER, thy fate resembles that of mortals! With a precipitate course we both hurry on; you to the sea, and

we to gloomy death. But, alas! that's the only resemblance between your course and ours! You, without remorse

or terror, pursue the bent of your nature: no law, in you, renders it criminal. Old age in you has nothing shocking: near the end of your course, your force increases; and whilst your current glides along, you every moment find some new delight. If your clear waters add to the charms of verdant shades, the verdant shades, in return, adorn your banks, and please the ravished eye: o'er golden sands, through flowery meads, your waves run always pure. Thousands of fishes, which you nourish, occasion you no care. Since your felicity's so great, why do you murmur? Your fate is blissful: cease your murmurs. Man, indeed, of nature justly may complain. Know, that amongst the various passions by which the human breast is torn, there is not one but carries in its train inquietude, vexation, grief, and repentance. Both night and day they tear the hearts over which they rule. But, of all those fatal weaknesses, love is by far the most dangerous. Its very joys are destructive; and yet mistaken mortals ardently desire them: all other pleasures without love are tasteless. But time dissolves the strongest ties, and the most amorous heart is prone to change its passion.

Rivers, how happy are you! Amongst you, breach of faith's unknown. When the absolute commands of the independent Being who governs the world causes another stream to mix its waves with yours, when once you are united, you never part. The associate stream never opposes your wishes; with

uninterrupted concord you pour into the sea together. Such union is not to be found amongst men; the world is ever full of treason, horror, and dissensions. Too happy river, how have you deserved a milder fate than man? Let's vaunt no more imaginary blessings, nor boast what pride invented to conceal our misery: our pride would tyrannize o'er nature: even you have felt it. We often turn you into various different channels: we invert the course of nature, to make you spout into the air. If nature must obey our sovereign orders, if all is made for us, why don't we make a better use of our power? Why don't we endeavour to reign over ourselves? The human heart seems made for pride, and for injustice. Whilst men easily excuse all vices in themselves, they cannot bear reproof. But vice no longer meets with censure: the world is filled with flatterers. Amongst you alone sincerity can now be found: in you we behold the genuine simplicity of nature: when you have faults, you have no art to hide them. Your frankness too is equal: you shew us both our beauty and defects, and kings are, by you no more flattered than shepherds.

River, glide on: bear to the sea your waves; whilst we, in compliance with the laws of fate, must yield at length a wretched being, and sink into the gulph of death, which every moment gapes to receive unthinking

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

KENRICK, GARRICK, and the WIDOWED WIFE:

A DRAMATIC ANECDOTE.

THE truth of the old Roman adage, which describes the followers of the Muses as a set of beings distinguished by a peculiar irascibility of temper, we daily witness; and never, perhaps, was it more strikingly illustrated than in the character and conduct of the late Dr. Kenrick, of book-making notoriety, and of fame-despising memory.

Of the *genus irritabile vatum* he was the chief, in our times at least. It was this very circumstance indeed, which, through life, proved the grand source of

both his literary and his domestic misfortunes; and certain it is, that as no man apparently *despised* flattery more than the Doctor, so no man could possibly court it more than our departed Roscius.

In the modes he daily employed to gratify this foible, he acted literally and truly *in propria persona*. It was doubtless a speck which, in no small degree, tarnished the general reputation of Mr. Garrick as a man; but, *humanum est errare*; and who is there among us that

* Montaigne not only quotes this proverb in one of his Essays, but even employs several pages to evince the truth of it.

will say, he is himself *PROOF* against flattery? — If there be an individual hardy enough to affirm, or weak enough even for a moment to suppose, that he is that being—he is that *rara avis*,—it will amount to little short of a demonstration, that the vain boaster *knows not his own nature*; and that (an egregious flatterer of HIMSELF) he is, of course, the most liable of all men to be imposed upon by the flattery of OTHERS, who will be but too apt to confirm him in the absurdity of his *self-applauding notion*.

Be this as it may — for it would be idle to moralise farther upon the subject, — no two characters could be more opposite than those of Kenrick and Garrick. If the former wished for applause at all, it was merely as it might promote the sale of his works, and be the instrument of satisfying his wants, which were daily and urgent; but the latter, equally covetous of fame and money, was never unhappy unless he could, *per sus aut nefas*, obtain a glut of both.

Numerous, it is well known, were the sycophants, and other abject dependants, that used to flock to the levees of this

mighty though mimic monarch. Kenrick however, with a *hanteur* which generally accompanies superior genius, and which rarely will suffer sterling merit to *sloop to conquer*, even when most depressed by adversity, scorned to be enlisted as one of their number.

About twenty years ago — a considerable time after he had produced his Falstaff's Wedding *, which was never performed in London but at one or two of the late Mr. Love's benefits, who was himself the favourite Falstaff of the day — he ventured to write another comedy. This piece was entitled the Widowed Wife; and as it was the *origo mali* between Garrick and Kenrick — in other words, the source of that scandalous altercation, and personal abuse, with which, to the disgrace of both them and their partisanship, the Literati, through the medium of innumerable prints and pamphlets, were pestered for years — we are happy in having it in our power to record the circumstances that gave rise to the *bella, horrida bella*, or rather the *bloodless*, though *memorable*, hostilities, in which, brandishing their mighty *goose-quills*,

* Though the drama seems by no means to have been Kenrick's forte, yet his Falstaff's Wedding, whatever may be its defects in producing what is called *stage-effect*, will always have its admirers in the closet, as being one of the happiest imitations of Shakespeare's style that was ever, perhaps, attempted. — We believe the only other plays he wrote (beside the one which gave birth to the present anecdote) were the Duellist, a comedy, which experienced an *untimely end*, and the Lady of the Manor, a sung-song piece, which had for its basis a comedy called the Custom of the Manor, written fifty years before, but which, like its original, seems now to be *laid upon the shelf*. — Possessed of an uncommon degree of penetration and shrewdness, blended with an accurate knowledge of men and things, and with no mean proficiency as a general scholar, he chiefly distinguished himself as a Critic, though a mercilefs one, where he had the smallest spleen or resentment to gratify. In all the minutie and refinements of the French language his skill was exquisite, as he amply evinced by his inimitable translations of the Eloisa, and the Emilius and Sophia, of Rousseau, of which it had been thought impossible to transfuse the beauties into any foreign tongue whatever. It is remarkable that, when he obtained his degree of LL. D. which was from one of the Scottish universities, (that of St. Andrews, if we recollect right) it was presented to him expressly as a compliment for his admirable version of the former of those works; and it is still more singular, perhaps, that he actually did obtain this academic honour without either fee or reward.

Few men have been more distinguished by a versatility of talents than Dr. Kenrick; for few men have written either so much, or so well, on such a variety of subjects. As a lawyer, he could not have failed to render himself eminently conspicuous; and it is even allowed, by men of science, that he might have shone in elucidating the most sublime mechanical arts, had his other numerous avocations permitted him to devote more attention to such abstruse studies. Certain it is that, at intervals, he long perplexed himself, and amused the world, about the discovery of the *perpetuum mobile*; but certain is it also, that his researches and experiments relating to this important desideratum, were in no degree more successful than those of every other speculator have hitherto proved on the same subject, which, after all, perhaps, is in itself a mere *chimera*.

they rendered themselves so ridiculous to the world, and so formidable to each other—upon paper.

The *Widowed Wife* (which had been written about two years before) was, if we mistake not, brought forward at Drury-Lane Theatre in the year 1768, soon after the commencement of the season. The author, contrary to the custom of other dramatists, and probably as an example proper for them to follow, published his piece on the morning of the day fixed for the exhibition of it. Though previously submitted to public criticism in this mode, it went off with applause in the theatre; and, wonderful to tell! after the second representation, the *third* was announced "by command of their Majesties."

This was a circumstance unprecedented in the annals of the theatre, the emoluments of the third, sixth, and ninth nights having been invariably appropriated, from time immemorial, to the benefit of the Author, unless an agreement to the contrary had been made by him with the manager.

No such compact, however, subsisted between Kenrick and Garrick. This being the case, the Poet insisted that every shilling of the profits of the night was his unalienable right and property, alledging it to be the height of absurdity to suppose that his play would, contrary to all precedent, have thus been honoured with the patronage of the King and Queen, if it had not found its way into the royal closet, and been *perused there with pleasure in print, before the exhibition.*

But this argument had no weight with *King David*, who neither would nor could brook the smallest controul within the walls of *Old Drury*. — *Sic volo, sic jubeo, and set pro ratione voluntas*, were his favoured maxims, as they are, and ever will be, of every other despot; and on this occasion, suffering the love of money to triumph over the love of justice, the consequence to the poor bard was that, *volens volens*, he had to submit to the mortification of accepting the *ensuing* night for his benefit, which proved a wretched one indeed.

From that moment Kenrick vowed vengeance, not only upon Garrick, but

upon all who should dare to espouse Garrick's cause. In the execution of this threat, however, he observed not the bounds of either *truth or decency*; and so unguarded did he become at length, that attacking, in the tenderest point, the *moral* character of his antagonist, he found himself involved in a very serious prosecution for a libel.

The Poet was unable to cope with the Player in Westminster-hall, however powerful he might be for him in the regions of a Parnassian Billingsgate, which formed, indeed, the grand, if not the only field for Kenrick, in all his literary wars. Conscious, therefore, of the scandalous and unwarrantable lengths he had gone, and apprehensive of the direful consequences that might ensue from a verdict against him of twelve honest men in the court of King's Bench, he *prudently* contrived to get the matter brought to a compromise.

This compromise, however, was not granted by the incensed plaintiff, till he had obtained from the defendant an advertisement in the daily papers, drawn up in the *peccavi* style. And thus even the great Doctor Kenrick was at last forced not only publicly to disavow the truth of what he had, with such vindictive virulence, insinuated and affirmed of Mr. Garrick, but even to declare, in terms of contrition, that he would *never do the like again.*

By any man possessed of sensibility, or, at least, possessed of that pride which was the predominant feature in the character of Dr. Kenrick, a public concession like this (calculated only for the meridian of Grub-street, or St. Giles's) must have been felt as a punishment distressing to an extreme, and hardly less ignominious than that of the pillory itself. Indeed, it is hardly possible for a person endued with those qualities in their genuine purity to be reduced to a dilemma, which may render any such concession necessary. In the instance before us, however, it had the effect of finally terminating a disgraceful contest; and may it prove a lesson to every future Poet and Manager, that it is the duty of *both* mutually to behave like GENTLEMEN!

OBSERVATIONS on the SULPHUR WELLS at HARROGATE, made in July and August 1785. By the Right Reverend RICHARD Loid Bishop of LLANDAFF, F. R. S.

[Read at the Royal Society February 2, 1786.]

IN 1733, when Dr. Short first published his *Treatise on Mineral Waters*, there

were only three sulphur wells at Harrogate; there are now four. I made some inquiry

inquiry respecting the time and occasion of making the fourth well, and received the following account from an old man, who was himself principally concerned in the transaction. About forty years ago, a person who, by lease from the Earl of Burlington, had acquired a right of searching for minerals in the forest of Knareborough, made a shew as if he had a real intention of digging for coal, on the very spot where the three sulphur wells were situated. This attempt alarmed the apprehensions of the inn-keepers and others at Harrogate, who were interested in the preservation of the wells; they gave him what legal opposition they could, and all the illegal that they durst. At length, for the sum of one hundred pounds, which they raised amongst themselves, the dispute was compromised, and the design real or pretended of digging for coal was abandoned. Sulphur water, however, had risen up where he had begun to dig. They inclosed the place with a little stone edifice, and putting down a basin, made a fourth well. By a clause in the act of parliament for inclosing Knareborough Forest, passed in 1770, it is rendered unlawful for any person whatever to sink any pit, or dig any quarry or mine, whereby the medicinal springs or waters at Harrogate may be damaged or polluted; so that no attempt of the kind above-mentioned need be apprehended in future.

This fourth well is that which is nearest to one of the barns of the Crown-inn, being about ten yards distant from it. In digging, a few years since, the foundation of that barn, they met with sulphur water in several places. At a very little distance from the four wells there are two others of the same kind; one in the yard of the Half-Moon Inn, discovered in digging for common water in 1783, and another which breaks out on the side of the rivulet below that inn. On the banks of that rivulet I saw several other sulphurous springs: they are easily distinguished by the blackness of the earth over which they flow.

On the declivity of a hill, about a quarter of a mile to the west of the sulphur wells at Harrogate, there is a bog which has been formed by the rotting of wood: the earth of the rotten wood is in some places four feet in thickness, and there is a stratum consisting of clay, and small loose decaying sand-stones, every where under it. The hill above is of grit stone. In this bog there are four more sulphur wells; one at the top, near

the rails which separate the bog from the common; and three at the bottom, though one of these, strictly speaking, is not in the bog but at the side of it in the stratum on which the bog is situated, and at the distance of a yard or two from a rivulet of fresh water, which runs from thence to Low Harrogate, passing close to the side but above the level of the sulphur wells of that place. On the other side of the hill, above the bog, and to the west of it, there is another sulphur well on the side of a brook; and it has been thought that the wells both at Harrogate and in the bog are supplied from this well. In a low ground between High Harrogate and Knareborough, there is a sulphur well; another to the north of it in Bilton Park, at about the distance of a mile; and another to the south of it, at a less distance, was discovered this year in digging for common water by a person of the name of Richardson; and, lastly, there is another at a place called Hookstone Crag: none of these last mentioned wells are above two miles distant from High Harrogate; and by an accurate search a great many more might, probably, be discovered in the neighbourhood.

It is not unusual to dig within a few yards of any of these sulphur wells, and to meet with water which is not sulphurous. I ordered a well to be dug in the fore-mentioned bog, sixteen yards to the south of the sulphur well which is near the rails, and to the same depth with it; the water with which it was presently filled was chalybeate, but in no degree sulphurous. I had another well dug, at about thirty yards distance from the three sulphur wells which are situated at the lower extremity of the bog: this well, by the declivity of the ground, was ten or twelve feet below their level, but its water was not sulphurous. From the first well which I dug, it is evident that every part of the bog does not yield sulphur water; and from the second, which was sunk into the clay, it is clear that every part of the stratum on which the bog is placed does not yield it, though one of the wells is situated in it.

The sulphur wells at Harrogate are a great many feet below the level of those in the bog; but they communicate with them, if we may rely on what Dr. Short has told us—"That about the beginning of this century, when the concurrence of people was very great to the Spaw at Harrogate, one Robert Ward, an old man, made a basin in the clay under the roof

ness of a bog where the strongest and briskest of these sulphur springs rise, and gathered half an hoghead of water as a time for the use of the poor; but when he laded this he almost dried the three sulphur wells at the village; whence it is evident, that all have the same origin, and communicate with one another." By conversing with some of the oldest and most intelligent people at Harrogate, I could not find that they entertained any opinion of the water at the bog having a communication with that at the spaw. This circumstance might easily be ascertained; and, if the fact should be contrary to what Doctor Short supposed, the wells at the bog ought to be covered from the weather, as those at the village are; they would by this mean yield great plenty of water for the baths which are wanted by invalids, and which are often very scantily supplied by the wells at Harrogate, notwithstanding the attention which is used in preserving the water which springs at the four wells, by emptying them as often as they become full during both the day and night time. And indeed it is surprising, that the well on the side of the rivulet below the Half Moon Inn, which is so well situated for the purpose, has never been inclosed for the furnishing sulphureous water for the baths. The present mode of carrying the water in casks to the several houses where the persons lodge who want to bathe in it, is very troublesome, and the water thereby loses of its virtue. Some of the wells about the village, that for instance which has been discovered at the Half-Moon Inn, the water of which, I believe, springs from a different source from that which supplies the four sulphur wells, should be either enlarged to a greater horizontal breadth, or sunk to a greater depth, in order to try, by one or both of these ways, whether the quantity and strength of the water might not be increased; and if that should, as it probably would, be the case, one or more baths might be erected after the manner of those at Buxton and other places. or, by proper additional buildings, warm bathing in sulphureous water might be practised, as is done in common water in the bagnios in London. The saltness of the sulphureous water, if that should be thought useful, might easily be made even greater than that of sea water, by adding a quarter of a pound of common salt to every gallon of the water used in forming a bath. The waters at Harro-

gate, though they have long been very beneficial, have not yet been rendered so useful to mankind as an intelligent and enterprising person might make them. The alternate strata of sand, stone, and shale, which compose the lower hills near the wells at Harrogate, dip very much, as may be seen in a stone quarry about two hundred yards from the wells; and the same circumstance may be observed in dry weather, in following the bottom of the brook from the village up to the bog; and hence, if there be a communication between the waters of the bog and of the village, as Doctor Short asserts, it is probable, that the same stratum of shale which is seen at the bottom of the wells at the village, breaks out again at the bog above the villa, and that the water finds its way from the bog to the water through the crevices of that stratum.

After having observed, as carefully as I could, the number and situation of the sulphur wells about Harrogate, I took notice of the temperature of the four at the village. In the month of June 1780, when the thermometer in the shade was 72°, and the pump water at the Granby Inn, the well of which is fifty feet deep, was 48°, the strongest of the sulphur wells, being that of which invalids usually drink, was 50°. On the 29th of July in this year, after the earth had been parched with drought for many months, the heat of the strongest well was 54°; the water of the Granby pump was on the same day 46°, and the heat of the air in the shade 76°. Doctor Walker, who has lately written a treatise on Harrogate water, says, that the heat of this spring was 48°, when that of an adjoining rivulet was 53°. And I have little doubt in believing, that if the experiment was made in cold weather, the temperature of the same well would be found to be several degrees below 48°. This variation of temperature in the sulphur water indicates its springing from no great depth below the surface of the earth; or at least it indicates its having run for a considerable distance in a channel so near to the surface of the earth, as to participate of the changes of temperature, to which that is liable from the action of the sun. But the heat of the sulphur water is not only variable in the same well, at different times, but it is not the same in all the wells at the same time. If we call the strongest well the first, and reckon the rest in order, going to the right, the

third well, which is reckoned the next strongest, was 57° hot when the first well was 54° . In support of the conjecture that the sulphur water of the strongest well would in a cold season make the thermometer sink below 48° , which is the constant temperature of springs situated at a great depth in the earth in this country, it may be observed, that tho' the first and the third well are never frozen, yet the second and the fourth well are frozen in severe weather. When the second and the fourth well are covered with ice, it is probable, that the first and the third have a temperature far below 48° ; but that the sea salt, which is more abundant in them than in the other two wells, and which of all salts resists most powerfully the congelation of the water in which it is dissolved, preserves them from being frozen in the coldest seasons incident to our climate.

As the temperature of these four wells is not the same in all of them at the same time, nor invariable in any of them, so neither does there seem to be any uniformity or constancy in them, with respect to the quantity of salt which they contain. The salt with which they are all impregnated is of the same kind in all, and it is almost wholly common salt; and though the quantity contained in a definite portion of any one of the wells is not, I think, precisely the same at all seasons of the year, yet the limits within which it varies are not, I apprehend, very great. A method is mentioned in the LXth volume of the Philosophical Transactions, of estimating the quantity of common salt dissolved in water, by taking the specific gravity of the water: this method is not to be relied on, when any considerable portion of any other kind of salt is dissolved along with the sea salt; but it is accurate enough to give a good notion of the quantity contained in the different wells at Harrogate. On the 13th of August, after several days of rainy weather, I took the specific gravities of the four sulphur wells at the village, the drinking well being the first—Rain water 1.000; first well 1.009; second well 1.002; third well 1.007; fourth well 1.002. By comparing these specific gravities with the table which is given in the LXth volume of the Transactions, it may be gathered, that the water of the first well contained 1-77th of its weight of common salt, that of the second and fourth 1-256th, and that of the third 1-84th. After four days more heavy rain I tried the strongest well

again, and found its specific gravity be 1.008. It is worthy of observation, that the water, as it springs into the first and third well, is quite transparent, but usually of a pearl colour in the second and fourth, similar in appearance to the water of the first or third well after it has been exposed a few hours to the air: hence it is probable, that the external air has access to the water of the second and fourth well before it springs up into the basin. A great many authors have published accounts of the quantity of common salt contained in a gallon of the water of the strongest well; they differ somewhat from each other, some making it more, others less, than two ounces. These diversities proceed either from the different care and skill used in conducting the experiment, or from a real difference in the quantity of salt with which the water is impregnated at different seasons of the year. The medium quantity of salt contained in a gallon falls short of, I think, rather than exceeds two ounces. The sea water at Scarborough contains about twice as much salt as is found in the strongest sulphur well at Harrogate. The sulphur wells at the bog are commonly said to be sulphureous, but not saline. This, however, is a mistake; they contain salt, and salt of the same kind as the wells at the village. I could not distinguish the kind of salt by the method in which I had estimated the quantity contained in the sulphur wells; I therefore evaporated a gallon of the water of the well in the bog which is near the rails, and obtained a full ounce of common salt, of a brownish colour: the colour would have gone off by calcination. In what degree the medicinal powers of Harrogate water depend on its sulphureous, and in what degree on its saline impregnation, are questions which I meddle not with; I would only just observe on this head, that any strong sulphureous water, such as that of Keddleston in Derbyshire, or of Shap in Westmoreland, which naturally contains little or no sea salt, may be rendered similar to Harrogate water, by dissolving in it a proper proportion of common salt. The four sulphur wells at Harrogate are very near to each other; they might all be included within the circumference of a circle of seven or eight yards in diameter; yet from what has been said it is evident, that they have not all either the same temperature, or the same quantity of saline impregnation. This diversity of quality, in wells which

have

have a proximity of situation, is no uncommon phenomenon; and though at the first view it seems to be surprising, yet it ceases to be so on reflexion: for the waters which feed wells so circumstanced, may flow through strata of different qua-

lies, situated at different depths, though in the same directions; and that this is the case at Harrogate is probable enough, there being hills on every side of the hollow in which the village is placed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REMARKS upon NOVELS, and particularly of RICHARDSON'S CLARISSA.

[From Mr. CUMBERLAND'S new Edition of THE OBSERVER.]

A Novel conducted upon one uniform plan, containing a series of events in familiar life, in which no epifodical story is interwoven, is, in fact, a protracted comedy, not divided into acts. The same natural display of character, the same facetious turn of dialogue and agreeable involution of incidents are essential to each composition. Novels of this description are not of many years standing in England, and seem to have succeeded after some interval to romance, which, to say no worse of it, is a most unnatural and monstrous production. The *Don Quixote* of Cervantes is of a middle species; and the *Gil Blas*, which the Spaniards claim and the French have the credit of, is a series of adventures rather than a novel, and both this and *Don Quixote* abound in epifodical stories, which separately taken are more properly novels than the mother work.

Two authors of our nation began the fashion of novel writing, upon different plans indeed, but each with a degree of success, which perhaps has never yet been equalled: Richardson disposed his fable into letters, and Fielding pursued the more natural mode of a continued narration, with an exception however of certain miscellaneous chapters, one of which he prefixed to each book in the nature of a prologue, in which the author speaks in person: He has executed this so pleasantly, that we are reconciled to the interruption in his instance; but I should doubt if it is a practice in which an imitator would be wise to follow him.

I should have observed, that modern novelists have not confined themselves to comic fables or such only as have happy endings, but sometimes, as in the instance of *The Clarissa*, wind up their story with a tragical catastrophe. To subjects of this sort perhaps the epistolary mode of writing may be best adapted, at least it seems to give a more natural scope to pathetic descriptions; but there can be no doubt that fables replete with humorous situations, characteristic dialogue, and busy plot are better suited to the mode

which Fielding has pursued in his inimitable novel of *The Foundling*, universally allowed the most perfect work of its sort in our, or probably any other, language.

There is something so attractive to readers of all descriptions in these books, and they have been sought with such general avidity, that an incredible number of publications have been produced; and the scheme of circulating libraries lately established, which these very publications seem to have suggested, having spread them through the kingdom, novels are now become the amusing study of every rank and description of people in England.

Young minds are so apt to be tainted by what they read, that it should be the duty of every person, who has the charge of education, to make a proper choice of books for those who are under their care; and this is particularly necessary in respect to our daughters, who are brought up in a more confined and domestic manner than boys. Girls will be tempted to form themselves upon any characters, whether true or fictitious, which forcibly strike their imaginations, and nothing can be more pointedly addressed to the passions than many of these novel heroines. I would not be understood to accuse our modern writers of immoral designs; very few I believe can be found of that description; I do not therefore object to them as corrupting the youthful mind by pictures of immorality, but I think some amongst them may be apt to lead young female readers into affectation and false character by stories, where the manners, though highly charged, are not in nature; and the more interesting such stories are, the greater will be their influence: in this light a novel heroine, though described without a fault, yet, if drawn out of nature, may be a very unfit model for imitation.

The novel which of all others is formed upon the most studied plan of morality, is *Clarissa*, and few young women, I believe,

lieve, are put under restriction by their parents or others from gratifying their curiosity with a perusal of this author. Guided by the best intentions, and conscious that the moral of his book is fundamentally good, he has taken all possible pains to weave into his story incidents of such a tragical and affecting nature, as are calculated to make a strong and lasting impression on the youthful heart. The unmerited sufferings of an innocent and beautiful young lady, who is made a model of patience and purity; the unnatural obduracy of her parents; the infernal arts of the wretch who violates her, and the sad catastrophe of her death, are incidents in this affecting story better conceived than executed. Failing in this most essential point, as a picture of human nature, I must regard the novel of *Clarissa* as one of the books which a prudent parent will put under interdiction; for I think I can say from observation, that there are more artificial pedantic characters assumed by sentimental Misses in the vain desire of being thought *Clarissa Harlowes*, than from any other source of imitation whatsoever. I suspect that it has given food to the idle passion for those eternal scribblings, which pass between one female friend and another, and tend to no good point of education. I have a young lady in my eye, who made her will, wrote an inscription for the plate of her own coffin, and forswore all mankind at the age of sixteen. As to the character of *Love-lace*, of the heroine herself, and the heroine's parents, I take them all to be beings of another world. "What *Clarissa* is made to do, and what she is allowed to omit, are equally out of the regions of nature. Fathers and mothers, who may oppose the inclinations of their daughters, are not likely to profit from the examples in this story; nor will those daughters be disposed to think the worse of their own rights, or the better of their parents, for the black and odious colours in which these unnatural characters are painted. It will avail little to say, that *Clarissa's* miseries are derivable from the false step of her elopement, when it is evident that elopement became necessary to avoid compulsion. To speak with more precision my opinion in the case, I think *Clarissa* dangerous only to such young persons, whose characters are yet to be formed, and who from natural susceptibility may be prone to imitation, and likely to be turned aside into errors of

affectation. In such hands, I think a book, so addressed to the passions, and wire-drawn into such prolixity, is not calculated to form either natural manners or natural stile; nor would I have them learn of *Clarissa*, to write long pedantic letters on their bended knees, and beg to kiss the hem of their ever-honoured *Mamma's* garment, any more than I would wish them to spurn at the addresses of a worthy lover with the pert insult of a *Miss How*.

The natural temper and talents of our children should point out to our observation and judgement the particular mode in which they ought to be trained: the little tales told to them in infancy, and the books to be put into their hands in a forwarder age, are concerns highly worth attending to. Few female hearts in early youth can bear being softened by pathetic and affecting stories without prejudice. Young people are all imitation, and when a girl assumes the pathos of *Clarissa* without experiencing the same afflictions, or being put to the same trials, the result will be a most insufferable affectation and pedantry.

Whatever errors there may be in our present system of education, they are not the errors of neglect; on the contrary, perhaps, they will be found to consist in over-diligence and too great solicitude for accomplishment. The distribution of a young lady's hours is an analysis of all the arts and sciences; she shall be a philosopher in the morning, a painter at noon, and a musician at night; she shall sing without a voice, play without an ear, and draw without a talent. A variety of masters distract the attention and overwhelm the genius; and thus an indiscriminate zeal in the parent, stops the cultivation and improvement of those particular branches, to which the talents of the child may more immediately be adapted. But if parents, who thus press the education of their children, fall into mistakes from too great anxiety, their neglect is without excuse, who, immersed in dissipation, delegate to a hireling the most sacred and most natural of all duties: to these unprofitable and inconsiderate beings I shall not speak in plain prose, but will desire them to give the following little poem a perusal:

DORINDA and her spouse were join'd,

As modern men and women are,

In matrimony not in mind,

A fashionable pair.

Fine clothes, fine diamonds and fine lace,
The smartest vis-a-vis in town,
With title, pin-money, and plase,
Made wedlock's pill go down.

In decent time by Hunter's art
The with'd-for heir Dorinda bore;
A girl came next; she'd done her part,
Dorinda bred no more.

Now education's care employs
Dorinda's brain—but ah! the curse,
Dorinda's brain can't bear the noise—
“Go, take 'em to the nurse!”

The lovely babes improve apace
By dear Ma'amfelle's prodigious care;
Mifs gabbles French with pert grimace,
And Master learns to swear.

“Sweet innocents!” the servants cry,
“So natural he, and she so wild:
“Laud, Nurse, do humour 'em—for why?
“'Twere sin to snub a child.”

Time runs—“My God!”—Dorinda cries,
“How monstrously the girl is grown!
“She has more meaning in her eyes
“Than half the girls in town.”

Now teachers throng; Mifs dances, sings,
Learns every art beneath the sun,
Scrawls, scribbles, does a thousand things
Without a taste for one:

Lap-dogs and parrots paints, good lack!
Enough to make Sir Joshua jealous;
Writes rebuffes, and has her clack
Of small-talk for the fellows:

Mobs to the milliners for fashions,
Reads every tawdry tale that's new,
Has fits, opinions, humours, passions,
And dictates in virtù.

Ma'amfelle to Mifs's hand conveys
A billet-doux; she's tres comode,
The Dancing master's in the chaise,
They scower the northern road.

Away to Scottish land they post,
Mifs there becomes a lawful wife;
Her frolic over, to her cost
Mifs is a wretch for life.

Master mean-while advances fast
In modern manners and in vice,
And with a school-boy's heedless haste
Rattles the desperate dice;

Travels no doubt by modern rules
To France, to Italy, and there
Commences adept in the schools
Of Rousseau and Voltaire;

Returns in all the dernier goût
Of Brussels point and Paris clothes,
Buys antique statues vamt anew,
And bufts without a nose.

Then they! at dissipation's call
To every club that leads the ton,
Hazard's the word; he flies at all,
He's pigeon'd and undone.

Now comes a wife, the stale pretence,
The old receipt to pay new debts;
He pocket's City-Madam's pence,
And doubles all his bets.

He drains his stewards, racks his farms,
Annuityzes, fines, renews,
And every morn his levée swarms
With swindlers and with Jews.

The guinea lost that was his last,
Desperate at length the maniac cries—
“This thro' my brain!”—'tis done; 'tis past
He fires—he falls—he dies!

MEMOIRS OF A SENTIMENTALIST.

[From the same.]

THE conduct of a young lady, who is the only daughter of a very worthy father, and some alarming particulars respecting her situation which had come to my knowledge, gave occasion to me for writing the preceding paper, in which I endeavour to point out the consequences parents have to apprehend from novels, which, though written upon moral plans, may be apt to take too strong a hold upon young and susceptible minds, especially in the softer sex, and produce an affected character, where we wish to find a natural one.

As the young person in question is now happily extricated from all danger, and

has seen her error, I shall relate her story, not only as it contains some incidents which are amusing, but as it tends to illustrate by example the several instructions, which in my former paper I endeavoured to convey.

SAPPHO is the only child of Clemens, who is a widower. A passionate fondness for this daughter, tempered with a very small share of observation or knowledge of the world, determined Clemens to an attempt (which has seldom been found to succeed) of rendering Sappho a miracle of accomplishments, by putting her under the instructions of masters in almost every art and science at one and

the same time. His house now became an academy of musicians, dancing-masters, geographers, historians, and a variety of inferior artists, male and female. All these studies appeared the more desirable to Clemens, from his own ignorance of them, having devoted his life to business of a very different nature. Sappho made just as much progress in each, as is usual with young ladies so attended; she could do a little of most of them, and talk of all: She could play a concerto by heart with every grace her master had taught her, note for note, with the precise repetition of a barrel-organ. She had stuck the room round with drawings, which Clemens praised to the skies, and which Sappho assured him had been only touched up a little by her master: She could tell the capital of every country, when he questioned her out of the newspaper, and would point out the very spot upon the terrestrial globe, where Paris, Madrid, Naples, and Constantinople actually were to be found: She had as much French as puzzled Clemens, and would have served her to buy blonde-lace and Paris netting at a French millener's; nay, she had gone so far as to pen a letter in that language to a young lady of her acquaintance, which her master, who stood over her whilst she wrote it, declared to be little inferior in style to Madame Sevigné's: In history, both ancient and modern, her progress was proportionable; for she could run through the twelve Cæsars in a breath, and reckon up all the kings from the Conquest upon her fingers without putting one out of place. This appeared a prodigy to Clemens, and in the warmth of his heart he fairly told her, she was one of the world's wonders: Sappho aptly set him right in this mistake, by assuring him that there were but seven wonders in the world, all of which she repeated to him, and only left him more convinced that she herself was deservedly the eighth.

There was a gentleman about fifty years old, a friend of Clemens, who came frequently to his house, and, being a man of talents and leisure, was so kind as to take great pains in directing and bringing Sappho forward in her studies. This was a very acceptable service to Clemens, and the visits of Musidorus were always joyfully welcomed both by him and Sappho herself. Musidorus declared himself overpaid by the delight it

gave him to contemplate the opening talents of so promising a young lady; and as Sappho was now of years to establish her pretensions to taste and sentiment, Musidorus made such a selection of authors for her reading, as were best calculated to accomplish her in those particulars. In settling this important choice, he was careful to put none but writers of delicacy and sensibility into her hands. Interesting and affecting tales or novels were the books he chiefly recommended, which by exhibiting the fairest patterns of female purity (suffering distress and even death itself from the attacks of licentious passion in the grosser sex) might inspire her sympathetic heart with pity, and guard it from seduction by displaying profligacy in its most odious colours.

Sappho's propensity to these studies fully answered the intentions of her kind director, and she became more and more attached to works of sentiment and pathos. Musidorus's next solicitude was to form her style, and with this view he took upon himself the trouble of carrying on a kind of probationary correspondence with her. This happy expedient succeeded beyond expectation; for as two people, who saw each other every day, could have very little matter to write upon, there was so much the more exercise for invention; and such was the copiousness and fluency of expression which she became mistress of by this ingenious practice, that she could fill four sides of letter-paper with what other people express upon the back of a card. Clemens once, in the exultation of his heart, put a bundle of these manuscripts into my hands, which he confessed he did not clearly understand, but nevertheless believed them to be the most elegant things in the language. I shall give the reader a sample of two of them, which I drew out of the number, not by choice but by chance; they were carefully folded, and labelled on the back in Sappho's own hand as follows, *Musidorus to Sappho of the 10th of June*, underneath the had wrote with a pencil these words:

PICTURESQUE!

ELEGANT!

HAPPY ALLUSION TO THE SUN!
KING DAVID NOT TO BE COMPARED
TO MUSIDORUS.

Here follows the note, and I cannot doubt but the reader will confess that its contents deserve all that the label expresses.

“ June

“ June the 10th, 1785.

“ As soon as I awoke this morning, I directed my eyes to the east, and demanded of the sun, if he had given you my good-morrow. This was my parting injunction last night, when I took leave of him in the west, and he this moment plays his beams with so particular a lustre, that I am satisfied he has fulfilled my commission, and saluted the eyelids of Sappho. If he is described to come forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, how much rather may it be said of him, when he comes forth out of yours? I shall look for him to perform his journey this day with a peculiar glee. I expect he will not suffer a cloud to come near him, and I shall not be surpris'd, if through his eagerness to repeat his next morning's salutation, he should whip his fiery-footed steeds to the west some hours before their time; unless indeed you should walk forth whilst he is descending, and he should delay the wheels of his chariot to look back upon an object so pleasing. You see, therefore, most amiable Sappho, that unless you fulfil your engagement, and consent to repeat our usual ramble in the cool of the evening, our part of the world is likely to be in darkness before it is expected, and that Nature herself will be put out of course, if Sappho forfeits her promise to Musidorus.”

“ SAPPHO IN REPLY TO MUSIDORUS.

“ If Nature holds her course till Sappho forfeits her word to Musidorus, neither the setting nor the rising sun shall vary from his appointed time. But why does Musidorus ascribe to me so flattering an influence, when, if I have any interest with Apollo, it must be to his good offices only that I owe it? If he bears the messages of Musidorus to me, is it not a mark of his respect to the person who sends him, rather than to her he is sent to? And whom should he so willingly obey, as one whom he so copiously inspires? I shall walk as usual in the cool hour of the even-tide, listening with greedy ear to that discourse, which, by the refined and elevated sentiments it inspires, has taught me to look down with silent pity and contempt upon those frivolous beings, who talk the mere language of the senses, not of the

“ soul, and to whose silly prattle, I neither condescend to lend an ear, nor to subscribe a word. Know then that Sappho will reserve her attention for Musidorus, and if Apollo shall delay the wheels of his chariot to wait upon us in our evening ramble, believe me he will not stop for the unworthy purpose of looking back upon Sappho, but for the nobler gratification of listening to Musidorus.”

The evening walk took place as usual, but it was a walk in the dusty purlieus of London, and Sappho sighed for a cottage and the country. Musidorus seconded the sigh, and he had abundance of fine things to say on the occasion. Retirement is a charming subject for a sentimental enthusiast. There is not a poet in the language, but will help him out with a description; Musidorus had them all at his fingers ends, from *Hesperus that led the starry host*, down to a glow-worm.

The passion took so strong a hold of Sappho's mind, that she actually assailed her father on the subject, and with great energy of persuasion moved him to adopt her ideas. It did not exactly suit Clemens to break up a very lucrative profession, and set out in search of some solitary cottage, whose romantic situation might suit the spiritualized desires of his daughter, and I am afraid he was for once in his life not quite so respectful to her wishes, as he might have been. Sappho was so unused to contradiction, that she explained herself to Musidorus with some asperity, and it became the subject of much debate between them. Not that he held a contrary opinion from her's; but the difficulty which embarrassed both parties was, where to find the happy scene she sighed for, and how to obtain it when it was found. The first part of this difficulty was at last surmounted; and the chosen spot was pointed out by Musidorus, which, according to his description, was the very bower of felicity. It was in a northern county at a distance from the capital, and its situation was most delectable. The next measure was a strong one; for the question to be decided was, if Sappho should abandon her project or her father. She called upon Musidorus for his opinion, and he delivered it as follows: — “ If I was not convinced, most amiable Sappho, that a second application to Clemens would be as unsuccessful as the first; I would advise you to the

the experiment; but as there is no doubt of this, it must be the height of imprudence to put that to a trial, of which there is no hope. It comes therefore next to be considered, if you shall give up your plan, or execute it without his privity; in other words, if you shall or shall not do that which is to make you happy. If it were not consistent with the strictest purity of character, I should answer no; but when I reflect upon the innocence, the simplicity, the moral beauty of the choice you make, I then regard the duty you owe to yourself as superior to all others, which are falsely called natural; whereas, if you follow this in preference, you obey Nature herself. If you were of an age too childish to be allowed to know what suits you best, or, if being old enough to be entitled to a choice, you wanted wit to make one, there would be no doubt in the case; nay, I will go so far as to say, that if Clemens was a man of judgment superior to your own, I should be staggered with his opposition: but if truth may ever be spoken, it may on this occasion; and who is there that does not see the weakness of the father's understanding; who but must acknowledge the pre-eminence of the daughter's? I will speak yet plainer, most incomparable Sappho, it is not fitting that folly should prescribe to wisdom: the question therefore is come to an upshot, Shall Sappho live a life she despises and detests, to humour a father, whose weakness she pities, but whose judgment she cannot respect?"

"No," replied Sappho, "that point is decided; pass on to the next, and speak to me upon the practicability of executing what I am resolved to attempt." "The authority of a parent," resumed Musidorus, "is such over an unprotected child, that reason will be no defence to you against obstinacy and coercion. In the case of a son, profession gives that defence; new duties are imposed by a man's vocation, which supersede what are called natural ones; but in the instance of a daughter, where shall she fly for protection against the imperious controul of a parent, but to the arms—? I tremble to pronounce the word; your own imagination must complete the sentence."—"Oh! horrible!" cried Sappho, interrupting him, "I will never marry; I will never so contaminate the spotless lustre of my incorporeal purity. No, Musidorus, no—I'll bear my blush-

ing honours fill about me."—"And fit you should," cried Musidorus, "what demon dare defile them? Perish the man, that could intrude a sensual thought within the sphere of such repelling virtue!—But marriage is a form; and forms are pure; at least they may be such. There's no pollution in a name; and if a name will shelter you, why should you fear to take it?"—"I perceive," answered Sappho, "that I am in a very dangerous dilemma; since the very expedient which is to protect me from violence of one sort, exposes me to it under another shape too odious to mention."—"And is there then," said Musidorus sighing, "is there no human being in your thoughts in whom you can confide? Alas, for me! if you believe you have no friend who is not tainted with the impurities of his sex. And what is friendship? what, but the union of souls? and are not souls thus united already married? For my part, I have long regarded our pure and spiritualized connection in this light, and I cannot foresee how any outward ceremony is to alter that inherent delicacy of sentiment, which is inseparable from my soul's attachment to the soul of Sappho. If we are determined to despise the world, we should also despise the constructions of the world. If retirement is our choice, and the life and habits of Clemens are not to be the life and habits of Sappho, why should Musidorus, who is ready to sacrifice every thing in her defence, not be thought incapable of abusing her confidence, when he offers the protection of his name? If a few words muttered over us by a Scotch blacksmith will put all our troubles to rest, why should we resort to dangers and difficulties, when so easy a remedy is before us?—But why should I seek for arguments to allay your apprehensions, when you have in me so natural a security for my performance of the strictest stipulations?"—"And what is that security?" she eagerly demanded. Musidorus now drew back a few paces, and with the most solemn air and action, laying his hand upon his heart, replied, "My age, Madam!"—"That's true," cried Sappho. And now the conversation took a new turn, in the course of which they agreed upon their plan of proceeding, settled their rendezvous for the next day, and Musidorus departed to prepare all things necessary for the security of their expedition.

[To be concluded in our next.]

TRANSLAR

TRANSLATION of a PAPER given by Dr. ZACH, ASTRONOMER to his HIGHNESS the reigning DUKE of SAXE-GOTHA, MEMBER of the IMPERIAL ACADEMY of SCIENCES at BRUSSELS, of the ROYAL ACADEMIES of SCIENCES in LIONS, DIJON, and MARSEILLES.

[Printed in the Astronomical Ephemeris of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, published for the year 1788.]

I Here present to the world a short account of some valuable and curious manuscripts, which I found in the year 1784, at the seat of his lordship the Earl of Egremont, at Petworth in Suffex, in hope that this learned and inquisitive age will either think my endeavours about them worthy of its assistance, or else will be thereby induced to attempt some other means of their publication. The only undeniable proof I can give now of the usefulness of such an undertaking, is by giving a succinct report of their contents, and by shewing briefly what may be effected with these materials: and although I come to the performance of such an enterprize with much less abilities than the different parts of it require, yet I trust that my love for truth, my design and zeal to vindicate the honour due to an Englishman, the author of these manuscripts, which are the chief reasons that have influenced me in this undertaking, will serve as my excuse.

A predecessor of the family of Lord Egremont, that noble and generous Earl of Northumberland named Henry Percy; was not only a generous favourer of all good learning, but also a patron and *Mæcenæ* of the learned men of his age. Thomas Harriot, the author of the said Manuscripts, Robert Hues, and Walter Warner, all three eminent mathematicians, who were known to the Earl, received from him yearly pensions; so that when the said Earl was committed prisoner to the Tower of London, in the year 1606, our author, Hues and Warner, were his constant companions; and were usually called the Earl of Northumberland's three *Magi*.

Thomas Harriot is a known and celebrated mathematician amongst the learned of all nations, by his most excellent work entitled, *Artis Analytica Praxis, ad Equationes Algebraicas, novâ, expeditâ & generali Methodo, resolvendas*:

TraBatius Posthumus. Lond. 1631; dedicated to Henry Earl of Northumberland; published after his death by Walter Warner. It is remarkable, that the fame and honour of this truly great man was constantly attacked by the French mathematicians; for they could not bear that Harriot should in any way diminish the fame of their Vieta and Descartes, especially the latter, who was openly accused of plagiarism from our author*. Descartes published his Geometry six years after Harriot's work appeared, viz. in the year 1637. Sir Charles Cavendish, then ambassador at the French Court at Paris, when Descartes' Geometry made its first appearance in public, mentioned it to the famous geometrician Roberval, that these improvements in analysis have been already made these six years in England, and shewed him in consequence Harriot's *Artis Analytica Praxis*, which as Roberval was looking over, at every page he cried out, *Oui! Oui! il l'a vu!* Yes! Yes! he has seen it! Cartesius had also been in England before Harriot's death, and had heard of his new improvements and inventions in analysis. A critical life of this man, which his papers would enable me to publish, will shew more clearly what to think upon this matter, which I hope may be discussed to the due honour of our author.

Now all this belongs to Harriot, the celebrated Analyst; but it has not hitherto been known, that Harriot was an eminent Astronomer, both theoretical and practical, which first appears by these manuscripts; amongst which the most remarkable are 199 observations of the sun's spots, with their drawings, calculations, and determinations of the sun's revolution round its axis. There is the greatest probability of Harriot's being the first discoverer of these spots before Galileo Galilei, or Scheiner. The earliest intelligence we have of the first dis-

* See Montucla's *Histoire des Mathematiques*, Part III. pag. 485 & seq.—*Lettres de M. Descartes*, Tom. III. pag. 457. Edit. Paris, 1667, 4to.—*Dictionnaire de Moreri*, word *Harriot*.—*Encyclopedie*, word *Algebre*.—*Lettres de M. de Voltaire sur la Nation Angloise*, Lettre 14.—*Memoire de l'Abbé de Gua dans les Mem. de l'Acad. des Sciences de Paris pour 1741*.—*Jer. Collier's great Historical Dictionary*, word *Harriot*. Dr. Wallis's Preface to his *Algebra*.

covered Solar spots, are of one Joh. Fabricius Phrysius, who, in the year 1611, published, at Wittemberg, a little treatise, entitled, *De Maculis in Sole observatis & apparente eorum cum Sole Conversione Narratio*. Galilei, who generally is taken for the first discoverer of the Solar spots, published his book, *Istoria e Dimostrazioni interue alle Macchie Solare e loro accidenti*, in Rome, in the year 1613. His first observation in this work is dated June the 2d, 1612. Angelo de Filiis, the editor of Galilei's work, who wrote the dedication and preface to it, mentions, pag. 3, that Galilei had not only discovered these spots in the month of April in the year 1611, in Rome, in the Quirinal Garden, but had shewn them several months before (*molti mesi innanzi*) to his friends in Florence: and that the observations of the disguised *Apelles** (the Jesuit Scheiner, a pretender to this first discovery) were not later than the month of October in the same year, by which the epoch of this discovery was put to the beginning of the year 1611. But a passage in the first letter of Galilei's Works, p. 11, gives a more precise term to this discovery. There Galilei says, in plain terms, that he had observed the spots in the sun eighteen months before. The date of this letter is of May the 14th, 1612, which brings the true epoch of this discovery to the month of November, 1610. But, however, Galilei's first ~~produced~~ observations are only from June the 2d, 1612, and these of father Scheiner of the month of October in the same year. But now it appears from Harriot's Manuscripts, that his first observations of these spots are of December the 5th, 1610. It is not likely that Harriot could have this notice from Galilei, for I find this mathematician's name never quoted in Harriot's papers. I find him mentioning Josephus à Costa's book I. chap. iii. of his Natural and Moral History of the West Indies, in which he relates, that in Peru there are spots to be seen in the sun, which are not to be seen in Europe. It rather seems that Harriot had taken the hint from thence. Besides, it is very likely that Harriot, who lived with such a generous patron of all good learning and improvements, had got the new invention of telescopes in Holland much sooner in England than they could reach Galilei, who at that time lived at Venice. Harriot's very

careful and exact observations of these spots, shew also that he was in possession of the best and most improved telescopes of that time; for it appears he had some with magnifying powers of 10, 20, and 30 times. At least there are no earlier observations of the Solar spots extant than his—They run from December the 8th, 1610, till January 18th, 1613. I compared the corresponding ones with these observed by Galilei, and found betwixt them an exact agreement. Had Harriot had any notion about Galilei's discoveries, he certainly would have also known something about the Phases of Venus and Mercury; especially about the singular shape of Saturn, first discovered by Galilei; but I find not a word in all his papers about the particular figure of that planet.

Of *Jupiter's Satellites*—I found amongst his papers a great set of observations, with their drawing, position, and calculations of their revolutions and periods. His first observation of those discovered Satellites I find to be of January the 16th, 1610, and they go till February the 26th, 1612. Galilei pretends to have discovered them January the 7th, 1610; there is then all probability of Harriot's being likewise the first discoverer of these attendants of Jupiter.

Amongst his other observations of the Moon, of some eclipses, of the planet Mars, of solstices, of refraction, of the declination of the needle, there are most remarkable ones of the famous comets of 1607, and of 1618, the latter; for there were two this year*: they were all observed with a cross-staff by measuring their distances to fixed stars, which makes these observations the more valuable, because they had but grossly been observed. Kepler himself observed the comet of 1607, but with the naked eye, pointing out the place where it stood by a coarse estimation, without an instrument; and the elements of their orbits could in defect of better observations only be calculated by them. The observations of the comet of the year 1607 are of the more importance and consequence even now for modern astronomy, as this is the same comet that fulfilled Dr. Halley's most wonderful prediction of its return in the year 1759. Halley's prediction was only grounded upon the elements these coarse

He calls himself *Apelles post Tabulam*.

† Kepler de Cometis, pag. 49.

observations of it could give him; so he only assigned the term of its return to the space of a year. The most intricate calculations of the perturbations of this comet, done afterwards by M. Clairaut, reduced these limits to a month's space. We may now throw a greater light upon this matter by the more accurate observations on this comet by Mr. Harriot. In the month of October of the year 1785, when I conversed upon the subject of Harriot's papers, and especially upon this comet, with the celebrated and eminent geometrician M. de la Grange, Director of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, he suggested to me at that time an idea, which, if brought into execution, will clear up an important point in astronomy. It is known to astronomers how difficult a matter it is to determine Saturn's mass, and how little satisfactory the notions of it are hitherto. The whole theory of the perturbations of comets depending upon this uncertain datum, several attempts and trials have been made towards the exact determination of it by the most eminent geometricians of this age, and especially by M. de la Grange himself; but being never satisfied with the few and uncertain data by which this problem may be resolved, he thought that Mr. Harriot's observations on the comet of 1607, and the modern ones of the same comet in the year 1759, would suggest a way to resolve the problem *à posteriori*: that of determining by them the elements of its ellipsis, the retardation of the comet compared to its period, may clearly be put to the account of the attraction and perturbation he has undergone in the region of Jupiter and Saturn; and as the part Jupiter acts in that is thoroughly known, the remainder will be Saturn's share, from which the mass of the latter may be inferred. In consequence of this consideration, I have already begun to reduce most of Harriot's observations of this comet, in order to calculate by them the true elements of its orbit in an elliptical hypothesis, to complete M. de la Grange's idea upon this matter.

I do not mention here more of Harriot's analytical papers, which I found in a very great number; they contain partly several elegant solutions of quadratic, cubic, and biquadratic equations; partly other solutions and *loci geometrici*, which manifest his eminent attainments, and will serve to vindicate them against the attacks of several French writers, who refuse him the justice due

to his skill and eminence, merely to save Descartes's honour, who yet by some impartial men of his own nation was accused of public plagiarism.

Thomas Harriot was born at Oxford, in the year 1560. After he had been instructed in grammar learning, he became a Batteler or Commoner at St. Mary's Hall: he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1579. Soon after he came to the knowledge of the heroic Knight Sir Walter Raleigh, who allowed him a yearly pension. In 1584, he went with the said Knight, and first colony, into Virginia, where he was employed in the discovery and surveying thereof; maps of which I have found, very neatly done, amongst his papers. After his return, he published "A Brief and True Report of the new-found Land of Virginia, of the Commodities there found to be raised, &c." London, 1588. It was put into Latin, and printed at Frankfort in the year 1590. Sir Walter Raleigh introduced him to the acquaintance of the Earl of Northumberland, who did allow him a yearly pension of 300l. Wood, in his *Athen. Oxoniæ*, mentions only 120l. but by some of his receipts, I found amongst his papers, it appears, he had 300l. which indeed was a very large sum at that time. Wood, in his *Athen. Oxon.* mentions nothing of Harriot's Manuscripts; he only tells us of a Manuscript in the Library at Sion College, London, intitled *Ephemeris Chyrometrica*. I got an access to this library and Manuscripts, and was indeed in hopes of finding something more of Harriot's; for most of his observations are dated from Sion College; but I could find nothing from Harriot himself. I found some other papers of his friends: he mentions in his observations, one Mr. Standish, at Oxford, and Nicol. Tooperly, who also was of the acquaintance of the Earl of Northumberland, and had a yearly pension: from the former I found two observations of the same comet of the year 1618, made in Oxford, which he communicated to Mr. Harriot. Thomas Harriot died the 2d of July, 1621. His disease was a cancerous ulcer in the lip, which some pretended he got by having had the custom of holding the mathematical brass instruments, when working, in his mouth. I found several letters of his, and answers to them, from his physician, Dr. Alexander Rhead, who, in his treatise, mentions Harriot's disease. His body was con-

veyed to St. Christopher's Church, in London. Over his grave was soon after erected a monument, with a large inscription thereon, but destroyed with

the church itself by the dreadful fire of September 1666. He was but 60 years of age*.

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

The History of Athens politically and philosophically considered, with the View to an Investigation of the immediate Causes of Elevation, and of Decline, operative in a free and commercial State. By William Young, Esq. 4to. 15s. London. Robson. 1786.

AFTER the two elaborate Histories of Greece which have been recently offered to the Public, the present volume will probably by many be considered as a work of supererogation; the method, however, in which our author has treated his subject has shewn this not to be the case. Though he has readily profited by the views of such writers of acknowledged abilities as have gone before him, yet he does not servilely follow them. Attached to no man's opinions, he boldly thinks for himself, and displays such strength of imagination and vigour of thought as command our admiration. They who read History not merely as a chronicle of events, but with a wish to develope the causes which gave birth to those events, and having traced them to their source, endeavour to extract documents of philosophy and politics from the text of History, will here find an ample fund of instruction. The work abounds with masterly strokes and original ideas, expressed in nervous language. Each page exhibits proofs of the writer's uncommon penetration, and thorough acquaintance with ancient as well as modern literature, and on every occasion he stands forth the spirited friend of virtue and of truth. Where there is so much room for commendation, it is with reluctance we point out any blemishes: Justice, however, compels us to observe, that there is occasionally a want of accuracy

and perspicuity in the style, that even borders on obscurity. This is the less excusable, as it is evidently the effect of inattention, as when the author sees fit, he is not only clear but brilliant.

In his Preface he has given the following account of his plan:

"The design of the following treatise is, from the annals of men and things to extract the spirit of character and event—with the narrative to interweave the moral, and thus in the history enfold its comment, to render each political lesson explicit and applicable.

"The choice of the subject-matter hath been suggested by the analogy it affords in various points of view to one most interesting to a British reader—the struggles and intrigues of parties and of popular leaders;—the alternate wisdom and caprice of the people;—their ardent love of liberty, and high pretensions to command occasionally drooping into subserviency—and then again rousing from torpid acquiescence, to new jealousies, new claims, and to the most vigilant and active exertion of rights and powers;—the temporary vigour of a patriot administration, and the successive debility of government from fluctuation of councils;—the tendencies of the state to accession of empire, and the obstacles to a continuance of foreign influence and of distant dominion;—the hasty increase of wealth and of marine power from sources of trade, and thence trade introducing

* See Wood's Athen. Oxoniæ. word Harriot, pag. 390, 391, 392.

a spirit of dissipation and self-interest to dissolve the very strength and prosperity it gave birth to; — these, and many other circumstances attendant on, or complicated with, the political career of a free government and maritime country, are no where more forcibly exemplified than in the history of the Republic of Athens.

“The excellent comment of Machiavel on the First Decad of Livy, seems to have been particularly suited to the instructing those of the age and country in which he lived, — disturbed by petty wars, by intestine factions, and by contests for liberty and power. The treatise of Montefquieu “on the greatness and decline of the Roman Empire,” was founded on a subject which might have supplied a forcible lesson to the kingdom, and at the time in which he wrote. That great author, in another work, remarking a passage of Xenophon relative to the naval power of the Athenians, says, *One would imagine almost that Xenophon was speaking in allusion to England*: — I seem therefore but to pursue the idea of Montefquieu, when further adverting to the history of the great Grecian Republic, I venture to affirm, that — “its arts, its sciences, its liberty, its commerce, its colonies, and its empire of the seas, render the subject — *peculiarly our own*.”

The work is divided into two books; the former containing sixteen, the latter twelve chapters. The first of these is introductory, consisting of remarks on ancient history. “The wildest narratives of remote antiquity,” the author says, “though little to be depended on for veracity, are not wholly to be regarded as the sports of roving fantastic genius, or considered merely as fables containing a deep and beautiful moral; they are, he thinks, more striking as types of the spirit and pursuits of the age they relate to. After mentioning the difficulty to draw the line in ancient history between the fabulous and the authentic, he observes, that where the record is of so old a date, and affects not any right or property, gives no authority to any system, and brings no weight of favour, or of opposition, to the opinions of the day; it matters little, whether the history is correctly authentic, so long as it bears the characteristics of truth and of nature: “The Venus of Zeuxis, surely, might be pronounced equally estimable, whether the story of the five beauties of Agrigentum was true or false.”

The Author differs in opinion from

Lord Bolingbroke, who said, “He would cheerfully exchange the books of Livy we have, for those we have not.” The advantages his Lordship supposes Livy to have had in his latter books, of delineating the characters of men whom he knew, and those too of the greatest; of describing events he was concerned in, and facts he had from the immediate actors;” Mr. Young thinks, could not have contributed much to diffuse the knowledge of men and manners. A contemporary historian of such turbulent times might, in his opinion, be apt to exaggerate through adulation, or to conceal through fear; to infill the precepts, not of the philosopher, but partizan; and colour facts into harmony with his own system of patriotism or friendship.

“But even these considerations apart,” continues our spirited author, “have we not sufficient pages blotted with the follies and vices of great men? Have we no annals to refer to for the consequences of luxury, the progress of venality and corruption, and liberty undermined? or are we yet to learn, that one and the same is the downfall of virtue and of freedom; and that with equal pace individuals become vicious, and a community enslaved? Writings enough exist, tracing the progressive depravity and servitude of great nations, lost to every sense of these virtues, and of that free spirit, which had made them great. The period of antiquity, characterized by a wild and impetuous generosity, by an enthusiastic patriotism, and a love of freedom; — that age wherein the virtues were indebted to the passions for more than, ever since, the boasted aid of reason could afford them, has been delineated but by few great masters; and, for the honour of humanity, not a line thereof should be effaced. I would not barter one page of the early accounts of the republics of Athens or of Rome, for the most accurate acquaintance with all that Augustus ever did or thought.

“Surely, in every mind there is an emulation of virtuous superiority; which, however for a time fortune, or the meaner passions, may hebetate its powers, still, at every example of success in the particular objects of its predilection, glows into a momentary flame, which from frequent refuscitation may acquire an energy sufficient to push it to the attainment of that, which was at first regarded solely as matter of admiration. The idea of imitation, which has thus captured the

fancy, may in times of perilous crises somewhat elevate the mind, and influence the conduct; and if such effect may proceed from studying the examples of ancient patriotism and virtue, what other lecture can balance the utility of that which thus animates the man, and urges him to noble and disinterested services in a good, great, and public cause?

"The history of intellect may be typified by the Egyptian Nile, which long pours on, and hurries all away in one collected channel; as it advances, it divides into various branches, and at length breaks in many and widely distant streams towards the great gulph; into which, according to their respective force, they, for a time, continue their way, till finally all are lost and confuted in the abyss. In the age of golden simplicity and ignorance, the objects and pursuits of mankind were but little varied; their thoughts were directed to their common necessities; their passions mostly concentrated in some common local prejudice or predilection; and, whether the shepherds or hunters, they pursued together one simple course, wherein the natural affections, and a sense of self-sustenance, and of self-preservation, united, directed, and urged them on.

"As the genius became elevated, and the judgment tutored by successive experience, and by the influence of general acquisitions of arts and of knowledge, the human mind proved its surest distinction from instinct, by varieties of its tendency, its force, and its conclusions, in its progress to the superior objects of Reason, the great truths, natural, moral, and political:—at length refined, and pursued to the extremity, each research closes in error and in darkness.

"In this history of intellect and manners, there seems to have been an epoch, when mankind had a character happily combining the uniform and the various. Viewing that period of antiquity, we seem to descry a landscape of a bold and massive taste of composition, contrasted with strong light and shade, and of a brilliant touch of colour, yet the whole simple and harmonious; whilst, in the modern age, we behold a scene frittered into a multiplicity of luminous spots, and gaudy without effect. Perhaps it is too near the eye; perhaps it may be said, that the favourite scene of ancient history merely appears the more beautiful, as a picture mellowed by age, as a rude but distant prospect harmonized by

the intervening medium, and losing all its abrupt breaks and deformities in the distance; whilst modern history, as it were a fore-ground, appears spotted with weeds and reptiles, which belong equally to the further scene, but are there less conspicuous to the eye. Yet surely, in the old times I allude to, there was something essentially distinguishing the characters of mankind, and absolutely giving them a form and complexion differing from those of to-day.

"Men; when first called from the mere society of family, and propinquity, to more extensive duties, and a new sort of combination, were fond of the novelty, and the compact was regarded with a peculiar and almost superstitious veneration: then individuals formed a community; now, more properly, it may be said that a community consists of individuals: then the interest of the whole was deemed that of each; now the inverse is adopted, and each would operate on the whole: the genius of patriotism, which animated every breast, no longer exists; nay, the very instances of its existence are questioned. We wonder at past transactions, and ancient stories; we doubt that the Greek Codrus or Roman Decii devoted themselves; and that the elder Brutus should sacrifice the dearest ties of nature to a sentiment we so little know the force of, now seems singular, if not impossible: yet Gaillie cried, "*et tamen movet*," and would have died for a mere system; and millions of religious zealots have daringly perished in defence of opinions themselves understood not. And shall we pay so little respect to our nature, to ourselves, as to suppose men capable of such efforts in favour of vanity or of ignorance, and not equally brave in support of the liberal and benevolent sentiments, the social and spirited principles, on which those famed establishments were secured, their united labours had formed, their reason approved, and their habits and their happiness required?

"To display and to enforce such social and spirited principles, and searching out the finer springs which originate these emotions of the mind, to account for, and thus to further authenticate the instances which history lays before us, will constitute in part the subject of the first chapters of this work: nor is the subject useless or uninteresting; if in these times of dissipation, and of perversion or disregard of all that belongs to public or to private virtue,—if in this age of profligate man-

ners,

ners, and of licentious policy, any example, or any lessons of morals and of patriotism, may excite attention, and may even have an effect, which ambition or vanity, in default of purer motives, shall give an opening to. Such seems the best use to which the earlier history of Athens can be applied. As the republic becomes powerful, and as the people become enlightened; as the constitution of government becomes first perfect, and then corrupt; and as the arts of government become complicated, and refined; the history will, in its due course, furnish maxims

of policy, and lessons of state. Such as I have presumed more explicitly to suggest, are few in comparison to those which the subject may afford to a learned and enlightened reader: I have merely awakened his attention to this or to that point of view; thrown out, as it were, loose hints of speculation; and thinking only so much for him, as to induce him to think further for himself, offered the text of this book as a thesis for the more abstruse workings of his own mind!"

[To be continued in our next.]

More Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians, by a distant Relation to the Poet of Thebes, and Laureat to the Academy. 4to. 1s. 6d. Hookham. 1786.

THIS *distant relation*, as he is pleased to stile himself, if we may judge from similarity of features, is nearer related to our friend Peter, than he chuses publicly to acknowledge. Whatever the degree of affinity may be, we will venture to declare him no bastard. He is in full possession of the family-humour, and has imbibed no small portion of its enmity to the Royal Academicians. His address to Mr. West may serve as a proof of our assertion.

" I've seen at Astley's, with no little pains,
 " Nine Taylors singin' psalms, and mending breeches,
 " When, hey! the Devil has whipt a-
 " tride their brains,
 " And out at-once went psalmody and stitches;
 " While rage, and blood, and death have ta'en their place,
 " And fired each vent'rous Snip with ardour for a chace!
 " Then all for hobby-horses have been bawling,
 " And straight they prance along upon their pins; [his thins,
 " This breaks his nose, that scarifies
 " Till, like a dish of frogs, they're all laid sprawling.
 " I'll take my oath, and take it too in print, [hint
 " That this unhappy group supply'd the
 " Of tumbling these poor Scotchmen thus abroad:
 " On steeds of fire some caper through the sky,
 " Some on their weams, like tadpoles, grovelling lye,
 " By threat'ning hoofs, and swords, and spears unaw'd.

" A word with thee, friend West! Dost thou suppose
 " That these braw Lairds hunted, like birth-night beaux,
 " In all the frippery of blue and red!
 " Or that the King (Heaven bless his careful soul)
 " Believ'd the crown and jewels would be stoln,
 " Unless he scamper'd with them on his head!
 " But thou hast play'd the devil with the story—
 " Oons! man, Fitzgerald never earn'd his glory
 " By murdering a poor stag with toil foredone,
 " And tame, and heartless, as the three-legg'd beast
 " Turn'd out on Epping Down, to make a feast
 " For desperate Otts, all in a chaise and one."

The following compliment to Sir Joshua Reynolds will convince the reader, that the poet, like his relation, has his favourites; and that like him too, he can deal in panegyric as well as satire. The President is fortunate in being on such good terms with the Pindar family.

" Orpheus, the learned say, could with a peal
 " Hold by the ears the Hebrus in his course;
 " And make a mountain dance as neat a reel
 " As city-champion on a Lord's-Mayor's horse;

" Nay,

THE LONDON REVIEW,

- " Nay, fiddle up a forest by the roots,
 " And charm a WHOLE ACADEMY of
 brutes.
 " Yet he, it seems, with all his arts and
 graces,
 " Was, like our artist Reynolds, torn in
 pieces—
 " And here they tell a tale I much
 admire:
 " As how his head, while sailing with
 the stream
 " Down, down to Lesbos, if I do not
 dream,
 " Sung 'lumps of pudding' to the
 floating lyre.
 " Now, I've been thinking, if our Rey-
 nolds' head
 " Should, on his palette, down the
 Thames drive soufe,
 " And, mindful of the walls he once ar-
 ray'd,
 " Bring to a bit at Somerset new
 house,
 " What scramblings there would be,
 what worlds of pains,
 " Among the artists to possess its brains.
 " And like Neanthus, for great Or-
 pheus' lyre,
 " Some for his palette would be raising
 frays,
- " In hopes, no doubt, the wood would
 each inspire
 " To paint like him, for—fame in bet-
 ter days;
 " As if a soldier who'd no legs to use,
 " Should fight for his dead comrade's
 boots and shoes.
 " Reynolds, when I reflect what sons
 of fame
 " Have shar'd thy friendship, I with
 sighs regret
 " That all have died a little in thy debt,
 " And left a trump unknown to swell thy
 name:
 " But, courage, friend, when Time's re-
 lentless tooth
 " Hath nibbled mountains to the ground
 smack-smooth,
 " And pick'd, as one would pick a fa-
 voury bone,
 " Each monument of brass, of iron, and
 stone;
 " When he with Hone and Co. his guts
 hath scow'r'd,
 " And Wests and Copleys without end
 devour'd,
 " Thy name shall live, and like Heaven's
 sacred fire,
 " Succeeding artists kindle and inspire.

The Scottish Village; or, Pitcairne Green. A Poem. By Mrs. Cowley. 4to. 2s.
 Robinsons. 1786.

AN account of the ceremonies used at
 Pitcairne Green, in Scotland, on
 marking the boundaries of an extensive
 village intended to be erected on that
 spot, for the purpose of introducing the
 Lancashire manufactures, having ac-
 cidentally caught Mrs. Cowley's eye, the
 circumstances so strongly excited her sen-
 sibility as to produce not only a tear, but
 the present elegant little Poem. Mrs.
 Cowley's reputation as a writer has long
 since been established, by the various dra-
 matic compositions with which she has
 favoured the public. Her present essay
 in descriptive poetry will, however, add
 a fresh sprig of laurel to the wreath. Unac-
 quainted with the country, and obliged to
 rely on the accounts of others, she has
 nevertheless been extremely successful in
 her descriptions, and has displayed great
 taste and judgment in the conduct of her
 plan. Though the site of this intended
 village was by no means such as to afford
 description room to range, or the fancy
 to riot in, the vigour and richness of her

imagination has supplied every defect,
 and enabled her to adorn a barren heath
 with all the luxuriance of poetical deco-
 ration. The poem is written in alternate
 verse, and the versification is in general
 harmonious, and elegantly pathetic. Her
 motive for preferring this measure is
 founded on the following opinion of the
 late Dr. Johnson: "The alternate verse
 of ten syllables has been pronounced by
 Dryden, whose knowledge of English
 metre was not inconsiderable, to be the
 most perfect of all the measures which
 our language affords."

The introductory lines of this poem
 are descriptive of that innocence and
 happiness which attend on pastoral
 tranquility, the termination of which is
 pathetically regretted. The Genius of
 the place is introduced energetically de-
 scribing to an hoary sage the moral evils
 which spring from increased population.
 Instead of "feathery fairies ranging and
 holding their nocturnal revels on the
 green,

“ See quick advance the numerous motley croud,
 “ Mechanics, pedants, traders, pour along;
 “ Their joy breaks forth in carols rude and loud,
 “ And Beauty’s presence animates the song.
 “ The ardent face of this once happy plain
 “ The sharp-tooth’d mattock shall deform and tear,
 “ That evil first, and then an endless train,
 “ Follow the footsteps of yon graceful fair,
 “ They bid !
 “ The future town, submissive to their will,
 “ Rises from earth, and spreads its skirts around—
 “ Oh ! that the marble, in its quarry still,
 “ Unhewn, unform’d, had kept its rest profound !
 “ With it, the social evils all rush in,
 “ Th’ opposing passions that distract mankind,
 “ The blazon’d crime, the sly, well-cover’d sin,
 “ Nor will one petty vice remain behind.
 “ Slander and avarice, and penury scant,
 “ The proud man’s scorn, the rich man’s sturdy mien,
 “ Wide squand’ring luxury, and pallid want,
 “ All haste to form the varied wretched Gene.”

This gloomy prospect is, however, cheered by a display of the advantages resulting from the influx of wealth, and the extension of knowledge.

The sage comforts the Genius with the reflection, that

“ Not unmix’d the bitter draught shall flow,
 “ Not unallay’d the how’ring miseries sting,
 “ Felicities shall blunt the sense of woe,
 “ And o’er it Joys their downy mantle fling.

“ If social evils overspread thy plains,
 “ The social blessings too will haste along,
 “ And on the spot where Vice shall lead its train,
 “ Illustrious virtues eagerly shall throng.”
 After enumerating the benefits procur’d by agriculture and commerce,
 “ Commerce, whose power each hemisphere adorns—
 “ Which bids the dunny heath bloom forth in fields,
 “ And in the deserts pours the Naiad’s uris ;”

the author, in speaking of the effects of the progress of learning, contrives to pay some well-turned compliments :

“ But happier still ! *Learning* shall raise the pile,
 “ Design’d the fret of ages to withstand ;
 “ Within, the classic scholar form his stile, [land.
 “ And pour instruction thro’ the list’ning
 “ Ah ! from its wall some future sage may burst,
 “ To charm or awe the centuries to come ;
 “ A *Thomson* in its cells be haply nurs’d ;
 “ A *Blair* shed splendor o’er the chosen dome.
 “ The law-giver from thence shall draw the legs
 “ Of growing honour, dignity and fame,
 “ Here shall insure the future splendid needs,
 “ That crown his labours and extend his name.
 “ A *Mansfield*, *Erskine*, *Loughborough* shall rise,
 “ The boast of Genius in untasted times,
 “ Spreading our glory round the distant skies,
 “ And mark us *envied* by more happy climes.”

The Doctors Robertson and Stuart, particularly the latter, Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Burney also, come in for their share of adulation ; but as we wish not to prevent our readers from enjoying as much pleasure as we have, we forbear giving any farther extracts, but refer them to the poem itself.

St. Peter’s Lodge : a Serio-comic Legendary Tale, in Hudibrasick Verse. By the Author of The Register-Office. Davis. 1786.

THIS wretched attempt to imitate Butler, represents St. Peter sitting dozing in his easy chair : as the souls arrive at his Lodge he examines their passports, inquires into their tenets, and then dismisses them to their respective

abodes. The several candidates for admission are a Jew, a Catholic, a Puritan, a Disciple of Mahomet, a Quaker, an Anabaptist, a Methodist, and one who declares,

“ With

"With modes of worship discontented,
"Nor church nor chapel I frequented."

The verification is contemptible, and the language perfectly calculated for the followers of the Apostle's original vocation; vulgarity being substituted for wit. The Anabaptist's account of himself shall serve as a specimen:

"Of Greek and Hebrew I am master,
"And thirty years have been a Pastor.
"Our godly sect has a more sure hope
"Of Heaven, than any church in Europe.
"Of sin original, and offences
"To which the youthful mind propense
"is,
"We're cur'd by DIPPING: none but
"we
"Are from such double load set free.—
"That water is of purifying
"An emblem, there is no denying.

"Does it not follow then, the WETTER
"A baptiz'd Christian's made, the better?
"Who can believe a drop or two,
"Sprinkled on cheeks, nose, eyes, or
"brow,
"To the whole body will dispense
"Its purifying influence?
" * * * * *
" * * * * *
" * * * * *
"What man to cure a broken SHIN,
"Applies a plaster to his chin?
"Or pops his NOSE in pail of water,
"To rid his FEET of dirty matter?"

The reader we doubt not is perfectly satisfied without proceeding any farther. We cannot, however, avoid hinting to this follower of the Muses, and in his own ELEGANT words, that such Poetry

"Might send its author to have hide well
"Curried in Newgate or in Bridewell."

The Patriot's Vision; or, The Triumph of Opposition. 4to. 1s. Stockdale.

THE leading characters in Opposition are roughly handled in this poem, which bears evident marks of genius and poetical abilities. The author has ventured to attack the celebrated Peter Pindar pretty warmly for his lack of re-

verence to his M——y: how far Peter may patiently bear this correction, time will discover. *Nec aspera terrent* seems to be his motto, as well as our grenadiers.

A Discourse on the Use and Doctrine of Attachments, with a Report of Proceedings in his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, at Westminster, against an Attorney, collaterally, during the Terms of Trinity and Michaelmas, 1784; and Hilary and Easter, 1785; which Proceedings were enforced by Writ of Attachment; and a Proposal for an Act of Parliament. By T. A. Pickering. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Field-

THE author of this pamphlet seems thoroughly acquainted with the law and constitution of this country, and appears a strenuous advocate for liberty. In the preface he observes, that the doctrine of Attachments has not been so completely investigated, as a matter of so much consequence merits: willing, therefore, to throw every possible light upon an object of such importance, and at the same time impelled by a desire of vindicating his conduct and character as a professional man from any aspersions, he has laid his thoughts on the subject before the public.

"If any species of Attachments," our author observes, "be such that it does not admit of bail, it is not, as many practitioners contend, of the nature of an execution, but far worse. By the law of

the land, an execution is awarded only upon a definitive judgment on record; which judgment is subject to a revision in a superior court, and when the execution issues, there must not be any appeal depending. But if such caution and anxious delicacy are involved in the nature and frame of executions, with what mistrust and jealousy are unbailable Attachments to be viewed?" Mr. Pickering thinks it a matter of doubt, whether either of the courts of common law have, after solemn argument, ever declared that there is a kind of Attachments not bailable. After treating the subject generally, the author proceeds to state his own case in particular, and has thrown out many new and important hints, deserving the attention not only of his brethren, but of the community at large.

Gulliver Revived; or, the Singular Travels, Campaigns, Voyages, and Adventures of Baron Munikhoufen, commonly called Munchausen. 8vo. 2s. Kearsley, 1786.

WHAT was once said by 'an Italian Prince to Ariosto, "Where the Devil did you get all these damned lies, Signor?" might well be applied to the Author of this work. In the advertisement prefixed to the second edition, we are told that it would with more propriety have been called *The Lyar's Monitor*, no vice being more contemptible

than a habit of abusing the ears of our friends with falsehoods; and we agree with the Author in his observation. To amuse for a few hours with a moral end in view, is always deserving praise; and as we think this end may be obtained by a perusal of the present work, under the above impression, we cannot withhold our approbation of it.

The English Clergy's Right to Tythes examined, in order to promote Peace and Union between the Clergy and Laity; and to prevent Law Suits. By an Old Farmer. 8vo. 2s.

THIS Old Farmer is a shrewd sensible man. He gives it as his opinion, that in the first ages of Christianity, whatever was paid the Church was purely gratuitous. Tythes were introduced in England during the reign of King Offa, in 794. But our Farmer contends, that the King exercised an authority he had no legal right to; and that, of course, the origin of the practice being illegal, every subsequent act upon the same foundation must, in like manner, be irreconcilable to equity. The doctrine laid down by Blackstone, who says, "you cannot plead prescription against the King, because he is so great, or he is so strong; neither can you plead prescription against

the Church, because it is so little, or so weak;" the Farmer calls an ambo-dexter way of reasoning, and by no means approves of.

But, even admitting the authority exercised by Offa to have been legal, he observes, that as the improvements in husbandry required greater expences than were known in his time, the Clergy could have no right to any part of those expences which Offa knew not of, and therefore could not intend in his gift. This observation is rather sophistical, and shews how difficult it is to reason impartially in any cause where our interest is immediately concerned.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

LATELY perusing Addison's Dialogues on the usefulness of ancient medals, which subject is handled in a very poetical and comprehensive manner, I was particularly struck with one passage, wherein our Author fancies it would be no bad design to institute a museum of ancient dress, arms, implements of husbandry, &c. &c. for the better understanding of the Roman Classics. No one, I believe, will pretend to doubt how much better you would understand the shape of a Roman tunic by seeing it, than by the description of many pages. If the shape was controverted, let them work after different patterns. How many obscure passages of the Classics would be understood by these means, infinitely preferable to all the determinations of the critick. Add to this, Addison would have another room for the Roman instruments of war. You might see an exact representation of

the pilum, the shield, the eagle, ensigns, trophies, in a word, all the military furniture in the same manner it might have been in the Roman Arsenal. A third apartment should be a kind of sacristry for altars, idols, sacrificing instruments, and other religious utensils. Another room, all sorts of agricultural tools. Not to be tedious, one might make a magazine for all sorts of antiquities that would shew a man, in an afternoon, more than he could learn out of books in a twelve-month. How far the ~~musicians~~, or other societies, might come into this opinion, I cannot pretend to say; this I think I may affirm, that more useful knowledge might be attained, than in a collection of whales bones and dry fishes. If any one of your readers can strike out a better mode, I hope this may induce him to it.

ETONIENSIS.

JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS of the THIRD SESSION of the
SIXTEENTH PARLIAMENT of GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

JUNE 14.

THE House having resolved itself into a Committee (Lord Scarfdale in the chair) for the purpose of considering the India Judicature Bill,

Lord Carlisle, after urging a few objections against it, to shew that it tended to encroach on the privileges of the British subject, with regard to the trial by jury, wished to move a general resolution, setting aside the whole bill, the natural consequence of which would be the rejection of the bill. His Lordship then read the resolution, and offered it as a motion to the House.

Lord Bathurst, however, informed him, that this mode of procedure was informal; that their Lordships having already considered the principle of the bill, were now in a Committee for the purpose of examining it clause by clause; and that if any part of it should appear exceptionable to the noble Lord, it was open to him to object to it, and to move an amendment upon it.

Their Lordships then proceeded to consider the first clause; on which an amendment was proposed by Lord Carlisle, that the following words in the Bill, "for repealing a former act," should be left out.

On this a long conversation took place, in which various objections were urged against all the exceptionable clauses in the bill; and those objections were answered.

Lord Stormont went into a minute detail on this subject. He objected to the hardships it would impose on those who came from India; he shewed the danger that might arise from the appointment of those who were to try their delinquency being persons of a particular political description; and illustrated the injury that might arise from their being condemned in their absence, without the benefit of a personal hearing. All these dangers and evils, he alledged, would accrue from the regulations contained in the bill. He expatiated on the list of these grievances, and asserted, that it was contrary to every rule of justice, and to a direct maxim in the Roman code of legislation, which was, *absentem in criminibus condemnare non debere*.

Lord Walsingham vindicated the bill, and rescued Administration from an intentional guilt of invading the rights of British subjects, by depriving them of the trial by jury. He at the same time adverted on this mode of executing justice, and observed, that the veneration entertained of it was, perhaps, more founded in ancient prejudice, than justified by fact. In many cases, twelve jurors were assembled for the purpose of

trying a cause of which they knew little, and were obliged, by the necessity of nature, to come to an unanimous opinion in a very short time upon it. With regard to those who were to be appointed by the bill under consideration, he did not see a better mode of electing them for that purpose, nor could he conceive that any inducement could prevail upon them to pervert the powers with which they were to be invested.

Lord Camden defended the bill on several grounds, and shewed that the circumstances relative to India were so remote, so new, and so complex to most people in this country, as to put it beyond the power of ordinary juries to decide on them.

Lord Loughborough went with much minuteness into a consideration of the various clauses in the bill. He shewed that the mode proposed for the appointment of those who were to try cases of India delinquency, being by the nomination of members of parliament, would afford no security for their integrity in the discharge of their office; and expressed a suspicion, that unless its sanctity and infallibility could be secured with as much certainty as these two objects were obtained in the election of a pope, by the supernatural influence of the Holy Ghost on the cardinals in the conclave, there would be no safety in this judicature. He shewed the impropriety of allowing this court to decide finally, and without appeal, without being amenable, its sentence and inflictions not being subjected to review in the courts of Westminster-hall. He reprobated the regulation objected to by Lord Stormont, of punishing the absent; and illustrated the detestable nature of this measure, by a case of trial which had occurred in Scotland in the reign of James I. A person was then accused of treason five years after his death. It was pleaded at the bar, that to punish the absent was contrary to the laws of all nations. It was urged, however, on the other side, that during the reign of the Emperor Honorius, this principle had been admitted; but, notwithstanding the weight of this precedent, the court was so much struck with the danger of admitting it, that they ordered the grave, in which the culprit had been five years interred, to be opened, and his bones to be produced at the bar. Such was the reverence for that sacred principle of justice, even in those days, which had never been once violated, but by the Emperors or tyrants.

The Marquis of Carmarthen reprobated, in very strong terms, the insinuation, which had been thrown out against Administration, of its being a part of their system to encroach

on the rights and privileges of British subjects; they possessed no such intention.

The Committee then divided on the amendment, contents 9—non-contents 30.—Majority against the amendment 21.

The other clauses were then read and agreed to.

On the motion for giving a second reading to the bill for preventing frivolous and vexatious suits in the Ecclesiastical Court, and for the more easy recovery of small tithes,

The Bishop of Bangor opposed the motion, and observed, that the objects of the bill were principally two. First, to correct the practice of the Ecclesiastical Court in certain cases; and, secondly, to render the recovery of small tithes more easy; but both these points were so managed in the bill, that the practice of the Ecclesiastical Court was altered, where it wanted no amendment; and the mode prescribed for the recovery of small tithes was rendered more difficult than it was before.

The Archbishop of Canterbury said, that by that part of the bill which related to tithes, the poor vicar, who always found much difficulty in the recovery of his tithes, would be more embarrassed than he was before. His Grace observed, that he had no doubt, but that irregularities were committed in the Ecclesiastical Courts by needy proctors; and what Court was free from such irregularities? But he did not think that a sufficient reason to pass such a law as this, which acknowledged the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Court, and yet put it under such restraints, that it could scarcely exercise its jurisdiction for the correction even of such crimes as were allowed to belong to its cognizance. His Grace shewed this in several cases, and particularly in those of defamation and adultery; and here he made some observations on the dissoluteness of the manners of the age, and remarked, that instead of making our laws more lax and loose, the vices of the times called for more restraints. His Grace then excused himself from giving the House any further trouble, and concluded with seconding the motion, which was agreed to, and the bill was rejected.

JUNE 16.

The Royal assent was given by commission to the following bills: The Perfumery, the Scotch Judges, Starch duty, Tobacco, Southern Whale Fishery, Pilchard Fishery, American Naval Store, Scotch Admiralty Fees of Court, Stamp Office Salary, Middlesex House of Correction, Essex Workhouse, Lymington Road, and five private bills.

The motion being put, that the bill for reducing into one act all the laws respecting the militia, and for putting that service on a better establishment, be read a second time,

Lord Townshend rose to give his sentiments relative to it. He went into a detail,

proving the usefulness of the militia, both as tending to recruit the standing army, and as a bulwark of internal defence to the country. The experience of this country had proved it to be so. The King of Prussia's whole army was in fact a militia. His whole forces, as he was informed, were disciplined two months in the year, which was double the time proposed for exercising those of this country. The Emperor maintained a force of 60,000 men on the same principle; and the Spaniards, who possessed no ideas of liberty and constitution such as we do, had, notwithstanding, always kept up a militia. In the present bill there was one thing which recommended it to his mind; it was its principle of economy; and he was happy he could congratulate their Lordships, that all animosity had ceased between the army and militia—brothers of the same family.

The Duke of Richmond agreed with Lord Townshend on the subject of the bill; and replied to his Lordship respecting an insinuation he had thrown out, that money was now unnecessarily expended in building ordnance offices.—Lord Hopetoun, the Duke of Manchester, and Earl Stanhope likewise spoke, the latter of whom recommended an alteration in the bill. The motion being put, was agreed to.

JUNE 19.

The House resolved itself into a Committee upon the Militia Bill, Lord Scarisdale in the chair.

The House continued on the said bill until seven o'clock; in the course of which a great number of amendments were moved by the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Manchester, Earl Stanhope, and Lord Hopetoun, several of which were accepted, and others rejected.

The principal amendment that was offered was the plan of Earl Stanhope, for calling into actual service forty-two thousand militia, instead of twenty-one thousand, the number by the present bill, at the same expence.

The Duke of Richmond and Lord Sydney opposed the amendment, alledging the late period of the session, and the danger of losing the bill in the other House, if an alteration of such magnitude was to be adopted.

The Duke of Manchester thought there was great merit in the proposal, but he was very doubtful whether the experiment could be made in the present bill.

Earl Stanhope replied to the Duke of Richmond, that if his Grace would pledge himself to support the measure another session, he would withdraw his amendment. The noble Duke declined the proposal, and the amendment was negatived.

After a deal of conversation at the table, and several amendments, of but slender consideration; had taken place, the bill passed the Committee. The House resumed, received the report, and adjourned at seven o'clock.

JUNE 23.

The Committee made their report, that the precedents found were against admitting the Merchants to be heard against the Wine Bill. It was, therefore, committed, and the third reading ordered on Monday.

Very few Peers attended, and the House adjourned to Monday.

JUNE 26.

The petition against the Wine Duty Bill having been rejected,

Lord Loughborough went into the origin of the excise laws; and shewed, that since the time of Sir Robert Walpole to the present moment, the severities of the excise have been continually sharpening. His Lordship then entered into the comparison of the importation for the last fifty years; and proved, that there was by no means such a deficiency as was pretended. After a speech of an hour, replete with legal and constitutional knowledge, his Lordship gave his direct negative to the bill.

Earl Camden, in a very long speech, highly commended the zeal of the noble and learned Lord, in defence of the laws and constitution; but the necessity of raising a revenue overcame every other consideration. The merchants had invented every possible device to defraud the revenue; and therefore they might thank themselves. In short, every session produced a kind of warfare between the public and the trader, to prevent the latter from defrauding the revenue. He did not involve every individual in this charge; but it was impossible to make the discrimination. He was for altering the obnoxious clause pointed out, but then the bill would be lost, being a money bill; and therefore it ~~must~~ be submitted to.

The question was put, and the bill passed without a division.

JUNE 27.

The Royal assent (by commission) was given to the bill for the pay and clothing the militia; the wine duty; the consecration of bishops, subjects of other countries; the charitable donations; the shipping and navigation; the Bristol Bridge; the Cricklade inclosure; the Newcastle church; for erecting light-houses on the Northern coasts of Great-Britain; the Duffield inclosure; the East-India judicature; the North Sticks watering; the occasional voters; the Clink paving; the London coal-meters; the Westminster coal-meters; and to five private bills. Adjourned.

JUNE 29.

On the second reading of Earl Stanhope's bill for regulating voters in counties twelve months previous to the election,

Lord Sydney observed, that the present bill, though confessedly of the greatest importance, had passed through the Commons in a very thin House, and with a degree of deliberation very inadequate to what it evidently deserved. His Lordship was also of

opinion, that at the present season of the year it may meet with a similar degree of inattention from their Lordships, and therefore moved that the commitment of the bill should be deferred until this day three months.

Earl Stanhope entered largely into the defence of his bill. The importance of its provisions was highly deserving of their Lordships attention. It had at last been manifested to the utmost extent of his ability. Its principal tendency, exclusive of its other beneficial purposes, was to exclude that degree of bribery and perjury which were equally a disgrace to the nation and to morality; he hoped, therefore, that it would receive the support more particularly of the Spiritual Lords of that House.

The question was then put, and there appeared on a division on Lord Sydney's motion, that the commitment should be deferred, Contents 4, Not Contents 11.—Adjourned.

JULY 3.

The House having resolved itself into a Committee on the bill for granting relief to the East-India Company, by permitting them to make sale of certain annuities, and to increase their capital,

The Duke of Portland rose to move that the chairman should leave the chair. His Grace entered very largely into the general polity of our administration in India, and descanted with much strength and force on the principles of the bill before the House; but as the arguments were the same as have been already given to the public, when the bill was in its progress through the Commons, we shall forbear to trouble them with a superfluous repetition.

Lord Wallingham, in a very elaborate reply, took a general survey of the British administration in India. His Lordship spoke very forcibly in favour of the bill, and of the principles which it tended to enforce.

Lord Viscount Stormont spoke against the principle of the bill. The bringing of it into parliament at so late a period of the session was, he said, an unworthy device to gain time, and to avert for a season that disturbance which must unavoidably follow, when the situation of the Company's affairs in India came to be fully known. It was also, his Lordship contended, an injury to the present stockholders, as every increase of the capital of the Company tended in a ratio advancing with its amount, to diminish the credit of their respective securities.

Lord Loughborough arraigned, in very strong terms, the fallacy of the accounts laid before the House by the Company, and inferred therefore, that there appeared so much of premeditated imposition in their statements, that they were totally undefending of the countenance or protection of parliament.

Lord Bathurst spoke a few words in favour of the bill.

A di-

A division then took place on the Duke of Portland's motion, "That the chairman should leave the chair;" the numbers were, Contents 6, Non-contents 14.—Majority 8.

Lord Scarfdale, the chairman, then read the different clauses of the bill, which were agreed to without any debate, and the House adjourned.

JULY 4.

The following bills received the Royal assent by commission, viz. The Exchequer loan, Sinking fund, and Lottery bills; for more effectually carrying into execution the laws relating to stamped vellum, parchment, and paper, and for repealing certain stamp-duties on policies for insuring property in any foreign kingdom from losses by fire; for explaining several acts relative to hackney coaches; for better securing his Majesty's docks, ships, and stores at Portsmouth and Plymouth; the American Loyalists bill; for the consecration of bishops out of his Majesty's dominions; for appointing commissioners to inquire into the fees lately received at the public offices; to ascertain the fees to be taken by the officers of the Exchequer; for the more effectual punishment of persons attaining, or attempting to attain, possession of goods by false pretences; for making perpetual the act of the 14th of his present Majesty, for regulating madhouses; and to one road and one private bill.

JULY 5.

The Royal assent was given by commission to the bill to enable the East-India Company to increase their capital stock; the bill to defray the charge of the militia for 1786; the bill to prevent frauds in the payment of seamen's wages; the British cordage bill; the bill to continue the Commissioners of Public Accounts; the bill to continue the proceedings against Warren Hastings, Esq; notwithstanding any prorogation or dissolution of Parliament; and to several other bills.

The House having resolved itself into a Committee on the Ship Owners bill,

Lord Loughborough objected very strongly to the principle of the bill. Its tendency, his Lordship observed, was to place the Ship-Owners on the footing of a Joint Stock Company, by exempting the whole of their fortunes, their share in the vessel excepted, from any claims in consequence of losses sustained of the goods committed to their trust. It took all adequate security from the merchant, though that security, being held forth by the English Ship Owners in a superior degree, was the very circumstance which ensured them a preference, where there was any competition, and a constant employment from foreign merchants. The ships of other nations, being enabled by the frugality of their seamen, and other circumstances, to accept of a lower freightage, would, in consequence of this Act, be secured a preference, which they had long enjoyed the British Ship Owners.

Earl Stanhope, the Marquis of Carmarthen, and Lord Hawke spoke in support of the bill. The principal argument which was urged in favour of the Ship Owners was, that the sum paid for the freightage was so exceedingly disproportioned to the value of the goods, that it would be unjust to compel the Shipholder to make a retribution for losses, which, it often happened, could not be foreseen or prevented.

The House then went through the clauses of the bill, which were ordered to be reported next day.

The House went into a Committee on Mr. Wilberforce's bill, by which it is enacted, that the bodies of persons convicted of murder, rape, burglary, &c. should be delivered to a surgeon for dissection.

Lord Loughborough opposed the bill as disgraceful to the code of criminal law, and unjust in its regulations, which lost sight of all distinction between crimes of very different magnitude. Burglary and murder, for instance, should never be subjected promiscuously to the same punishment. On a business of so much importance, the twelve Judges should certainly have been consulted. This, however, had not been done. The bill had passed through the House with a degree of haste which could be equalled by nothing but its imperfection. His Lordship therefore moved, that the bill should be read a third time on this day three months.

Lord Sydney coincided with these sentiments, though he professed, at the same time, to approve very highly of the motives which had actuated the Hon. Gentleman by whom the bill had been framed.

Lords Carlisle and Bathurst spoke each a few words to the same purpose: after which Lord Loughborough's motion passed *nem. dis.*

The order of the day being read for going into the second reading of the St. Eustatius bill, it was read accordingly, and the question being put *in committing it, counsel was called to the bar.*

Lord Rodney then rose, and stated the grounds on which he captured the goods found on the island of St. Eustatius. Treasonable practices were carrying on against this country by the inhabitants of that island, to a very extraordinary degree. These practices were not confined to St. Eustatius and its dependencies, but the adjacent islands contained as many traitors as traders. The documents relating to his Lordship's reduction of a place where so much mischief had been done by individuals to the community at large, he sent home as part of his official dispatches. They were received by the then Secretary of State for the American department, and deposited in his office with other public documents, that they might be forthcoming whenever it might be the duty of parliament to produce them. On repeated application, however, to this office, even while under the management of different

east individuals, they could not be found. He had evidence to produce at their Lordships bar who would substantiate these facts. He mentioned the nature of the several packets of papers that were delivered, the ships by which they came, and the several individuals concerned in the delivery of them; that the clerks in the office were ready to give a similar account of the business, and particularly that Mr. Pollock had been desired to deliver them up, by an order from Lord Shelburne, to one Savage, who gave a receipt, bearing date the 31st of January, 1783, for two trunks or boxes of papers, which were to be delivered to Richard Downing Jennings, Esq. He believed these documents would have been of great use in deciding the points now in litigation concerning that affair. An affidavit, dated April 8, 1785, was then read by the clerk, which recounted the facts stated. After this, William Knox, Esq. was examined at the bar of the House, who confirmed the specific relation of his Lordship.

Counsel were then called to the bar, and Messrs. Erskine and Dallas being heard in support of the bill, and Messrs. Pigot and Burke against it,

Earl Bathurst rose, and in a few words stated his objections to the bill. He declared himself to be an enemy to every species of innovation, but on the most solid grounds. It did not appear to him that there were such grounds in the present instance. No complaint had been made against the conduct of the agents already

employed, and he saw no reason for taking the business out of their hands, and transferring it to trustees. He would therefore move, that the bill be committed to this day two months.

On the question being put, Earl Bathurst's motion was carried without a division. The bill is therefore lost.

Lord Rodney then rose, and called the attention of their Lordships to the evidence which they had heard relative to the St. Eustatius papers. He stated, that he had other incontrovertible proofs to bring forward, but the session was too far advanced for him to trouble their Lordships in a business, which it was his intention to renew at another time. He would content himself for the present with solemnly pledging himself to the House, to investigate this business to the bottom, by a parliamentary enquiry early in the next session.

Earl Bathurst expressed his dissatisfaction at the noble Lord's intentions. He thought the matter ought not to rest here. The annals of parliament, he avowed, did not record a more gross violation of trust than that which the evidence at the bar had proved; and he had no hesitation in saying, that the person guilty of it, was guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour*. Adjourned.

JULY 6.

Mr. Erskine (Counsel for Mr. Aylett) in a very able speech, contended, that his client was legally entitled to a writ of error, in consequence of the non-certification of the grand jurors' names, which was the principal

* General Vaughan, as Commander in Chief of the army, and Lord Rodney of the fleet, upon the surrender of St. Eustatius, respectively appointed agents to dispose of the captured property. The agents for the army were Lieutenant Colonel Fergufon, Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburne, and Mr. Foster. The agents for the fleet were Captain Young, of the Sandwich (since deceased), Mr. Paget (Lord Rodney's Secretary), and Mr. Akers, a Merchant of St. Christopher's. The departments of the above gentlemen were confined to the West-Indies. And prize-agents in England were also appointed by the said Commanders in Chief; namely, Mr. Jackson (a Member of the House of Commons), and Mr. Lloyd, on the part of the army; and Mr. Paget and Mr. Maylor (a Merchant in the City), on the part of the fleet.

In the course of the proceedings of the St. Eustatius prizes, no less than sixty-four claims appeared, and to an amount, as stated on such claims, far exceeding the whole of the captured property. The claims were made in the Admiralty Court, yet the claimants fixed their hopes upon the Common Law Courts, and attempted every course of proceeding which afforded a chance of excluding the jurisdiction of the Court of Admiralty. Their experiments, however, ended in a decision of the House of Lords, which finally restrained the cognizance of the claims to the Prize Court. These proceedings of the claimants, and the opposition given, necessarily occasioned delay and great expence. From that time, the agents, in England, of the captors, have been prosecuting the business in the Court of Admiralty, with all the diligence which the forms of that Court, with a due attention to the interests of the captors, would permit; and it was and is wholly owing to the very great number of claims now waiting the decision of the Lords of Appeals, that a division has not or can be made among the captors. These claims amounted to upwards of 300,000l.

Out of the whole number of claims, thirteen only have been finally disposed of, in nine of which there have been sentences of restitution; and there have been twenty-five other sentences on the said claims in the Court of Admiralty, which have been appealed from, and are now depending; and there are twenty-six claims now remaining in the Court of Admiralty undetermined, the greatest part, if not the whole of them, depending upon similar questions to those which were decided by the fate of the two appeals determined by the Lords Commissioners on the 23d of June; by which means the business of the said capture is nearly brought to a conclusion.

point on which he and Mr. Wood rested their arguments.

Mr. Bearcroft insisted, that it was not sufficient ground to reverse the judgment, and that such omission was customary, and of course not without prescription, which he confirmed from unnumberable authorities within the last fifty years.

Lord Bathurst, after hearing the arguments on both sides, deemed it eligible to refer it immediately to the decision of the Judges (five of whom were present).

Judge Gould recapitulated the whole in a very clear and comprehensive manner; at the same time adding his own opinion, that the judgment might be confirmed, which was unanimously agreed to. Adjourned.

JULY 7.

Mr. Erskine being called to the bar, was heard in defence of the petition against the lottery insurance bill. He mentioned, in a very urgent manner, the illegality of the powers about to be committed to men, who, in every respect, were least entitled to such a privilege. He meant, he said, the Westminster Justices; and condemned in strong terms the writ of certiorari. On the question being put, that the bill do pass, it was negatived *nem. con.*

On the third reading of Earl Stanhope's bill for regulating county elections,

The Bishop of Bangor renewed his opposition to the bill. He objected, in the first place, to the multiplicity of oaths; and, secondly, the regulations were of such a nature, that in his opinion it would be impossible to carry them into effect.

Lord Sandwich confessed, that he had no objection to the principle of the bill, as the preamble indicated so many maxims of the most salutary nature, tending to prevent litigation and expence; but he could not be persuaded that it was necessary, or even decent, at such a late period of the session, to repeal a law which the united wisdom of our ancestors had agreed to.

Earl Stanhope went spiritedly and extensively into a statement of the bill, and proved the many advantages to be derived from it. With regard to the objection concerning the oath, the regulation only substituted a good for a bad one.

Earl Ferrers opposed the bill.

On a division the numbers were,—Contents 12, Proxies 3—15—Non-contents 17, Proxies 21—38.—Majority against the bill 23.

On the third reading of the bill for appointing commissioners to enquire into the state of the crown lands, &c.

Lord Loughborough was much astonished at the introduction of this bill at so late a period of the session. He expressed his astonishment more particularly, that a very important part of the bill was omitted to be mentioned in the preamble or title. The bill was deceptive. It had the appearance of a bill of enquiry, but it was in fact a granting the commissioners a power to dispose of the

whole lands belonging to the crown. It was an established regulation, that no part of the crown lands should be disposed of without first obtaining his Majesty's permission; and that not even a discussion should take place without the like authority. There was indeed an assent to the enquiry, but none either implied or assented to the sale. There were several other very obvious objections which called for the immediate suppression of the law. He recurred to the days of Charles II. when it was thought necessary to levy a certain sum by the disposal of part of the crown lands. At that time, the Commons appeared scrupulous in the extreme, when requested to assent to the proposition for the sale. He was very diffuse in his observations on the times alluded to; and remarked, that it was then known that tenants holding of the crown lands were in many respects in a better situation than those who held of an inferior lord. In the present bill, however, all these particulars were totally disregarded.—The King suffered an injury, because his royal privileges were consigned into the hands of commissioners without any exception; besides, her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Royal Progeny, were equally injured, because a system had been formed for the disposal of the crown lands, which were certainly part of the royalties, without ever having been consulted on the subject.

Earl Bathurst left the woollack, and spoke very warmly in support of the bill. His Majesty's consent having been implied in the message, was certainly sufficient; but if that was reckoned insufficient, the royal assent was necessary before the passing of the law.—With regard to the authority with which the commissioners were about to be invested, it was no more than those granted in the days of Charles II.

Lord Loughborough recapitulated his arguments, by insisting that the royal assent was necessary to the extent of the law before it was introduced into parliament.

Lord Carlisle supported the noble Lord against the bill.

Lord Hawke spoke for a few minutes in favour of it.

The question was then put, and a division ensued, when the numbers were,—Contents 14, Proxies 14 28.—Non-contents 11, Proxies 3,—18—Majority 10.

The following Protest was afterwards entered. DISSENTIENT for the following reasons:

I. Because the provisions of the bill are extended to an object not disclosed in the title and the preamble of, nor expressed in his Majesty's most gracious message on which the bill professes to be founded. An enquiry to be made into the state and condition of the woods, forests, and land revenues belonging to the Crown, is the only purpose set forth in the title and preamble; his Majesty's message authorises no more; yet the bill proceeds to a sale of certain parts of the land revenue belonging to the Crown, which is neither conformable to the usual course of parliamentary

parliamentary proceeding, nor consistent with the respect due to the immediate possessions of the Crown.

II. Because the sale directed by the bill is injurious to the Crown, without being beneficial to the subject; it is not restrained to the rents remaining unsold (if there be any such) under the directions of the acts 22d and 23d of Charles II. But these acts are by this bill expressly repealed, a new power is created for the sale of Crown rents under the survey of the Exchequer, without any exception of rents within the principality of Wales, or those paid in name of tithe by ecclesiastical persons; of those charged with the support of schools, hospitals, bridges; of those paid by freehold or copyhold tenants of manors belonging to the Crown; neither is there any saving of the right of the Queen's Majesty, nor any protection of the subject against the claim of rents not put in charge within 40 years; all which exceptions and reservations were inserted in the acts now repealed.

III. Because the powers of survey given to the Commissioners are dangerous to the quiet of the subject, and derogatory to the honour of the Crown. Commissions of inquiry are directed to be issued by the Court of Exchequer on the mere motion of the Commissioners, without any other form of judicial proceeding, or any attention to the ancient Court of the Exchequer, whereby all estates contiguous to any forest or lands belonging to the Crown, are subject, at their pleasure, to an inquisition into ancient boundaries, supposed encroachments, and concealed titles. By the powers of inspection and controul, which, on a supposition of abuses not stated, are given to these Commissioners, the tenants of the Crown may be restrained from their accustomed privileges, in the occupation and renewal of their estates; and the management of the Crown lands, which, with a just and becoming confidence, is in the most ample terms reserved to his Majesty, by the first act of his reign, in the 9th and 10th sections, is submitted to the censure of the Commissioners, not appointed or removable by the Crown.

IV. Because every just purpose which the appointment of Commissioners can reach, might, without expence to the public, have been attained, by calling for the reports of the officers of his Majesty's land revenue, to whose skill, diligence, and integrity, no exception has been made.

LOUGHBOROUGH.—CARLISLE.
PORTLAND.—SANDWICH.
Chr. BRISTOL.

JULY 10.

By virtue of a Commission from his Majesty, the Royal assent was given to the following bills:—The Sweets duty bill. The Stamp duty bill. Salt duty bill. British fishery bill. The bill to render more effectual the transfer duty bill. The bill for ap-

pointing Commissioners to enquire into the losses of those persons who suffered in the cession of East-Florida. The bill for incorporating the British Society for extending the fisheries in Scotland. And to four other bills.

JULY 11.

This day his Majesty came in state to the House, and being seated on the throne with the usual solemnity, gave the Royal assent to—The bill for settling an annuity on Lady Carleton and her two sons. Mr. Brook Watson's annuity bill. The bill to prohibit the exportation of tools. The Ship Owners bill. The bill for licensing houses for slaughtering horses. The bill to rectify a mistake in the sinking fund bill. The bill to limit a time for repayment of the duties on servants, carriages, horses, waggons, and carts. The bill for appointing Commissioners to enquire into the state of the Crown lands, woods, and forests. The bill for altering the duties on low wines and spirits, and for discontinuing certain duties on rum and West-India spirits.

After which his Majesty was pleased to make the following most gracious speech:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I CANNOT close this Session of Parliament without expressing the particular satisfaction with which I have observed your diligent attention to the public business, and the measures you have adopted for improving the resources of the country.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the current year, and for the provision you have made for discharging the incumbrances of the revenue applicable to the uses of my civil government. The most salutary effects are to be expected from the plan adopted for the reduction of the national debt; an object which I consider as inseparably connected with the essential interests of the public.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The assurances which I continue to receive from abroad promise the continuance of general tranquillity.

The happy effects of peace have already appeared in the extension of the national commerce; and no measures shall be wanting on my part, which can tend to confirm these advantages, and to give additional encouragement to the manufactures and industry of my people.

Then the Earl Bathurst, by his Majesty's command, said,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

IT is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure, That this Parliament be prorogued to Thursday the 14th day of September next, to be then there holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday the 14th of September next.

HOUSE

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

June 15.

THE Speaker having taken the chair, and the petition from the agents in the Eustatius Bill being read, he asked it there was not a counter-petition. Being answered in the affirmative, counsel for both were called to the bar, and heard on the subject. — Mr. Burke (brother to the member) and Mr. Pigot spoke in favour of the agents; Mr. Erskine and Mr. Dallas in favour of the claimants; after which evidence was examined. Mr. Hazleton stated the whole amount of the capture of St. Eustatius, St. Martin, and the island of Saba, to amount, on a gross calculation, to about 300,000*l.* On the close of the evidence;

Lord Adam Gordon spoke highly in favour of the bill.

Lord Hood had turned the subject in his mind, and he could not see the object or use of the bill; as, in his opinion, the money was already well secured, and by the committing of it into the hands of the trustees, he did not see how it would hasten the distribution of it. The appointment of those agents, their stability and character, had met the approbation of the land and sea officers at the time, particularly Gen. Vaughan's; he thought the interference of the Commons rather an innovation. The Admiralty or Prize Court had the direction of all such causes time immemorial, and the present procedure, in his opinion, was diverting the stream out of its native channel.

Sir George Yonge was very much in favour of the bill. He had duly weighed it. His hon. relation (Sir George Howard) had done the same. He had submitted it to the opinion of an hon. gentleman (Sir Lloyd Kenyon). The learned lawyer gave it as his opinion, that the principle was not only legal, but just and commendable, inasmuch as it was not the private property of an individual or individuals; it was the gift of the Crown to those who had fought for it. He did not say that the present bill would expedite the payment of it, but it would undoubtedly go to the security of it, by taking it out of the hands of the agents, and investing it in the hands of trustees, under the eye and controul of parliament, where it might become productive, as he was certain, that if the whole had been put out to interest, it would have amounted to at least 100,000*l.*; and as for prescription, he believed that would not be wanting to sanction this bill. The Gibraltar Bill, so lately passed, was in his opinion a sufficient ground to warrant the commitment of this bill.

The Attorney-General professed himself a friend to the principle of the bill; but as to the clauses, he confessed himself otherwise; for, in fact, the claimants would not receive a shilling of it a moment sooner under the

adoption of parliament, than under the present agents, whose integrity he heard commended.

Lord Beauchamp declared himself warmly interested in favour of the claimants, as he thought, in every respect, they merited the reward. The sum was immense to be trusted in the hands of agents, to whom he did not mean the least personal offence. Col. Cockburne was one of the agents, he was told; one of them had died insolvent; one of the agents had written to the land forces, that their partition amounted to 4,000,000*l.* (he held the letter in his hand) the whole was originally two millions; were these sums to be trusted in the hands of a few agents, however respectable? Dealcations had taken place.

Mr. Wilberforce extolled the principle of the bill.

The Speaker put the question, that this bill be now committed; which was carried without a single No.

[Many of the claimants being in the gallery, appeared highly pleased with the decision, as the House seemed to give it with a hearty approbation.] Adjourned.

June 16.

The House having resolved itself into a committee of the whole House on the bill for regulating the registering of ships, several amendments were made, and some new clauses brought up. The committee then went through the bill, and it was ordered to be read a third time.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer presented a message from his Majesty, which the Speaker read from the chair, the members being uncovered. It stated, that it was his Majesty's desire that the House should take into consideration the business of the crown lands, forests, &c. and that some steps should be taken in consequence thereof, for the advantage of the public. — ~~It~~ be considered in a committee of the House on Monday.

Mr. Burke rose, and stated to the House, that although he was prepared to proceed on his charges against Mr. Hastings, yet he submitted, whether it was proper to proceed in business of such importance, when, from the advanced period of the session, there was likely to be so thin an attendance. On this subject he would wish to have the opinion of the House.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, Mr. Hulse, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Taylor, and others, were for postponing the business till next session, as it was impossible that the whole of the business could be gone through in less than two months, and that a call of the House must take place, otherwise the attendance of members at this season of the year could not be expected.

Major Scott said, that Mr. Hastings was extremely anxious to have all the charges

brought forward without delay, and stated, as his own firm opinion, that the existence of our possessions in India depended on the decisions of the House, and that delay would be extremely prejudicial.

Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Hawkins Browne, Sir Gregory Page, and others, were for finishing the business this session.

Mr. Pitt said, that if it was possible that the business could be gone through in the present session, he for one, however arduous and irksome the task would be to him, could have no objection. He thought, however, that the order of the day for Wednesday should not be discharged, that the House might have an opportunity of hearing the evidence on the next charges. Here the conversation ended.

Mr. Alderman Sawbridge then made his annual motion for leave to bring in a bill for shortening the duration of Parliaments. The House immediately divided on the motion—Ayes 20—Noes 53. Majority against it 33.

The House then went into a Committee on the bill for prohibiting the illicit exportation of wool, worsted, fuller's earth, &c. to the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, and Man, and Mr. Philips moved several resolutions.

In a Committee on the British fisheries, Mr. Beaufoy moved several resolutions, which after some conversation were agreed to and reported, and the Speaker having resumed the Chair, the House adjourned till Monday,

JUNE 19.

Mr. Dundas informed the House, that since he had been honoured with the office of Treasurer of the Navy, he had discovered many abuses in the payment of seamen's wages, which operated as great hardships on that useful body of men. One was, that when they were turned over from one ship to another, they could not receive the wages due on account of service in the former, till she was paid off, which sometimes did not happen for years after. Another was relative to the appointment of prize agents; but as that was generally within the department of the captains, he would not propose any thing on that head, till the officers should have time themselves to turn the matter in their minds. In the former case, that of turning of men over from one ship to another, he had not as yet been able to devise any satisfactory remedy; all therefore that he would trouble the House with at present, would be relative to another object, which called for immediate attention. It was a matter of notoriety, that a great number of forgeries had been committed of seamen's wills, and that the relations and heirs of others had frequently been perfonated by wicked persons, in order that they might take out probates of

such forged wills, and procure administration, by the commission of perjury, in the name of the heirs of intestate seamen, and thus defraud the lawful owners of their right. He intended to bring in a bill, with the leave of the House, to prevent those frauds as much as possible, which he proposed to do by causing all wills and powers of seamen to be signed by the officers of the port, whose signatures appearing frequently at the Navy-Office, would of course be well known. He concluded by moving for leave to bring in a bill, and obtained it without any opposition.

The King's message relative to the crown lands was, on the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, read by the Speaker to the House, the members sitting bare-headed.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then said, as he was not going to propose any measure that would call for the decision of the House on so important a subject as was that of disposing of the Crown Lands to the best advantage, it was not necessary that he should on this occasion expatiate much on that head. It might hereafter be a matter of discussion, whether the Crown Lands remaining still in the possession of the crown, might not be improved in such a manner, as that they might be rendered of much greater national advantage than they were at present; or whether, on the total alienation of them, an adequate compensation being made to the crown in lieu of them, might not be attended with more salutary effects to the public. But before so important a question could with propriety be determined or even discussed by Parliament, it was fit that the state, extent, and value of those lands should be previously ascertained: some progress had already been made in that work by an enquiry set on foot under the authority of the executive Government: but that authority could not effect the purpose in view, without the assistance of the legislature; and to procure that assistance, was all that he looked for this session. He begged leave to add, that he should be sorry that gentlemen should be very sanguine in their expectations of any great immediate benefit from the crown lands; from the nature of the thing, it must necessarily be gradual, or the measure would defeat its own object, by proving injurious and not advantageous to the public credit. If the lands were still to be retained by the Crown, then the benefit must arise from improvement, which must be the work of time. Should they be alienated, they must be sold by degrees; for the value of all the other lands, and of every other species of property in the kingdom, would be affected and lowered, if such large tracts of land as those which belong to the Crown should be set up to sale in the same year. However, let the intended measures respect-

ing

ing these lands be placed in whatever point of view they might, gentlemen would see, that the public must necessarily be benefited either by an increase of revenue, or by the extension of agriculture, which would find employment for additional hands, and consequently increase the population and industry of the kingdom at large. He concluded by moving for leave to bring in a bill, for appointing Commissioners to enquire into the state and extent of the crown lands, and make a report to his Majesty, and to both Houses of Parliament. The question was put on the motion, and carried without a word of debate.

JUNE 20.

In the agitation of the business of the Scotch Fisheries, Mr. Beaufoy begged to be heard on the propriety of a motion that he held in his hand, as he was sensible that a few moments reflection would immediately lead to the adoption of it. It was well known, that in many parts of Scotland the land was exceedingly barren, requiring every exertion in point of agriculture; it was also well known, that in many parts of that country the plough was absolutely a novelty, though, perhaps, no country stood in greater need of it; but it was in vain to plow, unless the ground was manured. To do this, chalk and limestone were found absolutely necessary; but to reduce those bodies to a proper degree of saturation, required fuel: peat in some parts might be plenty, but the sea-son might be better employed than in rearing peat, or turf; and, after all, coal was found much more preferable.—If then, through the want of fuel, and the uncertainty of the weather, the distressed husbandman should be urged to turn his thoughts to manufactures, even fuel there would be the *sine qua non*; and lastly, if the fisheries should tempt him, as the *dernier resort*, even there he would find fuel absolutely necessary. Something must be done to lessen the rigour of their fate, or emigration would of course take place. He could assure the House, from undoubted authority, that in the course of twelve years, viz. from the year 1763 to 1775, not less than 30,000 had exiled to America; and this minute, not less than 600 were about to embark for the same country, if the advantages held out in the present bill did not prevent them. Under those circumstances he would therefore move, that the duty now payable on coal in certain parts of that country, be forthwith remitted for a time limited. This did not go to rescind the coal duty; it might rather be called a commutation tax, as something equivalent, in the course of the business, would be pointed out to allume this imposs.

Mr. Brett objected to this on the principle of partial concession that other parts of the kingdom might think themselves entitled to. He had no objection to join in

remitting the duty on such coal as might be employed in the fisheries in question, but to fix the limit would be so difficult, that he would give his negative to the whole.

Sir Adam Ferguson spoke in favour of the motion.

The Attorney-General was rather disposed to give his opinion; the duty on coals was, in his judgment, rather reprehensible. He was sensible it could not be supported on any principle of common sense, humanity, or justice; and were the Minister present (Mr. Pitt was absent), and the question put to him, he was sure that he could only say in answer, that "I am not willing to give up my tax." He did not therefore pretend to give his opinion at once; he would, however, reflect on it.

Sir Edward Ashley thanked the Attorney-General for his candour. He agreed with the Hon. Gentleman in the reprobation of the coal tax, so disproportionately distributed. He believed it originated in the days of Charles the Second, "who never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one."

Mr. Dempster offered many reasons in support of the motion.

Mr. Jolliffe spoke highly in favour of the motion, which was carried without a single negative.—Adjourned.

JUNE 21.

Mr. Hamilton said, he was then going to fulfil the engagement he made a few days ago, when he promised to move for a call of the House: he expressed his concern that he did not see in his place a Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Fox) from whom he expected support on this occasion. He thought that a business of so much magnitude as the impeachment of Mr. Hastings, ought not to be agitated in a thin House; and therefore he thought a call necessary. He was of opinion also, that an accused and a persecuted man ought not to be kept long in suspense; and therefore he wished to have the business terminated this session. For Mr. Hastings, whom he had never seen but at the bar of the House, he demanded judgment, not suspense; the infamy of justice, if he should be found to deserve it, and not of prejudice. He knew that to move for and enforce a call of the House at this season of the year, would be a very unpopular measure; but still as he thought the measure just and necessary, he would propose it, and take upon himself all the odium and unpopularity attending it. He then moved, "that this House be called over on this day fortnight."

Mr. Dempster seconded the motion.

Mr. Sheridan said, that when his Right Hon. Friend, who was then absent, promised to support such a motion, it was only under this condition, that the House should previously resolve to proceed this session to the discussion of the other charges against

Mr. Hastings. Should the House decline any further proceedings in that business till next session, a call would be useless, and even vexatious. There was, however, one point of view in which an Hon. Member (Major Scott) had placed the impeachment, which would warrant him in voting for the call, if the Hon. Member would this day confirm what he had said on a former occasion; which was, that the keeping or the losing of India to this country depended upon the determination of the whole business this session.

Major Scott agreed in the necessity of the call. He said that any delay in the prosecution would commit to hazard our possessions in India; because, in case of any contest arising there, it was at present unsettled how far the Zemindars were liable to be called on for the necessary aids. If he did not mention this circumstance before, it was, in the first place, because he thought it sufficiently obvious; and, in the next, because he had not entertained the remotest idea that it would occur to any person to defer the business before it was brought to a final conclusion. He read an extract from a speech delivered by Mr. Hardinge in the year 1783, which called Mr. Hastings the Chatham and the Saviour of India: and after consulting it with the opinions lately delivered by that Gentleman in the House, he desired to know, whether it was compatible with any idea of justice, that the person so described should be suffered to remain for six or seven months under the pressure of that anxiety which was incident to his present situation.

Mr. Pitt contended that a call at the present season would be equally improper and ineffectual. He did not think that the situation of India required it, or was such as to give occasion for any of that dependence, which his Hon. Friend (Major Scott), contrary to his usual manner, had expressed. He did not think that it would be even a kindness to Mr. Hastings to proceed; nor would it tend to the purposes of substantial justice to press the decision at a time when the subject was sure to be carelessly and inadvertently reviewed. Respecting the dangers which had been predicted in India, he did not think that the business of the aids was at all involved in their late vote. He, for his part, had not then, or at any time, doubted the right of Mr. Hastings to call on Cheyt Sing, as a mere Zemindar, for any aids, proportioned to his ability, and to the exigencies of the State. He had as little doubt that Cheyt Sing had exhibited strong marks of contumacy on that occasion, and was in a certain degree deserving of punishment. The sole point in which he thought Mr. Hastings culpable, and on account of which his vote had been given against that Gentleman, was, that he thought the fine im-

posed was disproportionate to the offence, and that the means which had been pursued to enforce the payment of that fine, were also uncommonly and disproportionately severe. On these grounds he doubted not but many other gentlemen had voted, and he did not see that any pernicious consequences would follow, even if those opinions were openly and universally known in India.

Mr. Dundas said, he had seen the late dispatches from India; and so far were they from containing any intelligence that our interest in the East was declining, that he had reason to believe our affairs there were rather in a better situation than they had been for some time past.

Mr. Hamilton still persevering in his intention to take the sense of the House, a division took place, when the motion was negatived by a majority of sixty-nine:

Ayes 37, Noes 99.

It was then agreed that the Committee of impeachment should immediately sit, and examine Major Williams and Mr. Middleton, that the oral evidence might be completed before the rising of Parliament. The House accordingly resolved itself into a Committee, and the Gentlemen were examined; after which the House was resumed and adjourned.

JUNE 22.

Alderman Sawbridge neither rose through prejudice nor party to offer his opinion on the Ordnance accounts, which he thought well worthy the attention of the House, if they really intended to act up to the rigid œconomy they had introduced this session as the bias of so many arguments. The Board of Ordnance was always suspected to stand very much in need of this virtue; and the accounts on the table, on this head, justified this assertion in the highest degree. The principal complaint arose from the number of useless boats employed in the Thames and Medway, at first instituted, as he was told, by Sir Charles Frederick, for the purpose of influencing the borough of Queensborough. Mr. Dickenson, at the instance of Lord Townshend, had drawn up a plan of reform, which he did not doubt the noble Lord would have put into execution, had he remained in office. The noble Duke at present at the head of the Ordnance, promised much when he was first raised to that office; but instead of proceeding as was expected, 4000*l.* additional per ann. was added, and a number of sinecure places wantonly created. To prove this, he read a paper, which stated those particulars beyond contradiction; after which he moved, that a Committee be appointed to examine into those accounts, and to report the same to the House; which was negatived without a division.—Adjourned.

JUNE 23.

On the third reading of the county election

tion bill being moved, pursuant to the order of the day,

Mr. Yonge declared, that even in the present stage he would not suffer it to pass with only a silent negative. In going over the grounds of objection to it, he recounted various arguments which he would take occasion hereafter to lay before the public. He reprobated the encouragement which it would afford to persons of no principle to perjure themselves, and the difficulties which the registering would impose on honest freeholders, both in point of expence and delicacy, under doubts.

No further debate taking place, the House divided on the motion, when the numbers were, for the bill 38, against it 16—majority 22.

On a motion being made for the second reading of a bill, to continue the office and appointment of commissioners to inspect the state of the public accounts,

Mr. Hussey remarked, that in the course of the present session there was only one report made from the commissioners, and in that he was sorry to find omitted the balance of money remaining in the hands of the sub-accountants.

Mr. Pitt replied, that the report made by the commissioners contained a mass of information which much time and attention must have been employed in collecting. They had gone through all the duties in the port of London in their late report, and had now nearly digested another report, containing the state and situation of the different out-ports. From this investigation he should be sorry to divert them, as their decision thereon would be so much required on the occasion, which he intended to bring forward early next session, of the consolidation of the customs. Beside all this, he observed, that referring this business to them, would be wholly improper, from the subject being already committed by act of parliament to the commissioners for auditing the accounts.

The bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

Mr. Wilberforce moved, that it be an instruction to the Committee appointed to propose a bill for the disposal of the bodies of convicts after execution, to insert a clause for altering the punishment of females convicted of petty treason, which was agreed to.

Mr. Dempster, after a short preface, brought up a petition, signed by upwards of 400 British residents in Fort St. George, against the late bill for the government of India, stating, that they had left England entitled to all the privileges of British subjects, and praying the repeal of that bill, by which they were deprived of them. The petition was ordered to lie on the table.

Mr. Pitt stated, that by Mr. Burke's bill his Majesty was restrained from granting on the civil list pensions beyond the amount

of 300l. in consequence of which there were persons now prevented from receiving pensions which had already been promised them, and to which they were very well entitled. There were those of this description, who, when mentioned, must surely meet the approbation of the House. But all he should now mention was Sir Guy Carleton, to whom a pension was promised, for his military services during the late war in America. This, as well as two others, he gave notice he would move for on Monday next.

The House having resolved into a Committee, Mr. Rose in the chair, on the bill for enabling the East-India Company to make use of their credit in extending their capital to four millions,

Mr. Hussey renewed his former objections to the public being committed to the annuitants for the payment of 36,000l. which should be sold by the Company.

A long and irregular conversation ensued on this subject, after which the Committee went through the several clauses, and the House being resumed, adjourned to Monday.

June 26.

On the report of the bill for granting the sum of 55,000l. as a temporary relief to the American loyalists,

Mr. Dempster said, that there were several points relating to those unfortunate persons, concerning which queries had been submitted to him, and which he wished very much to have answered. The first was respecting those who had been sufferers by the war, but who, during the continuance, had been residents in England; he wished to know whether the claims of those were to be at all attended to. He was also desirous to understand, whether the professional gentlemen who had been injured by their attachment to us, were to receive any compensation; and also how far those persons who received the present allowance were finally to be considered in proportion to their claims.

Mr. Pitt replied, that respecting the two first points, it was impossible for him to give a decisive answer. The claims of those persons had not yet been considered; but he could not therefore say, at the present moment, how far they may be ultimately found deserving of attention. The third particular was equally considered; but whenever it came to be discussed, it would certainly be determined by the peculiar circumstances of their respective claims.

Mr. Hussey said a few words, recommending that the compensation to the loyalists, in which the honour of the nation was so far concerned, should be settled on something of a firmer basis; and that a lottery may be settled for as many years as would be necessary for the payment of their demands.

The bill was ordered to be read a third time.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought up two messages from his Majesty, respectively recommending to the House to provide for the payment of two pensions: The one of 1000*l.* per annum to Sir Guy Carleton for his own life, with the remainder to Lady Carleton and her two sons; the other of 500*l.* per annum to Brook Watson, Esq. for his services as Commissary-General in America, during the late war.

They were ordered to be taken into consideration the next day.

On the report of the bill for granting relief to the East-India Company, by permitting them to enlarge their capital, &c.

Mr. Sheridan, after expressing his surprise that a subject of so much importance should be agitated so late in the session, contended that the relief was unequal to the necessities of the Company. He moved a clause, which he argued in defence of, to the following purport: "Provided always, that as the faith of the country is not in any former act pledged for the security of the Company's debts, so in this instance they are equally acquitted of them."

The question, after a long debate, being put, it was lost without a division.

The report was then received, and the House adjourned.

JUNE 27.

In the motion to enable his Majesty to confer the sum of 1000*l.* per annum on Sir Guy Carleton, &c. in consideration of his eminent services in the cause of his country;

Mr. Wilbraham confessed that he entertained a very high opinion of the noble commander, but that he thought it would have given more satisfaction to have specified those eminent services in his Majesty's message, as was the case in Lord Hood's and Sir G. Elliott's pensions.—He was also surprised that this pension was not granted immediately ~~to~~ the promise of it.

Sir G. Howard enumerated the services of Sir Guy Carleton, especially in the preservation of Quebec: he attributed the delay in granting this pension to several causes.

Mr. Courtenay observed, that it was at once easy and pleasant to recite the services of the foregoing gentlemen; they were too important to be overlooked; they were engraven on the heart of the meanest subject, and in the memory of the most forgetful; but it was not quite so easy to recite services that never were performed. He entertained a very high opinion of Sir Guy Carleton, but he thought it incumbent to speak his mind. As to his preservation of Quebec, he could safely take upon him to say, that the inhabitants, through the prudence and exemplary courage of Justice Laws, in that

point, were well intitled to come in for the laurel. He would vote, however, for the pension, as his Majesty had promised it; as he considered the adherence to the royal word to reflect a purer lustre on the Crown than the brightest jewel in it; nay even brighter than the last India presents had afforded.

Mr. Luttrell spoke highly in favour of Sir Guy Carleton, and wished, for the honour and gratitude of the nation, that the House had given birth to the motion, which passed without a single negative.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer next adverted to Mr. Watson's pension, which was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Hufsey, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. Brickdale, spoke very much in favour of Alderman Watson.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was of opinion, that the specification of Sir Guy Carleton's services in the message, would have been somewhat like an insult to the understanding of the House, as he firmly believed they were well convinced of their importance.

Mr. Hufsey wished to know, if the Minister intended any recompence to the British subjects who lost their lands in Georgia by the cession of that province.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, he would be glad to satisfy the Honourable Gentleman on this subject in private. Adjourned.

JUNE 28.

The report of the resolution of the Committee in favour of Sir Guy Carleton, was brought up and read.

General Burgoyne rose, and in a very handsome speech bore testimony to the high merit of Sir Guy Carleton as an officer. He said, he should injure his feelings, if upon this occasion he omitted to state to the House the very great alacrity and zeal which General Carleton displayed in sitting out the flower of his army for the expedition which he was appointed to command, though a junior officer, at a time when his services were viewed with a partial eye. And he could also further say, that had not Sir Guy Carleton acted as he did while Commander in Chief, his private fortune would not have demanded this instance of his Majesty's bounty. To reward such a man, he observed, was true policy, as it was an incitement to others to serve their country with fidelity.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

The House then went into a Committee on the bill for appointing Commissioners to enquire into the state of the Crown lands.

Mr. Rose moved, that the blanks left for the names of the Commissioners should be filled up with those of Sir Charles Middleton.

dleton, Bart. John Call, Esq. and Arthur Holdsworth, Esq. The motion passed without any opposition, and the House was resumed.

On the third reading of the East-India loan bill, Counsel were called in to be heard on behalf of the East-India Company against one of the clauses.—Mr. Rous and Mr. Watson were heard as Counsel for the Company; but their arguments did not prevail; for, after a short conversation, the bill was read a third time, and passed without any alteration.—Adjourned.

JUNE 29.

Mr. Jolliffe objected to the bill relative to the waste lands, so far as it empowered the Commissioners to exist for three years, without a power being invested in the Crown to remove them, or the House of Commons being able to effect their removal by an address to his Majesty. Their salaries were left to the discretion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—If they did any thing, they ought to be paid; if they were not to do any thing, they should not be appointed.

The bill was then read, when the House adjourned.

JULY 5.

Passed Sir Guy Carleton's and Brook Watson's annuity bills. Adjourned.

JULY 6.

The Speaker read a memorial brought up by Mr. Pitt, requesting that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to point out the sum necessary for conveying the distressed blacks of the city, &c. to their own country, or else-

where, and that the House would make good the same. Adjourned to Monday,

JULY 10.

An error having been discovered in a bill lately passed, for appropriating the money arising from the old Sinking-fund to the services of the current year,

Mr Steele moved for leave to bring in another bill for the purpose of rectifying that error. The nature of the error was this—The produce of the old Sinking-fund was estimated at some millions five hundred thousand pounds; and the engrossing clerk, in reciting the estimate, in the bill lately passed, forgot to insert the word *thousand*; so that the sum was made to amount to some millions *five hundred* pounds, instead of five hundred *thousand* pounds.

The motion passed of course, and the bill was immediately brought in, and suffered to pass through all the stages without any interruption or delay. It was then carried up to the Lords, who, following the example of the Commons, immediately passed it thro' all the forms. The bill empowers the clerk of the crown to insert the omitted word *thousand* in the old bill, in the place where it should have originally stood. Adjourned.

JULY 11.

The House attended his Majesty in the House of Peers, when he was pleased to close the session with the Speech we have before inserted in our Journal of their Lordships proceedings.

P O E T R Y.

ODE to MORNING.

DELIGHTFUL Morn! whose breath ambrosial fills

With various rich perfumes the new-born air;
Calling forth every flower,

Each flower and opening shrub,

That erst beneath the chilly frown of Night
Shrunk fearful, and compress'd their fragrant sweets,

With secret joy thy light,

Thy earliest light I hail,

From the drear womb of Darkness' silent cave,

Gratefully welcoming thy wish'd return,

Thee too whose glimm'ring beam

Yon mountain's topmost brow

Feebly as yet illumines (chasing away
The shadowy forms by trembling fancy wove)

Thy cheering face where first

The Shepherd swain beholds,

As sweetly rising from thine Eastern couch,
Round which stream radiant tints of Iris' hue,

Thee too, resplendent Sun,

Thee too I gladly hail!

Touch'd by thy genial ray each hower among,
On every hawthorn hedge, and lowlier thub,

The silvery dew dissolves,

Weeping its pearly tears;

While o'er the sparkling lawns, a pleasing
• fight,

Myriads of lustres catch the admiring eye.

Thy smiles, enchanting Morn,

The warbling choir salute,

What time thou com'st in Spring's loose-float-
ing robe,

Or sultry Summer's veil transparent clad,

Pouring from ev'ry spray

Their artless harmony.

Light borne on Zephyr's scarcely-breathing
gale,

Re-echoing notes their sprightly notes beget,

'Till all is grateful mirth,

And melody and love.

Beating in many a maze the dewy grass,

Blythe sport the flocks th' empurpled meads
along;

Around its careful dam

The bleating lambkin frisks;

Now

Now nibbling crops a while the tender blade,
Now frisks again with harmless glee replete.
Ah! little victim, oft'

Thy fate compassion mourns.

Now lead me, jocund Nymph! with speed-
ful step

To yonder forest, whose o'er-arching shade
Thick-twining stoops t' embrace
Its flow'r-embroider'd banks;

Where springs the Violet, the sweet-scented
Thyme,

Faint-blushing Roses, Lilac purple-hued,
Woodbines and Jessamines,
And yellow Cowslips bright:

Where o'er the stream reclin'd the Primrose
pale

Bends its weak stem, and shrinks at ev'ry
breeze;

Or where in plaintive moan,
From its dank oozy bed

The whisp'ring reed, in sadly-soothing sound,
To fancied woe the pitying breast awakes,

As 'long its sedgey shores
Soft Melancholy breathes!

Be mine, sweet Morn! when Summer's suns
illume,

Be mine the cot near which some gentle stream
Its smoothly-chequer'd wave

In silv'y current winds,

Or sports in mazy ringlets thro' the grove;
Or thro' the silent valley pensive strays,

Ling'ring in calm delight
Its o'zger bowers among:

There, with the eye of mild Philosophy,
'Mid charms which Nature sows with lib'ral
hand,

In contemplation rapt,
Admiring let me gaze!

July 5th, 1786.

FRAGMENT of HERMESIANAX * of
COLOPHON, addressed to his MISTRESS
LEONTIUM, describing the amount of
the GREEK POETS.

Translated by R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Οὐκ ἔστι φίλος υἱὸς ἀνήγαγεν Οἰάγοισι,
Αἰγυῖάων θρησσαν γαίλαμονος κιδάση —
etc. (Albani. lib. xiii.)

SUCH was the Nymph, whom Orpheus led
From the dark mansions of the dead,
Where Charon with his lazy boat
Ferries o'er Lethe's sedgey moat;
Th' undaunted minstrel smites the strings,
His strain thro' hell's vast concave rings;

Cocytus hears the plaintive theme,
And reflux turns his pitying stream;
Three-headed Cerberus, by fate
Polled at Pluto's iron gate,
Low-crouching rolls his haggard eyes
Ecstatic, and foregoes his prize:
With ears erect at hell's wide doors
Lies list'ning as the songster soars;
Thus music charm'd the realms beneath,
And beauty triumph'd over death.

The bard, whom night's pale regent bore
In secret on the Athenian shore,
Musæus, felt the sacred flame,
And burnt for the fair Thuban dame
Antiope, whom mighty Love
Made pregnant by imperial Jove;
The poet pled his amorous strain,
Pres'd the fond fair, nor pres'd in vain,
For Ceres, who the veil undrew,
That screen'd her mysteries from his view,
Propitious this kind truth reveal'd,
That woman close besieg'd will yield.

Old Hesiod too his native shade
Made vocal to th' Aferian maid;
The bard his heav'n-directed Jove
Forsook, and hymn'd the Gods no more:
Soft love sick ditties now he sung,
Love touch'd his harp, love tun'd his tongue,
Silent his Heliconian lyre,
And love put out religion's fire.

Hours, of all past bards the prime,
And wonder of all future time,
Whom Jove with wit sublimely blest,
And touch'd with purest fire his breast,
From gods and heroes turn'd away
To wattle the domestic lay,
And wand'ring to the desert isle,
On whose parch'd sands no seasons smile.
In distant Ithaca was seen
Chaunting the suit-repelling Queen.

Mimnermus tun'd his an'rous lay,
When time had turn'd his temples gray;
Love revell'd in his aged veins,
Soft was his lyre and sweet his strains;
Frequenter of the wanton feast,
Nanno's theme, and youth his guest.

Antimachus with tender art
Pour'd forth the sorrows of his heart;
In her Dardanian grave he laid
Chryseis his beloved maid;
And thence returning sad beside
Pactolus' melancholy tide,
To Colophon the minstrel came,
Still sighing forth the mournful name;

* Hermesianax was probably a cotemporary of Epicurus.

† Leontium was an Athenian courtesan, the mistress of Epicurus, and no less celebrated for science than beauty; for she engaged in a philosophical controversy with Theophrastus, of which Cicero takes notice, Lib. I. de Nat. Deor.

Till lenient time his grief appeas'd,
And tears by long indulgence ceas'd.

Alcæus strung his sounding lyre,
And smote it with a hand of fire,
To *Sappho*, fondest of the fair,
Chiaunting the loud and lofty air.

Whilst old *Anacreon*, wet with wine,
And crown'd with wreaths of Lesbian vine,
To his unnatural minion sung
Ditties that put to blush the young.

Ev'n *Sophocles*, whose honey'd lore
Rivals the bee's delicious store,
Chorus'd the praise of wine and love,
Choicest of all the gifts of Jove.

Euripides, whose tragic breast
No yielding fair-one ever prest,
At length in his obdurate heart
Felt love's revengful rankling dart.
Thro' Macedon with furious joy
Panting he chas'd the pathic boy;
Till vengeance met him in the way,
And blood-bountis made the bard their prey.

Philoxenus, by wood-nymphs bred
O'er *Mount Cithæron's* sacred head,
And train'd to music, wine and song,
'Midst orgies of the frantic throng,
When *beauteous Galatea* died,
His flute and *thyrsus* cast aside;
And wand'ring to thy pensive coast,
Sad *Melos*, where his love was lost,
Each night thro' the responsive air
Thy echoes witness'd his despair:
Still, still his plaintive harp was heard,
Soft as the nightly-singing bird.

Philotus too in *Battis'* praise
Sung his long-winded roundelay;
His statue in the *Coan* grove
Now breathes in brass perpetual love.

The mortified abstemious sage,
Deep read in learning's crabbed page,
Pythagoras, whose boundless soul
Scal'd the wide globe from pole to pole,
Earth, planets, seas and heav'n above,
Yet found no spot secure from love;
With love declines unequal war,
And trembling drags his conqueror's car,
Theano clasp'd him in her arms,
And wisdom stoop'd to beauty's charms.

Ev'n *Socrates*, whose moral mind
With truth enlighten'd all mankind,
When at *Aspasia's* side he fate,
Still found no end to love's debate;
For strong indeed must be th at heart
Where love finds no unguarded part.

Sage *Aristippus* by right rule
Of logic purg'd the Sophist's school,
Check'd folly in its headlong course,
And swept it down by reason's force;
Vol. X.

'Till *Venus* aim'd the heart-felt blow,
And laid the mighty victor low.

E L E G Y.

SOFTLY blow, ye whisp'ring breezes!

Softly breathe, thou vernal air!
Yonder comes the hapless *Zaida*,
Fairest she among the fair!
Long she lov'd a faithful lover,
Long her flame in secret mourn'd;
But in battle bravely falling,
To her arms he ne'er return'd.
Now by deep despair afflicted,
Tread her wand'ring feet this way;
Now with eyes to heaven uplifted,
Fraught with grief I hear her say:
"Hasty warrior! unkind lover!
"Why didst thou thus serve me so?
"Whence arose that martial ardour?
"Couldst thou love, yet bear to go?
"If my flame to thee was constant,
"If to thine my heart bear true,
"Did I then deserve this treatment?
"Was this misery my due?
"Could that bosom, soft and tender,
"Disapprove my boding fear!
"Those bright eyes, mild lustre darting,
"Could they check th' expressive tear?
"No:—thou much-lov'd hapless victim,
"Well thou didst thy passion prove,
"And, tho' many a climate distant,
"Faithful to thy sorrowing love.
"Why then, *Death*, thou cruel tyrant,
"Didst thou break his wish'd for rest?
"All unmov'd, thy murderous weapon
"Sought his unprotected breast.
"Hush, ye winds! ye storms, give over!
"Hark! I hear his shrilly cry:
"O'er his head the iron vengeance
"Sternly low'rs—he sinks—he dies!
"Alas! alas! *Imagination*,
"Why compel me thus to mourn?
"Too true is the fancied danger,
"Never must my love return.
"Now the midnight blast blows keener,
"Now the teeming showers descend,
"Whither must I hapless wander,
"Where find out a soothing friend?
"Where indeed! since lives no longer
"That dear youth my soul admir'd;
"Lost to comfort, lost to duty,
"All my hopes with him expir'd.
"Farewell then, vain scenes of pleasure!
"And thou, fond *Hope*, a long adieu!
"Rest, sweet shade, 'till *Zaida* follows,
"Till this poor heart shall break for you."

Thus distress'd, she mourns her lover,
Thus with anguish rends the air,
O'er the wild heath nightly wanders,
Nightly sheds the sorrowing tear.
Six long months are gone for ever
Since she heard the dreadful truth;

Tho' she knows him past recalling,
Still she mourns the luckless youth.
O Heav'n ! thy dread decrees are blameless,
Tho' unperceiv'd by human sight ;
All-healing time, and calm reflection,
Will teach—Whatever is, is right.

May 6, 1786.

AUBINUS.

IL VIAGGIO.

HENCE, listless occupation
Of dull domestic cares and mummerly,
The fretful infant's cry,
The chiding dame, and gossip's exultation,
The drunkard's brutal joy,
The yawning fire-side circle's musty tale,
And pipes and humming ale !
The pimper'd justice, and the parson's prose,
Dull scenes that Britain knows !
Which waste the sum of life, and daily bliss
destroy !

But come, fair Travel ! whom of yore
Variety the wood-nymph bore.
For once as she was roving, free,
Wisdom, with unwonted glee,
Woo'd her mid the vallies bright,
Woo'd her on the mountain's height ;
By the stream and in the grove,
Pour'd the winning voice of Love ;
At length beneath a spreading tree,
Fall'd the blushing maid with thee.

Haste, O Travel ! hither come,
Thro' other countries let me roam.
Haste to Paris, city proud !
Gaze upon the chequer'd crowd ;
Mark the ever-varying dress,
Painted Vanity's excels !
Or listen with abhorrent ear
To noisy harmony fervent,
Where never yet attention found
The luxury of thrilling sound.
But there, the many-measur'd dance
Shall my wond'ring-soul entrance ;
Grace and beauty mingled move
In every wanton fold of love !
Soft they twine in blushing treasure ;
Heave the bosom's panting pleasure ;
Circling arms of loveliest white
And melting glances charm the sight ;
Or springing feet, with agile bound,
Glisten in the mazy round.

Now I join the sons of Fashion,
Void of sentiment and passion ;
Learn in modish guise to sit,
And make dull nonsense pass for wit ;
Characterise each sort of face,
Run divisions upon grace,
The wanton's leer, the prude's disguise,
And all the mystery of eyes.

Next I seek the hardy band
Of mountaineers, in Switzerland ;
Where the sheeted lakes display
Their glassy mirrors to the day,
While distant summits meet my view,
Clothed in robes of whitest hue ;
Wander o'er the pine-capt hill,
Or at fountains drink my fill,
Tracing every landscape fair,
That towering nature pencils there ;
Or I join the social train,
Who vice and sensual bliss disdain ;
Observe the maiden's bloom aspire,
While the matron checks the fire ;
Jocund pass the hours away
In innocence and converse gay :
Hospitable, free, and kind,
The Swiss possess a gen'rous mind.

Now again the scene to change,
Thro' the wilds of Savoy range,
Where many a barren rock appears
To sadly pour the gushing tears,
That fall upon the vale below,
And steal along in murr'ring woe.
Next approach with vagrant feet
The holy Chartreuse * lone retreat ;
Dirges deep, and fervent prayer,
Solitude, and hope, are there ;
Gaze upon the forests round,
That echo to the torrent's found ;
Then beneath some shade reclin'd,
Scorn the world that's left behind.—
How vain is human pride, I cry,
Gilded care and misery !

Soon Mount Cenis' top I scale,
See below proud Piedmont's vale,
As the wakening morn discloses,
† Locks of gold and front of roses.
Nature seems to breathe anew,
Seems to weep with amber dew,
For those who force th' ungrateful soil,
Wretched race of d-dily toil !
Yet all the rising pangs they know,
From penury and labour flow.
Deeper griefs and sadder pain
Rend the mad ambitious train,
Mid the towered cities fair ;
Rage, and jealousy, and care ;
Fraud, bedight with mantle pure,
‡ Pious voice and look demure,
While his folded skirts between,
Lurks a dagger bare and keen ;
And Avarice rolls a cautious eye,
His treasures viewing with a sigh.
Alas ! I mourn the madding crew,
Who heart-felt transports never knew,
Whose bosoms never yet could prove
The rapture of the silent grove,

* La Grande Chartreuse is the principal convent of the Carthusian order, situated between Grenoble and Chamberry.

† Con la fronte di rose, e con crin d'oro.

PETRARCHA.

‡ See Orlando Furioso, Canto 14, Stanza 87.

The soft complaining of the rill,
The flow'ry lawn, and breezy hill,
But wafts away a slavish life
In falsehood, flattery, and strife.
Next I mount the Appennines,
Or stray where yellow Tiber shines,
Reflecting many a moulder'd fane,
As he bathes his wide domain ;
Or behold the Western deep
In the arms of Naples sleep.

Ever 'midst Italian plains,
Peace and wanton pleasure reigns ;
But chief when Carnival appears,
And his painted standard rears,
Quaint Disguise and Mystery,
Motley Mirth and Liberty,
Bid the laughing moments glide,
From affectation free, and pride ;
While dance and music both combine,
And blushing Love, with look divine.
Or from frolick scenes I haste
To the nobler joys of taste ;
Where the proudest works of Art
Firm perfection's power impart ;
Where the Grecian Venus bends,
And from th' observer's eye defends
Whom covering mantles her naked charms,
And doubly by retiring warms.
Or within the Vatican
View the finish'd form of man,
Apollo, in young beauty bright,
Rushing on th' enraptur'd sight ;
See all that painting can bestow,
The composition and the glow ;
Learn to estimate by rules,
The excellence of different schools,
And with judging-ye compare
Titian's touch and Guido's air.

Or at old Pompeia trace
The private manners of the place,
And observe each dread remain
That calls past ages back again,
And catch the moment of pale death,
That sudden stopp'd the general breath.

When Italia's pleasures fail,
Let me seek the northern gale,
Where the Danube's waters flee
For refuge to the Euxine sea ;
Or feel the frozen tempest bite,
With the barbarous Muscovite :
So shall my glowing heart expand,
As I tread each distant land,
And observation's piercing ray
Brighten every coming day :
Such the joys that travellers prove,
Ever, ever, let me rove.

LINES addressed to COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.
on his determining to quit the GAIETIES
of LIFE, being become a GRANDFA-
THER.

By Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Not printed in her Works.

WHY will you quit your pleasing strain,
So form'd to charm and entertain ?
Or bid love's softer joys adieu,
Unless they bid farewell to you ?
As yet no symptoms of decay
Exclude you from the fair and gay :
And will you suddenly decline
Your cheerful nymph, or cheerful wine ?
Wine kept ANACREON ever young,
The fair inspir'd the lays he sung :
Let him your great example be—
So take your glass, and think on me.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

PROLOGUE

To Mrs. INCHBALD's new Farce, called
The WIDOW's VOW.

Written by Mr. HOLCROFT.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, jun.

PROLOGUES, with caustic touch, have
often tried
To probe your spleen, prove knaves and fools
allied !

Have twisted words and wit ten thousand
ways,

To shew that these are most degenerate days !

A different talk be ours. We'll prove
that you
Are wise and happy. Nay ! tho' strange 'tis
true !

First on your safety think ! Now belles
appear

By ample bulwarks guarded ! front and rear.
Now male and female ambles side by side,
Exempt from harm, by breastworks fortified !
Here polygons defend Miss Molly's breast !
There horn-works hush the husband's fears
to rest !

By ramparts daily rais'd, he's freed from cares ;
If he'll but grant sufficient for repair.

Our strength thus prov'd, proceed we to
disclose

How new-made wealth through new-made
channels flows !

How rich we are in medal-rust and rare
things !

In copper coins, gilt pence, and—Queen Anne
farthings ;

How shells, stuff'd monkeys, and cremonas
old,
In hands of auctioneer are current gold !

He, "Going ! Going !" cries ; "the
hammer's up !

"This fine antique ! this Roman caudle cup !"
A gem so rare makes connoisseurs turn pale ;
Fearful, alike, to purchase or to fail ;
Hope trembles, starts, from lip to lip re-
bounds,

Till down she's knock'd—by—Ah ! One
thousand pounds !

The envied purchaser, with joy elate,
Pays for his prize by—selling his estate !

While *Smirk*, in florid style, words nicely
plac'd,

Protests *she* lot does 'anner to his taste !

(*nim.cking.*)

Yes ! sure you're happy ! and should rest
content,

Now landscapes are reduc'd fifteen per cent. !
And Claude's and Titian's new-found won-
ders nifty

By new-made Peers be bought—if new-made
Peers can pay.

(*Assuming sorrow.*)

One thing indeed may well your peace in-
vade,

(*Wecps.*) Pawnbrokers !—threaten you to
leave off trade !

(*Returning to his former cheerful tone.*)

All things consider'd, now, while safety
smiles,

And wealth inundates thus our Queen of Isles ;
While Vickery head-defects fo soon repairs,

And half unpeoples Greenland of her bears ;
While Exhibitions, Galas, and Reviews,

Lisle-street, Vauxhall, the Abbey, Handel,
Hughes,

Flutes, fiddles, trombos, double-drums, haf-
foons,

Mara, the Speaking Figure, fish-balloons,
Earth-baths, live eagles, such as never flew,

L'Hercule du Roi ! and General Jackson !

While these create a round of such delight,
Sure we may hope you will not frown to-
night !

While farces numerous as these go down,
Our farce may, in its turn, abuse the town !

And smiling, thus, on Folly's vast career,
Sure not on us, alone, you'll be severe !

July 7, Mrs. Edwards made her first ap-
pearance on any stage at the Haymarket,
in the character of Macheath. This lady
is not young, and has the disadvantage of
an unwieldy figure. With these negative
qualities for the stage, it is a pity that any
reasons should be powerful enough to
tempt her to so arduous a task as to be the
representative of Macheath. Her per-
formance did not want ease ; but was on

the whole not of sufficient excellence to
excuse the impropriety of a female per-
forming a man's character. Previous to
her appearance the following

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Written by Mr. BUSBY,

WAS SPOKEN BY

Mr. BANNISTER, jun.

IN this bright court is merit fairly tried,
In its own strength here genius may confide :
Here Mercy in the smiles of Beauty fits,
And beams from you * to soften critic wits ;
Here you †, on beauty as around you gaze,
To candour melt, and only wish to praise ;
While you ‡, ye ever-ruling powers above !
Consent in thunder, and th' applause approve !

Here Confidence her aid may safely lend,
In ev'ry heart ENDEAVOUR owns a friend :
Oft by the will you estimate the deed,
And well to strive is somewhat to succeed.
Thus, by your favour, marks our kindly fate,
This too I told our trembling candidate ;
Who, scarce a month since, panted to appear !
" O for the night ! My life ~~was at stake.~~"
And now, all apprehensive of her doom,
Would give her life if it were a month to come.
And why (I ask) these fears, Ma'am ? " 'Tis
not, Sir,

" I dread the audience, but the character"
Bold is the task, I grant, you've undertaken,—
Some curiosity, no doubt, 'twill awaken !
Nor will the most discerning aptly guess
Why you desert your sex, and change your
dress :

A first attempt too ! " Sure !" the beaux will
say,

" She might have chang'd with us, and gone
half way.

But when the motive fairly shall unfold,
And all the willing to be pleas'd are told,
That weighing Nature's faculties, you chose
The part would best those faculties disclose ;
That daring to succeed, nor aw'd by fear,
At least the best you could you would appear ;
When the just Town know this, they'll love
the spirit,
Nor damn Macheath, if for this only merit.

13. Mrs. Smith, from the Theatre at
York, performed Phillis, in the Conscious
Lovers. This lady is sister to Mrs. Bates,
of Covent-Garden Theatre, and acquitted
herself with spirit and propriety.

19. Mrs. Brooks, who had never ap-
peared on any stage, made her first essay in
the character of Lady Townley. Her fi-
gure is extremely good, her face beautiful,
her features flexible, and we believe, when
familiarized to the Stage, very capable of
exhibiting the various passions proper to be
expressed.

* To the Boxes.

† To the Pit.

‡ To the Galleries.

expressed. For a first appearance, her action was sufficiently easy, but it will require some time, and much application, to render her voice powerful enough for the Theatre. Attention and habit will, however, overcome any disadvantages she may at present labour under, and we doubt not she will, by industry, ripen into excellence. Of the other characters, Miss George in Miss Jenny, and Mr. Bensley in Manly, were excellent; and Mr. Palmer, in Lord Townley, deserved much commendation.

21. We have lately been used to such disgusting vagaries on benefit-nights, that the attempt of Mrs. Webb to personate Falstaff, hardly created surprize. We may say with Shakespear,

“ Such beastly, shameless transformation
 “ _____ may not be,
 “ Without much shame, retold, or spoken of.”

To say that this performance was execrable, in the fullest sense of the word, is hardly sufficient to characterize it. Let it suffice, that it produced a large audience, and we suppose Mrs. Webb will have no objection to its being entirely forgot. A new performer to this stage, but evidently a veteran elsewhere, attempted the part of Hotspur. He could scarce be heard in the nearest place to the stage, and by being permitted to finish the part without interruption, proved the good-nature of an English audience.

24. A new comedy, called The Disbanded Officer; or, The Countess of Bruchfal, was performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Haymarket. The characters were,

Colonel Holberg,	Mr. Palmer.
Serjeant-major War-	} Mr. Bannister, jun.
mans,	
Rolf, Groom to the	} Mr. Parsons.
Colonel,	
Bellair, a French Of-	} Mr. Wewitzes.
ficer,	
Landlord of the Hotel,	Mr. Baddeley.
Caroline, Countess of	} Miss Farren.
Bruchfal,	
Lisetta, her favourite	} Mrs. Bulkeley.
Maid,	
An Officer's Widow,	Mrs. Inchbald.

The scene lies in a hotel at Berlin. The fable of this comedy, which is taken from the German, is simple and pleasing, though the whole part of the Frenchman might have been omitted without injury to the piece. The language is spi-

rited, with a happy mixture of the humorous and sentimental. The characters in general were well supported; but the author owes great obligations to Miss Farren and Mr. Palmer for the admirable manner in which they represented his principal parts.

E P I L O G U E

To the ROMAN FATHER.

Written by P. PINDAR, Esq.

On the occasion of the above Tragedy being represented in the Theatre of WILLIAM FECTOR, Esq. at Dover.

Spoken by Mr. FECTOR.

[Enter in a fright]

LADIES and Gentlemen—it is no fire!

“ Good God, what is't ?” you instantly re-
 quire.

I'm really in a most confounded fright,
 Believe me there's no EPILOGUE to-night.
 “ No Epilogue !” I hear you wond'ring say,
 “ None ?—then you cry—“ the Devil takes
 the Play.

“ What!—must we dismal part and seek our
 beds,

“ With nought but shrieks and murders in
 our heads?

“ Go home without of mirth one single grain,
 “ To exorcise the horrors from our brain ?”
 Ev'n so—yet would I lose those fav'rite ears,
 Could my poor talents smile away your tears
 With some smart touches in the comic strain,
 That charming sun-shine after showers of rain.
 To climb Parnassus could I boast the skill,
 I'd bring such treasures from the sacred hill;
 Yet now I think again [studying] immortal
 verse [ironically]

At this time, is most lamentably scarce!
 Engag'd the life of Johnson to compose,
 The Muses all are busy writing prose,
 Collecting every anecdote they can,
 Of that oracular—that wond'rous man,
 Whom Chesterfield, with disappointment hot,
 Untairly call'd, a letter'd Hotentot.
 I thought of entertaining you with news,
 But lo! the world hath nothing to amuse;
 The dogs that like a Vestris danc'd a jig,
 That Solomon of brutes, the learned pig,
 The wonder of each cockney and his dame,
 No longer fill the hundred mouths of fame;
 Like plays and operas they have had their run,
 And idle London gapes for other fun.
 You see then, Ladies, I have nought to say,
 Yet blest'd with confidence enough to pay
 For what no spot on earth can match our ills;
 'Tis needless now to tell you, 'tis your smiles.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Venice, June 13.

AN Express arrived here last Sunday from the Chevalier Emo, with the particulars of the three last attacks upon Sfax; according to which that town is almost entirely destroyed, and a vast number of its inhabitants killed. The same accounts add, that notwithstanding the vivacity of the fire from our bomb-ketches, and floating batteries, which in three days threw 1426 shells and cannon-balls into the place, the enemies batteries being well served, and directed chiefly by French engineers and artillery-men, returned us 1600 shot; however, not much damage was done by them, as our loss only amounted to four men killed, and 23 wounded. Our floating batteries received some slight damage, which was immediately repaired. Notwithstanding these repeated bombardments, the Dey of Tunis continues not only inflexible, but is more irritated than ever; and the last proposals for an accommodation are on much more aggravating conditions than any foregoing ones; and it seems now very doubtful whether the Republic will ever be able by force of arms to bring that prince to more moderate terms.

Paris, June 26. The King and his noble suite are gone to take a view of the great works erecting at Cherbourg, where a harbour is to be formed for the reception of the largest men of war. His Majesty arrived there the 22d, and the next morning as soon as day-light appeared, he dressed himself, and in a sloop of war went to visit the works of Isle Pelee. What both pleased and astonished his Majesty most, was, the glorious appearance of Aurora rising from the bosom of the sea, and with her radiance adding beauty to the motionless waves. After having bestowed marks of his royal approbation on the undertakers of the work, he sailed round the squadron in the road, and seemed perfectly pleased at the evolutions performed on the occasion. Many English frigates were noticed amongst ours, and in the name of England were pleased to salute

the Sovereign of France. A cone was then launched, and with the greatest success. His Majesty conferred the rank of Lieutenant-General on M. Albert de Roms in the road of Cherbourg, and told him that his past services should be soon rewarded. This officer rises rapidly to promotion. A superb vessel, richly gilt and painted, waits at Honfleur to land the King at Havre; she is commanded by M. de la Touch Treville, and manned with 50 Captains of men of war.

Madrid, June 29. A messenger arrived yesterday from Alicante, with an account of the final conclusion of the treaty between Spain and Algiers, which took place on the 18th instant.

From the Lower Elbe, July 4. The three princes, sons to the King of England, who set out from Gravesend in the Augusta yacht, on the 29th of June, arrived at Stade on the first of this month, and set out on the 2d at twelve o'clock at night, with the Duke of York, for Hanover.

Paris, July 16. Yesterday evening at a quarter after seven o'clock her Majesty was safely delivered of a Prince, ~~the name of~~ name of Madame Sophia was instantly given. The ceremony attending delivery merits a description. When the Queen experiences the first symptoms of labour, a page is instantly dispatched to Paris to announce at the Hotel de Ville that her Majesty is in travail, the municipal officers assemble instantly, and remain together until the news of the birth is published to them by a second page. Her Majesty is no sooner delivered than the child is presented to the King, after which the Captain of the Guard shows the new-born infant in a great oval vase to all the Lords and Ladies in waiting on the occasion, the sex is proclaimed, and the assisting company signs the verbal process of its birth; then all those who are not invited to sup with the King retire, and leave her Majesty to enjoy the repose of which the mult stand so much in need.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

JUNE 29.

CAME on in the Court of Common Pleas, a motion in arrest of judgment, in the cause between Mr. Fox and the High Bailiff of Westminster. Serjeant Walker opened the pleadings with insisting the action would not lie in the first instance, because a scrutiny was the only way in which such a contest must ultimately terminate; and concluded with asserting, that as the High Bailiff only performed his duty, there could be no malice, and consequently there was no ground for an action.—After a few observations between the Court and Mr. Fox's Counsel, the rule was granted of course.

The receipts of the Musical Festival at Westminster-Abbey this year amounted to 12,326l. 7s. of which the Royal Society of

Musicians received 3300l. and St. George's and Westminster Hospitals 1300l. each. The band of music were paid 2900l. the builder 2100l. and the rest was expended in printing, &c.

30. The celebrated Beaumarchais, who was some time ago imprisoned in France for disrespect to his Sovereign, and who lived with a lady unlettered with the shackles of wedlock, has lately taken her to wife, and the following is handed about in Paris as an authentic copy of the letter he wrote to her previous to his departure for Germany:

"I will not, my dear, prevent any longer your enjoying the situation you are now entitled to: you are my wife now; before, I considered you only as the mother of my

child. Nothing is altered in regard to your former right to me, but it is my wish, that from this moment, which is the first of my absence, you do represent me with honour in my house, and assume my name, which is equally yours. Give an affectionate embrace to our daughter, and make her sensible, if you can, of the cause you have to rejoice. I have fulfilled every duty towards both you and her: my absence at this juncture is not imbittered, as some previous excursions have been; it seemed to me then, that one fatal blow might kill us all three; I now feel easy, my mind is perfectly at peace, and I can die without remorse.

“Do not call our friends to any entertainment on the occasion; but let every one know from you, that I have done you justice. Preserve, I beseech you; that modest and unassuming air which I stipulated as my only recompence, that our enemies may have no pretence to censure the justest and most deliberate act of all my life. Visit my sisters; ask them for their real and sincere friendship; I have a right to claim that pleasing and honourable deference; to my daughter, to her parent, they owe some attachment; and my benefactions, within my proper circle, will ever be determined by the respect shewn for you. Take openly the reins of your domestic management; let Mr. Gudin, my steward, treat with you as he would with myself. Have the servants clothed against my return—modestly, but in what manner you please. Carry your daughter to that good man the rector of St. Paul, who behaved with so much regard to you when he joined our hands. Be always, as you are, my dear love; honour the name you are now entitled to; it is the name of a man who loves you, and with joy subscribes himself your husband,

“CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS.”

JULY 1. About half past one in the afternoon, the Hon. Master Tufton, youngest brother to the Earl of Thuret, went to Willow-Walk, above Milbank, to bathe in the Thames. It was then low water, and having got beyond his depth, he sunk out of sight in a moment, and was drowned.

The Ecclesiastical Court has dropped the proceedings against Lord George Gordon.

4. Mess. Serjeant Walker and Grose abandoned their rule to shew cause why the judgment in the suit Fox against Corbet should not be set aside.—As they do not bring a writ of error, their client must pay the money immediately.

5 The following Memorial was presented to the States-General this day, by Sir James Harris:—

“High and mighty Lords,

“All the steps which his Britannic Majesty has taken respecting your High Mightinesses since the happy epoch of peace have had no other object than to give the most undoubted proofs of the sincere friendship which he entertains towards you.

“He has suffered no occasion to escape that could renew the harmony which, for the space of a century, contributed so much to the prosperity of each; and it has been his particular study to efface all traces of the unhappy dissention which for a little time interrupted that good understanding.

“His Majesty has carefully refrained from doing any thing that could in the smallest degree influence the interior deliberation of the States; and although not insensible of the troubles which have agitated the country, the King has thought it right to confine himself to expressing his wishes for its prosperity, and for the re-establishment of concord.

“But since two respectable Powers, friends and neighbours of the Republic, have declared to your High Mightinesses their sentiments on the actual state of affairs, the King, my master, would look upon himself as wanting in those wishes which he has been always animated, if he delayed to express the sincere wishes he feels for the internal and external tranquillity of the Republic, as well as for the maintenance of its constitution.

“The King thinks it his duty at the same time to declare, that nothing can be more opposite to his sentiments, than to give an example so dangerous to the tranquillity and independence of the United Provinces as the interference of any foreign power in the internal affairs of the Republic, the management and direction of which his Majesty wishes to preserve uncontrolled in the hands of those to whom it has been committed by the constitution, and found by those principles established by the unanimous consent of the nation.

“His Majesty will never have any other object than to observe the most impartial conduct, such as may be naturally expected from a good neighbour and friend, to whom the interests of the Protestant religion, of the commerce and local situation of the two countries, as well as the ties of kindred with the Prince to whom your High Mightinesses have entrusted the important charge of the State, so essentially engage to prevent any injury being offered to the independence of the Republic.”

JAMES HARRIS.

7. (Signed) The Prince of Wales's debts are estimated at 250,000l.—His race-horses cost him 30,000l. a-year.—When the state of the debts was laid before his Majesty, a positive refusal of his consent to the discharge of them was the result.—Nor would he allow any increase of income.—The Prince therefore determined to lay aside his state—retire to a private station—disband his household—to suspend the intended improvement of Carlton-house—to abridge every unnecessary expence—and assign the produce of the sales of his horses, and other superfluities, and the consequent savings, to the use of his creditors; from his future income he is to appropriate the

the sum of 40,000l. annually, to commence from the ensuing quarter, for the benefit of those who have claims upon him, till every demand is answered; and that four of his Highness's friends should be fixed on for the due appropriation of the money.—According to this determination, letters were this day written to the gentlemen of his household, stating, that their services would for the present be dispensed with.

The four gentlemen whom his Highness the Prince of Wales has chosen to retain in his household, and to whom the management of the funds to be set apart for the payment of the debts is entrusted, are, Colonel Hotham, Col. Hulle, Col. Lake, and Henry Lyte, Esq.

22. A common-hall was held for the election of a sheriff, in the room of Edward Watson, Esq. who hath paid his fine, when all the Aldermen who had not served the office were put in nomination, as were all the commoners; after which Josiah Dornford, Esq. offered himself a candidate, but a show of hands appearing in favour of Paul Le Mesurier, Esq. Alderman, he was declared duly elected.

24. A convention for carrying into effect the removal of the English settlers on the Spanish continent in America, to the district described in the sixth article of the late definitive treaty between his Majesty and the King of Spain; for a further extension of the limits of that district; and for additional privileges to be allowed to the British subjects there, was signed this day by the Marquis of Carmarthen, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on the one part, and by the Chevalier Don Bernardo del Campo, Minister Plenipotentiary from his Catholic Majesty, on the other.

18. The wretch who, some time since, murdered the unfortunate Mr. Burt, surgeon, of Godstone, died a few days ago in the new jail in the Borough.

Mr. Alderman Dec, and many others, who once resided in England, and were the first to open houses in America, have quitted it. The phantom of the golden dream of American independency is dissolved, and the delusion it inspired.

22. The public conversation has turned upon the challenge sent to Lord Shaftsbury, the evening before his marriage with Miss Webb.—A state of that affair has been made public:

Mr. Spearman, a gentleman of family and fortune in the county of Durham, had, with the approbation of his friends, the parents of the lady, and with her own approbation, paid his addresses to Miss Webb for near two years.—The marriage was agreed upon, and nothing remained but fixing the day.

About six weeks ago the Earl of Shaftsbury having seen Miss Webb, thought proper to make proposals, and was received. Mr. Spearman heard of it, and expostulated with the Lady, and her parents, but in vain. He then candidly stated the case to his rival,

but without effect. Mr. Spearman then wrote a farewell letter to the Lady, in which he declared, that *he* (mentioning no name) or *himself*, or *both*—*must soon see their MAKER!*

On this the Earl of Shaftsbury exhibited articles of the peace against Mr. Spearman; in which he declared, that it was not done out of malice or ill-will, but for the protection of his person. Mr. Spearman also sent a letter to his Lordship, requesting a private interview, which request was construed into a challenge, and the answer given, was a warrant to apprehend Mr. Spearman, to make him give security to keep the peace. This warrant was executed at ten o'clock at night on Mr. Spearman, who, by a constable, was "taken to the watch-house, and kept till eleven o'clock the next morning, during which interval his Lordship" and the Lady were married. Lord Wentworth became bail for Mr. Spearman before Mr. Addington at Bow-street; and thus, we hope, has ended an affair, which has produced many observations.

24. Saturday's Gazette contains a proclamation for proroguing the Irish Parliament to the 15th of August.

26. A very numerous assemblage of the principal Noblemen and Turf Gentlemen attended at Tatterfall's on Monday and yesterday, at the sale of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Stud of BROOD MARES and Horses in training. It was a remarkable good sale, the horses in general produced a very good price, with only one exception, which was, that ROCKINGHAM, the Prince's favourite horse, got by Highflyer, now allowed to be the best horse in the world, sold for Eight Hundred Guineas only. He cost his Royal Highness Two Thousand. He was bought by Mr. Bullock, who afterwards declared, that rather than not have had him, he would have gone to double the price.

Amongst many others, the following were purchasers:

Mr. Wyndham bought Ulysses, 5 years old, for	110 <i>g</i> .
Mr Butt bought Hardwick, five years old, for	15 <i>0</i>
Mr. Hull bought Braganza, 3 years, with liberty of taking all the engagements at starting, for	17 <i>0</i>
Mr. Beardmore bought Mufti, 3 years, with his engagements	23 <i>0</i>
Col. O'Kelly bought Charles, 2 years, with ditto	12 <i>0</i>
Mr. Hull bought a Grey Colt, 2 years, by Highflyer, with ditto	14 <i>0</i>
Col. O'Kelly bought Augusta, 2 years, with ditto	28 <i>0</i>
Lord Grosvenor bought Nelly, 2 years, with ditto	27 <i>0</i>
The whole of the horses sold produced	7586 <i>l</i> . 5 <i>s</i> .

It is not unworthy of remark, that O'Kelly put Augusta in at five, and bought her at 200 guineas.

* * * The Lists of Preferments, Births, Marriages, Deaths, &c. will be given next Month.

T H E
European Magazine,
 A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

CONTAINING THE
LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE ;
 By the **PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON ;**
 For **AUGUST, 1786.**

[Embellished with, 1. An elegant Engraving of CHARLES EARL CORNWALLIS. And 2. View of the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S HOUSE on the STRINE, at BRIGHTELMSTONE.]

CONTAINING

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L O N D O N :
 Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill ;
 And J. DEBRET, Piccadilly.
 [Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. T. O. in our next. We beg to have the remainder as soon as possible.

Also the Letter from Lord Chesterfield, and the Poem to which it refers.

Civis must be more explicit.

C. J.'s request of the portrait we must desire to decline.

The Extract we are afraid has been printed already.

Leander, H. S. A Friend to Truth, Frederick Friday, Odericus, Milo, and several others are received.

If the original Letters mentioned by *Vesper* are sent to us, they shall be taken great care of, and we will undertake either to treat for them, or return them safely. We can say nothing to what we have not seen.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from August 12, to August 19, 1786.

	Wheat						Rye						Barl.						Oats						Beans					
	t.	d.	s.	t.	d.	s.	t.	d.	s.	t.	d.	s.	t.	d.	s.	t.	d.	s.	t.	d.	s.	t.	d.	s.	t.	d.	s.	t.	d.	s.
COUNTIES INLAND.																														
London	4	6	3	1	2	10	2	4	3	4																				
Middlesex	4	6	0	0	3	0	2	8	3	10																				
Surry	4	10	2	11	2	11	2	5	4	7																				
Hertford	4	7	0	0	2	10	2	6	4	2																				
Bedford	4	4	3	3	2	8	2	5	3	11																				
Cambridge	4	3	2	10	0	0	2	0	3	1																				
Huntingdon	4	2	0	0	0	0	2	1	3	9																				
Northampton	4	8	2	9	2	10	2	5	4	1																				
Rutland	5	1	3	0	3	0	2	4	4	10																				
Leicesters	4	10	2	9	3	0	2	7	4	6																				
Nottingham	4	11	2	9	2	7	2	4	3	9																				
Derby	5	7	0	0	0	0	2	6	4	7																				
Stafford	5	0	4	6	0	0	2	5	4	5																				
Salop	5	4	4	0	3	9	3	1	5	7																				
Hereford	4	7	0	0	3	8	2	1	0	0																				
Worcester	4	11	0	0	3	7	2	9	4	10																				
Warwick	4	10	0	0	0	0	2	7	4	2																				
Gloucester	4	9	0	0	2	7	2	7	4	7																				
Wilts	4	11	4	0	3	0	2	7	4	8																				
Beiks	4	6	3	4	2	9	2	8	4	4																				
Oxford	4	6	0	0	2	8	2	9	4	4																				
Bucks	4	3	0	0	2	9	2	7	4	0																				
COUNTIES upon the COAST.																														
Essex	4	3	0	0	2	10	2	2	3	1																				
Suffolk	4	1	2	10	2	7	2	1	3	1																				
Norfolk	4	4	2	10	2	10	2	1	0	0																				
Lincoln	4	6	2	11	2	7	2	0	3	6																				
York	5	0	3	4	2	10	2	5	4	7																				
Durham	5	7	4	6	3	3	2	7	4	0																				
Northumberland	4	11	3	8	3	0	2	3	4	2																				
Cumberland	5	10	4	0	3	3	2	5	4	8																				
Westmorland	6	2	4	2	3	3	2	5	4	0																				
Lancashire	6	3	0	0	4	0	2	6	4	8																				
Cheshire	5	10	0	0	0	0	2	5	0	0																				
Monmouth	5	10	0	0	0	0	2	9	0	0																				
Somerset	5	5	3	1	3	11	2	9	4	6																				
Devon	5	8	0	0	3	3	2	2	0	0																				
Cornwall	5	8	0	0	3	2	2	0	0	0																				
Dorset	5	2	0	0	3	5	2	5	4	7																				
Hants	4	8	0	0	3	0	2	5	2	0																				
Suffex	4	6	0	0	0	0	2	2	4	0																				
Kent	4	5	0	0	2	9	2	3	3	1																				

WALES, Aug. 14, to Aug. 19, 1786.

North Wales	6	1	4	8	3	11	2	4	4	11
South Wales	5	10	4	3	3	12	2	4	4	9

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

J U L Y,			
BAROMETER.	THERMON.	WIND.	
28—29 — 80	— 66	W.	
29—29 — 57	— 67	W. S. W.	
30—29 — 90	— 66	W. N. W.	
31—29 — 90	— 67 $\frac{1}{2}$	W.	
A U G U S T.			
1—30 — 10	— 66	W. S. W.	
2—29 — 85	— 62	W.	
3—29 — 66	— 64	N.	
4—29 — 62	— 68	S. S. W.	
5—29 — 7	— 65	S.	
6—29 — 96	— 67	W. S. W.	
7—30 — 00	— 66	N.	
8—30 — 15	— 67	N. N. W.	
9—30 — 15	— 68	S.	
10—30 — 15	— 66	S.	
11—30 — 08	— 72	W.	
12—29 — 82	— 69	S.	
13—29 — 60	— 68	S.	
14—29 — 49	— 60	W. S. W.	
15—29 — 47	— 62	W.	
16—29 — 80	— 62	N.	
17—30 — 07	— 63	W. N. W.	
18—30 — 06	— 64	W. N. W.	
19—29 — 86	— 66	S.	

20—29 — 60	— 67	W. S. W.	
21—29 — 75	— 66	W.	
22—29 — 86	— 67	W. N. W.	
23—30 — 06	— 62	W.	
24—30 — 20	— 62	N.	
25—30 — 30	— 62	N.	
26—30 — 20	— 66	N.	
27—30 — 09	— 63	W. N. W.	
28—29 — 87	— 62	W.	
29—29 — 92	— 60	W.	

PRICE of STOCKS, August 29, 1786.

Bank Stock, 156 $\frac{1}{2}$	New S. S. Ann. 76 $\frac{1}{2}$
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$	India Stock, —
2967 8ths	3 per Cent. Ind. Ann. —
97	India Bonds, —
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 114 $\frac{1}{2}$	New Navy and Vict. Bills, —
214	Long Ann. 22 7-8ths
3 per Cent. Bank red 77 5-8ths	a 23 yds. pur.
10 years Short Ann. 77 $\frac{1}{2}$	1777, —
30 years Ann. 1778, —	India Scrip. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per Cent. 1751, 75 $\frac{1}{2}$	Omnia, —
South Sea Stock, —	Old S. S. Ann. 76 $\frac{1}{2}$
Excquer Bill, —	7 8ths,
Lot. Tick. 141. 141. 141 74	

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
For A U G U S T , 1786.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An Account of CHARLES EARL CORNWALLIS.

[With an ENGRAVED PORTRAIT of HIM.]

HE appointment of this nobleman to the government of Bengal is an event big with important consequences to these kingdoms. The general confidence, ~~long-expected~~ in the success of his mission, and daily expectation of receiving advices of the measures adopted by him in a situation of great difficulty, are very honourable testimonies to his merit, and seem to point him out as a proper object at this time of public attention. Perhaps, the nomination of a person whose efforts to serve his country in another part of the globe had been unsuccessful is peculiar to this nobleman; it affords, however, a very strong presumption that his character is marked with those qualities which render mankind estimable, and without which every person, especially in a public station, will and ought to be viewed with eyes of jealousy and suspicion.

CHARLES EARL CORNWALLIS is descended from a line of ancestors who have variously distinguished themselves in this nation. He was born December 31, 1738. After a polite and liberal education he determined, according to the example of his father, to devote himself to a military life. During the war of 1756 he signalized himself on various occasions in Germany, which at that time might be called the school of war. Here he acquired experience and reputation, and fixed his character on a foundation which even misfortune has not been able to shake.

He very early became a member of the Senate, being elected to represent the borough of Eye, in the eleventh Parliament of Great Britain, and sat as representa-

tive for the same place until he succeeded his father in the Peerage, June 23, 1762. He was at that time Colonel of the 12th regiment, and in 1765 was appointed one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber. In August the same year, he had the honour to be appointed Aid de Camp to the King, with the rank of Colonel of Foot, and on March the 25th, 1766, was advanced to be Colonel of the 33d Regiment of Foot, in the place of Sir John Griffin Griffin. On December the 7th in the same year, he became Warden and Chief Justice in Eyre of the Forests South of Trent. In 1770 he was appointed Constable of the Tower of London, and Lord Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, both of them posts which his father had held before him. On September the 29th, 1775, he was promoted to the rank of Major General; and in 1780, after having signalized himself in several actions in America, the whole command of a part of the Army there fell to his lot. That he was unsuccessful (though his predecessors have been censured in the like circumstances) has been universally considered as his misfortune, not imputed to him as a fault.

For some time his Lordship was successful against the enemy; but the power of the Americans had at this juncture increased so much, that he soon found himself unequal to contend with them. We shall not enter into a detail of transactions so recent and well known. It is sufficient to say, that on October the 19th, 1781, his Lordship and his whole army were obliged to surrender themselves prisoners of war.

From that period he lived a life of retirement, until the critical situation of the affairs of the East India Company requiring the aid of a person whose integrity and abilities could claim the confidence of all parties, his Lordship was selected to take the direction of that important concern with scarce a dissenting voice. He immediately embarked for his government, and the public have reason to look for some good effects from his Lord-

ship's zeal in the service, and attention to his duty.

His Lordship on July 14, 1768, married Mary daughter of—Jones, Esq; by whom he has issue one son, Charles Viscount Broome, born at Culford Hall, October 22, 1774, and a daughter, Lady Mary, born in Jermyn Street, London, July 28, 1769. Lady Cornwallis died February 14, 1779.

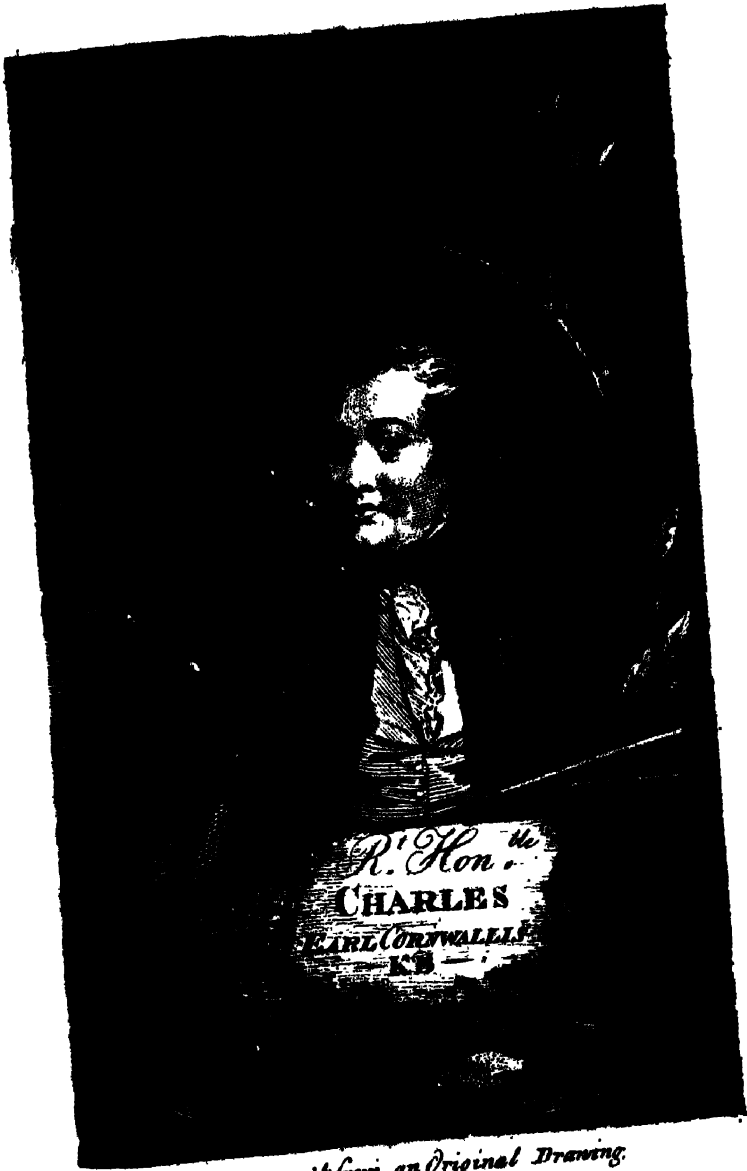
ORIGINAL LETTER relative to the RESTORATION.

Lord CULPEPER to Lord Chancellor HYDE*.

I TAKE it for granted this change in England will require your constant attendance at Hockstraten, which makes me address this letter thither, and I shall follow it as soon as my young master shall have sealed some writings betwixt him and his relations, which (they being ready engrossed here and he sent for) I hope will be done on Monday. I cannot say I am much surprized with the news of Cromwell's death, the letters of the last week (those of this are not come yet) leaving him desperately sick of a Palsy and Quartan Ague; yet the thing is of so great consequence, that I can hardly forbear rubbing my eyes to find whether I sleep or wake. The first news of it came not hither until very late (at the shutting the gates) last night, though he died this day sevensnight at three of the clock. The ports were shut upon his death so strictly, that Monsieur Newport's pass was returned, and he had difficulty enough to get leave to send a ship of his own hiring upon Saturday night. Extraordinary care was taken that no English passengers should come in that ship, yet some did, and amongst them a woman now in this town, who saith that Cromwell's eldest son was proclaimed Protector on Saturday morning, which is confirmed by a Dutchman now here, who came from Gravesend on Tuesday. All the comment he makes on the text (it is a common sailor) is, that he heard the people curse when he was proclaimed. This accident must make a great change in the face of affairs

in Christendom, and we may reasonably hope the first and best will be in England. As for this town they are mad with joy; no man is at leisure to buy or sell; the young fry dance in the streets at noon-day; the Devil is dead, is the language at every turn; and the entertainment of the graver sort is only to contemplate the happy days now approaching.— What the King is to do upon this great and good change in England is now before you; to which most important question, tho' with the disadvantage of my being absent, I shall freely (but privately to yourself) deliver my opinion before it is asked; which is, that you ought not to be overhasty in doing any thing in England, neither by proclaiming the King, nor by any other public act, until you shall truly and particularly know the state of affairs there, without which Solomon, if he were alive and with you, could not make a right judgment of what is to be done there. By the state of affairs there, I mean not only what is acted at the council-board, in the army, city, and country, but likewise how these several bodies are generally affected to this nomination of Cromwell's son; what opinion they have of, and kindness to his person, who is discontented at it; and upon what account they are so, and to what degree; what former parties are made or making against it; and how they propose to carry on their design—whether under the veil of a Parliament, or by open, declared force; how Monk and Mr. Harry Cromwell like it; and of what consideration Lambert is upon this change. Most of these, and many other particu-

* The Editor of Lord Clarendon's Papers observes, that this letter is singularly striking, both in respect to its style and to its matter. And Lord Hardwicke, in a note to Dr. Douglas, dated March 22, 1762, says, that he looked upon it as one of the strongest instances of political foresight and sagacity that is to be met with in History.



R. Hon. ^{tho.}
CHARLES
EARL CORNWALLIS
K.G.

*Engraved from an Original Drawing.
by T. Frautnat.*

Pub. at the Act Directs 1786 by J. Sewell Cornhill

Jars, ought to be well known upon able and impartial intelligence from the place, before you can be ready for a judgement, either of the design itself, or of the timing; and in the mean time both the King's party in England, and we here, cannot (in my opinion) act too silent a part. When their partialities shall come to the height, that is, when the swords shall be drawn, our tale will be heard, the weakest party will be glad to take us by the hand, and give us the means of arming and embodying ourselves, and then will be our time to speak our own language. But if we appear before upon our own account, it will only serve to unite our enemies; and confirm their new government by a victory over us, whereby we shall be utterly disabled to do our duty when the true season shall come, which I doubt not will quickly be, if we have but the patience to wait for it. But whilst I thus declare my opinion against their abortions, I would not be understood that no endeavours of ours may be proper to hasten the timely birth; on the contrary, I think much good is to be done by discreet and secret application, by well chosen persons, to those of power and interest amongst them, whom we shall find most discontented with Cromwell's partiality in setting this young man over their heads, that have borne the brunt of the day in the common cause, as they call it, and who have so good an opinion of themselves as to believe that they have deserved as much of them they fought for, as Cromwell himself did. Who these are is not easy for us yet to know, but such there are certainly, and a little time will easily discover them, and probably enough we may find some of them in Cromwell's own family, and amongst those that in his life stuck closest to him. Be they where they will, if they have power and will to do good, they ought to be cherished. But the person that any eye is chiefly on, is able alone to restore the king, and not absolutely averse to it, neither in his principles nor in his affections, and that is as like to be unsatisfied with this choice as any other amongst them, is Monk, who commandeth absolutely at his devotion a better army (as I am informed) than that in England is, and in the king's quarrel can bring with him the strength of Scotland, and so protect the northern, that he cannot fail of them in his march,

the reputation whereof (if he declares) will as much give the will to the appearing of the king's party in the rest of England, as the drawing the army from the southern, western, and eastern counties, will give them the means to appear in arms. Thus the work will be certainly done, in spite of all opposition that can be apprehended, and the gaining of one man will alone make sure work of the whole. I need not give you his character; you know he is a fallen man, that values himself enough, and much believes that his knowledge and reputation in arms fits him for the title of Highness, and the office of Protector, better than Mr. Richard Cromwell's skill in horseraces and husbandry doth. You know, besides, that the only ties that have hitherto kept him from grumbling, have been the vanity of constancy to his professions, and his affection to Cromwell's person, the latter whereof is doubly dissolved, first, by the jealousies he had of him, and now by his death; and if he be handsomely put in mind who was his first master, and what was promised him when he came out of the Tower, the first scruple will not long trouble him. Nothing of either of them can now stick with him, and, besides, if I am well informed, he that lately believed his head was in danger from the father (and, therefore, no arts nor importunities could bring him to London), will not easily trust the son. The way to deal with him is, by some fit person (which, I think, is the greatest difficulty) to shew him plainly, and to give him all imaginable security for it, that he shall better find all his ends (those of honour, power, profit and safety) with the king, than in any other way he can take. Neither are we to boggle at any way he shall propose in the declaring himself; let it at the first be presbyterian, be king and parliament, be a third party, or what he will, so it oppose the present power, it will at last do the king's business, and, after a little time, he will and must alone fall into the track we would have him go in; when he is engaged past retreat, he will want you as much as you will want him, and you may mould him into what form you please. You have my opinion (though in too much haste); pray think seriously of it.—

S.

*Amsterdam, Sept. 20, 1659.
An original.*

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION and of EUROPE, for AUGUST, 1786.

No. XXX.

LAST month closed, and this opened, with a confident report of a peerage to be conferred on one of our late American Generals, and *quondam* as well as present Governor of Canada, which in the sequel was confirmed by Gazette authority. It appeared to us somewhat difficult to account for a pension and a peerage so soon following one another, at the same time the object of these favours was in the possession of a very lucrative place, accompanied with extensive and uncommon powers. We asked ourselves, and every sensible judicious friend we met with, the cause of this profusion of courtly favours; but in vain! No man could or would inform us; and we are yet to learn the moving efficient cause. The same Gazette exhibited a groupe of new-created British peers, by turning some Irish and some Scotch peers, and some commoners, into peers of Great Britain.

At the same time the troubles breeding in Holland had a temporary effect upon our funds. The dealers in that precarious commodity took fright, or affected a fright, on that account. We suppose some of them found their account in it. They are generally well paid for being frightened.

Early in the month, our merchants had a dose in the London Gazette not very palatable! After being fed with the strongest assurance of a renewal of our commercial treaty being nearly concluded with Russia, they were bluntly informed of a continuation of some of the privileges and immunities secured to them by the late treaty, which expired the first of July, up to the first of January next; without so much as a hint of any further continuance, or of the new treaty being in any degree of forwardness. This leaves our Russian merchants and mariners in a very great degree of uncertainty and anxiety — thanks to the wisdom and vigilance of Ministers!

The drawing of the Irish Lottery commenced early in the month, and gambling and swindling followed with a vengeance! The tricks and artifices practised by the adventurers in that way are not fit to be mentioned in a civilized Christian country; but speculating in the funds, gaming, and gambling in that traffick, seem to absorb the whole monied interest of this kingdom, and to draw that of its neighbouring kingdoms into its vortex too! all Europe sporting with the heavy burdens of the trading, manufacturing, labouring, and industrious people of Great Britain, and rioting in the money extorted from the sweat of their brows.

The beginning of this month was big with events, which evolved themselves rapidly in quick succession from the prolific womb of time! Not only the whole kingdom, but all Europe, was struck with astonishment, at hearing of and seeing a Gazette Extraordinary issuing from the Court at St. James's in a time of profound peace and tranquillity! — They were still more astonished at the subject-matter contained in it: and if any thing could add to their astonishment, it was the shortness of that Gazette, both in words and meaning! Nine lines were deemed sufficient to inform the liege subjects of Great Britain, and all others, of the particulars of one of the most atrocious transactions our history has hitherto furnished us with, and which we hoped it never would have exhibited. Nine lines to satisfy the curiosity, and remove the anxiety, of those loyal subjects, excited by nothing less than an attempt to ASSASSINATE their beloved Sovereign, in the face of noon-day, in the presence of his guards and attendants, and multitudes of others waiting to see him dismount from his carriage, at his own palace-gate! — These nine laconic lines ought to be very expressive and comprehensive, containing much distinct matter, as much as could be crowded into so many words. We confess we were very much disappointed in the narration, feeling a great *vacuum* in our minds respecting the circumstances as well as consequences of the horrid deed; and doubt not many of our fellow-citizens felt the same uneasy sensation. The conclusion of the story, however, is, "The woman was immediately taken into custody, and upon examination appears to be insane." — How did they know that? — Can they judge of insanity by intuition? — Can they discriminate between real and affected insanity in a moment? — The woman must have been insane indeed, not to have affected insanity, after having committed such an atrocious crime, which subjected her to the most dreadful punishment our laws prescribe, in the face of the world and the noon-day sun! — Her commitment to Bedlam does not substantiate the state of insanity alledged, sufficiently to satisfy the offended justice of the law of the land: a regular course of criminal prosecution, in our courts of justice, only can finally determine it.

What we have frequently forewarned the Minister of, has literally, strictly, and truly come to pass. — His rash, hasty, premature, and immature schemes, and crude codes of revenue regulations, carried pre-

precipitately, we had almost said clandestinely, thro' both Houses, when very thin, have involved the merchants, the mariners, owners of ships, the revenue commissioners and officers, and even the Minister himself and his coadjutors, in a multitude of difficulties, distresses, and perplexities, from which none of them all know how to extricate themselves, or one another. It is the natural and unavoidable consequence of precipitate indigested legislation, especially in commercial affairs, intimately as they are connected with the whole system of navigation. Nothing is easier than to enact crude, indigested, impracticable laws. Nothing is more difficult than to devise, dictate, prepare, and mature good and wholesome laws, beneficial to governors and governed, that will stand the test of time, and execute themselves by their own propriety, force, and dignity. — Yet our Minister thinks nothing is easier! — the work of a week — a day, or an hour — in the twinkling of an eye! — It is resolved on, done, and passed, before any body without doors hears, sees, or thinks of it; and when done, they must all abide by it. Can any thing but perplexity and confusion be expected from such a mode of proceeding? — Whenever we see any bill passing hastily in a fright, or in a hurry, under a threatening of some great evil to happen if that is not immediately enacted into a law, we set it down to the credit side of the account of confusion, being morally certain of great perplexities and difficulties originating from it. In short, deliberation, due consideration, caution and forethought, are the only safeguards of sound legislation: without these concomitants, no good laws were, or ever will be made; those which are made without them, the sooner they are unmade the better.

The London Gazette has informed us that their Majesties have honoured the University of Oxford with a second visit, before Cambridge is favoured once. Whether that seeming partiality is merely accidental, from the propinquity of the place to the Royal residence, or to any other prudent reserved cause, we know not; but think it very odd that the Prime Minister should not have interest enough to procure that transient honour for the University he represents, once in common with her sister seminary of learning, while the latter exults twice in that mark of Royal favour.

The Prince of Denmark is again summoned by our diurnal intelligencers to perform his long-expected matrimonial visit to our Court. Unfortunatly the prints of his own country have flatly con-

tradicted that order, and have laid him up snug at home to mind the affairs of his own dominions for the remainder of this year; and there we shall leave him for the present.

Ireland remains pretty quiet as to politics and British connections: some little disturbances among themselves, by the White Boys and other unruly boys, are left to be settled by and among themselves. Were it not for the exploits of the White Boys, and the cruel and bloody murders now and then recorded in the Irish prints, they would be quite destitute of matter. We do not find, however, that the Chatham interest preponderates much even in the city of Dublin: witness the late address and freedom half-voted to that nobleman, under all the advantageous circumstances in which he stood among them.

All the threatened bad consequences of rejecting the commercial regulations with Ireland, magnified to such an alarming degree by our sagacious courtiers, are fallen to the ground, and indeed seem to be buried under ground: no bad consequence whatsoever has ensued from the failure of that motley scheme. This may serve as a standing caution to our Senators, in all future cases, to beware how they are frightened into new untried measures by false alarms of artful designing courtiers, who say one thing and mean another. Whenever courtly partizans exclaim thus, "I dread the consequence! I tremble for the consequences of this bill not being carried into a law!" let the true friends of our country be well assured that better arguments are wanting, and that this argument of itself is of no avail at all in the scale of right reason and sound legislation.

America keeps receding farther and farther from peace, good order, prosperity, safety, and tranquillity. She bid adieu to all these conmutable ingredients of national felicity, when she broke off her relation to, and connection with, Great-Britain. Surrounded on every side by enemies by land and by water, unable to defend herself or protect her trade, without a friend to protect her, or aid her efforts in her own defence, she is left a prey to inveterate Indians and rapacious piratical States. The prospect is truly alarming, hopeless and desperate in the extreme! It is certainly right in our Government to leave the Americans on the ground of their own chusing, on the footing of independency, that is, of alienation from Great-Britain and her dependencies: there let them be, and let their Ambassador go wherever he pleases. His departure from hence is a matter of no moment, not worthy

of a serious conjuncture or speculation of our meanest politicians.

The Maltese galleys are said to have joined the maritime Powers who are at variance with the Algerines; and yet, if we may believe common report, that daring undaunted Power at this very moment ventures to add Great-Britain to the number of enemies now combined against it. We can scarcely believe it; but if it is so, it must proceed from some atrocious neglect or misconduct of some great men here at home, which we hope will soon be looked into.

The Venetians too feel the snarl of hostile engagements against the Grand Turk and some of the little Turks. Although they have joined themselves in alliance with the Emperor of Germany and the Empress of all the Russias, these two Powers seem to feel only for themselves, and one another, so far as they are linked in together for mutual safety or mutual advantage.

Both these Imperial Courts may find it difficult to cope with the Ottoman Porte, which appears to be rousing from its long and deep lethargy, and preparing systema-

tically to meet all its enemies, and to know enemies from friends, by compelling pretended friends to act as friends, or openly to renounce their friendship.

Whatever may be the case between the Turk and the two Imperial Crowns, it appears by the King of Sweden's addresses to his Diet at meeting and parting, that he is not apprehensive of these threaten disturbances reaching him, or his next neighbour the Danish Monarch.

While our labours are passing under the operation of the press at the close of the month, news suddenly arrives of the actual death of the King of Prussia, in the foreign Gazettes. If his Prussian Majesty is really dead, the affairs of Europe will probably assume a new face, which will oblige us to give a very different statement in our next from the present.

The poor United States of Holland are somewhat like the United States of America! both broke loose from their moorings, without being able to find good anchorage again! while the political storm rises higher and higher, without any prospect of a returning calm.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A SHORT ACCOUNT of BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

[Illustrated by an ELEGANT ENGRAVED VIEW of the DUKE of CUMBERLAND'S HOUSE on the STEINE.]

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, now frequently called Brighton, in the county of Sussex, is distant from London 57 miles. Until within a few years past it was an ill-built mere fishing-town; but by means of Dr. Russell's writings, in favour of sea-water, and his recommendation of salt-water bathing, it has become one of the most fashionable places of dissipation during the summer season.

It contains six principal streets, five of which lie parallel with each other, and are terminated by the sea. Within a few years many new houses have been built, particularly that which is seen in the accurate View drawn by Captain Luttrell, and engraved by Mr. Watts, in our present Magazine. In 1765 the town had first the honour of receiving a Royal Visitor in the person of the Duke of Gloucester, who had never before travelled out of the environs of London. It has since been the residence of other branches of Royalty; and from the regard shewn to it by the

Prince of Wales, is likely to continue a fashionable resort for the idle and the dissipated.

The church is a very ancient structure, situated at a small distance from the town, upon an eminence, from which there is an exceeding fine view of the sea.

The principal walk is a field near the sea called the STEINE, where shops are erected, and a building for music. There is a theatre and two assembly-rooms; and places of worship for Presbyterians, Quakers, and Methodists. A mineral spring is also sometimes used. Upon the hill near the church the Isle of Wight is frequently to be seen in a clear day. About the town the Downs are extremely fine for riding, and the air is accounted remarkably wholesome. In short, those persons who have fortune and leisure, will find BRIGHTHELMSTONE furnished with every thing that can in any manner render a residence in a place of this kind comfortable and agreeable.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

D U E L L I N G.

WHEN Epaminondas, the celebrated Theban General, was one day delivering his opinion in council, a brother-officer of different sentiments was so engaged as to strike him with his staff. Strike on, said Epaminondas with the greatest coolness, *strike on, but hear me.* The high spirit and courage of the Theban were too well known to admit of a contrary imputation, and Duelling was not the test of dignity and valour in the heroic and glorious days of antient Greece. Ever since

—the spirit of the first-born Cain— took possession of the baser passions of the human heart, murders have been frequent in every age and country. But the uncorrupted feelings of mankind beheld the murderer with horror; his revengeful and malicious or tyrannical principles were detested; and every nation felt and acknowledged the Divinity of the command, *Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.* It was left for the dark monkish ages of superstition, when a total ignorance of the principles of morality benighted Europe, to contrive and patronize the method of blending injustice, revenge and murder, with the ideas of manly courage and high-spirited honour. In those ages, when the gross conceptions of princes and judges were unable to comprehend the plainest maxims of jurisprudence, an appeal to the sword and to heaven was devised, and the consequences were worthy of the source from whence they flowed. When a Baron was accused of traitorous practices, his remedy was not by proving the falsehood of the accusation by circumstances and facts. No, no, that was a business too deep for these gross and rude ages; single combat must determine on whose side the truth lay, and the accused gentleman, though he might be perfectly innocent, had no redress but by risking his life against that of a desperate villain; and the Kings and Peers of Europe appeared in solemn pomp, the first as umpire, and the other as witnesses of the appeal to arms and the interference of God. If the innocent party fell, which was no doubt often the case, his guilt was firmly believed, and his family was disgraced and ruined. Nay, what is more extraordinary than accusations of treason being thus tried, even charges of bastardy and claims of inheritance were decided by the single

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combat; and the universal ideas of his valour, his loyalty and honour, gratified the pride of the ferocious conqueror. From a source so deplorable, so disgraceful to the powers of the human understanding, the spirit of Duelling was diffused over the more military nations of Europe; and a circumstance during the reign of Francis I. raised the passion for Duelling and the *etiquettes* of honour to a degree of enthusiasm among all ranks of the French gentry. That romantic and gallant Monarch, whose disposition retained much of the spirit of Chivalry, having been often baffled by his great rival Charles V. both in the field and in the Cabinet, came to the resolution of terminating their contests by a Duel. For this purpose he took every means to rouse his rival's resentment, and sent him, on some of their disputes, the *LIE DIRECT*, and a challenge to single combat. Charles however had no mind to risk his life on the exertion of his sword against that of a man much younger and more athletic than himself, and desisted by pistols was not then the *son*. He returned answer, that he knew the duties of his station, as a sovereign, too well to descend to the private capacity of a prize-fighter or gladiator; adding some severe remarks on the proposal of Francis, which at the close of his reply he treated with the greatest contempt. Whatever Francis might feel on the contempt assumed by Charles, the wild zeal of his people amply consoled him. The valour of his challenge was looked upon with all the admiration of enthusiasm by that romantic and lively nation; and imagining that they were branding the character of Charles as that of the basest poltroon, to submit to the *LIE* became by the general consent of France, the indisputable mark of a most contemptible character; and the French court boasted to the foreign Ambassadors, that there was not a private gentleman in their remotest provinces but would lose his life rather than submit to the affront which the Emperor had tamely brooked. And thus, from the impertinent, absurd, and dishonourable bravado of Francis, the ideas of high honour were, by the French nation, annexed to the character of the Duellist. That the challenge given by the French King was impertinent and absurd, is evident to common sense; for the highest honour

of a Magistrate is to fulfil and not to desert the duties of his station; and it is grossly absurd to suppose that a victorious General ought in honour to forego his advantages earned with the blood of his followers, advantages to obtain which his country entrusted him with command, and to indulge a defeated rival forsooth by playing the game over again which he had already won. As to the Lie given by Manifestos, nothing has been so common from the earliest times down to the last peace. But the gross contradictions of Manifestos never occasioned a Duel between Princes and Statesmen, or even a challenge, except in the single instance of Francis, which, added to the impertinence and absurdity of the proposal, was in the strictest sense highly dishonourable. Charles was old and infirm, and Francis was in the vigour of his age, superior in stature, an expert swordsman, and pistols, as already observed, were not then the mode of decision. In a word, every advantage, had the combat been accepted, was on the side of Francis; and therefore, when examined by the eye of reason and common-sense, his challenge to Charles was no other than the haughty ebullition of a proud heart, smarting and rankling at his own inferiority to the victorious Emperor, and a fond childish hope that by the ostentation of valour and abusive language, he should be able to provoke his fortunate rival to risk every thing he had gained on the fate of a Duel, the opprobrious and abusive offer of which, as there was no equality, was most strictly and highly DISHONOURABLE.

Such is the parentage of Duelling, a fiend begotten by Revenge upon Pride, and nursed by false honour; a fiend which, though ferocious and cruel as a tyger rushing on his prey, pretends to be the guardian of society, at the very time that its selfish, ungenerous, and base constructions are the disturbers of the community, and constitute not the least of the evils attendant on civilized life. This fiend is also a very Proteus in its appearances. Sometimes its brutal ferocity, its base and dark rancour, and above all its haughty and tyrannical spirit, are so obvious, that it is universally condemned. At other times it assumes so specious an appearance of true courage, and the sense of high honour, that it even wins on our esteem: nay, it assumes the gravity and public charac-

ter of the Roman Censor, and presides among the men of arms, and in the most polished circles, as the Arbitrer of Manners, and acknowledged Master of Ceremonies; and in this capacity it boasts of its public utility, and appeals to facts in proof of the benefits it confers on society.

Prepossessed and elate with the idea of its superior knowledge of men and manners, it treats with a contemptuous smile, and turns a deaf ear on the remonstrances of religion; and looks upon that morality which condemns it, and holds up the example of Epaminondas, as total ignorance of human nature and of the genius of the times. And indeed it is not the dry and rigid doctrines either of religion or philosophy that will ever expel a practice so congenial to the passions of the human heart. Much less will the absurd and false assertion lately maintained by some dull writers, that the law affords a redress for every injury, be of the smallest service in suppressing Duelling. Remonstrances founded on falsehood in no case do good; certain it is, that the poisoned arrow that *flieth in the dark*, while it gives the most cruel and often incurable wounds, despiseth the reach of the law; and it is easy to figure to oneself, particularly when we turn our eyes to our female relations, whom Nature has placed under our protection, cases in which an appeal to the law of nature were unblameable.

That gallant Knight Sir Walter Raleigh, from whose authority we have given the above account of the challenge sent by Francis I. to Charles V. gravely says, that were it offered, he himself would not accept of a challenge. But the young soldier might remark, that Sir Walter, when he said so, was old, and his reputation for courage fully established. And still less good may be expected by urging the example of the Theban hero. It is indeed utterly inapplicable to the genius of the present times. Before it could possibly be followed, we must restore the simplicity, the very manners, the turn of thinking, and the estimate of honour, of the Grecian States; a task as completely hopeless as to turn England into Utopia.

Such is the condition of human nature, that it is hard to draw the exact line between the extremities of Virtue and of Vice. Nay, the truth is, the greatest and most amiable virtues often run into their contrary vices; liberality is apt to blend itself with weakness and injustice

injustice to oneself and family; and the mainly and proper resentment of an unmerited injury imperceptibly borders on, and often ends in the blackest passions of the human heart, revenge and malice. It is therefore a task of the greatest difficulty, if not utterly incompatible with human imperfection, to tie up the hands of the individual from self-redress, and at the same time to secure him from many real injuries, the proofs of which no human law can establish, and against which therefore it can afford no remedy. To this let the consideration be added, that were the example of Epaminondas set up as a standard of conduct in similar circumstances, without restoring to their full force the turn of thinking and the estimate of honour held in his age, what a door were opened for the insolence of the basest and most cowardly of the human race, and what a security to the dark and poisoned arrows of the most villainous and malicious!

Thus the advocate for Duelling supports his cause; and his arguments are too well adapted to the human passions and imperfections, to be rooted from the mind by rigid precepts founded on manners of other ages totally different from those of our own. The true philosopher and friend of mankind would therefore, were he instructing some youthful pupils, attack Duelling with other weapons. He would endeavour to take away its most powerful and fascinating charm, the ideas of noble spirit, high courage and honour, with which it inspires the unthinking multitude. He would shew the extreme danger of deviating into the basest passions, to which it imperceptibly subjects the best of dispositions; and he would easily convince the man of true virtue and honour, that it is an awful thing, and of consequences beyond his power to discover, to shed the blood of his brother man. That granting an appeal to the law of nature in some instances unblameable, such instances hardly occur in one Duel of a thousand; that therefore there is the utmost danger, that when a man constitutes

himself both judge and avenger of his own wrongs, he may happen to err, and consequently incur the dreadful guilt of a murderer. Nor would he forget the precepts of religion, and the magnanimity of forgiveness. He would descend from general rules to particular instances, and would delineate to his pupils the motives, principles and characters of such Duellists as disgrace human nature. He would detect the trembling coward under the mask of courage, and the base assassin under the plumes of honour. The frivolousness of many a quarrel, the ungenerousness and baseness of heart which fomented it, till brutal ferocity closed the scene, would be painted in the strongest colours; and the wretch who struts from one public place to another, ambitious of the Duellist, would be viewed, as he is, a Tyger among Lambs, the pest of society, and the very disgrace of civilized life; a character totally inconsistent with that of true honour and the real Gentleman, whose dignity of mind instinctively, as it were, prevents him from giving offence. Tygers of the brutal kind above described, throw the deepest odium on the practice of Duelling, and such characters ought to be held up to the public indignation and abhorrence. One of them, a few years ago, met his deserved fate in a Coffee-room at Bath, and every one felt a satisfaction on hearing his fate. Another notorious Tyger and pest of society, whose whole ambition was for the honours of Duelling, has lately, for the basest and most dishonourable murders, ended his pernicious and brutal career under the hands of the hangman in our sister-kingdom.—Such examples teach better than precept, and, if properly placed before the view of youth, cannot fail of lowering their admiration of that species of pretended honour and courage which may so easily be assumed by the worst of characters, and is only the colouring, the mere varnish of the basest and most pernicious dispositions of heart and soul,

USEFUL HINTS respecting SEA-BATHING.

I Believe that the fashionable practice of sea-bathing ought to be used with more precaution than it is.—A thin muscular man, as I am, may use freedoms with cold water, which a fat corpulent man should not. I have frequently gone into the water in a profuse perspiration, after two or three hours exercise—but then I staid no longer in the

water than I would remain in a cold bath.—It sometimes had the sensation of so many pins stuck into every pore of my skin; when, dressing myself immediately, and resuming my exercise, I soon recovered my former heat.—I took these liberties with myself, because I did not apprehend that what an old Roman or a savage American could safely bear, would

do a temperate Englishman any hurt. Having always bathed for my pleasure and not for my health, I must own, I went a little out of the common track.—I never go into the cold bath in Winter, as the physicians prescribe, because I have not the least inclination for it—and I find myself, by the cold air, sufficiently braced. But in hot weather, when like any amphibious animal I feel a longing desire to be in the water—I bathe to the height of my wish. I have sometimes gone thrice a-day into the sea at Brightelmstone, which so effectually cooled me, that I have had the most profound and refreshing sleep at night, while every one else was complaining that he could not shut his eyes for the heat. Though I am only telling what a lean; temperate man has safely practised on himself, I believe that most men might save themselves from fevers, if they were to bathe in cold water when they feel a desire for it, and feel themselves, without exercise, intolerably hot.—A Director of the East India Company has told me, that when he commanded a Company's ship, he ordered every man a-board to bathe once a day at least, after they came into a warm climate; to which custom he ascribed it, that he lost very few men in any voyage, while other ships suffered a considerable loss.

I said that the practice of sea-bathing ought to be used with more precaution than it is, principally on this account—Because I believe the custom, if diurnal, is dangerous, when it is suddenly left off.—I am confirmed in this belief, not only from my own experience, but from the inconvenience or misfortune which others have felt. The first year I was at Brightelmstone, I bathed, for two months, constantly every day, after which I was called to London in some haste.

On the first and second day after I came to Town, I had a violent head-ach, felt a sickness at my stomach, and an intol-

erable heat. My eldest Son, who had been with me at Brightelmstone, and had bathed as constantly as myself, felt the very same complaints, but in a much stronger degree; and was affected in the same manner as I have known some natives of Greenland to be, who were brought to this warmer climate by our Fishing Ships: He vomited, bled at the nose, and complained very much of his head. It presently occurred to me, that the sea-bathing having become so habitual to us, the leaving it off too suddenly was the cause of these complaints. I carried him therefore to the river: but I plunged in first, to try the experiment upon myself. After dressing, and finding myself perfectly right, I turned my Boy in next, and it cured him of all his complaints. Not that he was drowned; but that, after this remedy, he neither vomited, bled at the nose, nor complained of his head. Common-sense told me to continue that course, every two or three days, till we were from the bathing totally disused.—I told this to a friend of mine, whose wife had been some weeks at Margate; and I desired him to caution her not to leave off the bathing all at once. But having neglected this advice, she fevered in three days after coming to town, and in ten days more she was carried to her grave.

As the cold bathing, in hot weather, is beneficial, so, in cold weather, I believe the hot bath can to many constitutions do no injury, and will to most be of infinite use. With regard to myself, I found that it removed all obstruction in the perspiration, and revived my natural heat. I used to take it for my pleasure, as, in a different season, I took the cold bath. I have for several weeks together, in the severest winters we have had, gone into the Kingston Bath every other night; and I found not the least inconvenience in walking, the morning after it, two or three hours in the coldest frost.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

Having lately had a fresh attack of the palsy, after the intermission of four years; as my name is known both at home and abroad, and enquiries will be made after me and my life, when I am gone; and as my glass is almost out, you may, if you think proper, insert these *Post Memorials* of my life in your useful European Magazine and Review, which I have read from its first publication. I am obliged to you, Gentlemen, for much entertainment, and remain

July 8, 1786.

Your obedient servant, E. HARWOOD.

Hyde-Street, Bloomsbury.

BRIEF MEMOIRS of EDWARD HARWOOD, D. D.

No Register being kept of my Baptism, I never accurately knew the year of

my birth; but I have reason to think that it was in the year 1729. The

names

James of my parents were Laurence and Mary Harwood, who lived upon a small hereditary estate, which had remained in the family from time immemorial. I was born near Darwen, Blackburn, Lancashire. My ancestors in my father's line were Puritans, and warmly espoused the Oliverian party, in consequence of which they were greatly injured. I have heard some of the family deliver a sorrowful tale of the sufferings to which they had formerly been subjected, being plundered and cruelly pillaged by the King's adherents. My mother and all my numerous relations on her side, were members of the church of England. After learning to read of an old woman, I was put under the care of Mr. *Bilborrow*, the most eminent Latin Schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, who had been a scholar of the celebrated *John Clarke* of Hull, famous for his numerous Translations of the Classics. He, like *Bussy*, grounded his scholars well, and made them perfect masters of the elements of Latin and Greek, beyond which he knew nothing. He really thought that *Horace* wrote in order to be construed and parsed by schoolmasters. I was under his most rigid discipline till the Scotch rebellion in 1745, and well remember the confusion at that time in the country. *Usque adeo turbatur agris*.—By my good parents I was then removed to Blackburn, and put under the care of the Rev. Mr. *Thomas Hunter*, one of the most amiable and learned Clergymen in the three kingdoms, Author of Remarks on Bolingbroke, Chesterfield's Letters, on Tacitus, and the writer of two volumes of most admirable Discourses on Providence, printed for Cadell. Under this most worthy Clergyman and excellent Scholar I read through *Horace* three times, through *Juvenal*, through *Xenophon's Cyropædia*, and *Plato's Dialogues*. In the year 1748, in the fatal month of October, contrary to my good master's advice and my own inclination, (which ill fate I have lamented ever since, my master wishing to exert all his interest to establish me at Queen's College, in Oxford) I was sent up to London, to a Predestinarian College, and put under the care of Dr. *Jennings*, who taught *Coward's* Academy, in Wellclose Square, Wapping, London. The five years I was an apprentice in this Schismshop are the only blank in my literary existence. Though brought up a Dissenter, I here learned a jargon to which my ears had hitherto been unaccustomed :

"once in Christ and always in Christ; God sees no sin in his elect; our righteousness is so far from justifying us that it cannot justify itself," &c. I was obliged to attend on a Tuesday the Pinner's-hall Lecturers, and afterwards on a Friday the St. Helen's Lecturers, the old Oliverian Predestinarian *Blue* and *Buff*, *Marryat*, *King*, *Hall*, *Godwin*, *Braclbury*, *Guise*, against whom my father-in-law wrote that inimitable letter on preaching Christ; and the jokes, the jests, the humorous verses I made on this learned fraternity, are still in the memory of many. Brought up among the Calvinists, upon my coming to London, somebody, with a solemn injunction of secrecy, put into my hands *EMLYN's* Tracts, which made a convert of me, and I have seen no reason ever since to turn Socinian. My Tutor, Dr. *Jennings*, wanting to establish me in a Calvinistical society at Hull, in Yorkshire, I at once flung myself out of this nursery for orthodoxy, and got the place of a Teacher in an academy at Peckham, kept by Mrs. *Du Moulin*, where I taught with reputation till the year 1755, in which year I accepted the charge of two small congregations at *Leek* in Staffordshire and *Whelock* in Cheshire, and married Dr. *Chandler's* youngest daughter January 10, 1756. I lived at Congleton, Cheshire, taught a Grammar-school, preached alternately to two affectionate and increasing societies of Protestant Dissenters at *Leek* and *Whelock* for ten years. In this happy abode I carefully read over the principal Greek and Roman Classics, Dr. *Chandler* taking little notice of me, but in the ninth year of my rustication making several clandestine overtures to me to conform, "as it was not in his power to serve me among the Presbyterians; but by his connections with the prelates of the church, as I was a good scholar, he could serve me essentially." He mistook his man. Ever since I had read *EMLYN*, I had been rooted in an abhorrence of the Athanasian Creed, and the Athanasian Worship, and for the eighteen years I preached among the Dissenters I never prayed to any Being but God, as Christ himself always did. In the year 1765 I was invited to the charge of a small congregation of Dissenters in the city of Bristol, against the acceptance of which I was much dissuaded by my friends, as it had been a dwindling matter from the time of Mr. *Reyner*, the rich Presbyterians in that town assembling in *Lewins-Mead*. My wife, however, who was fond of show than

than a Presbyterian's wife ought to be, persuaded me to accept of this invitation, of which I soon found reason to repent. At first my ministrations were greatly approved; but when it was found that I was no Trinitarian, and when the Bigots, the Methodists, and orthodox Baplists raised a violent outcry against me, my congregation dwindled; many of my subscribers withdrew themselves and their subscriptions; and though I formed agreeable connections with many of the principal families of that opulent town, I found myself in distress. I was caressed by the opulent *abroad*, but the *res angusta domi* drove me to distraction. I took eighty guineas from *Congleton*, which I had saved up by economy and teaching a grammar-school, and now having six children, I found myself worse than nothing. One of the principal families in Bristol, the family of Alderman Farr, conscious of the dwindling state of my congregation, advised me in the year 1772, to apply for a place then vacant in the British Museum. Accordingly I went to London, and made what interest I was able to make; and was assured by *Cornwallis*, who was then Archbishop of Canterbury, that I should obtain it; but during this my absence in London, I found by the information of a friend, Dr. Farr, that I had been calumniated and traduced as a Whoremaster and Adulterer, and that several, who had left my meeting because I would not comply with their unreasonable whims, had now instigated and fed a lewd woman to criminate me. With a proper spirit, which I always had, and always shall have, I flung up at once the paltry place which had ruined me, and which was immediately converted into a methodistical meeting; following herein the example of several of my predecessors; for instance, among others, that of *Daniel Harson*, Esq; who deserted the ministry of that wretched hole, and got a place in the customs. Especially I acted this spirited part, as I had not got a shilling in Bristol, though my forlorn situation had even there obliged me to teach Latin and Greek for several years for a maintenance. I threw myself therefore upon my old friends in London, and on my departure, my indigent circumstances being known, five worthy friends generously contributed twenty pounds a-piece to the relief of myself and family, whose worthy names I record with gratitude, viz. *Alderman Farr, Mr. Munkley, Mr. John Peach,*

Mr. Turtan, Mr. Meyer. Knowing my strength in the Greek and Hebrew languages, I instituted in London my old profession of a private Tutor. I was not dispirited at being disappointed of a place in the British Museum; nothing ever dispirited me, for I have from a child been habituated to trust in God. I have made for fourteen years better than an hundred guineas a year by teaching the Greek and Roman Classics; and that I was not unworthy a place in a public library, my book on the various editions of the Greek and Roman Classics, which hath been so well received both *at home* and *abroad*, is, I hope, a satisfactory testimony. Since I have resided in London, I have lived very comfortably, and have formed connections with some of the first of the nobility and gentry of my country, which is a distinguished honour to me, and of which I have always deemed myself to be unworthy. I have made conscience of doing my duty, and of conducting myself with modesty and propriety, as the many families in which I have been employed as Tutor for thirty years, both at Bristol and London, can witness. I have repeatedly rejected offers that have been made to me to conform to the Establishment; but I never could bring myself to subscribe and to read the Athanasian Creed; but I do not condemn those who can reconcile these things to their minds and consciences. On the fifteenth of May 1782, I was stricken with the palsy, and deprived of the use of my left side; but a year afterward I was greatly relieved by Electricity. How much I have cultivated classical learning, the public, both at home and abroad, is acquainted from my books on the classics, which have experienced a favourable reception both in *France, Italy*, and this my native country; and how sedulously I have applied myself to sacred literature, my Introduction to the Study and Knowledge of the New Testament, and my five Dissertations, are public monuments. In fine, I can truly say, now I am in the immediate prospect of Death and Eternity, that I have always loved good persons of all denominations, particularly good scholars. I have had and have many imperfections, of which I crave the divine forgiveness through Christ. I have ever studied to secure an honest and good heart, and I have now, May 29, 1786, good hopes with regard to futurity.

EDWARD HARWOOD.

To the foregoing account of Dr. Harwood we shall add as complete a List of his Works as we have been able to obtain.

1. A Sermon on the Death of the Rev. John Taylor, D. D. late of Norwich, Professor of Divinity and Morality in the Academy of Warrington, Lancashire, with some Account of his Character. 8vo. 1761.
2. The Conversion of a Deist. With an Appendix, containing Reflections on Deism and Christianity. 8vo. 1762.
3. Reflections on the Unacceptableness of a Death-bed Repentance. 8vo. 1762.
4. An Oration pronounced on the Anniversary of Christ's Nativity. 12mo. 1764.
5. Cheerful Thoughts on the Happiness of a Religious Life. 12mo. 1765. This has been translated into Dutch, and printed at Haerlem.
6. A Confession of Faith, annexed to a Sermon preached at the Ordination of the Rev. Mr. Edward Harwood of Bristol, and the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Davies of Marlborough, Oct. 16, 1765, in the Old Jewry, London. By the Rev. Thomas Amory. 8vo. 1765.
7. Thoughts on Time and Eternity; occasioned by the late affecting Loss of several eminently great and good Men among the Dissenters. 8vo. 1767.
8. A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Caleb Evans, occasioned by his curious Confession of Faith, at his late Ordination among the Independent Baptists in Bristol, in which his marvellous Creed is considered, and his abusive Censures of other Ministers and Churches are exposed. 8vo. 1767.
9. A new Introduction to the Study and Knowledge of the New Testament. 8vo. 1767.
10. A liberal Translation of the New Testament, being an Attempt to translate the Sacred Writings with the same Freedom, Spirit and Elegance with which other English Translations from the Greek Classics have lately been executed: The design and scope of each Author being strictly and impartially explored, the true signification and force of the Original critically observed, and as much as possible transfused into our language; and the whole elucidated and explained upon a new and rational plan. With select Notes, critical and explanatory. 2 vols. 8vo. 1768.
11. The melancholy Doctrine of Predestination exposed, and the delightful Truth of Universal Redemption represented. 12mo. 1768.
- A new Introduction to the Study and Knowledge of the New Testament. Vol. II.

8vo. 1771. The second Edition of this Work is corrected and enlarged, and has been translated into German, with copious Notes, by Professor Schultz.

13. Five Dissertations. I. On the Athanasian Doctrine. II. On the Socinian Scheme. III. On the Person of Christ. IV. On the Rise, Progress, Perfection and End of Christ's Kingdom. V. On the Causes which probably conspired to produce Christ's Agony. 8vo. 1772. These Dissertations have been translated into German, and published by Dr. Teller, at Berlin.
14. The Life and Character of Jesus Christ delineated. 8vo. 1772.
15. Miscellanies of the late ingenious and celebrated M. Abauzit on historical, theological and critical Subjects. Translated from the French. 8vo. 1774.
16. Of Temperance and Intemperance: Their Effects on the Body and Mind, and their Influence in prolonging and abbreviating Human Life. 12mo. 1774.
17. A View of the various Editions of the Greek and Roman Classics, with remarks. 8vo. 1775. This has been lately translated into Italian.
18. Memoirs of Miss Sophy Sternheim, from the German of Mr. Weiland. 2 vols. 12mo. 1776.
19. Η ΚΑΙΝΗ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ. The New Testament, collated with the most approved Manuscripts; with select Notes in English, critical and explanatory, and References to those Authors who have best illustrated the Sacred Writings. To which are added, a Catalogue of the principal Editions of the Greek Testament, and a List of the most esteemed Commentators and Critics. 2 vols. 12mo. 1776.
20. Sermons on the Parable of the Sower. 12mo. 1777.
21. Biographia Classica. The Lives and Characters of the Greek and Roman Classics. A new Edition, corrected and enlarged; with some additional Lives, and a List of the best Editions of each Author. 2 vols. 12mo. 1778.
22. The great Duty and Delight of Contentment. 12mo. 1782.
23. Of the Socinian Scheme. Written some years ago, after a whole day's Conversation on the Subject with the late Rev. Mr. Clark of Birmingham.
24. A new Edition of Holmes's Latin Grammar, with improvements.
25. A new Edition of Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius. Dr. Harwood some years since proposed to translate Euripides, but relinquished it on finding it undertaken by Mr. Wodhull and Mr. Potter.

A certain Magazine having without any Acknowledgment borrowed all the Particulars of the late *MI. STANLEY* from our Magazine of Sept. 1784, the following Letter was received in consequence of that Publication, which we at the desire of one of our Correspondents consider ourselves at Liberty to reprint, as we presume the Writer would have sent it to us had he been apprized from what Quarter the Account of his Friend *MI. STANLEY* originally came.

S I R,

YOUR account of my late worthy friend and master, the late celebra'd *MI. Stanley*, in your instructive and entertaining Magazine for June last, gave me great pleasure, as it recalled to my mind several particulars which happened during my apprenticeship with him, and which I have always esteemed the happiest part of my life, as he ever behaved to me more like a brother than a master.

For above a year before I was articled to him, and had not then left *St. Paul's church* (being a chorister three eight years) he had employed me to write music for him, which occasioned our future acquaintance; and from that period his friendship has continued inviolably, not only to me, but to all my children, even to his dying day. His last act of kindness to my family was, as soon as one of my daughters had informed him that my youngest son (about a year ago) had two boys at a birth, he immediately sent me a letter of congratulation, wherein he desired he might stand godfather to the eldest, and accordingly the child was named *John Stanley*.

Should I recount the numberless exploits that almost daily occurred in the time I lived with him, it would make a tolerable large volume, but I shall just mention his showing me the way through the private streets of *Westminster*, the intricate passages of the city and the adjacent villages, both on horseback and on foot, places that I had never been at before, his playing very neatly and correct, all *Cotelli's* and *Geminiani's* twelve solos, &c. on the violin, at which time he had two violins, one made by the famous *Stainer*, that he always used in concert, and a *Cremona*, which he played his solos on.—Those two instruments were reckoned as capital as any in *London*, but were unfortunately burnt at the *Swan tavern*, in *Coinhill*, when the dreadful fire happened there several years since.

As I was his first 'prentice, and was articled with him in the year 1730, there were but two years and a quarter betwixt our ages, he being born *Jan. 28, 1713*, and I the 15th of *April, 1715*. The first year I went to him, I remember his occasionally playing (for his amusement only) at billiards, *Mississippi*, shuffle-board, and skittles, at which game he constantly beat his competitors. As to his transposing *Mr. Handel's Te Deum* and *Jubilate* without the least premeditation into the key of *C sharp*, with a sharp third (when there must be seven

sharps in the cliff) that is so exceeding difficult, as never to be made use of, and I may safely venture to affirm, with the utmost truth, that there is not any one performer; on the organ, in the kingdom, that would have attempted it, even though he had previously taken the trouble of writing the entire organ-part out, long before the day of performance.

As to his not forgetting the voice of any person he had once heard, I myself have divers times been a witness of it. and in *April 1779*, as he and I were going to *Pall-Mall*, to the late *Dr. Boyce's* auction, a gentleman met us, who had been in *Jamaica* twenty years, and in a feigned voice said, "How d'ye do, *Mr Stanley*?" when he, after pausing a little while replied, "God bless me, *Mr. Smith*, how long have you been in *England*?" &c.—The gentleman appeared as much astonished as if he had seen the ghost of his grandfather.

I shall conclude with remarking, that most of the Musicians, at that time, contrived all methods to get acquainted with him, as they found their advantage in it: and that it was common, just as the service at *St. Andrew's church*, or the *Temple*, was ended, to see forty or fifty organists at the altar, waiting to hear his last voluntary: even *Mr. Handel* himself I have many times seen at each of those places. In short, it must be confessed, that not only his extempore voluntaries were inimitable, but also the taste in his compositions in general (which have been a pattern for vocal music for a series of years) especially his cantatas: therefore, it is my opinion, he may impartially be pronounced the primary of modern masters.

I think I cannot sum up this narrative better than with the verses under his first picture, engraved and published before I was engaged with him, and which was then as like him (being tall and thin) as that print published a few years ago, both which I have now before me, and prize them beyond any in my whole collection.

Why do mistaken mortals call thee blind?
Thine eyes are but inverted to thy mind;
There thou explor'st ideas unconfin'd,
While we (who look before) are dark behind.
CAREY.

Itchfield Clove,
July 15, 1786. JOHN ALCOCK, Mus. D.

MEMOIRS OF A SENTIMENTALIST.

[From Mr. CUMBERLAND's new Edition of THE OBSERVER.]

(Concluded from page 34.)

Tange Chloen semel arrogantem. HOR.
 "O Cupid, touch this rebel heart."

UPON the day appointed, Sappho, with her father's consent, set out in a hired post-chaise upon a pretended visit to a relation, who lived about twenty miles from town on the northern road. At the inn where she was to change horses, she dismissed her London postillion with a short note to her father, in which she told him she should write to him in two or three days time. Here she took post for the next stage upon the great road, where she was met by Musidorus, and from thence they pressed forward with all possible expedition towards Gretna Green.

The mind of Sappho was visited with some compunctions by the way; but the eloquence of her companion, and the respectful delicacy of his behaviour, soon reconciled her conscience to the step she had taken. The reflections which passed in Musidorus's breast, were not so easily quieted. The anxiety of his thoughts, and the fatigues of the journey, brought so violent an attack upon him, that when he was within a stage or two of his journey's end, he found himself unable to proceed; the gout had seized upon his stomach, and immediate relief became necessary. The romantic visions with which Sappho hitherto had indulged her imagination, now began to vanish, and a gloomy prospect opened upon her; in place of a comforter and companion by the way to sooth her cares, and fill her mind with soft healing sentiments, she had a wretched object before her eyes, tormented with pain and at the point of death.

The house in which she had taken shelter, was of the meanest sort, but the good people were humane and assiduous, and the village afforded a medical assistant of no contemptible skill in his profession. There was another consolation attended her situation; for in the same inn was quartered a dragoon officer with a small recruiting party. This young cornet was of a good family, of an engaging person and very elegant address; his humanity was exerted not only in consoling Sappho, but in nursing and cheering Musidorus. These charitable offices were performed with such a natural benignity, that Sappho must have been most insensible if

she could have overlooked them; her gentle heart on the contrary overflowed with gratitude, and in the extremity of her distress she freely confessed to him, that but for his support she must have sunk outright. Though the extremity of Musidorus's danger was now over, yet he was incapable of exertion; and Sappho, who was at leisure to reflect upon her situation, began to waver in her resolution, and to put some questions to herself, which reason could not readily answer. Her thoughts were so distracted and perplexed, that she saw no resource but to unburthen them, and throw herself upon the honour and discretion of Lionel, for so this young officer was called. This she had frequently in mind to do, and many opportunities offered themselves for it, but still her sensibility of shame prevented it. The constant apprehension of pursuit hung over her, and sometimes she meditated to go back to her father. In one of these moments she had begun to write a letter to Clemens to prepare him for her return, when Lionel entered the room and informed her that he perceived so visible an amendment in Musidorus, that he expected to congratulate her on his recovery in a very few days—"and then madam," added he, "my sorrows will begin where your's end. Be it so! if you are happy, I must not complain: I presume this gentleman is your father, or near relation?"—"Father!" exclaimed Sappho:—She cast her eyes upon the letter she was inditing, and burst into tears. Lionel approached, and took her hand in his; he raised her handkerchief to her eyes with the other, and he proceeded—"If my anxious solicitude for an unknown lady, in whose happiness my heart is warmly interested, exposes me to any hazard of your displeasure, stop me before I speak another word; if not, confide in me, and you shall find me ready to devote my life to serve you. The mystery about you and the road you are upon (were it not for the companion you are with) would tempt me to believe you was upon a generous errand, to reward some worthy man, whom fortune and your parents do not favour; but this poor object above stairs makes that impossible. If however

there is any favoured lover waiting in secret agony for that expected moment, when your release from hence may crown you with the best of human blessings, the hand which now has hold of your's shall be devoted to his service. Command me where you will; I never yet have forfeited my honour, and cannot wrong your confidence."—"You are truly generous," replied Sappho; "there is no such man; the hand you hold is yet untainted, and till now has been untouched; release it therefore, and I will proceed.—My innocence has been my error; I have been the dupe of sentiment. I am the only child of a fond father, and never knew the blessing of a mother: when I look back upon my education, I perceive that art has been exhausted, and nature overlooked in it. The unhappy object above stairs has been my sole adviser and director; for my father is immersed in business. From him, and from the duty which I owe him, I confess I have seceded, and my design was to devote myself to retirement. My scheme I now perceive was visionary in the extreme. Left to my own reflections, reason shews me both the danger and the folly of it: I have therefore determined upon returning to my father, and am writing to him a letter, which I shall send by express, to relieve him from the agencies my silly conduct has occasioned."—"What you have now disclosed to me," said Lionel, "with a sincerity that does equal honour to yourself and me, demands a like sincerity on my part; and I must therefore confess to you, that Musidorus, believing himself at the point of death, imparted to me not only every thing that has passed, but all the future purposes of this treacherous plot, from which you have so providentially escaped: these I shall not explain to you at present, but you may depend upon it, that this attack upon his life has saved his conscience. I cannot as a man of honour oppose myself to your resolution of returning home immediately; and yet when I consider the ridicule you will have to encounter from the world at large, the reflections that will arise in your mind, when there is perhaps no friend at hand to alluage them, but above all when I thus contemplate your charms, and recollect that affectation is expelled, and nature reinstated in your heart, I cannot resist the impulse nor the opportunity of appealing to that nature against a separation so fatal to my peace. Yes, loveliest of women, I must appeal to nature; I

must hope this heart of your's, where such refined sensations have resided, will not be shut from others of a more generous kind. What could the name of Musidorus do, which Lionel's cannot? Why should you not replace an unworthy friend with one of fairer principles? with one of honourable birth, of equal age, and owner of a heart that beats with ardent passion towards you? Had you been made the sacrifice of this chimæra, this illusion, what had your father suffered? If I am honoured with your hand in marriage, what can he complain of? My conduct, my connections and my hopes in life will bear the scrutiny: suffer me to say you will have a protector, whose character can face the world, and whose spirit cannot fear it. As for worldly motives, I renounce them; give me yourself and your affections; give me possession of this hand, these eyes, and the soul which looks through them; let your father withhold the rest. Now loveliest and most beloved, have you the heart to share a soldier's fortune? Have you the noble confidence to take his word? Will you follow where his honour bids him go; and whether a joyful victory or a glorious death attends him, will you receive him living, or entomb him dying in your arms?"

Whilst Lionel was uttering these words, his action, his emotion, and that honest glow of passion which nature only can assume and artifice cannot counterfeit, had so subdued the yielding heart of Sappho, that he must have been dull indeed, if he could have wanted any stronger confirmation of his success, than what her looks bestowed. Never was silence more eloquent; the labour of language and the forms of law had no share in this contract: a sigh of speechless ecstacy drew up the nuptial bond; the operations of love are momentary! tears of affection interchangeably witnessed the deed, and the contracting parties sealed it with an inviolable embrace.

Every moment now had wings to waft them to that happy spot, where the unholy hand of law has not yet plucked up the root of love. Freedom met them on the very extremity of her precincts; Nature held out her hand to welcome them; and the Love and Graces, though exiled to a desert, danced in her train.

Thus was Sappho, when brought to the very brink of destruction, rescued by the happy intervention of Providence. The next day produced an interview with Clemens, at the house to which

they

they returned after the ceremony in Scotland. The meeting, as might well be expected, was poignant and reproachful; but when Sappho, in place of a superannuated sentimentalist, presented to him a son-in-law, in whose martial form and countenance he beheld youth, honour, manly beauty, and every attractive grace that could justify her choice, his transports became excellent; and their union, being now sanctified by the blessing of a father, and warranted by love and nature, has snatched a deluded victim from misery and error, and added

one conjugal instance to the scanty records of unfashionable felicity.

Let not my young female readers believe that the extravagance of Sappho's conduct is altogether out of nature, or that they have nothing to apprehend from men of Musidorus's age and character; my observation convinces me to the contrary. *Gravity*, says Lord Shaftesbury, is the very essence of imposture; and sentimental gravity, varnished over with the experienced artifice of age and wisdom, is the worst of its species.

OBSERVATIONS on the SULPHUR WELLS at HARROGATE, made in July and August 1785. By the Right Reverend RICHARD Lord Bishop of LLANDAFF, F. R. S.

(Concluded from page 35).

WITH respect to the sulphureous impregnation of these waters, I made the following observations.

The inside of the bason, into which the water of the strongest well rises, is covered with a whitish pellicle, which may be easily scraped off from the gristone of which the bason is made. I observed, in the year 1780, that this pellicle on a hot iron burned with the flame and smell of sulphur. I this year repeated the experiment with the same success; the substance should be gently dried before it is put on the iron. I would further observe, that the sulphur is but a small part of the substance which is scraped off. That I might be certain of the possibility of obtaining true palpable sulphur from what is scraped off from the bason, and at the same time give some guess at the quantity of sulphur contained in it, I took three or four ounces of it, and having washed it well, and dried it thoroughly by a gentle heat, I put two ounces into a clean glass retort, and sublimed from it about two or three grains of yellow sulphur. This sulphur, which stuck to the neck of the retort, had an oily appearance; and the retort, when opened, had not only the smell of the volatile sulphureous acid, which usually accompanies the sublimation of sulphur, but it had also the strong empyreumatic smell which peculiarly appertains to burnt oils; and it retained this smell for several days. It has been remarked before, that the salt separable from the sulphur water was of a brownish colour; and others who have analysed this water, have met with a brown substance, which they knew not what to make of; both which appearances may be attributed to

the oil, the existence of which was rendered so manifest by the sublimation here mentioned. I will not trouble the Society with any conjectures concerning the origin of this oil, or the medium of its combination with water; the discovery of it gave me some pleasure, as it seemed to add a degree of probability to what I had said concerning the nature of the air with which, in one of my Chemical Essays, I had supposed Harrogate water to be impregnated. I will again take the liberty of repeating the query which I there proposed: "Does this air, and the inflammable air separable from some metallic substances, consist of oleaginous particles in an elastic state?" When I ventured to conjecture in the Essay alluded to, that sulphureous waters received their impregnation from air of a particular kind, I did not know that Professor Bergman had advanced the same opinion, and denominated that species of air Hepatic Air. I have since then seen his works, and very readily give up to him not only the priority of the discovery, but the merit of prosecuting it. And though what he has said concerning the manner of precipitating sulphur from these waters can leave no doubt in the mind of any chemist concerning the actual existence of sulphur in them; yet I will proceed to the mention of some other obvious experiments on the Harrogate water, in support of the same doctrine.

Knowing that, in the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, sulphur is found sticking to the sides and top of the channel in which the sulphureous water is conveyed, I examined with great attention the sides of the little stone building which is raised over the bason of the strongest well,

well, and saw them in some places of a yellowish colour: this I thought proceeded from a species of yellow moss, commonly found on grit-stone: I collected, however, what I could of it by brushing the sides of the building, at the distance of three or four feet from the water in the basin: on putting what I had brushed off on a hot iron, I found that it consisted principally of particles of grit stone, evidently, however, mixed with particles of sulphur.

Much of the sulphureous water is used for baths at Harrogate; and for that purpose all the four wells are frequently emptied into large tubs containing many gallons a-piece; these constantly stand at the wells, and the casks, in which the water is carried to the several houses, are filled from them. On examining the inside of these tubs, I found them covered, as if painted, with a whitish pellicle. I scraped off a part of this pellicle; it was no longer soluble in water, but being put on a hot iron, it appeared to consist almost wholly of sulphur. Some of these tubs have been in use many years, and the adhering crust is thick in proportion to the time they have been applied to the purpose; but the sulphur pellicle was sufficiently observable on one which was new in the beginning of this season. The water when it is first put into these tubs is transparent; when it has been exposed to the air for a few hours, it becomes milky; and where the quantity is large, a white cloud may be seen slowly precipitating itself to the bottom. This white precipitate consists partly, I am not certain that it consists wholly, of sulphur; and the sulphur is as really contained in the waters denominated sulphureous, as iron is contained in certain sorts of chalybeate waters: in the one case the iron is rendered soluble in water by its being united to fixed air, or some other volatile principle; and in the other, sulphur is rendered soluble in water by its being united to fixed air, or some other volatile principle: neither iron nor sulphur are of themselves soluble in water, but each of them, being reduced into the form of a salt by an union with some other substance, becomes soluble in water, and remains dissolved in it, till that other substance either escapes into the air, or becomes combined with some other body.

About forty years ago, they took up the basin of the third well, and a creditable person, who was himself present at

the operation, informed me, that in all the crevices of the stone on which the basin rested, there were layers of pure yellow sulphur. This I can well believe, for I ordered a piece of shale to be broken off from the bottom of the fourth well; it was split, as shale generally is, into several thin pieces, and was covered with a whitish crust. Being laid on a hot iron, in a dark room, it cracked very much, and exhibited a blue flame and sulphureous smell.

If the water happens to stand a few days in any of the wells, without being disturbed, there is found at the bottom a black sediment; this black sediment also marks the course of the water which flows from the well, and it may be esteemed characteristic of a sulphur water. The surface of the water also, when it is not stirred for some time, is covered with a whitish scum. Doctor Short had long ago observed, that both the black sediment, and the white scum, gave clear indications, on a hot iron, of their containing sulphur: I know not whence it has come that his accuracy has been questioned in this point; certain I am, that on the repetition of his experiments I found them true. The white scum also, which is found sticking on the grass over which the water flows, being gently dried, burns with the flame and smell of sulphur. From what has been said it is clear, that sulphur is found at Harrogate, sticking to the basin into which the water springs; sublimed upon the stones which compose the edifice surrounding the well; adhering to the sides of the tubs in which the water stands; subsiding to the bottom of the channel in which the water runs, and covering the surface of the earth, and of the blades of grass, over which it flows. It is unnecessary to add another word on this subject; it remains that I risk a conjecture or two, on the primary cause of the sulphureous impregnation observable in these waters.

In the Chemical Essay before referred to, I have shewn that the air separable from the lead ore of Derbyshire, or from Black-Jack, by solution in the acid of vitriol, impregnates common water with the sulphureous smell of Harrogate water; and I have also shewn that the bladder fucus or sea-wrack, by being calcined to a certain point, and put into water, not only gives the water a brackish taste, but communicates to it, without injuring its transparency, the smell, taste, and other properties of Harrogate water.

Pro-

Professor Bergman impregnated water with a sulphureous taste and smell, by means of air separated by the vitriolic acid from *hepar sulphuris*, made by fusion of equal weights of sulphur and potashes, and from a mass made of three parts of iron filings melted with two of sulphur; and he found also, that Black-Jack and native Siberian iron yielded hepatic air, by solution in acids. This, I believe, is the main of what is known by chemists on this subject; what I have to suggest, relative to the Harrogate waters in particular, may perhaps be of use to future inquirers.

I have been told, that on breaking into an old coal-work, in which a considerable quantity of wood had been left rotting for a long time, there issued out great quantity of water smelling like Harrogate water, and leaving, as that water does, a white scum on the earth over which it passed. On opening a well of common water, in which there was found a log of rotten wood, an observant physician assured me, that he had perceived a strong and distinct smell of Harrogate water. Dr. Darwin, in his ingenious account of an artificial Spring of Water, published in the first part of the LXXVth volume of the Philosophical Transactions, mentions his having perceived a slight sulphureous smell and taste in the water of a well which had been sunk in a black, loose, moist earth, which appeared to have been very lately a morass, but which is now covered with houses built upon piles. In the bog or morass abovementioned there is great plenty of sulphureous water, which seems to spring from the earth of the rotten wood of which that bog consists. These facts are not sufficient to make us certain, that rotten wood is efficacious in impregnating water with a sulphureous smell; because there are many bogs, in every part of the world, in which no sulphureous water has ever been discovered. Nor, on the other hand, are they to be rejected as of no use in the inquiry; because wood, at a particular period of its putrefaction, or when situated at a particular depth, or when incumbent on a soil of a particular kind, may give an impregnation to water, which the same wood, under different circumstances, would not give.

The bilge water usually found at the bottom of ships which are foul, is said to smell like Harrogate water: I at first supposed, that it had acquired this smell in consequence of becoming putrid in

contact with the timber on which it rested; and this circumstance I considered as a notable support to the conjecture I had formed of rotten wood being, under certain circumstances, instrumental in generating the smell of Harrogate water. But this notion is not well founded; for the bilge water is, I suppose, salt water; and Dr. Short says, that sea water which had been kept in a stone bottle six weeks, "stunk not much short of Harrogate sulphur water." It has been remarked above, that calcined sea-wrack, which contains a great deal of sea salt, exhales an odour similar in all respects to that of Harrogate water; and in confirmation of the truth of this remark, I find that an author quoted by Dr. Short says, that "Bay salt, thrice calcined, dissolved in water, gives exactly the odour of the sulphur well at Harrogate." From these experiments considered together, it may, perhaps, be inferred, that common salt communicates a sulphureous smell to water both by putrefaction and calcination. Hence some may think, that there is some probability in the supposition, that either a calcined stratum of common salt, or a putrescent salt spring, may contribute to the production of the sulphureous smell of Harrogate water; especially as these waters are largely impregnated with common salt. However, as neither the salt in sea water, nor that of calcined sea-wrack, nor calcined bay salt, are any of them absolutely free from the admixture of bodies containing the vitriolic acid, a doubt still remains, whether the sulphureous exhalation, here spoken of, can be generated from substances in which the vitriolic acid does not exist.

The shale from which allum is made, when it is first dug out of the earth, gives no impregnation to water; but by exposure to air and moisture its principles are loosened, it shivers into pieces, and finally moulders into a kind of clay, which has an aluminous taste. Alum is an earthy salt resulting from an union of the acid of sulphur with pure clay; and hence we are sure, that shale, when decomposed by the air, contains the acid of sulphur; and from its oily black appearance, and especially from its being inflammable, we are equally certain that it contains phlogiston, the other constituent part of sulphur. And indeed pyritous substances, or combinations of sulphur and iron, enter into the composition of many, probably of all sorts of shale, tho' the particles of the pyrites may not be large

large enough to be seen in some of them ; and if this be admitted, then we need be at no loss to account for the bits of sulphur which are sublimed to the top of the heaps of shale, when they calcine large quantities of it for the purpose of making alum : nor need we have any difficulty in admitting, that a phlogistic vapour must be discharged from shale, when it is decomposed by the air. Dr. Short says, that he burned a piece of aluminous shale for half an hour in an open fire ; he then powdered and infused it in common water, and the water sent forth a most intolerable sulphureous smell, the very same with Harrogate water. He burned several other pieces of shale, but none of them stunk so strong as the first. This difference may be attributed, either to the different qualities of the different pieces of shale which he tried, or to the calcination of the first being pushed to a certain definite degree ; for the combination of the principles on which the smell depends may be produced by one degree of heat, and destroyed by another. I have mentioned, briefly, these properties of shale, because there is a stratum of shale extended over all the country in the neighbourhood of Harrogate ; several beds of it may be seen in the stone quarry above the sulphur wells ; many of the brooks about Harrogate run upon shale, and the sulphur wells spring out of it. They have bored to the depth of twenty yards into this shale, in different places, in search of coal, but have never penetrated through it. Its hardness is not the same at all depths. Some of it will strike fire, as a pyrite does, with steel ; and other beds of it are soft, as if in a state of decomposition ; and the sulphur water is thought to rise out of that shale which is in the

softest state. But whatever impregnation shale when calcined, or otherwise decomposed to a particular degree, may give to the water which passes over it, it must not be concluded, that shale in general gives water a sulphureous impregnation ; since there are many springs in various parts of England, arising out of shale, in which no such impregnation is observed.

I forgot to mention, in its proper place, that having visited the bog, so often spoken of, after a long series of very dry weather, I found its surface, where there was no grass, quite candied over with a yellowish crust, of tolerable consistency, which had a strong aluminous taste, and the smell of honey. Bergman speaks of a turf found at Helsingberg in Scania, consisting of the roots of vegetables, which was often covered with a pyritous cuticle, which, when elixated, yielded alum ; and I make no doubt that the Harrogate morass is of the same kind.

Whether nature uses any of the methods which I have mentioned of producing the air by which sulphureous waters are impregnated, may be much questioned ; it is of use, however, to record the experiments by which her productions may be imitated ; for though the line of human understanding will never fathom the depths of divine wisdom, displayed in the formation of this little globe which we inhabit ; yet the impulse of attempting an investigation of the works of God is irresistible ; and every physical truth which we discover, every little approach which we make towards a comprehension of the mode of his operation, gives to a mind of any piety the most pure and sublime satisfaction.

The PAINS and PLEASURES of a COUNTRY LIFE described.

(Concluded from page 16.)

HAVING shewn the Country in the most pleasing point of view, and admitted in its favour various sentiments, from the writings of poetical encomiasts ; having given them all due credit for their trickling rills and cloud-capt hills ; their flocks that feed beside the rocks ; their bubbling fountain at the foot of the mountain ; and every other object propitious to the enthusiasm of a metaphorical imagination ; we now sit down to the promised task (with all due deference to dealers in figure, and tra-

ders in tropes) of fairly and candidly speaking of matters *as they are*, not as *they should be* ; i. e. not as the fanciful Theorist in the furor of picturesque vision chuses to exhibit them.

Respecting the *natural* beauties of the Country (such we mean which regard vegetation only), the sweetest swain that ever sung, had not an eye to discover, or a heart to feel, or a taste to relish them in a greater degree than the *Wiser* of this Paper.—To the charms of verdure, indeed—to the exquisite variety
ma-

manifested in that verdure—to the elegant and provident transitions of seasons, each presenting its proper charm, and all adapted to inspire delight, and promote utility, few can be insensible.—The Clown enjoys it, without entering into the nicety of original causes; the philosopher enjoys it, and traces, or *flatters*; himself that he traces, the reason and effect to its principle. Ignorance and science are both blessed under the influence of bright suns, plentiful crops, waving woods, and luxuriant pasturage. But the point and principle with which this Essay set out, was to prove, that with respect to *happiness*, poets of all ages, from Maro down to the Caledonian Mr. Thomson, have indulged themselves in the flourish of fable, and, in describing the beauties of the *place*, have run into the mistake of concluding that such beauties have given greater felicity to the *people*. It is indeed by no means true that men are happy, or that they esteem themselves so (which folks say is the same thing) in proportion to their natural blessings. It is, perhaps, pretty frequently the reverse; for we see those who are placed in the most enviable situations (invariable to inexperience), who have extensive gardens, of which every flower might give the young bard a hint to scribble, the most senseless, stupid, dull, and insensible creatures in the Creation.—All that Nature can perform, even in her summer operations, is a blank to them: They can walk upon the velvet verdure by the side of the sparkling streamlet;—(Pardon us, kind Reader, for being somewhat poetical, without caring any thing about the matter)—nay, they can yawn over beds of roses, “tread under foot the violet,” and wish the plummy songsters that build within the shrubbery, fairly at the devil.—This may seem to show that our great men are not captivated with the Country.—People in the *middle station* are in general so full of care, so much bigotted to gainful circumstances of thrift and economy, or so little affected by the discriminating delicacies of taste, that they have really no leisure to look at the hedges, criticise the springing buds, nor examine the progress of Providence or Nature. A Sunday nosegay, indeed, they have, which they awkwardly stick into the button-hole of the coat, and to which they smell till they kill it with kindness, and then throw it away.—When on the evening of that Sunday they brush off the dust of the week, and walk into the meadows,

it must be confessed their sensibility is transiently awakened; for they take particular notice, whether the corn bears a better ear this year than the last—whether the barley is thin, or otherwise—and whether the grass is likely to turn out well. Hence they conclude with infinite prophecy of the likelihood of things. If they don't relish the prospect, this is the expression: “Why, neighbour, we shall be all ruined—Hay and barley, and wheat, will be dearer than ever—and what, pray, is to become of the poor?”—If they approve what they have analysed, they argue thus: “Well, well—come, come, neighbour—fine crops, heavenly weather, *if it does but hold*—Lovely crops, upon my word—Thank God for them, thank God for them—God is very good, indeed.”—Away they go to the chimney corner again, and over a pint of home-brewed talk of the goodness of God and the goodness of crops—consult the weather-glass and the old woman's toe—are one moment pious, and the next mistrustful—till they get into bed, and “eat in dreams the custard of the day.”

Now, in regard to the Ladies, the matrimonial property of the Gentlemen in these contrasted conditions, it is but a courtesy to owe the Fair-sex to take notice of their attachment to rural scenes. The Woman of Fashion is (for Fashion's sake) very often a fair creature of such infinite affectation, that she is sometimes (as shifts the mode) obliged to adore, and sometimes to abominate, the country. One day she has such a passion for Nature, that her bosom is ornamented by so prodigious a besom of natural beauties, that one would be apt to think her half vegetation. While this fragrant fancy is upon her, the chimney, the windows, the window-seats, and the mantel-piece, are all *in flower*. The next day “comes a frost, a killing frost”—that is to say, the Lady looks cold upon her yesterday's objects of ardour; she is in so delicate a state of stomach, as to sink under the smell of odours. She cannot possibly support the exquisite oppression of perfumes: the maid is directed, therefore, to remove the flower-pots, and take all the nauseous things out of her sight.

The good woman of the *Shop*, meanwhile, has a different train of ideas upon this subject. Her character is assimilated into that of her husband: she acquires all his love of money, and his mercenary method of getting it: she values the fountain, not because it is

favourable to poetical images, but because the water of the spring is more agreeable and commodious, in many domestic respects, than that which is drawn from the river: she esteems the brook, not because it babbles and bubbles, but upon account of its purity, and fine taste either in mixing the pudding, raising the pye-crust, or supplying the tea-kettle: and as to the article of flowers, the marjoram, the marigold, and such culinary herbs are preferred, for the most part, to less useful vegetables; and therefore, like a very wise woman of this world, she makes her broth, dries her lavender, and preserves her pickle—while pinks and roses “in profusion,” and in confusion too, were left to flourish and to fade, as Nature thought proper.

Now with regard to *rural Societies*, much I fear the enquiry will not turn out happily, should we enter into particulars. Reputations are even less safe and sacred in the Country than in the City. Every little town has its gossip, its lounge, its tell tale, its inventor, and its critic—and one or all of these know every thing that is going forward in the parish. They assist each other, and, like the paragraphical collectors, open the budget for the mutual entertainment of each other and the Town. It is the business of the *lounge* to listen—the critic is upon the catch—the inventor supplies the imperfections of simple truth and mere matter of fact—and the tell-tale and gossip run gadding abroad to circulate the materials which have been collected by the industry and ingenuity of their friends aforesaid:

“At ev’ry word a reputation dies.”

To be serious, however, the general infelicity produced by these, with the wrangling and back-biting amongst the men at their clubs, and of the women at their weekly card-tables or nightly parties, is greater and acuter than can well be imagined. Those who have been long fumigated, and, as it were, smoak-dried, in a City, sigh ardently for vernal breezes and the zephyrs of an unclouded sky. This is natural; and so far as refreshment is to be acquired by gales of fragrance and unobstructed air, the wish to make an

excursion is rational. In natural descriptions, therefore, the Poet is at full liberty, and has indeed a fair opportunity to indulge his genius; nay, he may be allowed to trespass a little upon mere matter of fact, and (“his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling”) yield to the pleasures of a florid imagination.—But here let him stop, nor paint as angels all who live in a paradise. The same passions differently exerted, and the same temptations in different shapes, attend the inhabitants of the Meadow as of the Metropolis. The shades are by no means so peaceful as they are said to be by those who seldom hear them whisper; and believe me, the streams are not more apt to *murmur* than those whose cottages are built beside them: neither is the happiness of the houses half so distinguishing or harmonious, in general, as the happiness among the branches, or as the felicity of the forest. Let us not be seduced into any notion which misguides to concenter greater portions of joy in any situation than belongs to it. All conditions have their convenience; all have their disadvantage. The City and the Country assist the delights that are afforded by each. Like able lawyers of the same family, they play into one another’s hand—and by this politick artifice produce wealth, and health, and honours, and enjoyments. *Variety* is the very quintessence of bliss. Perennial suns would be shocking, and (to use Shakespeare’s language) “leave no worship for that garish orb.” But Night comes in to the relief of the Day, and gives a double welcome to the morning. So of Town and Country: Whoever reside constantly in the latter are too apt to forget its beauties, even though they should be bigotted to its profits; and the mere Cockney thinks all who live out of the sound of Bow-bell, a set of animals who see nothing but what increases their natural vacuity. The point of wisdom in this case, as in a great many more, is to acquire a competent knowledge of facts, and neither to be extravagant in praise nor wild in censure. We have in all situations more happiness than we merit: let us not lessen it by fictitious miseries or ill-founded hopes, of which the disappointment is a misery, *in deed!*

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

Poems by Helen Maria Williams, in Two Volumes, 2mo. Cadell. 5s. 1786.

WHEN the age of this young Poetess, and, what she with great modesty and candour acknowledges, "the disadvantages of a confined education," are duly considered, he must be a fairly and liberal critic indeed, who would hesitate to pronounce these two little volumes a most agreeable acquisition to our youthful poetry; and that Miss Williams is by no means the least elegant and pleasing of the constellation of females who have lately illumined the British Parnassus. Nay, we are almost tempted to declare, that in true elegant simplicity of poetic expression and colouring, and in the natural easy flow of her versification, she is unrivalled by any of her sisters. Except in some few instances, and those mostly in her *epic poem* Peru, the graceful ease and simplicity of her style is very different from that of a certain celebrated Poetess, who is so continually straining at ornament, at boldness and novelty of phrase, and splendour of epithet heaped on epithet, that the greatest part of her works, in place of resembling cloth of gold, the evident purpose of such eager and apparent labour, has, on dispassionate examination, no other appearance than that of a suit trimmed with tinsel, which, however it may glaze by candle-light on the stage, makes but a poor and tawdry exhibition by daylight in the Green-Room.

But high as our ideas are of the sweetness and natural elegance of Miss Williams's versification, we do not mean to say that her poetry is faultless. That would be doing her no service indeed; and we trust she has too much modesty and good sense, to refuse to avail herself of whatever blemishes may be pointed out in the following remarks on her Poems.

This pleasing collection is dedicated, by permission, to the Queen.—On this we cannot refrain expressing a wish

that the amiable Charlotte may, as the Patroness of Literature, rival and excel the late Caroline. Her Royal Consort is the liberal and beneficent patron of Music, Architecture and Painting. May the Muses find similar countenance and protection from the benign and mild influence of our beloved and much-respected Queen!

The modesty and artless candour so happily expressed in the following extract from our fair writer's preface, must obtain favour from every generous and good heart. "The apprehension, says she, which it becomes me to feel, in submitting these Poems to the judgment of the public, may perhaps plead my excuse for detaining the reader to relate, that they were written under the disadvantages of a confined education, and at an age too young for the attainment of an accurate taste. My first production, the *Legendary Tale of Edwin and Eltruda*, was composed to amuse some solitary hours, and without any view to publication. Being shewn to Dr. Kippis, he declared that it deserved to be committed to the press, and offered to take upon himself the task of introducing it to the world. I could not hesitate to publish a composition which had received the sanction of his approbation. By the favourable reception this little poem met with, I was encouraged still farther to meet the public eye, in the "*Ode on the Peace*," and the poem which has the title of "*Peru*." These poems are inserted in the present collection, but not exactly in their original form. I have felt it my duty to exert my endeavours in such a revision and improvement of them, as may render them somewhat more worthy of perusal. It will, I am afraid, still be found, that there are several things in them which would shrink at the approach of severe criticism. The other poems that now for the first time appear

appear in print, are offered with a degree of humility rather increased than diminished by the powerful patronage with which they have been honoured, in consequence of the character-given of them by partial friends. Knowing how strongly affection can influence opinion, the kindness which excites my warmest gratitude has not inspired me with confidence.

"When I survey such an evidence of the zeal of my friends to serve me, as the following honourable and extensive list affords, I have cause for exultation in having published this work by subscription."

The subscription is large, containing upwards of fifteen hundred names, and almost fills one-half of the first volume, the poetical contents of which are, *An American Tale—Sonnet to Mrs. Bates—Sonnet to Twilight—To Sensibility—A Song—An Ode on the Peace—Edwin and Eltruda, a Legendary Tale—A Hymn—and, Paraphrases from Scripture.* Before we make any remarks on the above, we repeat what we have already said, that we have some blemishes to point out, which we sincerely hope the amiable Muse of Miss Williams will profit by; if she does not, the loss will be her own. But we shall not insult the good sense of Miss Williams by the supposition of her improper resentment. And here, to hint our first objection, the engraving which fronts the title-page of the first volume, struck us with much the same idea as some parts of Miss Williams's poetry. The engraving which represents the murder of the young princes in the Tower, is designed by Maria Cosway; but masculine force of expression is wanted, and the youngest prince on his knees in the posture of supplication, while the ruffian is ready to plunge the dagger into his brother's breast, is a most evident copy of the little Samuel at his prayers, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The first poem in the collection vindicates the above comparison of the poetry to the picture. The *American Tale* is an evident copy from Dr. Goldsmith's Hermit. In the Doctor's tale, a young lady's lover had disappeared, and she, imagining he had died of grief for her having rejected his suit, dresses herself in man's clothes and goes a-wandering. In her rambles she comes on an evening to a hermit's retreat, and is courteously entertained by him; and the catastrophe is, that she discovers her lost lover in the hermit, and he his tender and repenting

fair-one in his wandering guest. Miss Williams's tale thus opens:

" Ah! pity all the pangs I feel,
 " If pity e'er you knew;—
 " An aged father's wounds to heal,
 " Thro' scenes of death I flew.
 " Perhaps my hast'ning steps are vain,
 " Perhaps the warrior dies!—
 " Yet let me sooth each parting pain—
 " Yet lead me where he lies."—

Thus to the list'ning band she calls,
 Nor fruitless her desire,
 They lead her panting to the walls
 That hold her captive fire.

" And is a daughter come to bless
 " These aged eyes once more?
 " Thy father's pains will now be less,
 " His pains will now be o'er!"

The Lady is in tears. The father speaks:

" Those tears a father ill can bear,
 " He lives, my child, for thee!
 " A gentle youth, with pitying care,
 " Has lent his aid to me.

" Born in the western world, his hand
 " Maintains its hostile cause,
 " And fierce against Britannia's band
 " His erring sword he draws;
 " Yet feels the captive Briton's woe;
 " For his ennobled mind
 " Forgets the name of Britain's foe,
 " In love of human kind.

" Yet know, my child, a dearer tie
 " Has link'd his heart to mine;
 " He mourns with Friendship's holy
 " sigh,
 " The youth belov'd of thine!

The Lady expresses her gratitude for the kindness shewn to her father, and enquires for her lover.

" O tell me where my lover fell!
 " The fatal scene recall;
 " His last, dear accents, stranger, tell,
 " O haste and tell me all!
 " Say, if he gave to love the sigh,
 " That set his spirit free;
 " Say, did he raise his closing eye,
 " As if it sought for me!"

The true sentiment of a romantic girl! Her lover we find was an American, who braved the dangerous main, and bless'd England.

" The western ocean roll'd in vain
 " Its parting waves between, [main,
 " My Edward brav'd the dang'rous
 " And bless'd our native scene.

"Soft Isis heard his artless tale,
 "Ah, stream for ever dear,
 "Whose waters, as they pass'd the vale,
 "Receiv'd a lover's tear.
 "How could a heart that virtue lov'd,
 "(And sure that heart is mine)
 "Lamented youth! behold unmov'd,
 "The virtues that were thine?
 "Calm as the surface of the lake,
 "When all the winds are still,
 "Mild as the beams of morning
 "break,
 "When first they light the hill;
 "So calm was his unruffled soul,
 "Where no rude passion strove;
 "So mild his soothing accents stole
 "Upon the ear of love.
 "Where are the dear illusions fled
 "Which sooth'd my former hours?
 "Where is the path that fancy spread,
 "Ah, vainly spread with flowers!
 "I heard the battle's fearful sounds,
 "They seem'd my lover's knell—
 "I heard, that pierc'd with ghastly
 "wounds,
 "My vent'rous lover fell!—
 "My sorrows shall with life endure,
 "For he I lov'd is gone;
 "But something tells my heart, that
 "sure
 "My life will not be long."—
 "My panting soul can bear no more,
 "The youth, impatient cried,
 "'Tis Edward bids thy griefs be o'er,
 "My love! my destin'd bride!

The Lady, we find, in *all her pangs*, has a knack at families; and the plot and catastrophe are exactly the same with Goldsmith's Hermit; and the conclusion is much the same.

Miss Williams concludes thus:

"Then come for ever to my soul,
 "Amelia, come, and prove,
 "How calm our blissful years will roll
 "Along a life of love."

"*A life of love!* is a rich expression, and happy; but *tears*, and *love*, and *sounds of woe*, &c. &c. those eternal topics of female poetry, are rather too predominant in Miss Williams's poetry.

The Sonnet to Twilight inserted in our last volume, p. 455, is beautiful and happy.

The verses on *Sensibility* are just such as we should expect from a girl on that *Will o' the Wisp* subject. Mrs. Greville's sprightly and humorous *Ode to Indifference* was not agreeable, it would seem,

to Miss Williams, who advises her to indulge herself in the pleasures or *gifts* of melancholy and anguish.

Ah Greville! why the gifts refuse
 To souls like thine allied?
 No more thy nature seem to lofe,
 No more thy softness hide.

The *Legendary Tale of Edwin and Eltruda* is spun out to a tiresome length, and has nothing peculiar or novel. During the wars of *York* and *Lancaster*, a lover kills his mistress's father in battle, and she dies:

He feels within his shiv'ring veins
 A mortal chillness rise;
 Her pallid corse he feebly strains,
 And on her bosom dies.

Legendary tales or ballads are a pleasing species of poetry. They seem easy to invent and execute: hence the vast inundation we have of late years had of them. But easy as it seems, it is a walk that often misleads the young and thoughtless, who, when they are quite in the wrong and barren path, imagine themselves amid the most flowery scenes of Parnassus. Hence the oblivion which soon envelopes the far greatest part of those productions; and with all due respect to Miss Williams and Dr. Kippis, we cannot flatter her with the hope that her *Edwin and Eltruda* will escape the general lot of its brothers and cousins. Easy as this way of writing may seem, it requires the most delicate touches of pathos, and real genuine poetic simplicity of colouring, to make any man of taste bestow a second reading on a *Legendary Tale*.

The *Paraphrases from Scripture* are like many others of the kind—very well. But the forcible, concise, and happy expression of our common prose version is—much better.

The *Ode on the Peace* is the most original poem of the First Volume, and contains, with some blemishes which only shew the fair writer's youth, many poetic thoughts and good lines. It opens thus:

As wand'ring late on Albion's shore
 That chains the rude tempestuous
 deep,
 I heard the hollow surges roar,
 And vainly beat her guardian steep;
 I heard the rising sounds of woe
 Loud on the storm's wild pinion flow;
 And still they vibrate on the mournful
 lyre,
 That tunes to grief its sympathetic wire.
 N a From

From shores the wide Atlantic lavas,
The spirit of the ocean bears
In moans, along his western waves,
Afflicted Nature's hopeless cares.

There is a harshness in this expression,
From shores the wide Atlantic lavas.

This would have been inelegant in prose, for want of the word *which*; nor is omission in verse consistent with elegance. Miss Williams often falls into this peccadillo, and we warn her against it.

The horrors of war are not unhappily mentioned, though common. In a lady's poem on War we may be sure to find love in tears and misery, but cannot admire the propriety of the metaphor which represents a flame expiring in streams of blood :

While love's pure flame in streams of
blood expires.

The following lines deserve selection :

Now burns the savage soul of War,

While terror flashes from his eyes,

Lo ! waving o'er his fiery car,

Aloft his bloody banner flies :

The battle wakes—with awful sound

He thunders o'er the echoing ground,
He grasps his reeking blade, while
streams of blood

Tinge the vast plain, and swell the purple
flood.

But softer sounds of sorrow flow ;

On drooping wing the murmur'ing
gales

Have borne the deep complaints of woe

That rose along the lonely vales—

Those breezes waft the orphan's cries,

They tremble to parental sighs,

And drink a tear for keener anguish shed,

The tear of faithful love when hope is
fled.

The object of her anxious fear

Lies pale on earth, expiring, cold,

Ere, wing'd by happy love, one year,

Too rapid in its course, has roll'd :

In vain the dying hand she grasps,

Mangs on the quiver'ing lip, and clasps
The fainting form, that slowly sinks in
death,

To catch the parting glance, the fleeting
breath.

Pale as the livid corse her cheek,

Her tresses torn, her glances wild,—

How fearful was her frantic shriek !

She wept—and then in horrors
smil'd :

She gazes now with wild affright,
Lo ! bleeding phantoms rush in sight—
Hark ! on yon mangled form the mour-
ner calls,

Then on the earth a senseless weight she
falls.

Our poetess now comes to particulars,
The fate of the *gentle Andre* is bewailed,
and Miss Seward is complimented :

While Seward sweeps her plaintive
strings,

While pensive round his sable shrine

A radiant zone the graceful flings,

Where full emblaz'd his virtues
shine ;

The mournful loves that tremble nigh

Shall catch her warm melodious sigh ;

The mournful loves shall drink the tears
that flow

From Pity's hov'ring soul, dissolv'd in
woe.

A young lady *sweeping the plaintive strings, while pensive she gracefully flings a radiant zone, where his virtues shine full emblaz'd, round Andre's sable shrine*, may be vastly pretty to some readers ; but for our parts we scruple not to pronounce it metaphor run mad, and the picture it presents, absurd and ridiculous. The fate of Andre has been unfortunate to more than one of our poets. One of acknowledged elegance has fallen into the following gross absurdity, in a compliment to Miss Seward :

Tho' tuneful Seward mourn her Andre's
fall,

And wrap the felon cord that clos'd his
breath

In radiant Glory's amaranthine wreath *.

A tuneful nymph twining a halter cut
from a gallows with an *amaranthine wreath of radiant glory*, is indeed incomparable in the art of—*inking in poetry*.

The danger of Capt. Aggill, who was on the point of sharing the fate of *Andre*, is next introduced in a much happier strain, and the distress of his parents and friends is well touched. Peace, poetically described as *a radiant stream of light*, gilding

—— the murky cloud,

Where Desolation's gloomy night

Retiring, folds her sable shroud,

is good, nay excellent. But the follow-

ing, spoken of the said *radiant stream of light*, is certainly mere rant and sustian :—

It flashes o'er the bright'ning deep,
It softens Britain's frowning steep.

And *mild Peace* is thus apostrophised ;

Around thy form th' exulting virtues
move,

And thy soft call awakes the strain of
love.

This is rather too much in the clouds, for our comprehension. We were simple enough to imagine, that the active exertions of a just and patriotic war called forth "the exulting virtues," which are apt to languish in peace, that nurse of effeminacy, luxury, and dissipation. Though old Vincent Wing must yield as a poet to our fair Authorefs, there is much more common-sense and true political philosophy in the rhymes which used to adorn his Almanacks :

War begets poverty,

Poverty peace ;

Peace makes riches flow ;

Thus things never cease.

Riches beget pride,

Pride is war's ground,

And war begets poverty ;—

So the world goes round.

But the particular honour of this Ode on the Peace is its having furnished the present *Port-Laureat* with the idea of that noble Pindaric, his first Ode. Miss Williams and he perfectly agree in the opinion, that *true glory* has nothing to do with the *victor's car* (which, by the bye, is a most delicate way of wiping off the disgraces of the late ill-conducted and ruinous war), but is wholly engaged by the fine arts : or, as one of the Laureat's parodists expresses it,

What though the deep-tax'd nations
groan,

True glory minds the well-hewn
stone, &c.

No one who remembers the Laureat's first Ode can doubt whence he borrowed

A Translation of the Memoirs of Eradut Khan, a Nobleman of Hindostan ; containing interesting Anecdotes of the Emperor Aulungeer Aurungzebe, and of his Successors, Shaw Allum and Jehaunder Shaw : in which are displayed the Causes of the very precipitate Decline of the Mogul Empire in India. By Jonathan Scott, Captain in the Service of the Honourable East-India Company, and private Persian Translator to Warren Hastings, Esq; late Governor-General of Bengal, &c. &c. 4to. 4s. 6d. boards. Stockdale. 1786.

THIS fragment of history contains a short recital of the revolutions which took place in the Mogul empire, on the

death of the emperor Shaw Aulungeer, commonly called Aurungzebe. This event happened in the beginning of the

it, when he reads the following from Miss Williams :

Enchanting visions sooth my sight—

The finer arts no more oppress'd,

Benignant source of pure delight !

On her soft bosom love to rest.

While each discordant sound expires,

Strike, Harmony ! strike all thy wires ;

The fine vibrations of the spirit move,

And touch the springs of rapture and of

love.

Bright painting's living forms shall rise ;

And wrapt in Ugolino's woe *,

Shall Reynolds wake unbidden sighs ;

And Romney's graceful pencil flows.

Mr. Hayley too as a Poet, Dr. Hurd as a Critic, the Historic Muse, and *me & Philosophy*, "alluding," as a note says, "to Mr. Herschel's wonderful discoveries," are all represented, in some truly elegant stanzas, as flourishing under the influence of Peace. Mrs. Montagu also is handsomely complimented ; and the wish that Science, Peace, and Honour, may remain in Abion,

Till time shall wing its course no more,

Till Angels wrap the spheres in fire,

Till earth and yon fair orbs expire,

While Chaos, mounted on the wasting

flame,

Shall spread eternal shade o'er Nature's

frame,

concludes the Ode, which, on the whole, has much genuine merit. By the last lines, however, it would seem that our Authorefs thought the Runic mythology of the final extinction of all things, Gods and all, as she found it in Gray, was better adapted for poetry than the Christian belief, that there *shall be new heavens, and a new earth*. And as the *fine arts* are promised no patronage in the *new heavens and new earth*, the promise extending only to *righteousness*, perhaps they are not in the wrong to give their preference to the system of Woden, and final oblivion.

(To be concluded in our next.

* "Ugolino's woe"—a celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, taken from DANIE year

year 1707, when Azim Shaw, the second son of the deceased, usurped the throne. This prince, previous to his accession, was exceedingly beloved by most of the nobility, who regarded him as possessing every-approved quality for empire; but almost immediately after he got possession of the throne, he forfeited the general good opinion by slighting the principal nobility, and betraying great parsimony to the army. His elder brother, Shaw Allum, to avoid shedding blood, proposed to divide the empire with him. This proposal he treated with haughtiness and contempt: and replied, that he would answer his brother on the morrow in the field. They accordingly met, when fortune declaring against him, Azim lost the battle and his life. Shaw Allum, on the death of his brother, succeeded, and held the reins of government till 1712, when he was poisoned. He left four sons, of whom the author gives the following characters.

“Moiz ad Dien Jehaunder Shaw, the eldest, was a weak man, devoted to pleasure, who gave himself no trouble about state affairs, or to gain the attachment of any of the nobility.

“Azem Oofhawn, the second son, was a statesman of winning manners. Aulumgeer had always pursued the policy of encouraging his grandsons and employing them in public affairs; for as his sons were ambitious of great power, and at the head of armies, he thus prudently controuled them, by opposing to them enemies in their own families, as Bedar Bukht to Azim Shaw, and Azem Oofhawn to Shaw Allum. To the latter he had given the advantageous government of the three provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, from whence he had now come with a rich treasure and considerable army; and though in the late battle he had performed great service, yet he was suspected by his father, and dreaded as a rival.

“Ruffeh Oofhawn, the private companion and favourite of his father, was a prince of quick parts, a great proficient in religious learning, a fine writer, and of much knowledge in the law; but at the same time addicted to pleasure, particularly fond of music and the pomp of courtly shew. He paid no attention to public affairs, or even those of his own household.

“Jehaun Shaw had the greatest share of all the princes in the management of affairs, before his father's accession to the throne; after which the whole admini-

stration of the empire was long influenced by him.”

On the death of Shaw Allum, Azem Oofhawn, his second son, being in possession of the imperial camp, treasury and jewels, was joined by most of the principal noblemen, their followers, and the royal artillery. He had, besides, a very considerable army in his own pay. Instead of immediately attacking his brothers, who, though all leagued against him, would have formed but a weak enemy, he encamped on the plain, and acted on the defensive, in expectation that his brother's troops would in a few days desert for want of pay, and they be compelled to acknowledge him emperor, or be delivered into his hands by some of their pretended friends. In this however he was deceived; by keeping his army cooped up in intrenchments, it grew dispirited daily, while the ardor of the enemy's increased every hour. After a cannonade had been kept up on both sides for four days, in each of which the three brothers gained some advantage, on the fifth day Azem Oofhawn moved from his camp; but such was the confusion in forming the troops that the artillery was quite useless, and Jehaun Shaw advancing steadily, in slow order, obtained an easy victory over terrified troops, who fled without waiting to be attacked. The unfortunate prince thus forsaken, scorning to owe his safety to flight, advanced almost alone against the enemy. This action and submitting to be sacrificed, was one and the same. His elephant-driver was immediately killed; the prince himself, after receiving many wounds, sunk down fainting upon his seat; and the elephant, without a driver and furious with pain, ran through the enemy, who pursued him in vain for some hours, during which time the unfortunate Azem died of fatigue and loss of blood.

Jehaun Shaw, after this victory, judging from the purity of his own intentions, that those of his brothers were equally so, delivered the whole plunder of the camp without delay into the hands of the Ameer al Amra, who, agreeable to treaty and his own oath, was to divide the provinces and treasures impartially among the brothers. This integrity was the cause of his ruin. The Ameer had resolved to seat Jehaunder Shaw on the throne, knowing that his weakness, fondness for pleasure and aversion to business, would put uncontrolled power into his own hands. With this view he artfully delayed

delayed making a division. The friends of Jehaun Shaw clearly saw the Ameer's designs, warned the prince against his treachery, and offered to prevent their completion by killing him: this the noble-minded prince would not consent to. "If," said he, "empire is decreed me, I shall attain it without trouble; but if not, of what avail is treachery or unjust shedding of human blood?" At the Ameer's next visit, he openly told him his suspicions of his conduct, and that though it might be politic to put him to death, he scorned to do it by fraud, at the same time bidding him rise and go in peace to his own house.

This magnanimous behaviour, instead of exciting the Ameer's gratitude, only increased his enmity; he threw aside the veil, now become useless, and openly avowed his intentions. The author makes the following remark on the prince's conduct on this occasion; a remark in the true spirit of Machiavel, and which shews that the principles of most statesmen, whether European or Asiatic, are nearly the same. "Though Jehaun Shaw, virtuous and religiously faithful to his word, was *generous and just* in this great action, yet the *policy of government* will not admit of such conduct being copied as an example of propriety. The world is deceitful, and cannot be commanded but by deceit. The thief who should wake his sleeping prey, would only bring ruin on his own head. Virtue and vice being direct opposites cannot exist in one dwelling. *That*, the foundation of which is evil, cannot be supported but by evil."

The Ameer having openly refused to perform his agreement, Jehaun Shaw moved his camp, and prepared for battle without delay; but in the night the artillery camp was treacherously set on fire, all the rockets and ammunition destroyed, and the army rendered totally useless. Some fresh supplies were indeed procured; but the troops, dispirited with their loss, became clamorous for money, and deserted in such numbers, that Jehaun Shaw, to prevent worse consequences, was obliged to put all to the hazard of an immediate engagement. In this, by his bravery, he had at one time made a considerable impression on the enemy's center; but being attacked in the rear by Ruffeh Ooshawn's whole force, his troops seeing themselves likely to be surrounded, fled to a man, leaving him exposed alone upon his elephant, where he was soon killed by a musket-shot.

There now remained no other rivals than Jehaunder and Ruffeh Ooshawn. The latter had the firmest reliance on the Ameer, as during the life of the emperor he had supported him in the strongest manner. He therefore hoped as one sovereign seemed to be his choice, that it might rest upon him, in preference to his elder brother. He had resolved to wait as a spectator of the struggle till the fall of one of his rivals, and then rush upon the survivor, flushed with victory, and unguarded against a new enemy. This design he now communicated to his followers, and desired their support in an immediate attack on Jehaunder Shaw: they however either through fear or treachery refusing their assistance, on a pretence that the dawn would be a more favourable opportunity, he was obliged to stop, and wait their pleasure. At break of day, therefore, Ruffeh advanced silently in hopes of surprising the enemy; but before he had reached their camp, a gun being fired through ignorance or treachery, gave the alarm, the enemy's cannon began to play furiously, the greater number of his followers fled, and a Chief in whom he reposed the greatest confidence, and who owed him the highest obligations, ungratefully turned his arms against him. Surrounded on every side, he threw himself from his elephant, and "drawing the sabre of glory from the scabbard of honour, fought singly on foot against thousands of assailants. But what could he effect more than sell one life at the expence of many? He was soon hewn down with repeated wounds, and resigned his breath to Him who gave it. We are from God, and to Him we must return." Thus by the intrigues and support of the Ameer, Jehaunder Shaw triumphed over his three brothers, and ascended the throne without the fear or dread of a competitor. Eradat Khan, after declaring that his motive is not to gratify any resentment for injuries done him, nor to curry favour with a successor by disparaging his rival, draws the following highly-coloured picture of this prince.

"He was in himself a weak man, effeminately careful of his person, fond of ease, indolent, and totally ignorant of the arts of government. He had also blemishes and low vices unworthy of royalty, and unknown among his illustrious ancestors. He made the vast empire of Hindostan an offering to the foolish whims of a public courtesan, which tortured the minds of worthy subjects loyal to his family. The relations, friends,

friends, and minions of the mistress, usurped absolute authority in the state; and high offices, great titles, and unreasonable grants from the imperial domains were showered profusely on beggarly musicians. Two Crores* of rupees annually were settled for the household expenses of the mistress only, exclusive of her clothes and jewels. The emperor frequently rode with her in a chariot through the markets, where they purchased, agreeably to whim, sometimes jewels, gold, silks, and fine linen; at others, greens, fruits, and the most trifling articles. A woman named Zohera, keeper of a green-stall, one of Lall Koor's (the mistress's) particular friends, was promoted to a high rank, with a suitable jaghire, and her relations were exalted to the emperor's favour, which they used (abused) to promote the interests of the courtiers for large bribes: nor did the nobility decline their patronage, but forgetting their honour, and sacrificing decency to present advantage, eagerly flocked to pay adoration to the royal idols, whose gates were more crowded with equipages than those of the imperial palace. To do them justice, many of them had generous minds, and performed various good actions in the use of their influence at court.

"The ridiculous jaunts of the emperor and his mistress at last grew to such a pitch, that on a certain night, after spending the day in debauchery, and visiting different gardens near the city, in company with Zohera, the herb-woman, they retired to the house of one of her acquaintance who sold spirits, with which they all became intoxicated. After rewarding the woman with a large sum and the grant of a village, they returned in a drunken plight to the palace, and all three fell asleep on the road. On their arrival Lall Koor was taken out by her women; but the emperor remained sleeping in the chariot, and the driver, who had shared in the jollity of his royal master, without examining the machine, carried it [a heavy load for a drunken man!] to the stables. The officers of the palace, after waiting till near morning for his arrival, on finding that the mistress had entered her apartments without the emperor, were alarmed for his safety, and sent to her to enquire concerning his situation. She desired them immediately to examine the coach, where they found the wretched prince fast asleep in the arms of Zohera, at the distance of nearly two miles from the palace.

"While the emperor was thus affording matter of offence to all good subjects, the Ameer became absolute. He studied to ruin the most ancient families, inventing pretences to plunder them. He established unprecedented exactions and abuses. He took enormous emoluments for himself, but was so sparing in the distribution of money to others, that even his own creatures felt severe poverty, with empty titles; till at length every one wished his destruction.

"After tyrannizing thus nine months, in the height of his power and authority, a report was spread that Gerokhsere, the son of Azcem Ooshawn, was marching from Bengal towards Bahar, with an intent to revenge his father's death and seize the throne. The news was soon confirmed; nor is it surprising, that numbers of the imperial servants wished secretly for the success of the rebellion. After sending his eldest son against the rebels, Jehaunder advanced himself against them; an engagement ensued, in which his army was routed; and he, having shaved his beard and whiskers to prevent his being known, fled to the palace of Affud ad Dowlah, by whom he was delivered up to the conqueror, by whose orders he was put to death in prison, and thus peace was restored to Hindostan."

Such is the outline of these memoirs, comprising a period of five years. What renders them more interesting is, that till now we had no authentic account of this period, Colonel Dow's History of Hindostan reaching no farther than the eleventh year of Aulumgeer. Eradut Khan, the author of these memoirs, was a nobleman in that emperor's court, and from being on the spot and immediately concerned in these several revolutions, and in some measure connected with the principal parties engaged in them, was undoubtedly well qualified to give an account of them. "The authenticity of the facts he relates," the Translator observes, "is undoubted in Hindostan, and the simplicity of his style regarded as a strong proof of his veracity." The Translator in like manner, from his personal knowledge of the scene of action and customs of the country, has been enabled to avoid those mistakes which common translators are liable to commit, for want of such information; and he has added a number of explanatory notes, for the benefit of such as may stand in need of them.

Mr. Scott has intimated his intentions of giving a history of Dekkan, being

* A Crore is 100 Lacks, upwards of two millions sterling.

possessed of abundant materials for that purpose, if the present work, which he offers as a specimen, is approved by the public. As a work of that kind would not only afford much entertainment, but be highly useful, it is to be hoped he will meet with no obstacle to retard his

carrying his plan into execution. We have only further to wish; that the expense attending it may not be a means of rendering its utility less extensive. Four shillings and sixpence for twelve sheets of quarto letter-press is literally paying it-her for amusement or instruction.

The History of Athens, politically and philosophically considered, with the View to an Investigation of the immediate Causes of Elevation and of Decline operative in a free and commercial State. By William Young, Esq. London, 4to. 1786. Robson.

(Continued from page 37.)

THE second chapter treats of the population of Attica, and the progress of society.—The rough diamonds from the mine, our author remarks, vary but little; it is when polished that we distinguish the beauties or dulness of the water, the flaw, or pure, or tinted brilliant; so civilization discovers the susceptibility and value of each mind, and in the infancy of policy, where no prescription hath sway, inequality of intellect effects a correspondent degree of command and subserviency.

“Mark the picture of society which now presents itself to view—Genius working not on luxuries or refinements, but confined to an investigation of the common arts and necessaries of life; and weakness courting it for a participation of its comforts, and paying the debt of gratitude, or earnest of expectancy, with menial service and assistance.

“In an earlier period, the cave was a common refuge to all, the acorn was to be plucked by every hand, and in the calm of general ignorance, spirit or activity for the counsels lay dormant, and their claims were not known, not understood, or not allowed; but now the man of reason culled new blessings from the earth, and where nature seemed deficient found resources of happiness and ease in his own inventive faculties; nor is it wonderful that those whose powers were inadequate to their wants, should purchase shelter in his hut, warmth from his fire, or sustenance from his roots, with obsequious attention to serve and venerate the benefactor.

“As in those times the only title to rule was the conferring of benefits, of which every subject was individually to partake, and at the same time capable of striking the balance between services paid and good received; intruders without superior abilities were speedily disgraced, and perhaps in the flock of public contribution detached from the general body.

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and with a few others, whom sympathy or resentment connected with them, were left to rely on that strength which passion and self-confidence rendered at once unfit for rule and impatient of subjection.

“They retired to their old mansions of refuge among the woods and rocks; but the cavern was become damp and gloomy; the winds had learnt to chill and the sun to scorch; and late habits of life had shewn that such evils might be avoided, but present inexperience precluded the means of avoiding them.

“As in the progress of the individual from infancy to maturity, so in the history of the species, we find that the passions have borne fruit, when the blossoms of reason but peeped from the bud: happily in the first instance, the earliest violences of youth may at once be calmed and tutored, and even their effects moderated by the interposition of those who have at once superior reason to urge, and strength to restrain; but who is to control the savage, whose life fills up an impetuous moment of puberty, in the long progressive history of his kind? who hath awakened at once to wishes, and impotence; to the passions of man, and scarcely to the instinct of a brute? who, without emulation, gloomy discontent, and the rage of uniated appetites (the feeble ray of reason directing to the object, without throwing sufficient light to develop its moral and proper use, duties and consequences) what a dreadful animal must they form!—And such was man, when in the case above-mentioned he recurred to solitude, with the full harvest of wants and passions he had known, and only known how to reap in the fields of society.

“In these times every district had its laws, and as attack necessarily enforced defence, every tribe had its Hercules.

“In the course of a few years, the imitative faculty of man must have made

such

such progress, and the connections within the pale of society have become so much more complicated, and the dangers from without so much more frequent and important, that the brave and the judicious might be supposed to supersede the pretensions of the projector or artificer, with whom too progressively so many claimed in common.

“The patriarch ruler gave out simple laws, or rather maxims, to his people, decided their differences, repelled their enemies, and sacrificed to their Gods: he was their Judge, their Hero, and their Priest: he was the only slave in the domain, for the black spirit of despotism was as yet confined within the magic circle of its duties, which when it transgressed, the charm of authority and pre-eminence was instantaneously dissolved.”

Having traced the first population of Attica, and marked the progressive culture of people and of soil, the author proceeds in the next chapter to give an account of the colonies that acceded to the original settlement; and having enumerated the advantages thence accruing to the community, concludes with the following account of the *heroic age*.

“At a time when the habits of converse and thought had quickened the passions and apprehension; at a time when the minds of men were growing too active for rest, and too turbulent for control; when the wife and the valiant anew felt and claimed distinctions over their fellows; when the ambition of some, and the envy of others, was succeeding to the virtuous and peaceable emulation of all; the danger of relapsing into anarchy was eminent and great: but fortunately, the shade of Chivalry arose, and beckoning each active genius into her circle, preserved the internal state from that annoyance the wanton spirit of the age might seem to portend. Damsels ravished, and damsels rescued, made up the history of this period; not even in the feudal lower age was enterprise more the delight or admiration of all: the wreath of honour was then first snatched, and separately and distinctly worn from the crown of virtue; whilst the dangers and the motives of the achievements were considered.

“Mark the progress.—Common security was the first band of union; indigence instructed; interest cemented, and foreign population enriched and enlarged the society; from long peace and security arising new distractions among men; in-
terests in a private life extended to ascen-

dancy in the state; individuals grew impatient of rest and equality; and Ambition, like a famished Tyger, was recurring to its own litter for sustenance and prey, when a providential casualty directed its activity to internal objects. In the mean time the commonwealth had peace, and leisure to find theories for practice, and draw practice from theory; to widen the foundation of the state-system, and cement it so as to withstand whatever shock, till time and progressive reason should finish the building;—the glory and bulwark of Greece!”

In the fourth chapter the author treats of the Kings, and of the first Archons of Athens. Some writers, he remarks, have idly classed the first Archons with the Athenian Kings, on a supposition that a change took place in little else besides the title of the supreme officer. Admitting this to be true, still he contends, the alteration was of moment, as even in the most enlightened ages, unbounded prescriptive devotion has been paid to mere words.

“How much honour and authority have attended a title, even when usurped through the work of crimes and the meanest of frauds! Are there none, even in a land of freedom and of science, whose hearts yet acknowledge the hereditary and slavish prejudices of their forefathers, and who would cancel their very bond of independency, and crouch for their all to some idol name?”

“The word *King* had in Attica, as elsewhere, a traditional ascendant over many who knew not the purport of the title, or the individual who bore it: with the name, much of this blind veneration ceased; and respect, that great barrier against public liberty, being broken down, the paths to an independent commonwealth were not less open than alluring.”

The change of title, Mr. Young observes, was not the only one produced on the death of the patriot Codrus; the Medontidae received the sovereignty considerably abridged of its former power, and were rendered ultimately accountable to the people, for a just and due exercise of the trust reposed in them. What these restrictions of power were, we are not told; but he observes, they must have been manifold and strong to have rendered the last regulation effectual. “For who shall dare to meet the lion in his forest, or call despotism to account? The hasty challenger, if such be to be found, must prepare for death, or the state for a revolution.”

In the fifth chapter an account is given of the Legislation of Solon, whose commonwealth, according to the opinion of Aristotle, was a compound of three several sorts of government; in the council of Areopagus, partaking of the nature of an Oligarchy; in the regulations of election to executive powers, of an Aristocracy; and in the last resort of justice, of a Democracy.

"Thus this state," says our author, "was by no means simply that which we understand by the word *Democracy*; which (under the acceptance deducible from its etymology) never was a Constitution of Government, but the perversion of a Constitution of Government. It was, in truth, as Plato happily termed it, an *Aristocracy founded in public estimation*; for the regulations requiring a competency of character and property in those pretending to the executive Government, rendered it truly Aristocratic; but nevertheless dependant, in the first instance of its formation, on the choice of the People, and in the second instance of its demise, on their retrospective approbation and judgment."

The two succeeding chapters relate to the government of Pisistratus and his Sons Hipparchus and Hippias. The former, we are told, proved the best of Kings, and by his authority enforcing the due observation of the institutions of Solon, he enabled the state, when arrived at a proper maturity, to embrace the opportunity of firmly establishing the whole body of laws, and the constitution so admirably calculated to make the Athenians a happy and free people.

Mr. Young has also here taken notice of the well-known connection of Ariston and Harmodius, of the old man and the young, or (as the Greeks termed them) the lover and the beloved; and has vindicated the purity of these attachments, which universally prevailed

in the most virtuous Republic, against the misconstructions of such as supposed these friendships to have been sullied by the most horrid and disgusting vice.

The eighth chapter treats of the final expulsion of the Pisistratids, of popular governments, and of the Ostracism. Of this institution our author is a warm admirer. After stating the objections which naturally occur on this subject, such as the ingratitude of preferring the virtue that had long laboured for the public good, and the folly and bad policy of banishing men whose abilities might, as they had before done, prove the support of the state, and converting powerful friends into dangerous enemies; he observes that such objections, however forcible, must yield to the stronger reasons in favour of the institution.

"It from time to time," he says, "snatched a dangerous prop from their affairs, and bade the people awaken to their own support and welfare; it made men wary of pre-eminence, and, often taking somewhat from the ever-growing matter of the executive scale, anew balanced the commonwealth."

To the question; Whether the secession of an experienced Statesman or General be not a loss to his country? he replies, that with respect to the pretended ability and knowledge, the superiority is more dangerous than useful; that in an uncorrupted republic, a sound and plain understanding is not only the most faithful but a sufficiently sure guide in the straight road of virtuous administration; and whoever talks of the necessarily difficult and crooked path of government, is to be guarded against as one who means treacherously, and is desirous of bewildering those he is hired to direct, that his insufficiency may be less apparent, or treason more secure.

(To be continued.)

A Chinese Fragment, containing an Enquiry into the present State of Religion in England. With Notes by the Editor. 8vo. 5s. in Boards. London. J. Daxie, 1786.

EVER since the publication of Montesquieu's celebrated Persian Letters, our modern satirists have been fond of assuming the disguise of an Asiatic philosopher, as under that masque they think they can with greater facility lash the follies and vices of their respective countries, and by contrasting them with those of the Eastern world, place them in a

more conspicuous and more interesting point of view. To support this assumed character with propriety, however, requires no inconsiderable talents, more indeed than our present Chinese philosopher seems to be possessed of. His observations, though frequently just and important, have not the charms of novelty to recommend them; his satirical strokes, O 2 though

though abundantly severe, are not sufficiently pointed; they want that vein of humour so essentially necessary in this kind of writing, and which so eminently distinguishes the writer of the *Persian Letters*. The Author, by confining his enquiry to religion, instead of taking an extensive view of the national manners of the country he is supposed to reside in, has rendered his observations less interesting to the generality of readers. This supposed Disciple of Confucius remarks, that the character of a people is much seen in the tenor of their ordinary discourse, and that in proportion as religion prevails it will tinge the public conversation. From our general discourse he therefore thinks he may infer, that possibly in some remote ages Christianity might have been embraced by our ancestors; but that now little of it is retained, bating a few fragments of its phraseology; and that even these are likely to vanish in a short time.

"I have observed," says he, "that polite persons are cautious how they admit a word or idiom borrowed from their sacred authors; since, unless it be done with exquisite taste, as when some *uncouth antique* is skilfully contrasted with modern elegance, it favours of a low understanding and illiberal manners. A foreigner who should mistakingly form his language upon the volume eminently stiled the *Bible*, as containing their holy scriptures, would probably be treated very unlike a gentleman. I know not but he might sometimes run very serious hazards, by exciting resentments where he meant the sincerest compliments. Should he imagine, for instance, that the title of *Saint* is still considered as an honourable distinction, and upon this idea should happen to utter your *Sainthood*, for your *Lordship*, the consequence might turn out very unpleasant. And how surprised must he be to find that the word *Saint* is now English for a **FANATIC** or a **SCOUNDREL**."

Our Philosopher, after some observations on public worship and private devotion, and some strictures on the profanation of the Sabbath and the neglect of the Bible, contrasts the temperate mode of living in the East with the luxury of our tables. "An Indian or Chinese is satisfied with his *pot of rice*, while an Englishman cannot dine without laying the four quarters of the world upon his contribution."

From our tables he proceeds to our wardrobes, and considers the *fantastical-*

ness and vanity of dress as arguing a great levity in the national character. But the greatest scandal to the country in his opinion is the shocking lewdness that has infected all ranks, and which, under the specious name of *gallantry*, has gained such footing in the fashionable world. This he attributes chiefly to our public amusements, particularly our assemblies and theatres. His sentiments on these subjects are truly tramontane: "*promissious dancing*" he severely reprobates, and "*gardens and rotundas*, where the sexes *saunter* and converse without restraint," he considers as dangerous to virtue. The stage he calls a theatrical mirror, in which lust and revenge are transformed into gallantry and spirit, pride into dignity; ambition into greatness of mind and on the other hand, honesty becomes simplicity; knowledge, pedantry; humility, meanness; and religion, fanaticism. The actors he has metamorphosed into a "*set of scaramouches*," and while they are playing their antics, and uttering their bombast, he affirms, that a spirit of levity is contracted, romantic ideas are formed, every moral principle corrupted, and the whole œconomy of life disturbed.—This language may very well suit the mouth of a *Frynne*, a *Praisi-God-Barebones*, or any other of the *Saints*, but is unbecoming a man who affects to call himself a philosopher, it is zeal without knowledge, it is being righteous over-much.

Modern education next engages our philosopher's attention, As his observations on this subject are perhaps better calculated than any other part of the work to give our readers an idea of the author's style and manner, we have here inserted them at length.

"Before our young gentleman is well escaped from his grammatical tutors, he is put into the hands of three *learned professors* of much greater importance, who are to shape, and accoutre, and introduce him gracefully into the world. The *dancing-master*, indeed, is often engaged before the child enters upon his *Latin*; but this is a point of chronology of no consequence. Here then lies the *serious* part of his education, the rest is but a trifle. He may prove a fool 'tis true, and a prodigat; but what then? He will know how to dress well, assume an air, and be admired at an assembly; and this will be sufficient recommendation with all reasonable and well-bred people.

"And

"And now he has only to skim over a choice set of *Novels* and *Romances*, and the works of two or three *fashionable* jafidels, to be very decently equipped. He will then be fully entitled to admission into the best companies, where he will see exemplified all that he has been learning, and find proper opportunities to display his own abilities, which must no doubt greatly promote his progress. But nothing will more effectually do this, than a diligent attention to the *Drama*, whose *miserables of life* (as we before observed) will reflect him more amiable to himself, converting his foibles into excellencies, and his vices into virtues. If he also occasionally visit *brothels* and *gaming-houses*, and the *diversions of the turf*, it will mightily conduce to his purpose; for though they may happen to cost him his health, fortune and character, they will add to his knowledge of the world, which is the great desideratum of a gentleman. And if he is ambitious to unite every possible advantage, he may contrive, by stealing now and then an interval from these various avocations, to trot a few terms at one of the learned universities, which with due care would do him no harm, and might chance to help his credit with *strangers*.

"And thus having furnished himself with all the learning and elegant accomplishments of his own country, what remains but that he betake himself to his travels, in order to glean up the excellencies of other nations? And though he should mistake their fopperies for such, 'tis no matter; he may import them safely; not one in a thousand will perceive the difference. But his great object will be to pick up curious notions concerning morals, religion and government, that may serve (if possible) more thoroughly to convince his dear countrymen, that they are the merest impositions upon the reason and liberty of mankind. This when set off with a titubant foreign embellishment in his person and address, must surely at once recommend him to their taste and judgment, and may possibly obtain him a seat in the senate.

"Such is the education of a *fine* gentleman, and such his flattery of himself, which is too often realized by success. And yet a coxcomb is by no means the natural growth of the island: it is a forced production, which requires warmer suns, or hot-beds at home, to bring it to maturity. The native genius of Britons

is plain and sensible, and rarely becomes affected or foppish, unless sophisticated by art or foreign infusions. Wrong methods of education, and injudicious travel, have greatly contributed to corrupt the national character.

"But their method of training up young ladies, if not more immoral, which would seem impossible, is however more *abhorrent* from the customs of our empire. Perhaps we have strained too far our ideas of feminine modesty, and it is probable, that an occasional intercourse of the sexes, with caution and reserve, would contribute to their mutual improvement. But in this as in other instances, we have not duly attended to the doctrine of our philosopher, laid down in his *immutable medium**. And yet, methinks, of the two extremes we have adopted the safer.

"If the graces of person and a cultivated understanding are superadded to virtue, it will appear indeed the more like itself; but at any rate let virtue be secured. It is on this principle that our females are excluded from all converse with the other sex, prior to their marriage; which is contracted without their advice, or a single interview with the intended party. And when they are conducted to their new home, with abundance of ceremony, it is but a tedious passage from one prison to another. This is doing violence to nature, and is too severe to be endured. But here I observe, that no sooner can the *white mist* scramble round the room, than she is taken from under her mother's eye, and placed in some fashionable *saloon*, where, instead of her duty to God, a true modesty of temper and conduct, with the useful arts of domestic life, is usually instructed in the whores of coquetry. After a due time spent under this discipline, she is introduced into the world, for a *short* education. And having quitted her giddy circles, her head is set on her fancies herself, if not a perfect *philosopher*, at least a perfectly ignorant lady: and she will often peruse the same pounds of dissipation, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her moderate husband. If we content ourselves shall not much wonder to see the young men in this country at the marriage state."

Such is the dismal portrait our author has drawn of modern education,

* The second canonical Book of Confucius so called. See Du Halde, vol. III. p. 306.

in which though doubtless many things are reprehensible, and much reformation "devoutly to be wished," yet the colouring here is evidently overcharged; he seems religiously to have adhered to the former part of the sentence,—“nothing extenuate”—and totally to have forgotten, “nor set down aught in malice.”—He scans every imperfection with a microscopic eye, and views every virtue through an inverted tube; hence the former are magnified beyond all reason, and the latter thrown so far back, as scarce to be distinguishable. He is one of those *laudatores temporis acti* who think every succeeding age worse than the former. In this, however, we can-

not agree with him; nor infer, because we are more polished than our ancestors, that we are, therefore, necessarily less virtuous, or that every refinement is an approximation to vice. Upon the whole, if this performance seldom sinks into absurdity, it still more rarely rises above mediocrity, and frequently, particularly in the remarks on *Sterne*, descends to a scurrility truly disgraceful. From many passages dispersed throughout the work, particularly those relative to the subscription to articles of faith, we are led to conclude that our Chinese philosopher, when kript of his eastern garb, will prove neither more or less than a *Methodist Teacher*.

The History of the Caliph Vathek, an Arabian Tale: from an unpublished Manuscript. With Notes critical and explanatory. 8vo. 4s. sewed. Johnson. 1786.

THE editor in the Preface to this work informs us, that it is translated from an unpublished Arabian Manuscript, which was put into his hands about three years ago, with some more of the same kind, by a gentleman who had collected them during his travels in the East. How far the above assertion is warranted in truth, it may not be easy, nor is it material, to determine. If it be not a translation, the author has, at least, shewn himself, generally speaking, well acquainted with the customs of the East, and has introduced a sufficient quantity of the marvellous, an absolutely necessary ingredient to enable the work to pass muster as an Arabian Tale. It however differs from the generality of them, in this, that it inculcates a moral of the greatest importance, viz. That the pursuit of unlawful pleasures, and such as are repugnant to the principles of religion and morality, unavoidably leads us to misfortunes in this life, and misery in the next; and that the enjoyment resulting from them is at best but precarious and nugatory.

Vathek is represented as a prince immersed in sensuality, but notwithstanding of an unquiet and impetuous disposition; as having studied much, and acquired a considerable share of knowledge, though not sufficient to satisfy himself, as he wished to know every thing, even sciences that *did not exist*. We are told, “He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but liked them not to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped the mouths of those with precepts; whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was

unable to subdue, he sent to prison, to cool their blood: a remedy that often succeeded.” Eager to indulge his insatiable curiosity, which led him to attempt penetrating the secrets of heaven, we find him, with the assistance of the Genii, raising a tower, to the top of which he ascended by *eleven thousand stairs*: from hence casting his eyes below, he beheld men not larger than *pismires*; mountains than *shells*; and cities than *bee-hives*. On the summit of this tower he passed most of his nights, till he became an adept in the mysteries of astrology, and imagined that the planets had disclosed to him the most marvellous adventures, which were to be accomplished by an extraordinary personage, from a country altogether unknown.

This important stranger, who is a principal character in the piece, arrives, at length, at the metropolis, in the shape of a man, but *so hideous*, that the very guards who arrested him, were forced to shut their eyes as they led him along; even the Caliph himself was startled at so horrible a visage; but the curiosities he produced were *so extraordinary*, as soon to convert the emotions of terror to unbounded joy. Nor will this appear surprising, when we are informed of the *marvellous* properties of the merchandize produced by this stranger. There were slippers, that not only walked *alone*, but—*mirabile dictu*—enabled the *wearers* to walk; knives that cut—without the motion of a hand; and sabres—which dealt the blow at the person they were *wished* to strike; and the whole enriched with gems that were hitherto unknown.

Under the influence of so powerful a Genius; especially "when left to himself" by the great prophet Mahomet, and urged on by his mother Carathis, whose chief delight was necromancy, it is not astonishing that the poor infatuated Caliph should rush headlong into every enormity that was suggested to him by the Genius or his mother. After a variety of extraordinary adventures, each more surprising than the former, Vathek sets out on a journey to Istakbar. In the course of his peregrination, he is overtaken by a storm, in which the whole *Cortege* is dispersed, and the unfortunate monarch is in danger of starving, but for the interposition of *Monf. Bababalouk*, who on this occasion shewed himself an expert cook: indeed, his culinary talents might have entitled him to the place of *chef de cuisine* to the *Grand Monarque*; for in an instant he sets before the famished prince a "*roasted Wolf*," and "*Vultures à la daube*;" and that the dish might be *tout à fait à la Francoise*, garnishes it with "*Truffles and Morelles*:" had he had time, he would doubtless have added a *crimped Leviathan* and a *barbecued Rhinoceros* as *hors d'œuvres* or *entremets*. And as a farther proof of his having visited *Paradise*, *Montieur* presents the Caliph with a little *Eau de Vie de Cognac, un peu gaté*, indeed, by "having been secreted in a slave's slipper;" but *n'importe*, it would prevent *une indigestion apres une morceau si friand*, and as the disciples of Mahomet are used to wine and spirits, could not fail of being *à son gout*.

After a series of crimes, Vathek is at length introduced to the infernal regions, the dominions of Eblis, an account of which we have subjoined as a specimen of the author's descriptive powers.

"In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding any thing around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors, that glimmer, by night, in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about, like tygers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along, more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other, and, though surrounded by a multitude that no one could

number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert, which no foot had trodden."

* * * * *

"After some time, Vathek and Nouronchar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle, carpeted with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders with streaming beards, and Afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which upon a globe of fire sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranabad, the Afrits, and all the powers of the abyss, to tremble. At his presence, the heat of the Caliph sunk within him; and for the first time he fell prostrate on his face."

Not so his mother Carathis. Although Eblis stood forth to her view, and displayed the full effulgence of his infernal majesty, we are told, she preferred her countenance unaltered, and even paid her compliments with considerable firmness.—"Nothing appalled her dauntless soul—she penetrated the very entrails of the earth, where breathes the *Sanjar* or icy wind of death—she marched in triumph through a vapour of perfumes, amidst the acclamations of all the malignant spirits, with whom she had formed a previous acquaintance—she even attempted to dethrone one of the Solimans for the purpose of usurping his place;—when a voice, proceeding from the abyss of death, proclaimed, "ALL IS ACCOMPLISHED."—Instantaneously the haughty forehead of the intrepid prince became corrugated with agony, she uttered a tremendous yell, and fixed—no more to be withdrawn—her right hand upon her heart, which was become a receptacle of eternal fire.

"At almost the same instant the same voice announced to the Caliph and Nouronchar the awful and irrevocable decree. Their hearts immediately took fire, and they at once lost the most precious of the gifts of heaven, HOPE."

After this picturesque description, which more than borders on the sublime,

the author concludes with this brief recapitulation and pathetic inference.

"Thus the Caliph Vathek, who, for the sake of empty pomp and forbidden power, had sullied himself with a thousand crimes, became a prey to grief without end, and remorse without mitigation.

"Such was, and such should be the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious actions—such is, and such should be the chastisement of blind ambition, that would transgress those bounds which the Creator hath prescribed to human knowledge, and by aiming at discoveries reserved for pure intelligence, acquire that insatuated pride which perceives not the condition appointed to man is, TO BE IGNORANT AND HUMBLE."

Such is the scope of this tale, which, whether it be the produce of Arabia, or of the fertile banks of the Seine, (which

a variety of circumstances induces us to believe it is) from the eagerness of mankind to admire whatever oversteps the limits of nature, and hurries us into the regions of fancy, bids fair to acquire that popularity which the moral it inculcates well deserves:

The notes, which are numerous, and intended to illustrate the text, display a considerable share of learning, and critical knowledge and acumen; we have however already extended this article too far to give any extracts, nor could we by so doing give an adequate idea of them; we must therefore refer our readers to the original, and conclude with observing, that the observation, which was at first ironically made, may in this instance be literally applied,

"Notes upon Books outdo the Books themselves."

An Olio, as prepared and dressed on board an East-Indiaman. The Ingredients, by the Directors, Husbands, Messieurs Baring, Brough, Dalrymple, and others. Decorated and garnished with Notes and Observations, by the Cook. London. S. Hooper. 1786.

TO this Olio is prefixed the following curious Advertisement:—"Just at the moment this dish was ready for serving up, Mr Dalrymple's pamphlet appeared. The author then consigned it to oblivion, or, in the technical phrase of a Tar, was giving it a cant out of one of the galley ports: allured by the scent, I begged a taste—Take it all and be d—n'd, replied he; my intention is antic—ated—so make what use you please of it.—There is a species of generosity even in giving away what we cannot eat, provided it is done with grace—I therefore give it to the public.—If it proves palatable, the Cook shall have the merit:—If tasteless, COB HIM!"

After so ludicrous an introduction we did not expect to find the subject treated seriously; the author, however, has adduced a variety of arguments in favour of the old Ships Husbands on the contested question relative to the price of East-India freight. The principal objects, he remarks, to be considered and attended to in the conveyance of maritime merchandize, are security against the perils of the sea, and protection against the enemy. The change of system proposed to be introduced, he argues, would expose the East-India Company to innumerable difficulties.

"This branch of Trade," he remarks, "seems to be misunderstood,

under the idea that it may be carried on and conducted by ships reduced to mere carriers under a rigid economy. It is true, that ships might be so constructed, to be navigated with a smaller number of men, and their equipment for defence be reduced in proportion; and it is also certain that such an equipment might be sufficient against the petty attacks of Indian powers; but what would be the event whenever the flames of war should burst forth in Europe, and spread themselves over the globe?

"The wisdom of former Directors have held it indispensably necessary to have their ships manned and armed, not only to contend with corsairs, but with the frigates of our enemies; the event has justified their wisdom, and many instances prove it."

In proof of this he quotes the Winchelsea beating off a French frigate, and three of the Company's ships defeating a French 74 gun ship and a frigate, and several other instances.

"Innovations," says our author, "are always attended with some degree of danger or defect: people may mean well, so did the idiot who killed the fly on his master's forehead; it was not in contemplation with him to dash his brains out. Innovations in great affairs should be adopted with caution; and their direct and relative consequences be duly considered

sidered and weighed in the balance: let us correct an abuse, but not change a system, until it is perfectly clear and manifest that the change will be for the better.

“Had any responsible man stood forth,” continues, he, “and said, We will furnish you with ships fitted, manned, and in every other respect equipped agreeable to your accustomed manner, subject to all your present regulations and agreements, and save you 150,000*l.* per annum, such an offer had merited

attention; but when they say, Change your system and adopt ours, THEY DIRECT YOUR COUNCILS.”

Upon the whole, this writer, who is neither deficient in shrewdness nor humour, concludes, that though it cannot admit of a doubt that the freights, if too high, ought to be lowered, yet the manner in which it has been proposed to do it, is neither consistent with the obligation or respect due to the right and claims of the Company's ancient connections.

An Ode to Superstition; with some other Poems. 4to. 1s. 6d. Cadell. 1786.

THESE poems are evidently the work of Genius and Taste. The Ode, in particular, abounds in those strokes which are the spontaneous offspring of poetical feelings, that unrestrained ardour of thought and boldness of imagery so truly characteristic of this species of poetry. The subject is happily illustrated by the most striking historical events which originated in the ungovernable rage of the dæmon Superstition, being placed in full view, and painted in the warmest colouring. The exordium is particularly spirited and poetical.

“Hence, to the realms of night, dire dæmon, hence!

Thy chain of adamant can bind
That little world, the human mind,
And sink its noblest powers to impotence;
Wake the lion's loudest roar,
Clot his shaggy mane with gore,
With flashing fury bid his eye-balls shine,
Meek is his savage fullen soul to thine!
Thy touch, thy dead'ning touch, has
steel'd the breast

Where, thro' her rainbow shower, soft
Pity smil'd;

Has clos'd the heart each godlike virtue
blest,

To all the silent pleadings of his child.
At thy command he plants the dagger
deep,

At thy command exults, tho' nature bid
him weep.”

Nor are the lesser pieces in this collection less entitled to praise: the following Elegy, which is equally pathetic and harmonious, may serve as a specimen.

“The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feed his eye once
more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear domestic scene he
knew,

Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moon-light
view,

Its colours mellow'd not impair'd by
time.

True as the needle homeward points his
heart,

Thro' all the horrors of the stormy
main;

This the last wish wish which its warmth
could part,

To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver
line,

Or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink
the wave;

When sea and sky in midnight darkness
Still, still he views the parting look
she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hov'ring o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;

And when the heaving billows round him
roar,

Whispers sweet hope to soothe his
troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain forest waving wide,

Where dusky youths in painted plumage
rove,

And giant palms o'er-arch the yellow
But lo, at last he comes with crouded sail!

Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures
bend!

And hark, what mingled murmurs swell
the gale!

In each he hears the welcome of a friend.
—'Tis she, 'tis she herself, she waves her
hand!

Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd;
Soon thro' the milk-white foam he springs
to land,

And clasps the maid he singled from
the world.”

The Children of Theſpis; a Poem. Part I. 4to. 3s. Bew, &c. 1786.

CHURCHILL and Sterne have given birth to more imitators than, perhaps, any other writers. Few, however, of those who have attempted to copy them have approached, none equalled the excellence of the originals. The present attempt is a very humble one, indeed, without the shadow even of the nervous, manly vigour of Churchill; it deals out indiscriminate satire and praise, but does not mark the characteristic merits or defects of any actor. Mrs. Siddons and

her relatives are the more immediate objects of the poet's displeasure; but he occasionally quits the stage to bestow his favours on the Minority, and mangles most unmercifully the reputations of Mr. Fox and his friends: his efforts are, however, too feeble to produce any effect; nor does it require the spirit of prophecy to pronounce, "that the *Children of Theſpis*" will soon be buried in oblivion, nor ever come to years of maturity.

A Method of preventing or diminishing Pain in several Operations of Surgery. By James Moore, Member of the Company of Surgeons. London. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Cadell. 1786.

WHOEVER contributes to alleviate the pain to which mankind are unavoidably liable in chirurgical operations, is entitled to the thanks of the community. Mr. Moore has, in this work, described, and given directions for the use of some

instruments of his invention, which by compressing the nerves leading to the limb to be amputated, will, he thinks, contribute to the ease of the patient. His plan seems to be sufficiently ingenious to merit the attention of his brethren.

The History of Dover Castle. By the Rev. William Darrell, Chaplain to Queen Elizabeth. 4to. S. Hooper. 1786.

THIS work is printed from a copy of the original manuscript in the library of the College at Arms, and is translated by Mr. Alexander Campbell. It contains a description of the castle and its several forts and towers; to which is annexed a list, with a short account of all the great men who have succeeded each other as Constables of Dover Castle and War-

dens of the Cinque Ports, from the Norman Conquest till the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is farther illustrated with ten views and plans of the Castle, engraved from original drawings, taken on the spot in the year 1760, and the plan from an actual survey made by an engineer, rendering the whole a valuable performance for the lovers of antiquities.

The Grave, by Robert Blair: and Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard. A new Edition, with Notes, moral, critical and explanatory, by G. Wright, Esq. 1s. Fielding. 1786.

THE first of these Poems is well known, having gone through several editions since its first publication in 1747, and has been recommended as containing many important admonitions, and inculcating many solemn truths tending to wean our affections from this transitory state, and teaching us to fix them on futurity. The

Elegy has been universally admired, for the harmonious smoothness of its versification, and its pathetic and masterly touches, which speak so feelingly to the heart. Many notes are added by the Editor, with a view to render it more useful and edifying, more especially to younger readers.

Kearley's Table of Trades, for the Assistance of Parents and Guardians, and for the Benefit of those young Men who wish to prosper in the World and become respectable Members of Society. Shewing, at one View, what a Master requires on taking an Apprentice, what a Journeyman can earn, and what Sum is required to set up as Master in any particular Trade or Calling. With some interesting Advice. 8vo. Kearley. 3s.

THE above diffuse Title-Page will sufficiently inform our readers of the contents of this little manual, which may with great appearance of probability be useful to many of our readers. There is no object of more importance to Parents and Guardians than the placing a young person advantageously in the outset of life; nor is there any situation where so many helps and assistances are

requisite towards a faithful discharge of duty. Whatever is calculated to abridge labour, or to furnish hints on objects of so much importance as are contained in this pamphlet, deserves to be received with candour and considered with attention. Such persons as are interested in enquiries of the above kind will find themselves repaid in perusing this Table.

A Panegyric on Great-Britain, in Imitation of the Funeral Oration of the Ancients.
By Edward Hankin, A. M. 8vo. 1s. Hookham.

NOT content with the well-deserved commendations which have been universally bestowed by foreigners, as well as natives, on the political constitution of these kingdoms, Mr. Hankin is determined to extend our claims, and finds food for panegyric in every object that surrounds him. The fertility of the soil, the personal qualifications of the inhabitants, the extension of our commerce, our prowess by sea and

land, even the uncertainty of the weather, according to his account, affords the inhabitants of Great-Britain reason to rejoice. The *amor patriæ* is no doubt a commendable virtue; but, like every other, may be carried to excess: we may set a proper value on the many blessings we enjoy, without exaggerating them beyond all bounds of reason.

Hints respecting the Public Police. By H. Zouch, Clerk, a Justice of the Peace. Published at the Request of the Court of Quarter Sessions held at Pontefract, April 24, 1786. 8vo. 1s. Stockdale.

THESE Hints are sensible and humane, and, if properly attended to, cannot fail of producing the most desirable effects. The proper exertion of those powers with which Justices of the Peace are legally invested, recommended by this sensible and

worthy magistrate to his brethren, would essentially contribute to the preservation of good order, and prevent the growth of vice and immorality among the lower classes of the community.

The Age of Genius! A Satire on the Times. By T. Busby. 4to. 3s., Harrison.

MR. Busby's Satire cannot be said to be any great effort of genius; it is in general so obscure, as to be almost incomprehensible. A few tolerable remarks oc-

cur, but they are 'like two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you may search all day, and you find them, and when found they are not worth the search.'

EXPERIMENTS and OBSERVATIONS on FERMENTS and FERMENTATION; by which a **MODE** of exciting **FERMENTATION** in **MALT LIQUORS** without the **AID** of **YEAST** is pointed out. With an **ATTEMPT** to form a **NEW THEORY** of that **PROCESS**. By **THOMAS HENRY**, F. R. S.

[From the "Memoirs of the LITERARY SOCIETY at MANCHESTER."]

OF all the processes of Chemistry, there is, perhaps, none, the phenomena of which have been less satisfactorily explained, than those of Fermentation. The writers on Chemistry have been content to describe the several appearances, the progress and result of fermentation, and have declined any enquiry into its primary causes, or into the mode by which the changes induced by it are effected in bodies which are the objects of its action.

Within these few years, great changes have taken place in the theory of Chemistry. The important discoveries of Black and Priestley, and of several other philosophical chemists who have endeavoured to emulate their examples, have happily explained many of the operations of chemistry which were before wholly unintelligible; and the present time forms one of the most distinguished æras in the history of that science. We now understand the nature of lime and of alkalis; the

difference between a metal and its calx; the cause of the increase of weight in the latter; and of its decrease when returned to a metallic form. The constitution of atmospheric air has been demonstrated—various gases resembling air in many points, but differing from it in others, have been discovered; and, among these, an æthereal fluid, superior in its properties to common air; and capable of supporting life and combustion more vigorously and durably. Our acquaintance with this pure fluid, which forms the vital part of common air, seems to promise much enlargement to our chemical knowledge, in the investigation of its various combinations; and we have already derived much information relative to the constitution of the acids, and of water, from the researches of philosophers into the nature of pure air.

Of the gases which have so much engaged the attention of the pneumatic chemists, fixed air, or, as it has more properly

been denominated by Sir Torbern Bergman, aerial acid, was that which first attracted their notice. This gas, which had been remarked even by Van Helmont to be discharged in great quantities from liquors, in the vinous fermentation, was found by Dr. Priestley to be again miscible with them; and he proved that, on the presence of this gas, the briskness and pleasantness of these liquors depended, and that, when deprived of it, they became vapid and flat.

But though the Hon. Mr. Cavendish had proved the separation, and ascertained the quantity of this gas discharged in fermentation; and though Dr. Priestley had early made the above-mentioned observations, it does not appear to have occurred to these philosophers that this gas was the exciting cause, as well as the product of fermentation.

It is a fact well known to brewers of malt liquors, that wort, contrary to what takes place in liquors more purely saccharine, as the juice of the grape, cannot be brought into the vinous fermentation, without the addition of a ferment; for which purpose yeast or barm, which is a viscid frothy substance, taken from the surface of other masses of fermenting liquor, has been commonly used.

But the nature of this substance, much less its mode of action, has not been considered with that degree of attention which one would have expected should have been excited by so extraordinary an agent. We are told, indeed, that a vinous ferment induces the vinous; that a ferment of an acetous kind brings on the acetous fermentation; and a putrid one, that fermentation which ends in putrefaction. But we receive no more information relative to the manner in which they produce these effects, than we do with regard to fermentation itself.

Before I endeavour to deliver any theory of ferments or of fermentation, I shall relate a number of facts which have led to a few thoughts on the subject; and having mentioned the phenomena attendant on the process, as described by other chemists, I shall then proceed to offer an hypothesis with the greatest diffidence.

Soon after Dr. Priestley had published his method of impregnating water with fixed air, I began to prepare artificial Pymont water by that means; and early observed, that water so impregnated, though it at first shewed no sparkling when poured into a glass, yet after it had been kept in a

bottle closely corked for some days, exhibited, when opened, the sparkling appearance of the true Pymont water*. This I attributed, and perhaps not unjustly, to the gas, which had been more intimately combined with the water, and reduced to a kind of latent state, recovering its elasticity and endeavouring to escape.

Having one day made some punch with this water, and having about a pint of it remaining after my friends had retired, I put it into a bottle capable of containing a quart, and corked the bottle. On opening it, at the distance of three or four days, the liquor, when poured out, creamed and mantled, like the briskest bottled cyder. An old gentleman, to whom I gave a half-pint glass full of it, called out in raptures to know what delicious liquor he had been drinking, and earnestly desired that, if I had any more of the same, I would give him another glass.

Dr. Priestley, as has been already mentioned, had informed us that fixed air, thrown into wine or malt liquor grown vapid, restored to them their briskness and pleasant taste. On impregnating some vapid ale with fixed air, I was disappointed in not finding the effect immediately produced; but after bottling the ale and keeping it closely stopped for four or five days, it was become as brisk as ale which, in the common way, has been bottled several months.

In the year 1778 I impregnated with fixed air a quantity of milk-whey, which I had clarified for the purpose of preparing some sugar of milk, and bottled it. In about a week, the whey in one of the bottles, which had been so loosely corked that the liquor had partly oozed out, was remarkably brisk and sparkling. Another bottle, which was not opened till the summer of 1782, contained the liquor, not in so brisk a state, but become evidently vinous, and without the least acidity perceptible to the taste.

I now began to suspect that fixed air is the efficient cause of fermentation; or, in other words, that the properties of yeast as a ferment depend on the fixed air it contains; and that yeast is little else than fixed air, enveloped in the mucilaginous parts of the fermenting liquor. I therefore determined to attempt the making of artificial yeast.

For this purpose, I boiled wheat flour and water to the consistence of a thin jelly, and, putting the mixture into the middle

* Various methods have since been devised of forcing such a quantity of gas to combine, or at least to mix, with water, as immediately to communicate to it this appearance.

part of Nooth's machine, impregnated it with fixed air, of which it imbibed a considerable quantity. The mixture was then put into a bottle, loosely stopped, and placed in a moderate heat.

The next day the mixture was in a state of fermentation, and by the third day had acquired so much of the appearance of yeast, that I added to it a proper quantity of flour, kneaded the paste, and after suffering it to stand during five or six hours, baked it, and the product was bread, tolerably well fermented.

I now determined to make a more satisfactory experiment. The wort obtained from malt it is known cannot be brought into a state of fermentation without the aid of a ferment; for which purpose yeast is always used. If therefore, by impregnating wort with fixed air, I could bring on the vinous fermentation; if I could carry on this fermentation so as to produce ale, and from the ale procure ardent spirit, I imagined that I should be able to announce to the world a mode of procuring newly-fermented liquors in most climates, and in most situations.

I accordingly procured, from a public-house, two gallons of strong wort. It had a disagreeable bitter taste, owing either to bad hops, or to some substitute for hops. A large part of the liquor was impregnated, in Nooth's machine, with fixed air, which it seemed to absorb very rapidly, and in large quantity. When it was thus impregnated, it was mixed with the other part, and poured into a large earthen jug, the mouth of which was stopped with a cloth, and placed in a degree of heat varying from 70° to 80°. In twenty-four hours the liquor was in brisk fermentation, a strong head of yeast began to collect on its surface, and on the third day it appeared to be in a state fit for tuning. It was therefore put into an earthen vessel, such as is used in this country, by the common people, as a substitute for a barrel, for containing their small brewings of fermented liquors. During the space of near a week, previous to the stopping up of this vessel, much yeast was collected on its surface, and occasionally taken off; and by means of this yeast, I fermented wheat flour, and procured as good bread as I could have obtained by using an equal quantity of any other yeast.

The vessel was now stopped up, and in about a month tapped. The liquor was well fermented, had a head or cream on its surface, and though, as might be expected from the description of the wort, not very pleasant, yet as much so, as the ge-

nerality of the ale brewed at public-houses.

A part of the ale was submitted to distillation; and from it a quantity of vinous spirit was produced; but the vessel being broken before the distillation was finished, the quantity it would have yielded was not ascertained. However, that which was obtained appeared not to differ much in quantity from what an equal portion of common ale would have afforded.

As I had lost my notes, and was obliged to make out the preceding account from memory. I designed to repeat the experiments again; but various engagements prevented me, till the latter end of August 1784. Of these experiments the following notes are taken from my Journal:

August 30. I procured two gallons of common ale wort, two quarts of which were, in the evening, impregnated, but not saturated with fixed air. The impregnated liquor was then added to the other part, and about midnight placed in a large jug, within the air of the kitchen fire, where it remained during the night. In the morning no signs of fermentation. At five o'clock P. M. only a slight mantling on the surface. Apprehending the quantity of gas to have been too small, a bottle with a perforated stopper and valve, containing an effervescing mixture of chalk and vitriolic acid, was let down into the wort. At nine o'clock the discharge of air from the bottle was going on briskly, and the wort seemed to be fermenting. At eleven o'clock the bottle was withdrawn, the fermentation being commenced beyond a doubt, the surface of the liquor having a pretty strong head—Temperature of the wort 80°—at the outside of the vessel 78°.

September 1st, seven o'clock, A. M. the fire having been low during the night, the fermentation was less brisk—temperature of the wort reduced to 72, and probably had been lower during the night, as the fire was now increased. The liquor was stirred up, placed in a situation where the thermometer pointed to 82°, and the effervescing mixture was again immersed. It was withdrawn at noon, and the thermometer standing at 92°, the wort was removed farther from the fire. At four o'clock P. M. the head of yeast was strong, and at eleven o'clock was increased.

September 2d, nine o'clock, A. M. the liquor was judged to be in a proper state for tuning. It was accordingly removed
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into the vessel before described, and carried into the cellar at eleven. At noon, a high head of yeast was running over the top of the vessel: some of it was taken off, and in 2 hours the head was equally strong.

September 3d, the fermentation proceeded regularly this day; and on the 4th I had collected so much yeast as to make a loaf with it, which, when baked, weighed about two pounds. The loaf was well fermented, good bread, having no peculiar taste, except a slight bitterness, proceeding from the wort having had too large a proportion of hops; thought from the time in which the yeast had been collecting from so small a quantity of liquor, its fermenting power might have been expected to have been impaired.

September 5th, the liquor was again covered with a plentiful head of yeast; and the fermentation was suffered to proceed to the 12th, when the vessel was closed in the usual manner.

I intended in a few weeks to have committed the liquor to distillation; but my thoughts were unfortunately directed to an object which engaged my most anxious attention, and my wort was neglected till the latter end of February; when, on tapping the vessel, the liquor, from having been kept so long under such disadvantageous circumstances, and perhaps from too great heat in the fermentation, and the too long continuance of it, had passed from the vinous to the acetous state, and was become excellent alegar.

As I had obtained a vinous spirit from the former parcel of wort, I was not sorry for this event, as it was going a step further than I expected. For I had now obtained yeast, bread, ale, ardent spirit, and acetous acid.

I flatter myself that these experiments may be of extensive utility, and contribute to the accommodation, the pleasure, and the health of men, in various situations, who have hitherto, in a great degree, been precluded from the use of fermented liquors; and be the means of furnishing important articles of diet and of medicine. Not only at sea, but in many situations in the country, and at particular seasons, yeast is not to be procured. By the means I have suggested in these experiments, fresh bread and newly fermented malt, or saccharine liquors, may at any time be procured; and of how much importance this may be, and how great the improvement to the malt decooc-

tions recommended by the late Dr. Macbride, I shall not at present stay to expatiate on; as the subject may be too much connected with the practical part of physic to come within the limitations drawn by the Society. But, in domestic œconomy, its uses are very obvious; and perhaps none more so than the ready mode which the preceding experiments teach, of reviving fermentation when too languid—the linking of a bottle, such as I have described in my Essay on the preservation of Water at Sea, &c. * with an effervescent mixture of chalk and vitriolic acid, appearing to be fully adequate to the purpose, and would, I believe, be sufficient for impregnating the wort, without any other contrivance. This discovery therefore may, perhaps, be of no small utility in public breweries, and I would recommend it to the attention of persons concerned in the brewing trade.

Let us now proceed to describe the circumstances necessary to, and the phenomena attending fermentation, as described by chemical writers; and then endeavour to form some theory which may account for them.

Sugar, the juices of ripe fruit, and malt, are all more or less disposed to run into fermentation. But before this can take place, it is necessary they should be diluted with water, so as to bring them to a liquid state. A due degree of heat is also requisite, as the fermentation succeeds best when the temperature varies from 70 to 80 degrees.

When the fermentation takes place, a brisk intestine motion is observable in the liquor; it becomes turbid, some fœculæ subside, while a frothy scum arises to the surface. A hissing noise is observed, and a quantity of gas is discharged, which has been proved to be fixed air. The liquor acquires a vinous smell and taste; and, from being heavier, becomes specifically lighter than water. During the progress of the process, the temperature of the liquor is higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere, with which it is necessary that a communication be preserved. After some days, these appearances begin to decline. If the process be rightly conducted, and stopped at a proper period, a liquor capable of yielding vinous or ardent spirit is the result. If the process has been too slow, and the degree of heat insufficient, the liquor will be flat and spiritless; but if these have been too rapid and excessive,

* An Engraving of this Apparatus shall be introduced into some future PLATE in this Volume.

it will pass into the acetous fermentation, to which indeed it is continually tending. But the more ardent spirit is generated, the less speedy will be the change to the acetous state.

During the progress of the acetous fermentation, which will even proceed in closely stopped vessels, no separation of air is observable, nor any striking phenomena. The liquor gradually loses its vinous taste, and becomes sour, and a gross sediment falls to the bottom; while a quantity of viscid matter still remains, enveloping the acid, which may be separated from much of the impurity by distillation.

The progress of these processes is accelerated by the addition of ferments, to the action of which it has been supposed necessary, that they should have passed through the state of fermentation into which they are intended to bring the liquor to which they are added; and that it was not possible to bring the farinaceous infusions into the vinous fermentation, without the aid of matter already in that state. This the preceding experiments have proved to be an ill-founded notion, as it appears that fixed air, obtained from calcareous earth by means of acids, produces the effect as perfectly as when the ferment has been taken from a fermenting liquor.

In fermentation, it is said, new arrangements take place in the particles of the liquor, and the properties of the substance become different from what it before possessed. But what these arrangements are, or how these properties are changed, we are not told. Dr. Black, I am informed, declares he is unacquainted with any satisfactory theory.

But perhaps facts, especially some late chemical discoveries, may throw light on the matter, and enable us to advance some conjectures that may tend, at least, to lay the foundation of a theory.

1. Sugar is an essential salt, containing much oily viscid matter. During its combustion it repeatedly explodes; a proof that it contains not only much inflammable matter, but also a quantity of air. Malt is saccharine, united to much viscid mucilaginous matter.

2. If nitrous acid be added to sugar, the inflammable principle of the latter is seized by the acid; the whole, or at least one of the constituent parts of which is thereby converted into nitrous gas, and flies off in that form. By repeated affusions of this acid more gas is formed, and the remainder of the sugar is changed into crystals, having the properties of an acid,

"sui generis," and which has been denominated by Bergman, saccharine acid*.

3. Saccharine acid is resolvable by heat into some phlegm, a large quantity of inflammable and fixed air, both of which contain latent heat, and into a brownish residuum, amounting to one-tenth of the weight of the acid. Fixed air is supposed to consist of pure air united to phlogiston; and inflammable air, to be almost pure phlogiston.

4. Water is found to be formed by the union of pure air and inflammable gas, deprived of their latent heat; for if these two elastic fluids be exploded together in a close vessel over mercury, the whole is converted into water of the same weight as that of the air and gas jointly. In the process much heat is evolved. Again, if water, in the form of steam, be forced to pass through a tube, containing iron shavings, strongly heated, the water, according to Messrs. Watt and Lavoisier, is decomposed; the phlogiston passes off, united with heat, in the form of inflammable gas, while the humor, or dephlogisticated water, unites to the calx of the metal, from which it may be again obtained, in the form of pure air, or of aerial acid, according to the degree in which the calx has been dephlogisticated. It has been already observed, that saccharine matter cannot be brought to ferment without water.

5. A vinous liquor, on distillation, yields an ardent spirit.

6. Spirit of wine has had the whole of its inflammable part dissipated by combustion; after which Mr. Lavoisier found the watery part increased in weight from sixteen to eighteen ounces, by the absorption of the air, decomposed by the combustion.

7. The residuum, after the distillation of ardent spirit from fermented liquors, is acid.

8. Mr. Lavoisier has supposed pure air to be the acidifying principle of all the acids; and that their difference from each other consists in the basis united to this pure air.

As our experiments were made with an infusion of malt, and with fixed air, employed as a ferment, let us endeavour to account for the several phenomena and results of fermentation, as appearing in these experiments.

The wort being impregnated with fixed air, and placed in such a situation as to bring it to the degree of heat at which wort is commonly mixed with yeast, the

* Bergmani Opuscula Chemica, vol. I. Art. de Acid. Sacchari.

gas for some time remains in a latent or quiescent state; but, from its tendency to recover its elastic form, aided by heat, it presently begins to burst from the bonds in which it was confined. By this effort, the mucilaginous parts of the infusion are attenuated; and the saccharine matter is developed; and, the same cause continuing to act, the constituent parts of that matter are separated, and the particles of the component principles being by this means placed beyond the sphere of their mutual attraction, begin to repel each other. A large quantity of phlogiston is discharged, together with some pure air. The greatest part of the inflammable principle enters into a new combination, joining the phlogistic part of the water, and, in proportion, separating from it the pure air, while another, but much smaller portion, uniting, in its nascent state, with this pure air, forms fixed air; which, in its attempt to escape, carries up with it much of its viscid confinement. In the conversion of the pure into fixed air, a considerable portion of heat is rendered sensible. And this heat contributes to the farther decomposition of the saccharine substance. The viscid matter, collecting on the surface, prevents the escape of too much of the gas, and promotes its reabsorption, so that thereby the brisk and agreeable taste of the liquor may be formed; while the inflammable principle, accumulating and becoming condensed in it, forms the ardent spirit.

Thus a decomposition of the water takes place, somewhat similar to what Mr. Watt has supposed in the production of pure air from nitre. The nitrous acid, seizing on the phlogiston of the water, dephlogisticates the humor or other part of the water, which, combining with the matter of heat, passes off in the form of pure air.

The vessel being stopped, some of the saccharine matter being not decomposed, the liquor will continue to have a sweetish taste. But the fermentation still going on in a more gradual manner, the liquor will become less sweet, and proportionably more impregnated with ardent spirit; and the *fecuïæ* subsiding in the form of lees, it will be now fully fermented, mellow, and pellucid.*

But if the saccharine matter be too much diluted, or the vessel be placed in a warm situation, the liquor will then pass from the vinous to the acetous fermentation.

In the formation of the saccharine acid by means of nitrous acid, the last is supposed, by carrying off the phlogiston of the sugar, to develope the saccharine acid. Or, according to Mr. Lavoisier's hypothesis, one of the constituent parts of the nitrous acid performs this office, while the other, or pure air, uniting to the peculiar basis contained in the sugar, forms saccharine acid.

So^d in the acetous fermentation, if it happen that the phlogiston is not in sufficient quantity, or the force with which it is combined in the liquor be weakened by a long application of heat or other causes, it will begin to separate from the other constituent parts of the liquor. The ardent spirit thus decomposed, disappears gradually, the humor or dephlogisticated water, or, in other words, the basis of pure air predominates; and this combining with the saccharine basis, but still retaining some portion of phlogiston, forms the acetous acid.

Thus the acetous fermentation acts in a manner, in some respects, analogous to the action of nitrous acid on sugar. In the latter case, the phlogiston is separated more rapidly, and the acid resulting from the process is that called saccharine acid. In the former the changes are more slowly produced; the phlogiston flies off more gradually; and, from a different modification, in consequence of these varieties, the product is not saccharine acid, but vinegar. And perhaps it may serve to give some appearance of probability to the above theory, to recollect, that the residuum of fermented liquors, after the separation of the ardent spirit, which appears to be water supersaturated with phlogiston, is acid.

I have avoided carrying these reflections to the phenomena which appear in the putrid fermentation, as not so immediately connected with saccharine substances; and from a conviction that I have already engrossed too much of the Society's time.—If I have contributed any thing to their entertainment, or that may tend to enlarge the bounds of science, I shall esteem myself happy; and more so if what has been advanced may prove useful and advantageous to my fellow-creatures;—sensible that one such fact is of more real worth, than the most ingenious and well-wrought hypothesis.

* In the fermentation of wine a substance is deposited at the sides and bottom of the cask, called tartar; which is lately discovered to consist of pure vegetable alkali, united to a superabundant quantity of a peculiar acid. But as this is not produced by malt liquors, it has not been noticed in the Essay.

THE
INTERNAL STATE of AMERICA :

BEING A

TRUE DESCRIPTION of the INTEREST and POLICY of that vast CONTINENT.

BY

His Excellency Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, President of the State of Pennsylvania,

THERE is a tradition, that in the planting of New England, the first settlers met with many difficulties and hardships, as is generally the case when a civilised people attempt establishing themselves in a wilderness country. Being piously disposed, they sought relief from Heaven, by laying their wants and distresses before the Lord in frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation and discourse on these subjects kept their minds gloomy and discontented; and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed to return to that Egypt which persecution had induced them to abandon. At length, when it was proposed in the assembly to proclaim another fast, a farmer of plain sense rose, and remarked that the inconveniences they suffered, and concerning which they had so often wearied Heaven with their complaints, were not so great as they might have expected, and were diminishing every day as the colony strengthened; that the earth began to reward their labour, and to furnish liberally for their subsistence; that the seas and rivers were found full of fish, the air sweet, the climate healthy; and, above all, that they were there in the full enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious: he therefore thought, that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable, as tending more to make them contented with their situation; and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed to the Divine Being, if, instead of a fast, they should proclaim a thanksgiving. His advice was taken; and from that day to this they have, in every year, observed circumstances of public felicity sufficient to furnish employment for a thanksgiving day, which is therefore constantly ordered, and religiously observed.

I see in the public news-papers of different States, frequent complaints of *hard times, deadness of trade, scarcity of money, &c. &c.* It is not my intention to assert or maintain that these complaints are entirely without foundation. There can be no country or nation existing, in which there will not be some people so circumstanced as to find it hard to gain a livelihood; people who are not in the way of any profitable trade, and with whom money is scarce, because they have nothing to give in exchange for it. And it is always in the power of a small number to make a great clamour. But let us take a cool view of the general state of our affairs, and perhaps the prospect will appear less gloomy than has been imagined.

Vol. X.

The great business of the continent is agriculture. For one artisan, or merchant, I suppose we have at least 100 farmers, by far the greatest part cultivators of their own fertile lands, from whence many of them draw not only food necessary for their subsistence, but the materials of their cloathing, so as to need very few foreign supplies; while they have a surplus of productions to dispose of, whereby wealth is gradually accumulated. Such has been the goodness of Divine Providence to these regions, and so favourable the climate, that since the three or four years of hardship in the first settlement of our fathers here, a famine or scarcity has never been heard of amongst us; on the contrary, though some years may have been more, and others less plentiful, there has always been provision enough for ourselves, and a quantity to spare for exportation. And although the crops of last year were generally good, never was the farmer better paid for the part he can spare commerce, as the published price currents abundantly testify. The lands he possesses are also continually rising in value with the increase of population. And, on the whole, he is enabled to give such good wages to those who work for him, that all who are acquainted with the old world must agree, that in no part of it are the labouring poor so generally well fed, well clothed, well lodged, and well paid, as in the United States of America.

If we enter the cities, we find that, since the revolution, the owners of houses and lots of ground have had their interest vastly augmented in value; rents have risen to an astonishing height, and thence encouragement to increase building, which gives employment to an abundance of workmen, as does also the increased luxury and splendour of living of the inhabitants thus made richer. These workmen all demand and obtain much higher wages than any other part of the world would afford them, and are paid in ready money. This rank of people therefore do not, or ought not, to complain of hard times; and they make a very considerable part of the city inhabitants.

At the distance I live from our American fisheries, I cannot speak of them with any degree of certainty; but I have not heard that the labour of the valuable race of men employed in them is worse paid, or that they meet with less success, than before the revolution. The whalemens indeed have been deprived of one market for their oil; but another, I hear, is opening for them, which it is hoped may be equally advantage-

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And the demand is constantly increasing for their spermaceti candles, which therefore bear a much higher price than formerly.

There remain the merchants and shop-keepers. Of these, though they make but a small part of the whole nation, the number is considerable, too great indeed for the business they are employed in. For the consumption of goods in every country has its limits. The faculties of the people, that is, their ability to buy and pay, is equal only to a certain quantity of merchandize. If merchants calculate amiss on this proportion, and import too much, they will of course find the sale dull for the overplus, and some of them will say that trade languishes. They should, and doubtless will, grow wiser by experience, and import less. If too many artificers in town, and farmers from the country, flatter themselves with the idea of leading easier lives, turn shop-keepers, the whole natural quantity of that business divided among them all may afford too small a share for each, and occasion complaints that trading is dead; these may also suppose that it is owing to scarcity of money, while, in fact, it is not so much from the fewness of buyers, as from the excessive number of sellers, that the mischief arises; and if every shop-keeping farmer and mechanic would return to the use of his plough and working tools, there would remain of widows, and other women, shop-keepers sufficient for the business, which might then afford them a comfortable maintenance.

Whoever has travelled through the various parts of Europe, and observed how small is the proportion of people in affluence or easy circumstances there, compared with those in poverty and misery; the few rich and haughty landlords, the multitude of poor, abject, rack-rented, tythe-paying tenants, and half-paid, and half-starved ragged labourers; and views here the happy mediocrity that so generally prevails throughout these States, where the cultivator works for himself, and supports his family in decent plenty; will, methinks, see abundant reason to bless Divine Providence for the evident and great difference in our favour, and be convinced that no nation known to us enjoys a greater share of human felicity.

It is true, that in some of the States there are parties and discords: but let us look back, and ask if we were ever without them? Such will exist wherever there is liberty; and perhaps they help to preserve it. By the collision of different sentiments, sparks of truth are struck out and political light is obtained. The different factions which at present divide us, aim all at the public good; the differences are only about the various modes of promoting it. Things, actions, measures, and objects of all kinds, present themselves to the minds of men in such a variety of lights, that it is not possible we

should all think alike at the same time every subject, when hardly the same man retains at all times the same ideas of it. Parties are therefore the common lot of humanity; and ours are by no means more mischievous or less beneficial than those of other countries, nations, and ages, enjoying in the same degree the great blessing of political liberty.

Some indeed among us are not so much grieved for the present state of our affairs, as apprehensive for the future. The growth of luxury alarms them, and they think we are from that alone in the high road to ruin. They observe, that no revenue is sufficient without economy, and that the most plentiful income of a whole people from the natural productions of their country may be dissipated in vain and needless expences, and poverty be introduced in the place of affluence.—This may be possible. It however rarely happens: for there seems to be in every nation a greater proportion of industry and frugality, which tend to enrich, than of idleness and prodigality, which occasion poverty; so that upon the whole there is a continual accumulation. Reflect what Spain, Gaul, Germany, and Britain, were in the time of the Romans, inhabited by people little richer than our savages, and consider the wealth they at present possess, in numerous well-built cities, improved farms, rich moveables, magazines stocked with valuable manufactures, to say nothing of plate, jewels, and coined money; and all this notwithstanding their bad, wasteful, plundering governments, and their mad destructive wars: and yet luxury and extravagant living has never suffered much restraint in those countries. Then consider the great proportion of industrious frugal farmer-inhabiting the interior parts of these American States, and of whom the body of our nation consists, and judge whether it is possible that the luxury of our sea-ports can be sufficient to ruin such a country.—If the importation of foreign luxuries could ruin a people, we should probably have been ruined long ago: for the British nation claimed a right, and practised it, of importing among us not only the superfluities of their own production, but those of every nation under heaven; we bought and consumed them, and yet we flourished and grew rich. At present our independent governments may do what we could not then do, discourage by heavy duties, or prevent by prohibitions, such importations, and thereby grow richer;—if indeed, which may admit of dispute, the desire of adorning ourselves with fine cloaths, possessing fine furniture, with elegant houses, &c. is not, by strongly inciting to labour and industry, the occasion of producing a greater value than is consumed in the gratification of that desire.

The agriculture and fisheries of the United States are the great sources of our increasing wealth. He that puts a seed into the earth

is recompensed perhaps by receiving forty out of it; and he who draws a fish out of our waters, draws up a piece of silver.

Let us (and there is no doubt but we shall) be attentive to these, and then the power of rivals, with all their restraining and prohib-

iting acts, cannot much hurt us. We are sons of the earth and seas, and, like Anteus in the fable, if in wrestling with a Hercules we now and then receive a fall, the touch of our parents will communicate to us fresh strength and vigour to renew the contest.

THE GERMAN DRAMA.

THESE are no traces of Dramatic composition to be found in the literary history of Germany, before the tenth century. Those which appear in the three succeeding ages are obscure and ambiguous. In the year 1322, the Clergy of Eisenach exhibited publicly in (what they called) a pretty show the *parable of the ten Virgins*, on which occasion the fate of the *five foolish ones* threw Frederick Marquis of Misina into a violent passion, which was followed by an apoplexy of which he died upon the spot. It was common in the ages of barbarism to bring upon the stage religious subjects, and particularly the remarkable events recorded in sacred history. Of this practice several very absurd and laughable productions made their appearance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which may be considered as the full period of the German Theatre. During this period Hans Sachs, a shoemaker of Nuremberg, composed seventy-six comedies, and fifty-nine tragedies, which are still extant in five enormous folio volumes. The disputes between the Romanists and Calvinists furnished materials for dramatic compositions at the dawn of the reformation; and the former more especially vented their polemic opinions in this manner. Luther and Calvin were exposed to popular hatred or ridicule in tragic-comedies and farces; and though the protestants were less disappointed than their adversaries to support their cause, by such methods of attack and defence, which they deemed inconsistent with the gravity of religion, yet they sometimes brought the Roman Pontiff upon the scene with a fool's cap on his ghostly nod-dle; and if ridicule could ever be a tell of truth, it had a large field for the display of its powers in the Vatican.

It is said, that Dean Swift drew the plan of his *Tale of a Tub* from an old German romance, of which the subject is as follows: A certain King named Emanuel had three sons, Pseudo-Peter, Martin, and John; of whom the eldest travelled into Italy, the second into Germany, and the third into Switzerland. During their absence the father dies, after having made a will, in which he leaves his kingdom to his three sons, and prescribes to them the rules and methods they were to follow in governing their subjects. The eldest son on his return home takes possession of the kingdom, as if it belonged to him alone, treats his subjects with the greatest cruelty, and shows no regard to his father's will. Soon after this, Martin returns, and, shocked at the repeated acts of violence committed by his brother, he accosts

him with the most serious remonstrances, which Pseudo-Peter treats with indignation and contempt. In the midst of this contest the youngest brother arrives from Switzerland, and, instead of accommodating matters, puts all into confusion by his impetuosity and petulance; at one time rejecting the testament as null and void, and at another interpreting its contents in the strangest manner. Finding, however, that this turbulent method of proceeding only served to prolong the contest, he bethought himself of an expedient for deciding it; this was, to dig up the body of their deceased father, and let it up as a mule, at which the three brothers were to shoot successively, in consequence of a previous agreement, that he who touched it nearest the heart should be the sole possessor of the disputed kingdom. Pseudo-Peter consented to this proposal, but was opposed by Martin, who respected his father's remains, and hence the contest became more violent than ever. Martin's generous opposition to the proposal of his brothers, rendered him the object of their aversion, and they persecuted him with unrelenting cruelty; but by an act of divine justice, the deceased father was exhibited in a formidable apparition to his three sons, and chastising the eldest and the youngest with cruel torments, rewarded the filial affection of Martin by putting the crown upon his head.—The moral of this fiction, which is a keen satire against the Romanists and Calvinists, is evidently similar to that of the testament in the *Tale of a Tub*. Swift may have taken the hint from this fable; or, as wit's jump, he may have conceived a similar plan in his own droll tale, *Ulysses, in mantis accipe*.

The second period of dramatic poetry was introduced by Martin Opitz, of Hoberfeld, the first German bard who felt the sublime beauties of Grecian and Latin poetry, and attempted to transplant them into his own language. In the year 1615 he translated the *Trojan Women* of Seneca; and in 1636 the *Antigonus* of Sophocles. In correctness and elegance his style was so much superior to that of his predecessors, that he was called the father of the German Drama: but his example was not followed by his successors. They preferred the affected, tawdry ornaments of the Italian poets, to the noble simplicity of the ancients; they were perpetually either fermenting in froth and bombast, or falling into burlesque; and in many of their tragedies, Harlequin acts a principal part.

When

When Germany had laboured for more than a century under the just reproach of a bad taste and ill-directed genius, Gottsched, who was a philosopher, a grammarian, and a critic, and held an eminent rank among men of wit and letters in his day (until better days came), attempted to reform the German theatre: and here begins the third part of the German drama. Gottsched was a correct writer, but he had not that warmth, nor that force of genius, which produces the pathetic and the sublime. He translated several pieces of Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, and seemed zealous to form the German theatre upon the model of the French. But this would not do with the grave and energetic Teutons; and though Gottsched was seconded by a part of the nation, who for a while considered him as an extraordinary genius, yet there was always a predominant party against him, who looked upon the bold and free spirit of the English drama as most suited to the genius of the Germans, and who

therefore took Shakspeare rather than Racine for their model. The consequence of this contest was, for some time, that several German dramatists imitated the French stage, others the English; some with certain restrictions followed both, and attempted a mixture of English energy and pathos with French elegance and precision. Thus the dramatic taste fluctuated in Germany, under the influence of different models. It is not yet perhaps arrived at a fixed state of confidence; but as imitation is daily giving place to invention and genius in that country, and the German bards are getting out of their leading strings, we may soon expect to see the national character, and the high improvement it has of late years received from the rapid progress of taste and true science, stamped in more original lines on the dramatic productions of the German poets. They have already published many pieces of great merit.

HISTORY of a MODERN IRISH BARD.

CORMAC Common (or Cormac Dall, that is, Blind Cormac) was born in May, 1703, at Woodstock, near Ballindangan, in the county of Mayo. His parents were poor and honest; remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives.

Before he had completed the first year of his life, the small pox deprived him of his sight. This circumstance, together with the indigence of his parents, precluded him from receiving any of the advantages of education. But he was not like the Highland Bards of old, "a barbarian among barbarians;" though he could not read himself, he could converse with those who had read; therefore if he wants learning, he is not without knowledge.

Shewing an early fondness for music, a neighbouring gentleman determined to have him taught to play on the Harp. A professor of that instrument was accordingly provided, and Cormac received a few lessons, which he practised *con amore*. But his patron dying suddenly, the harp dropped from his hand, and was never after taken up:—It is probable he could not afford to string it.

But poetry was the muse of whom he was most enamoured. This made him listen eagerly to the Irish songs and metrical tales which he heard sung and recited around the "crackling faggots" of his father and his neighbours. These, by frequent recitation, became strongly impressed on his memory. His mind being thus stored, and having no other avocation, he commenced a MAN OF TALK, OR A TALE-TELLER. "He left no calling for the idle trade," as our English Montaigne observes of Pope.

He was now employed in relating legendary tales, and reciting genealogies at rural

wakes, or in the hospitable halls of country squires. He has been often heard to recite some of those Irish tales, which Mr. Macpherson has so artfully interwoven with the texture of the epic poems which he does Ossian the honour to attribute to him.

Endowed with a sweet voice and a good ear, his narrations were generally graced with the charms of melody. (*I say were generally graced, for at his age "nature sinks in years," and we speak of the man, with respect to his powers, as if actually a tenant of the grave.*)—He did not, like the tale-teller mentioned by Sir William Temple, chant his tales in an uninterrupted *even tone*: the monotony of his modulation was frequently broken by cadences introduced with taste at the close of each stanza. "In rehearsing any of Ossian's poems, or any composition in verse, (says Mr. Ousley) he chants them pretty much in the manner of our Cathedral service."

But it was in singing some of our native airs that he displayed the powers of his voice. On this occasion his auditors were always enraptured. I have been assured, that no singers ever did Carolan's airs, or Oisín's celebrated hunting song, more justice than Cormac.

Cormac's musical powers were not confined to his voice. He composed a few airs, one of which Mr. Ousley thinks extremely sweet. It is to be feared that those musical effusions will die with their author.

But it was in poetry Cormac delighted to exercise his genius. He has composed several songs and elegies which have met with applause. As his Muse was generally awakened by the call of gratitude, his poetical productions are mostly panegyric or elegiac; they extol the living, or lament the dead.

Some

Sometimes he indulged in satire, but not often, though endued with a rich vein of that dangerous gift.

A man of Cormac's turn of mind must be much gratified with anecdotes of the music and poetry of his country. As he seldom forgets any relation that pleases him, his memory teems with such anecdotes. One of these, respecting the jolly celebrated song of *EIBHIN A RUIN*, the reader will not, I am sure, be displeas'd to find here. Carroll O'Daly (commonly called *Mac-saomb Infi-Cneamba*) brother to Donnough More O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught about two centuries ago, paid his addresses to Miss Elinor Kavannagh. The Lady received him favourably, and at length was induced to promise him her hand. But the match, for some reason now forgotten, was broken off, and another gentleman was chosen as an husband for the fair Elinor. Of this Carroll, who was still the fond lover, received information. Disguising himself as a *Juglar* or *Glee-man*, he hasten'd to her father's house, which he found filled with guests, who were invited to the wedding. Having amus'd the company awhile with some tricks of legendmain, he took up his harp, and played and sung the song of *EIBHIN A RUIN*, which he had compos'd for the occasion. This, and a private sign, dis-

covered him to his mistress. The flame which he had lighted in her breast, and which her friends had in vain endeavoured to smother, now glowed afresh, and the determin'd to reward so faithful a lover. To do this but one method now remained, and that was an immediate elopement with him. This she effected by contriving to inebriate her father and all his guests.—But to return from this digression.

Cormac was twice married, but is now a widower. By both his wives he had several children. He now resides at Sorrell-town, near Dunmore, in the county of Galway, with one of his daughters, who is happily married. Though his utterance is materially injured by dental losses, and though his voice is impaired by age, yet he continues to practise his profession:—so seldom are we sensible of our imperfections. It is probable, that where he was once admir'd, he is now only endured. Mr. Dinsley informs me, that “one of his grandsons leads him about to the houses of the neighbouring Gentry, who give him money, diet, and sometimes clothes. His apparel is commonly decent and comfortable; but he is not rich, nor does he seem solicitous about wealth.”

* His moral character is unstained, and his person is large and muscular.

PARTICULARS of MARGARET NICHOLSON'S ATTEMPT to ASSASSINATE HIS MAJESTY; with some ANECDOTES of HER LIFE.

EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE.

ST. JAMES'S, AUGUST 2.

THIS morning, as his Majesty was alighting from his carriage, at the gate of the Palace, a woman who was waiting there, under pretence of presenting a petition, struck at his Majesty with a knife, but providentially his Majesty received no injury. The woman was immediately taken into custody, and upon examination appears to be insane.

An Extraordinary Gazette gives importance to a subject. But this Gazette is so very short, we have endeavour'd to obtain some further particulars of this very extraordinary fact, viz.

When his Majesty alighted from his carriage, at the garden door, which is opposite the Duke of Marlborough's wall in St. James's Park, to go to the levee, a woman, decently dress'd in a black silk cloak, &c. pretendedly offer'd his Majesty a *paper*,

which appear'd folded in the form of a petition. His Majesty stoop'd to receive it, but the point of a knife appearing at the end of the paper, and a pass being made by the woman, at the same instant, towards his belly, between his coat and waistcoat*. the King drew back, and said, *What does the woman mean?*

One of the Yeomen (Lodge) observing something extraordinary, seized the woman by the arm, and immediately the knife dropp'd out of her hand. The Yeoman taking up the knife †, said, *It is a knife*. The King immediately said—*I am not hurt—take care of the Woman—she is mad—do not hurt her*.

His Majesty went forward into the Palace, and when he had recover'd himself from the surprize, which a circumstance so very extraordinary must have occasioned, seem'd greatly affected‡ and utter'd some expressions, signifying, that he had not deserv'd this treatment from any of his subjects †.

* The knife only just touch'd the waistcoat.

† The knife which she us'd for the horrid purpose, was so much worn, and so very thin, that when she thrust it against his Majesty's waistcoat, it bent—A gentleman afterwards tried the point of it against his hand, when the knife bent almost double, without piercing the skin.—This weakness in the instrument was very fortunate, for had it been a dagger, the consequence might have been dreadful.

‡ A similar incident to the aforementioned transaction took place some years since, as the King was coming in his chair from Buckingham-house to St. James's: a woman was then, as in the present instance, the offender, who made a blow at his Majesty with a knife, and broke the front glass of his sedan. Upon examination, she also appear'd insane!

His Majesty when he entered the Royal apartments opened the paper, in which appeared written, "To the King's most excellent Majesty," the usual head to the petitions, but nothing more.

The woman was immediately taken into custody, and carried to the Inner Guard Chamber. Upon being questioned by several persons, how she could make so wicked and daring an attempt? she returned for answer, That they had no right to examine her; when she was brought before the proper persons, she would give her reasons.

She was then taken into the Queen's Anti-chamber, where she remained till near five o'clock; during which time, though spoken to by many of the Nobility, she did not condescend to make any answer, but appeared entirely unmoved by any representations that were made of the atrocity of her crime.

At five o'clock she was taken to the Board of Green Cloth for examination, where there were present the Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, and Master of the Rolls, who were sent for on the occasion; Mr. Pitt, the Earl of Salisbury, the Marquis of Carmarthen, Lord Sydney, Sir Francis Drake, Mr. Falkner, and the following Magistrates, Sir Robert Taylor, Mr. Bond, Mr. Addington, Mr. Collick, and Mr. Reed.

THE EXAMINATION.

She said her name was *Margaret Nicholson**; that she was the daughter of George Nicholson, of Stockton-upon-Tees, in Durham; that she had a brother who kept a public-house in Milford-lane; that she came to London at twelve years of age; that she had been a house-maid in several families; Mr. Taylor; Mrs. Boothby, in Upper Grosvenor-street; Mrs. Rice, May-fair; Mrs. Beaumont; Lady Seabright, &c. &c.

Upon being asked, where she had lived since her last place? she began to exhibit strong marks of insanity; answering, that she had been *all abroad since this matter of the crown broke out*; and upon asking for an explanation of these words, she went on in a wild and incoherent way of talking; such as, *That she wanted nothing but her right and property,—the Crown was &c. right,—that she had*

great property, &c. &c. that she had presented a petition ten days ago, [which upon looking back into the papers, was found true; but it was found to be such stuff and nonsense, that no notice was taken of it;] that if she had not her right, England would be in blood for a thousand generations. Upon being questioned as to her wants, she said she would answer none but a judge; her right was a mystery, &c.

As an instance of her composure—Being asked very coolly as to the substance of her petition presented about a fortnight ago, she said, if they would give her pen and ink she would write it, which she accordingly did; and on comparing it with the original lying in the office, it was found to differ only in four words; and they by no means destroyed the purport of it.

Being asked where she now lived? she answered at Mr. FISK'S, Stationer, at the corner of Marybone-lane, Wigmore-street.

Proper Officers were instantly sent to search her lodgings, and to bring Mr. Fisk before the Board.

In her lodgings were found three letters written about her pretended right to the Crown, &c. addressed to Lord Mansfield, Lord Loughborough, and General Braham †.

Fisk, upon his examination, said, she had lodged with him about three years; that he had not particularly observed any marks of insanity in her, though she was certainly very odd at times; that she subsisted by taking in plain-work, &c.

A Mr. Paule also attended, with whom she had previously lodged for the space of five years; he declared she was industrious in her business, and that he had not discovered the least appearance of insanity.

Dr. Monro was also sent for, and attended. He was questioned as to her lunacy, viz. Whether he could discover if she was a lunatic? He answered, that such a discovery could not be made *immediately*; that for the accomplishment of such a purpose, she must be taken under the care and inspection of one of his people for three or four days, ‡.

After she had been questioned by the phy-

* She is about thirty-six years of age, rather short, of a very swarthy complexion, which gives her much the appearance of a foreigner; she was dressed in a flowered lincin or muslin gown, black gauze bonnet, black silk cloak, morning wire cap with blue ribbons. Her father is a barber at Stockton-upon-Tees, in Durham, where she was born. Her brother, who keeps a public house in Milford-lane in the Strand, is positive that she is insane.

† Her pockets were searched also, and there was found in them a silver sixpence, and three halfpence, which was all the money she had; and as to cloaths, she had no more than what were on her back, and those, except the cloak and bonnet, were very indifferent.

‡ That there is a method in her madness, (if she is indeed a lunatic) is undoubted. On being asked by Lord Salisbury, why she delivered a *carte blanche*, rather than a petition? she answered, her ends could have been accomplished under a blank sheet of paper, as well as by a petition in proper form.—There are intervals when lunatics assume reason, and are capable of conversing with a seeming rationality; but when close questioned as to a particular crime they may have committed, they then wander into the wild labyrinth of distracted imagination, and discover their insanity. Such a one MARGARET NICHOLSON appears to be.

Asian, she appeared much convulsed, and seemed as if she was making an effort to weep, saying at the same time, "Tears would give her relief!"

It was proposed to commit her for three or four days.

This was objected to, upon an apprehension that a commitment for that time was illegal.

It was proposed to commit her to Tottenham-fields Bridewell.

This was objected to, because it was said she was a State Prisoner.

At length it was agreed to commit her to the care and custody of Mr Coates, messenger, in Half Moon-street, Piccadilly.

SECOND EXAMINATION.

Thursday morning Mr. Justice Addington went, to see Margaret Nicholson, at Mr. Coates's, Messenger, in Half-Moon-street, and began a conversation with her: upon which she told him, that they had distracted her yesterday with a great number of questions; that she did not understand them; that they had made her deal on one side; but she had it all here [pointing to the back part of her head]; that the King had no right to the Crown; that the Crown was her's, &c.

Mr. Addington permitted her to go on, in order to discover if there was any thing worth noticing.

When she had done running on about the Crown, she began about Lord Mansfield and Lord Loughborough. She said, that she had brought them both into the world—they owed every thing they had to her. But she was not their mother. She never knew any man.

[It does not appear from any person who knew her, that she was ever married.] It was all a mystery, she said. But she had it all

here [pointing again to her head]. And then she went on with saying a good deal more to the same purport.

Friday a Council was summoned for the further examination of MARGARET NICHOLSON;—previous to the meeting of which his Majesty arrived at St. James's from Windsor. The Ministers of State and Crown Lawyers, as well as a numerous levee of the nobility waited upon his Majesty, to congratulate him on his late happy escape.

After the levee, a consultation was held, when it was determined to put off Nicholson's final examination for the present.

Whitehall, Aug. 8.

P R E S E N T,

The Lords of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

THIS day Margaret Nicholson, in custody for an attempt on his Majesty's person, was brought before the Lords of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and after a full examination of Dr. John and Dr. Thomas Monro, and several other witnesses, concerning the state of her mind, as well now as for some time past, and also after examining the said Margaret Nicholson in person, their Lordships were clearly and unanimously of opinion, that she was and is insane*.

After the above examinations were over, in consequence of an order from Lord Sydney, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, Margaret Nicholson was at eleven o'clock taken by Mr. Coates, the King's messenger, in a hackney-coach to Bedlam. Mrs. Coates, another lady, and the nurse went with her.—As soon as the coach was called to take her away, she was told by Mr. Coates they were going on a party of pleasure, and asked her to accompany them, which she readily agreed to; and then

* Young Shepherd, the coach-painter, was the last person who made a regicide attempt in England; he endeavoured to kill George the First, and, when at the place of execution, was offered his life, provided he would ask the King's pardon; but he declined to supplicate the royal mercy. Lord Chesterfield, in speaking of the transaction, after having disapproved the cause, compares Shepherd's spirit to *Roman heroism*.

The Life of the King of Prussia was twice attempted to be taken away: Once by three of his soldiers at the Review; and once by a person bribed, as was supposed, by the Empress Queen.

The present King of Poland was attempted to be assassinated in 1771.

A like attempt was made on the late King of Portugal, in 1758.

And a like attempt was made on the late King of France, by Damien, in 1757.

The last idea of any thing of the kind in England, except the attempt of Shepherd, was that intended to have been executed against King William at Turnham Green in the year 1695.

His present Majesty was assaulted some years since at a review on Wimbledon common, by a well-dressed man, who seized the bridle of the King's horse, and insisted "upon his grievances being attended to." He was immediately taken into custody, and on examination proved to be a Lieutenant out of his senses, who had left his regiment at Gibraltar, in consequence of the sentence of a court martial.

It is remarkable, that most of the miscreants who either murdered, or attempted the assassination of, their Monarchs, were insane.—For example, Clement, who stabbed Henry III. of France; Ravallac, who poignarded the amiable Henry IV. and Francis Damien, who 30 years since attempted the life of Louis XV. And it is further worthy of notice, that all these diabolical attempts were made while the Kings were in or coming out of their carriages surrounded by their guards,

ping into the coach, was in very good spirits, and talked very rationally the whole of the way, till they came under the wall of Bedlam; she then observed, that she knew where they were taking her to. Upon her entrance into Bedlam, she was asked if she then knew where she was? She answered, "Perfectly well." The Steward of the Hospital behaved with much kindness to her, and invited her and the company to dine with him, which they did; and during the whole time she appeared perfectly collected, except when the name of the King was mentioned, whom, she continued saying, she expected to visit her. After dinner Mr. Coates again asked her, if she knew in what house she was? She said, Yes. He then told her, that he hoped she would patiently and quietly submit to the regulations of that place. She composedly replied, "Certainly." He also informed her, that she would be indul-

ged with pen, ink, and paper, to write to such of her friends as she thought proper.— This offer she did not then notice. At six o'clock she was conducted to her cell, which had been previously furnished with new bedding, &c. for her reception; and a chain was put round her leg, and fastened to the floor. Whilst this was doing, she was perfectly composed, and did not seem to take any notice of it. On being asked by the Steward if the chain hurt her leg, as it should be altered if it did? she replied, "No, not at all." Mr. Coates was then about to leave her; but she called to him, and reminded him of his promise, that she should have pen, ink, and paper, saying, that she had letters to write, which she wished to send by him. Pen, ink, and paper were immediately brought her, and Mr. Coates waited near an hour; but she did not attempt to write any thing*.

To the Editors of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AMONG the novelties lately published in Paris, is a Pamphlet which is equally singular from its title, as from the curious anecdotes it contains.

The whimsical production alluded to is entitled *Pogonologia*, or a Philological History of Beards. The Author opens with a severe stricture upon a very trite subject, viz. the various modes of dressing, the perpetual round of vicissitudes they have undergone, &c. I wish, says he, some Lexicographer would, at his leisure hours, compose a dictionary of modes; it would turn out not only an entertaining, but an useful compilation.

What idea would not the world entertain of the modesty of our fore-mothers, when, among the old dresses, they should read the words *gourgandine* (trumpet); the *bout en train* (the temples); *la culbette* (head over heels)!"

The 4th chapter of this curious performance is an Essay on *Bearded Women*. He quotes Cicero, who mentions an express law from the Twelve Tables in these words; *Mulieres genas ne raduto*: Let not women presume to shave their cheeks. It is a fact that ladies in those remote ages had no dislike to a long beard; the very ample one

* Margaret Nicholson is said to have lived some years ago with a lady of quality in Brudenel-street, as her own servant; her general disposition of mind was of a reserved and thoughtful cast, seldom subject to the influence of the livelier sallies of mirth. This restraint of temper was considered by her fellow-servants as prudery. Her master's valet de chambre paid her his addresses: Her conduct before the family was very reserved, and such in appearance as prevented them from discerning that he had any prospect of success with her; but one of the family happening to remain up after the rest were a-bed, in walking up stairs so as not to be heard, at a late hour, surprized the valet de chambre coming out of her bed-room. In such a discovery as this, every one knows how anxious the discoverer is to unburthen his mind; and next morning the servants were entertaining themselves at the expence of the reserved, as they called her, prude; the news soon reached the mistress's ears, and both the servants concerned were instantly discharged. They sought for a new place, where they lived still together in the same house; but quitted that also. Their attachment still subsisted, and they got into a third service; there her sweetheart slighted her, and paid his addresses to a person who had some property, whom he married; and then left his place to take an inn on the western road. This disappointment could not but affect the woman who was deserted, and she abandoned herself to solitude: intense thought upon one object debilitates the mind; and with a temper already prone to melancholy, an accumulation of thought and distress must increase intense thinking, which cannot but produce paroxysms of madness. Society and variety are necessary to remove the ill consequences of melancholy; neither of these it appears she sought; for even her brother acknowledged that she seldom called on him. After this she sought no more for a place as a servant, but betook herself to her industry by her needle.

The Earl of Salisbury ordered a gratuity to the yeoman of the guard, and the King's footman, who first secured Mrs. Nicholson, after her attempt on the King; the rewards were 100l. to the first, and 50l. to the other.

that adorned the chin of *Venus Cypria* amongst the ancient Greeks, seems to prove the Author's assertions. Among other instances of bearded women he relates the following anecdote: "Charles XII. had in his army a female Grenadier, who, to prove herself of the other sex, wanted neither beard nor courage. She was taken at the battle of Pultowa, carried to Petersburgh, and presented to the Czar Peter in 1724. Her beard was grown then to the amazing length of an ell and an half Russian measure."

In fine, the author notices every woman who prided in her beard, not even excepting the artificial one of a certain diplomatick amphibious animal, well known in this country.

In order to strengthen his arguments in favour of *unfathomable* beards, the writer brings in a long list of all those great men who held that ornament in such estimation, as to wear false ones where Nature did not allow them to make a show of her own gifts. Then advertent to those enormous mustachios for which the Gauls and Franks of old were so much celebrated, "Oh! my countrymen, (exclaims he) you have lost every thing by parting with your whiskers."

The Spaniards and Portuguese were amongst the nations of Europe the most

careful of their beards and whiskers. Under the reign of Catherine of Portugal, as the writer relates, the brave Don John de Castro had just saved the fortress Diu in the East-Indies. Though successful in this arduous enterprize, he stood in want of every thing, and found himself under the necessity of applying to the inhabitants of Goa for the loan of 1000 pistoles for the maintenance of his fleet; and as a pledge for that money, he sent them one of his whiskers, expressing himself in these words: "All the treasure on earth could not pay the price of this glorious ornament, which I hold from Nature; take it for a security for the loan." This feat of heroism was admired by the whole city, and every one thought himself interested in the preservation of so noble a mustachio; even the ladies gave the greatest token of their feeling on the occasion, by pledging or selling their precious trinkets; the sum was soon raised, and sent to the Admiral, together with the invaluable whisker.

He concludes by recommending the restoration of beards, not only as ornamental, but as wholesome, it being calculated to prevent the tooth-ache, &c. and boldly prophesies, that the method will in a few years be revived.

C. D.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

PROLOGUE

To the Comedy of the *DISBANDED OFFICER*; or, the *BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL*,

Performed at the Haymarket Theatre.

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

IN days of old, on property and trade
Taxes and rates, unqualified, were laid;
But modern politics, with reins more lax,
Comptots administer with every tax;
Hold our douceurs, by way of compensation,
And make the burthen light by Commutation.

Tea's now a drug so cheap, with draughts
bewitching,

Imperial, congou, hyson, charm the kitchen.

Bohea, like bull's-blood, in coarse delft ne'er
seen;

Neat Wedgwood deals fouchong, or finest
green:

Breakfast well over, we prepare to dine,
For which the state provides us genuine
wine!

Adultery, by Act of Parliament forbid,
No more in coffee and dark caves lies hid;

No more from *boes* found Port the Vintners
drain,

No more from *turn* the brew brisk Cham-
pagne.

Vol. X.

Ah, were our plays thus wisely supervis'd,
Humours and passions gaug'd, and plots ex-
cis'd,

What frauds would be unveil'd! sophisti-
cation,

Much contraband, and much adulteration!

Neat as imported is the constant boast,

Though smuggling smacks and cutters croud
the coast.

At many a pilfer'd scene you've cried and
laugh'd,

And oft', for home-brew'd balderdash have
quaff'd;

Plays from French vineyards drawn have
learnt to please,

Run, like Southampton port, on Claret lees;
While the Bard cries, to smuggling no great
foe,

"'Tis English, English, Sirs, from top to
toe!"

To-night, a new advent'rer vents his stock,
And brings you from the Rhine some good
old hock;

Waves but his wand—a true Dramatic Mer-
lin—

Presto! you're charm'd from London—
plac'd in Berlin.

There lies our scene to-night—an hour or two,
True Prussians, we must do as Prussians do.

Our goods, our habits, are of German
growth;

Both fairly enter'd, and acknowledg'd both,
R
Lessing,

Lessing, a German Bard of high renown,
 Long on the Continent has charm'd the
 town ;
 His Plays as much applauded at Vienna,
 As here the School for Scandal or Duenna.
 From his bold out-line draws our present
 Bayes,
 And on his canvas English colours lays :
 Rumbling and rough though Bruchsal's name
 appear,
 Grating harsh thunder on an English ear,
 Yet she may charm ; and prove, ere she de-
 parts,
 That Ladies, with hard names, have tender
 hearts.

E P I L O G U E

To the BARONESS of BRUCHSAL.

Spoken by Miss FAREEN.

WHEN Ancients held the Muses' steed in
 rein,
 Bards were to teach as well as entertain,
 And draw fit characters to let folks see,
 What they ought not and what they ought to
 be.
 Folly, in Satire's glass, is safely shown,
 For Laughter thinks no feature there his
 own ;
 But Vice by virtuous portraits feels aspers'd,
 And calls them fictitious, and a world re-
 vers'd.
 What Fate then must our characters expect,
 Whose too great goodness is their great de-
 fect ?
 An Officer, rejecting, out of rule,
 An Heiress — 'stead of stealing one from
 school :
 That Heiress, husband-hunting — not by
 stealth —
 And feigning want to cheat one into wealth :
 A groom resolv'd to share a Master's sorrow :
 A fool that's angry, 'cause a friend won't
 borrow :
 Whate'er such characters abroad appear, —
 Though natural — they're out of fashion here.
 France, where in wit, dress, folly, taste,
 and sin,
 Refinement (save in morals) all begin ;
 Consign'd to dusty shelves with classic lore,
 Virtue's dead language, which she spoke no
 more.
 " Hang sentiments," the Palais Royal cry'd,
 " Hang sentiments," St. Honore reply'd,
 " Hang sentiments," the Hall re-echo'd
 round,
 And Rue d' Enfer exulted at the sound.
 The stage no more in vain attempts their
 stay,
 Vice flows up to the *Follies of the Day* :
 While Fashion spares Instruction's needless
 talk ;
 To laugh and stare is all that loungers ask ;
 And bards in every lobby now discern,
 That the gay world has nothing more to
 learn.

Expect from France, then, plays perform'd
 by dogs,
 Spoken by clocks, or spelt by learned hogs ;
 Geese, on two horses, hunting a tame fox,
 And 'stead of dancing Frenchmen, dancing
 ducks :
 Perhaps, to drive the Muse from every hope,
 Huge elephants shall skip upon a rope ;
 Or, should she still some few adherents keep,
 Why Magnetism shall tickle them to sleep—
 Nay, laugh not, Sceptics—there, a patient
 stands
 That can expect no cure, but from your
 hands :
 Then by your treatment of the poor pale
 creature,
 Prove British magnetism to be—Good-nature.

July 25. A Farce called *The Devil in the
 Wine Cellar*, by Aaron Hill, was revived at
 the Haymarket for the benefit of Mr. Bannis-
 ter, jun. This piece was one of the first
 farces written for the English Stage. The fa-
 vour this species of entertainment has lately
 met with seems, with the aid of the whimsi-
 cal title, to have drawn it from its obscurity,
 where, however, it might have remained
 without any loss to the public.

28. Miss Davis, sister to Mr. Wells, ap-
 peared for the first time on the stage at the
 Haymarket, in the character of Amelia in
The English Merchant. This part has a soft-
 ness and delicacy in it, well adapted to the
 timidity of a new performer. The Lady,
 who resembles her sister in person, and pos-
 sesses a good voice, exhibited no marks of
 genius whatever. She has been however
 greatly applauded in one of the News-pa-
 pers, and we hope her future performances,
 though we saw no signs of it, will justify the
 extravagant praise bestowed on her. Before
 the Play the following Address, by Mr. W.
 Upton, was spoken by Mr. Bannister, jun.

HAPPY the Bard, the Drama must confess,
 Who first converted Prologue to Address,
 And found the way to charm the critic fury,
 By gentle supplication to the jury :

Thus when some RICHARD burns with tra-
 gic rage,
 Or mad Ophelia pants to tread the stage,
 Thanks to the mode—and writers only know
 it—

Their dullness is preceded by the Poet,
 And crimson blushes—starts—and trembling
 fears—

Are partly hush'd ere, " Sir or Ma'am" ap-
 pears.

But why o'er reason should our fears prevail,
 Where mercy reigns, and justice holds the
 scale ?

From this kind foil, made moist by candour's
 dew,

Your Edwin came and caught his fame from
 you.

Here—with each power to fill the changeful
 scene,

T court the comic or the tragic Queen.—
 Here,

Here, on these boards, poor *Henderfon* first
rose,
Yet felt the fear that Genius had its foes :
You saw the man, approv'd the actor's claim,
And stamp'd the signature that grac'd his
name.

Here—*natural* *WELLS* and *Farren* own their
birth,
And drew from you the wreath that crowns
their worth.

To-night a female ventures here to tread,
" With all her imperfections on her head ;"
'Tis *Cowslip's* sister—who will be severe ?
Who blast the bud his toll'ring breath might
rear ?

To the Galleries.

Ye critic *Lingos* there enthron'd on high,
What you can grant to ladies, ne'er deny.

To the Pit.

This awful box, where legal jurors sit,
Sworn and impannell'd to preside o'er wit,
To trust your candour, let no female rue,
But prove yourselves in deed,—“ good men
and true.”

To the Boxes.

While in this circle—our fair judges here,
As counsel for the prisoner appear ;
Soften the rigours of the legislature,
And shew there's no good judge without
good-nature.

August 3. *The Romp* was performed for
the first time at the Hay-market, for the
benefit of Miss George, who personated
Miss Tomboy. We cannot say that Miss
George's performance equalled that of Mrs.
Jordan ; but it may be truly said, that it was
second to no other performer.

12th. *The Siege of Curzola*, a Comic Ope-
ra, by Mr. O'Keefe, was performed the first
time. We have ever been disposed to exte-
nuate in our remarks on the productions of
Mr. O'Keefe. We owe to his wit, his ec-
centricity, and his absurdities, many hours
of hearty and salutary laughter ; but the
Siege of Curzola has severely tried our gra-
titude and humanity. His fables always
perplexed, the present performance abso-
lutely confounded us. The scenes and inci-
dents were produced with much confusion ;

the wit very thinly scattered ; the humour
coarse and vulgar ; and the manners and cus-
toms, though of a foreign country, entirely
those of Covent-Garden. It met with some
opposition the first night ; but by some judi-
cious prunings and alterations has since been
received with applause.

Mrs. Jordan's Address to the Audience of
Edinburgh, on Monday, Aug. 6th, after
the Play of the *Belle's Stratagem*, performed
for her Benefit.

Written and spoken by Herself.

PRESUMPTION 'tis, in Learning's feat,
For me the *Muses* to entreat ;
Yet, bold as the attempt may be,
I'll mount the steed of *Poesy* ;
And, as my *Pegasus* is small,
If stumbling, I've not far to fall.

Hear then, ye Nine ! the boon I ask,
While (throwing off the comic mask)
With gratitude I here confess,
How much you've heighten'd my success.

By sealing thus my sentence now,
You've heap'd new laurels on my brow ;
Nor is the Northern sprig less green
Than that which in the South was seen ;
For though your *sun* may colder be,
Your hearts I've found as warm for me.

One wreath I only gain'd before,
But your kind candour gives one more ;
And, like your *Union*, both combine
To make the garland brighter shine.

'Tis true, such planets sparkled here
As made me tremble to appear,
A twinkling star—just come in sight,
Which towards the *Pole* might give no light.

Melpomene had made such work,
Reigning despotic like the *Turk*,
I fear'd *Thalia* had no chance
Her laughing standard to advance ;
But yet her youngest Ensign, I
Took courage, was resolv'd to try,
And stand the hazard of the die. }

Since, then, the vent'rous game I've tried,
With Nature only for my guide,
The bettes, if fairly won, I'll take,
Nor wish to make it my last stake.

P O E T ' R Y.

L A D I M O R A.

HENCE, restless Dissipation,
Of busy travel, and still changeful
time !

Ills of each varied clime,
Dull sleepless nights, and hardship and
 vexation !

The want of friendship's smiles,
The dread of sickness in a foreign land,
The frequent mirth'rous band

That haunt the lonely pafs mid forests drear,
The welcome insincere,
The sordid meal, and flatt'ring stranger's
wiles.

But come, Retirement, to my arms
In meek simplicity of charms !
With close-wrapt robe of plainest dye,
And breast untroubled by a sigh.
Thee, blue-ey'd Peace in days of yore
To wrinkled, rough Experience bore :

R^a

For

For once beneath her olive shade
He fondly prest'd the yielding maid ;
Thy birth his secret transports prov'd,
Child of his age, and best belov'd !

O bear me quick to Albion's isle,
And cheer me with thy placid smile !
There let me oft at dewy dawn
Compos'dly tread the russet lawn,
As my tranquil cot I see,
Embosom'd deep in many a tree ;
Near it glides a winding spring,
Where the grey duck wets her wing,
And matron hen with infant brood
Clucks beside the shallow flood.
Or when lily-bosom'd May
Trips along in youthful play,
With my rod and mimic fly
To lure the speckled trout I try,
That lurks beneath the sandy bank,
With fedge o'ergrown and rushes dank ;
Tempted by the faithless snare,
He leaps, and meets destruction there :
So, alas ! in life we find
Artful tricks to catch mankind ;
So we view the gilded bait,
And rush upon severest fate.

Varied bliss each season yields ;
One while, wand'ring o'er the fields,
I see blithe groups collect the hay,
And shake it in the burning ray ;
While the cattle in the brook
Lash their tails with pensive look,
And mid the limpid waves assuage
The sultry summer's scorching rage.
Or when harvest-time is past,
And the barns are fill'd at last,
With my gun, at peep of day,
To fallow lands I take my way ;
There my pointer soon descries
The num'rous covey ere it flies ;
As it mounts I take my aim,
And pleas'd behold the falling game.
Or I bring my greyhounds where
Nimble starts the scudding hare,
That o'er the wide-extended down
Glides a scinting spot of brown.

When on early breezes borne
From far I hear the winding horn,
That sweetly pours its mellow song,
Lakes, and groves, and hills among,
I saddle strait my neighing steed,
And hasten o'er the distant mead,
'Till I reach the covert's bound,
Ransack'd by the leaching hound ;
The red fox shews his sleeky face,
And quits the copse with rapid pace,
To safer scenes he fain would fly,
Like mortals in adversity.
Still the deep-mouth'd eager foe
Scent the track where'er he goes,
Untwisting every treacherous maze,
That his cunning skill betrays.
Then my hasty flight I guide
O'er the mountain's shelvy side,
Leave the dang'rous fence behind,
Thro' many a wood and valley wind,
And never quit the pleasing toil,
'Till I view the dying spoil.

Oft with careless step I stray
Where unzon'd nature courts the day,
And the tow'ring forest view,
Deck'd with tints of varied hue ;
Or listen to the mingled noise
Of lowing herds and playful boys,
Where seem yon hamlets to retire,
And peeps the narrow pointed spire.
Now I throw my roving eye
O'er plashy streams and mountains high ;
Vizw the sheep-boy tend his flocks,
And wild-goats brouze the giddy rocks ;
The careful driver's long-drawn team,
Lather'd by the noontide beam ;
Or hear the ruddy maidens sing,
As their gather'd loads they bring.
Then I go with curious eyes
Where my lov'd plantations rise,
The grafted scion to behold,
And young leaves pierce th' obstructive
mould :

There the virgin lily blows,
The streak'd carnation, moss-clad rose,
And every flower that opens fair,
Scatt'ring odours thro' the air ;
And every shrub whose head I rear'd,
Whose stock with daily drops I cheer'd,
Shall purer happiness bestow
Than pow'r and wild ambition know.

When the day's amusements end,
Home my vagrant course I bend,
And my slow retreating feet
The faithful spaniel comes to greet
With his joy-denoting bound,
Fisking light in frolic round.
Then beside the table plac'd,
In rural plenty richly grac'd,
I sit with her whose tender smile
And sweet discourse the hours beguile ;
While around, my children gay
In many a sportive circle play.

Then some heart-dear friend appears,
Companion of my early years,
Who oft reminds me, how at school
Constraint we scorn'd, and laugh'd at
rule ;

Or when the daily task was o'er,
Forth we rush'd with rapt'rous roar,
To strike the ball, or climb the tree,
Season of sweet ecstacy !
College pranks recals to view,
Long past pleasures to renew ;
Tells how, lover-like, my pain
I utter'd on the midnight plain ;
Nor more the ready scheme enjoy'd,
While fonder cares my mind employ'd,
But sadly mourn'd the tyrant pride
Of her, who blushing sits beside :
Entrauc'd I mark her conscious sigh,
'And the blue languish of her eye.
Thus the happy evening goes,
'Till the hour of due repose.

But when wint'ry tempests rage,
Retir'd I read th' historic page,
Or with fancied harp I rove
In the wild Parnassian grove.
Sweet Poetry ! thy pow'r alone
Can check awhile each bitter groan,

When

When thou point'st to Milton's page,
Or Shakspeare's still sublimer rage,
And all the heaven-descended crew,
Who bath'd their locks with glittering dew,
And wove the myrtle garland fair,
That proudly still thou lov'st to wear,
Thus my scutted life shall flow,
Free from bustle, care, and woe:
Such the tranquil joys of Home,
Never, never, will I roam.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of
LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following Sonnets have any merit,
their insertion would oblige
Your constant Reader, &c.

SONNET on the DEATH of a FRIEND.

Death all-pow'rful! thy untimely
dart,
Which nor the great, the brave, the poor,
can shun,
How has it all my tend'rest hopes undone!
How fill'd with heaviest grief my erst light
heart!
Shall I forget thee?—No, thou hapless youth;
Rather these eyes shall weep the roun-
dains dry!
Ev'n till life's latest hour shall leave this
high,
And Heav'n be witness that I speak the
truth!
For ah! to me thou wast indeed most dear.
Most dear fond Memory too shall hold
thy name;
And when with dust commix'd from
whence I came,
I too, like thee, must leave this world of care,
Thy soul for mine shall wait on that
blest shore,
Where meeting once, we meet to part no
more.

SONNET to Mrs. SMITH.

'TIS said, and I myself have so believ'd,
Fiction's the properest field for Poety;
Tho' few have car'd th' attention to deny,
As few there are who have not been deceiv'd:
For sure than thine more sweet no strains
can flow,
Than thine no tenderer plaints the heart
can move,
More rouse the soul to sympathetic love;
And yet—sad source! they spring from
REAL WOE.
Oh! may again kind Heav'n thy hopes
illumine!
Again may peace thy gentlest bosom bless!
May hours far happier smooth thy rude
distress,
And thou life's dear enjoyments reassume!

Tho' ah! so swear, so pensive sweet, thy
grief,
Compassion's self might almost grudge
relief.

S O N N E T.

SEE'ST thou, my friend, where you time-
mouldering spire
In awful grandeur charms th' admiring
sight!
There will I woo the solemn shades of
night:
Sooth'd by grief's pensive power, I'll there
retire
Ev'n now methinks along this lonely dell,
Where darkest darkness holds its silent
way,
Sad-length'ning sounds faint whisper,
'Come away.'
Whilst trembling Fancy hears the distant
knell.
But ah! tho' much I wish to reach th'
abode
Round whose blest shores Death's black
waves disadial roll
Much tho' I wish those realms my anxious
soul
Blameless might seek, freed from its earthly
load;
Yet still, tho' Virtue plume Faith's eager
wing,
Reflection bidding, Conscience points her
fling.

S O N N E T

On the BATH at M——*.

ENCOMPASS'D round by many a wilding
sweet,
Whose thick shades mingling form a perfect
maze,
Which to persuade in vain bright Sol essays,
Flows the cool stream beneath its mols-
grown seat,
And, softly tinkling to the placid ear,
Conveys a sound well suited the lone glade,
Where lulling Silesia, ~~making~~ thro' the
shade,
Meets in each breeze the pale-fac'd phantom
Fear.
As o'er this scene bewilder'd roams the
eye,
Where the tall elm attracts the gazing
sight,
There springs the lowlier shrub with berries
bright,
And wouldst sweet in clust'ring bunches
lie;
While cowslips, violets, primroses, combine
To make this desert Bath in ruin shine.

Aug. 1, 1786.

* A village in Cambridgehire.

From

From Madame la MARECHALE de MIRÉ-
POIS, to Monf. le Duc de NIVERNOS,
with a Lock of her HAIR.

LES voila ! les cheveux depuis long tems
blanchis,

D'une longue union qu'ils soient pour vous le
gage !

Je ne regrette rien de ce que m'otat l'age,
Et m'a laissé de vrais amis

On m'aime presqu' autant, & j'aime davan-
tage,

L'astre de l'amitié luit dans l'hiver des ans,
Fruit précieux du gout, de l'estime, & du
tems ;

On ne s'y meprend plus, on cede a son empire,
Et l'on joint sous les cheveux blancs

Aux charmes de s'aimer le droit de se le dire.

IMITATED.

BRHOED this lock which deck'd my face,
But rest of all its former grace !

Long since hath Time forbade to shine
Each youthful charm that once was mine ;

Yet while my faithful friends remain,

I cannot of his thefts complain ;

They love me still—I love them more—

Such joys have I with tresses hoar.

Friendship's bright star with purer rays

Gilds the calm evening of our days :

No longer then to doubts a prey,

We dread fierce Love's imperious sway ;

And if a soft emotion rise,

Suspect him veil'd in Friendship's guise ;

For well we know his power is o'er ;

He flies abash'd from tresses hoar.

Not longer then does custom bind

In tyrant chains the captive mind,

And when a tender thought we feel,

Bid us that tender thought conceal ;

But without blushing we impart

The chaste affections of the heart :

This freedom, ne'er enjoy'd before,

Has Age bestow'd with tresses hoar.

ANSWER of the DUKE de NIVERNOS.

QUOI ! vous parlez de cheveux blancs !

Laissons, laissons courir le tems,

Que vous importe son rivage ! *

Les tendres cœurs en sont exempts,

Les amours sont toujours enfans,

Et les Graces sont de tout age.

Pour moi Themire je le sens,

Je suis toujours dans mon printemps

Quand je vous offre mon hommage ;

Si je n'avois que dix huit ans,

Je pourrois aimer plus long tems,

Mais non pas aimer davantage.

IMITATED.

OTALK not thus of " tresses hoar,"

Let Time his destin'd course pursue ;

For, Mira, we must still adore

The charms he cannot steal from you.

Th' immortal beauties of the mind

Elude the fell destroyer's rage ;

The Loves in constant youth we find,

The Graces are of every age.

For me, while I so far am blest

To hear thee, and thy smiles behold,

A youthful rapture fires my breast,

And I forget that I am old.

If I had at this present hour

Just eighteen summers measur'd o'er,

I might have longer felt thy power,

But, ah ! I could not feel it more !

ODE to SUMMER.

JOY to thee, bright-hair'd Summer ! Much
I love

To gaze upon thy full-blown beauty's pride,

As thro' Val d'Arno's gloom

I take my lonely way,

What time dun-vested Night her deep repose

Reluctant leaves, chas'd by the jocund dawn,

And incoherent song

Of evil Pan's restless reed.

Now the fierce sun uprears his flaming shield,

And mounts in martial pomp his eastern car ;

Forests, and tow'ring hills,

Start from the golden blaze ;

While streams of yore renown'd, with clear

blue wave

Reflect his orient locks ; and far away,

Fair but inconstant Spring

Gathers her sweets, and flies.

I see thee triumph o'er th' inactive plain,

When ruddy Noon obeys thy sultry pow'r,

And stretch'd in thoughtless ease

The toil worn peasant lies.

'Tis then I seek the thick-wall'd cloister's

shade,

And from some nook observe the languid

flocks ;

Or, by the grey fly stung,

The bounding heifer's rage :

Or hear the light Cicada's * ceaseless din,

* A species of fly well known in the southern parts of Europe, by the noise it makes during the hottest hours of the sultry months. This insect has a broad blunt head, with a prominent eye on the extremity of each side, and three less conspicuous eyes that form a triangle in the middle. It has four transparent wings that cover the body like a roof. The organs whence the shrill rough cry proceeds are found in the males only, the females being mute. These organs consist of two parchment-like membranes, one on each side of the belly, under

That vibrates shrill; or the near-weeping
brook,

That feebly winds along,

And mourns her channel shrunk.

As the proud day retires, the western hills
Adorn their varied ridge with shadowy forms,
While fresh'ning Zephyr comes
To fan the cheek of Eve.

And lo! the wand'ring Virgin of the sky,
As thro' the azure vault supreme she sails,

Scatters her silv'ry beam,

And points th' horizon's bound;

While warbled measures fill the panting gale,
The † Lucciola, beside each dark'ning grove,
His momentary lamp

Alternate shews and hides;

Or leads the lovers to some secret bow'r,

And sits around, and darts his mimic ray

Upon the maiden's breast,

And lights th' adoring eye.

O vagrant insect! type of our short life,
'Tis thus we shine, and vanish from the view;

For the cold season comes,

And all our lustre's o'er.

Yet stay awhile, sweet Summer! nor too soon

Avert thy blushing face, but cheer the hind

With gifts, that Plenty pours

From her redundant horn.

M.

ADVICE to Mrs. SMITH.

A SONNET.

MUSE of the South! whose soul-enchant-
ing shell

With mournful notes can melt the soften'd
heart,

And to each breast of sympathy impart

The tender sorrow thou describ'dst so well!

Ah never let thy lyre superior dwell

On themes thy better judgment must disdain!

It ill befits, that verie like thine should tell

Of Petrarch's love, or Werter's frantic pain!

Let not or foreign taste or tales enchain

The genuine freedom of thy flowing line,

Nor the dark dreams of Suicide obtain

Deceitful lustre from such tones as thine;

But still to nature and to virtue given,
Thy heavenly talent dedicate to heaven!

INSCRIPTION to the MEMORY of
JOHN FOTHERGILL, M. D. F. R. S.
on a Stone in the GARDENS of
CHARLES WHITE, Esq. at SALE,
near MANCHESTER.

By JOHN AIKIN, M. D.

OH friend of human kind, benignant sage,
Whose clear sagacious thought so oft has
quell'd

The rage of dire disease; whose ample mind
Drew its rich stores from Nature's genuine
source;

May grateful Medicine, borrowing for her
loss,

Thy memory ever cherish — May thy
name

From Nature's votary call the tender sigh,

As musing mid thy favourite plants he
royes.

S O N N E T,

WRITTEN at VENICE.

FLED each bright form, and hush'd each
tuneful sound,

As home I glide from the Cassino gay,

In the dark gondola close curtain'd round,

Alone and chearless o'er the walt'ry way,

Mathinks † an exile from the golden day,

Stern Death has placed me on the Stygian
bound,

(So busy Fancy does the scene portray)

Pale ghosts appear, and shrieks of woe
retound!

Meanwhile my absent Fair I vainly crave;

Far other thoughts her presence would
inspire,

For Love's bright Queen (so sung the
Grecian choir)

Who rose exulting from the azure wave,

Hence bids her native element conspire

To aid the purposes of soft desire!

W. P.

the hard scales with which the insect is cas'd. This clamorous fly is about an inch and an
half long, and half an inch broad. It is the Latin Cicada.

Sole sub ardenti resonant urbebus Cicadis. VIRG.

N. B. The Cicada is remarkably light in proportion to its size.

† An insect of the beetle kind, which abounds in Italy at the beginning of summer, and is
rather larger than a common fly. The cases of its wings are nearly black, and half of the
belly towards the extremity is of a cinder colour. This is the shining part of the insect; but
it differs from all others of the luminous kind, because its light is not continual, but emitted
by sudden flashes as it flies. If crushed, it leaves a lustre upon the spot for a considerable
time; from whence we may conclude it to be of a phosphoric nature.

‡ Nothing can be more gloomy than returning home at night in one of these singular
vehicles, which, being covered with black cloth, very much resembles a hearse; and the
dashing of the oars reminds one of Charon and the river Styx; but being wonderfully calculat-
ed for intrigue, they are generally considered as the favourite scene of Venetian
transports.

ODE to BEAUTY.

HAIL, Beauty! mighty Empress, hail!
 Whether thou haunt'st the rural vale,
 The glitt'ring dome, or fragrant bower,
 Alike unconquer'd shines thy power.
 Led by thy sweetly beaming ray,
 Thro' distant climes our footsteps stray;
 For thee we brave the torrent's roar,
 For thee the foreign strand explore;
 For thee we heave the silent sigh,
 Languish for thee, and for thee die.
 Such are thy charms, thy soft allurements
 such,
 Th' inticing chain we hug, nor think the
 flav'ry much.

„But lo! what sudden conflicts roll!
 Passions swell the lab'ring soul;
 Doubting Joy the bosom tears,
 Now it hopes, and now despairs;
 Reason tott'ring quits her throne,
 Refrains the scepter of her sway;
 Love makes the field her own,
 And we (before too much inclin'd) obey.
 'Tis she (whose dazzling form impress'd
 On Britain's nymphs resplendent shine)
 Who thus pervades each am'rous breath,
 While bending at the genial shrine,
 The Graces mingling in her train
 The roseal wreaths prepare:
 Too late we feel th' increasing pain,
 Too late attempt to loose the flow'ry-woven snare.
 In vain does Prudence disapprove;
 How weak oppos'd to pow'ful Love!
 By her the pleasing anguish ne'er was
 tried,
 Else had she caution thrown aside;
 Ne'er felt by her soft Beauty's charms,
 Else had she ceas'd her vain alarms:

Me more or less than man had been,
 Who all unconscious could admire,
 Who all unhurt could bear, serene
 To gaze amid consuming fire.
 Can we th' exact proportion'd form survey,
 Yet vainly hope t' elude her fascinating
 sway?
 Ah no! believe me, tis not giv'n
 To spurn this choicest gift of Heav'n:
 'Tis not we may—we must approve
 This fountain of connubial love,
 This combination of all earthly joys,
 From whence extatic sweets and nameless
 pleasures rise.

AUBINUS.

EPIGRAM.

By Monsieur de VOLTAIRE.

VOUS Sonneurs, sans misericorde
 Persecteurs du genre humain;
 Que n'avez vous au cou la corde
 Que vous tenez en votre main!

TRANSLATION.

YE rascals of ringers, ye merciless foes,
 And disturbers of all who are fond of repose,
 How I wish for the quiet and peace of the
 land,
 That ye wore round your necks what you
 hold in your hand!

EPIGRAM

On the late creations of Lord D——, Lord
 H——, and the Lord knows who.

THEIR Sovereign's praise tho' Tories
 loudly ring,
 They cannot call him, sure, a Peerless King!

OBSERVATIONS on the CHARACTER of Dr. JOHNSON.

TO what shall we attribute so many performances concerning the daily conversation of Johnson, and the trivial occurrences of his life? Others, nothing inferior in literary reputation, have been silently lamented by their friends, and quickly forgotten by the world. His memory, however, is not entrusted to his works, but preserved from corruption by the assiduity of those who remind us occasionally of the irreparable disaster sustained by humanity. If the anecdotes they have collected, if the observations they have preserved, did not conspire to degrade his character, some allowance might be made for the inconsiderate partiality of posthumous friendship. The conversation of Socrates was published to vindicate his name and en-

lighten posterity; but had it dishonoured his memory, the information it communicated would not have justified the imprudence of his followers. What then are we to think of those who preserve whatever can lessen, who publish whatever can vilify their departed friend?

Something of his brutality was generally known; but the most public exertions of friendship were necessary to convince us, that he was unable to practise the philosophy he endeavoured to inculcate. The world might still have been ignorant that religion could neither inspire him with meekness, nor philosophy soften the arrogance of his manners, or repress the asperity of his language. His friends, at the expence of what-

gives

ever is sacred in friendship, have discovered, and enabled us to estimate, a curious character.

His principal enjoyment was rational conversation; but he was neither an agreeable nor inoffensive companion. Impatient himself of contradiction, his conversation consisted in perpetual opposition to the opinions of others. He expected to meet with a deference which he never condescended to repay; and watched with attention, and checked with severity, the slightest approach to familiarity. Those who were silent incurred his dislike; while those who addressed him were treated with arrogance, often with insolence. He was jealous at the same time of those he despised; and, perhaps, apprehensive of being despised in his turn, was often enraged at an innocent whisper. His conversation was sententious, instructive, and frequently witty; but surely insufficient to atone for the pain it occasioned. He must have been sensible that happiness depends on the equality of the company, on the concealment of conscious superiority, on a benevolent attention to the feelings of others: but he frequented company rather for the fordid enjoyment of his own pre-eminence, than for the purpose of communicating the satisfaction he received. The madness of Swift he has imputed to his want of reading and absence of company, as the ideas were gradually effaced from the memory, which were neither recalled by conversation nor renewed by books. His own apprehensions of a similar calamity induced him perhaps to resort to company, in order to retain and increase his acquisitions; nor would he be solicitous in pleasing others, when his view was to preserve his superiority and extort their homage.

His mind, though extensive and elevated, was replete with illiberal prejudices. The superstitious notions of his mother, the arbitrary principles of Oxford, imbibed at an early period, were fortified, instead of being weakened, by his commerce with the world, and generated an aversion, which ripened with his years into hatred against all whose opinions, religious or political, were different from his own. He nourished an indiscriminate antipathy against all who departed from the Church of England; and that at a period when Christians had learned to respect their opponents, and examine their arguments with candour. When factions had ceased to embitter society, when parties could mingle in private life, and acknowledge that others were honest, though mistaken, he retained the animosities which dishonoured our councils, and distracted the nation, in the reign of Queen Anne. That "the dog was a Whig," was with him an unsurmountable objection

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to merit; nor was he willing to admit the possibility of a Whig being honest or wise. To Hume, or to Bolingbroke, he denied any more of the *lumières* than was barely sufficient to light him to hell; forgetting that the charity of the observation would prove but a poor introduction to heaven. His superstition was strangely tinged with incredulity; and he was tormented at the age of ten with the scruples of scepticism and the terrors of guilt. This situation was too painful, his fears were too urgent, to be endured any time; and having contrived to persuade himself that his soul was immortal, he formed his resolution, embraced his party, and commenced at once that zealous Christian which he always continued. Opinions inspired by terror are seldom examined with care. The terror that impelled him to religion, deterred him from enquiry. He durst not examine the foundation of his faith, and consequently could not distinguish philosophical piety from the superstitious issue of his gloomy imagination. In occurrences whose frequency rendered them probable, he was safe from the apprehensions of guilt or internal reproach, and freely indulged his incredulous disposition. But the miraculous commanded his attention, and arrested his faculties; nor would he venture to examine its evidence, lest its fallacy might renew his misery by subverting his faith. It is said, that the Cock-Lane Ghost was received with an easy implicit belief; and it is certain that he returned from the Hebrides persuaded of the truth of the second-sight, and convinced of the spuriousness of Ossian's Poems. The improbability of the former recommended itself; but the extreme probability of the latter obstructed its reception. He was ignorant of the nature of internal evidence, nor thought of comparing the Poems with the avowed productions of the translators. He might possibly have suspected them less, had they been announced as imparted by Ossian to Macpherson through the visionary medium of the second-sight.

As a Tory he was always notorious; but we are indebted to his friends for the discovery of his being a convert from the Jacobite Faction; or rather a Jacobite retaining his principles, but transferring his allegiance from the unfortunate Stuarts to royal munificence and congenial devotion. Subordination was one of his favourite topics, but he hated submission to others. It is said, that his principles were repugnant to his nature, as his pride estranged him from the great, whose authority he always defended; but his principles were perfectly conformable to the superiority he maintained, and the deference he exacted in the circles of his friends. His

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hatred

hatreds were as numerous as his opinions, and sincerer perhaps than his friendships. He hated the Whigs, the dissenters, the Scotch; and the Fellows of Cambridge, as they were not Oxonians, incurred his resentment.

Such is the portrait his friends have delineated: and whatever they suffered from the brutality of the living, has been amply avenged on the memory of the dead. Instead of the amiable philosopher discharging satisfaction to all who approached him, they tell us of an imperious pedant, cruel in his mouth, and fierce in his resentment. Instead of a friend to liberty, they unmasked the abettor of arbitrary power. For piety, they give us superstition; for judgment, dogmatical in credulity. They palliate the whole by extolling his charity; as if those whose tranquility was disturbed, whose feelings were wounded by his insults, could be consoled by the reflexion of enjoying his compassion in their misery, and participating of his bounty in the extremity of their distress. Charity to inferiors does not extenuate insolence to equals; for where is the charity that renders our companion insignificant in his own, or despicable in the opinion of others? I allow that a man may be charitable though he sports with our feelings; but he is actuated by superstition, not by compassion or principle. It is not compassion, as that would prevent his inflicting distresses which he could not with patience endure; it is not principle, as

the constancy of its operation would not permit him to injure and dispose him to relieve; but it is the terrors of superstition, the fear of offending, the desire of appeasing the Deity, that renders him charitable, for the purpose of conciliating favour and expiating guilt. Johnson's charity was accordingly as extravagant as his terrors were unreasonable. Far from encouraging industrious honesty, he converted his house into an asylum for indolence and misery, entertained the poor whom the parish should feed, and pampered the lazy whom the public should punish.

His character, on the whole, is disgusting, but not uninteresting. Authors of eminence, while they learn to suspect the professions and mistrust the adulation of their obsequious friends, will discover the necessity of observing the precepts they deliver: they will be careful not to be transmitted to posterity in colours different from those they assume with the public; for whoever pretends to advise us insinuates, that such is the method he follows himself. The public will also be wiser; nor on the strength of professions will they credit an author for the practice of virtues. Those who instruct us in the duties of life, are often the worst in performing their parts; while others, whose writings we condemn as subversive of religion, and pernicious to morals, have been lamented as amiable companions, and affectionate friends.

ERICA.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS, June 30.

THE saloon of the Episcopal Palace of Lifeux, on the King's passing through that town in his excursion from Cherbourg, was superbly decorated with triumphal arches, under each of which was a marble pedestal. The Prelate de la Ferronays, not having had sufficient time to get statues from Rouen or Paris, went into the town, selected little boys and girls from the age of ten to twelve, all remarkable for their beauty, had them dressed in white, and placed them in different attitudes on the pedestals; the King found the statues very natural, and praised the Bishop's sculptors very much. The Prelate, willing to undeceive the Sovereign, thus addressed him: "Sire! If your Majesty wishes that these statues should be animated, and that they should salute vous, a word from your royal lips will effect the miracle." The King smiled, consented to give the order, and saw with agreeable surprise that the statues bowed with the most enchanting obedience. His Majesty ordered four Louis to be given to each of the children, and gave M. de la Ferronays credit for his invention.

Malta, July 1. The Grand Master lately sent a pair of rich bracelets, set with rubies, to Madame Dufrenoi, in consideration of the brave, heroic, and truly extraordinary conduct of that lady against an Algerine corsair, which attacked the ship on board of which she was a passenger. This ship was sailing to Genoa, and having been overtaken by the barbarians, was so roughly handled by the first broadside, that she was in danger of sinking. The crew of the corsair taking advantage of the confusion, attempted to board the ship sword in hand, which was on the point of surrendering, when Madame Dufrenoi seizing the sabre of one of the wounded sailors, fought with such courage as astonished even the enemies themselves. All those within her reach were overthrown. The crew of the Genoese ship re-animated by this example, performed prodigies of valour, and after an obstinate engagement, board and board, obliged the corsair to sheer off. Madame Dufrenoi, on her arrival at this port, was received by the Marquis de St. Christopheaux, who complimented her, crowned her with laurels, and sent her portrait to the Queen of France.

Peterburgh, July 4. Orders have been issued here for continuing to the British merchants till the first of January, 1787, the principal privileges and immunities secured to them by the late treaty of commerce, the term of which expired the first of this instant July.—*Lond. Gazette.*

Göttingen, July 23. The three youngest Princes of Great Britain were entered of this University on the sixth of this month, each of them accompanied by a governor, a preceptor, and a gentleman; their Royal Highnesses are lodged in one house, and the expences of their table fixed at 600 crowns per week, including two grand institution dinners, to which the Professors and some Students are invited. Professor Meyer teaches the Princes the German language; Mr. Heyne instructs them in Latin; the Ecclesiastic Counsellor Lefs teaches them Religion; and the Counsellor Fede instructs them in Morality; these masters are rewarded by an extraordinary appointment of 1000 crowns per annum each.

Paris, July 31. The Parliament of Bourdeaux were lately summoned to Versailles for having refused to register an order of his Majesty by which he invested the Duke of Poignac with a right over those grounds (islands and islets excepted) produced by the alluvions of the Garonne and the sea. The proprietors of the lands remonstrated, that, as they were never indemnified in cases of overflowings, they thought it unjust to be deprived now and then of those little benefits arising by the waters retiring to the sea; that as the king had already the islands and islets formed by contingencies, the inhabitants on the coast of Guienne humbly solicited that such casualty might be considered as part of their property, &c. There are about 100 of them. They were admitted to an audience on Friday last, and on the 29th instant. His Majesty most graciously condescended to appoint two proper persons on the side of the Crown, and gave leave to the Senators to name two others on their side, that proper enquiries might be made into the nature of the affair in question. They were reminded at the same time, that as *nullum tempus occurrit Regi*, the monarch was sole master of whatever chance or other accidents should throw on the coast of the kingdom; and that it was an unheard-of temerity in them to threaten with capital punishments whoever should attempt to enforce his Majesty's orders for seizures of that kind. It seems that the Parliament had publicly declared, that whoever attempted to deprive the proprietors of the lands of the benefit of their alluvions should be deemed guilty of death.

The following are copies of the two speeches of the King of France to the Parliament

of Bourdeaux, at the opening and conclusion of their attendance on his Majesty at Versailles.

On their first audience the Most Christian King; addressed them thus:—

“I have caused to be laid before me, the registers and other papers which I ordered to be brought to me. I cannot but behold with surprize and discontent, that my Parliament of Bourdeaux should have meddled in affairs which are foreign to it; and that it has allowed itself the liberty to pass resolutions contradicting what I have ordered, after I had made known to them my intentions in the most solemn manner. I am going to erase from your registers, what is contrary to that respect which is due to me, and which my Parliament should not have permitted to be done. I also intend to let you know my will upon the business for which I have commanded your attendance here.”

His Majesty's Speech at the conclusion of their attendance, on the 29th ult.

“You have heard my will. I rely that my Parliament will conform exactly to what I have laid down, with that fidelity and respect which it owes me. The Domaine is one of the most inherent patrimonies of the Crown. I must watch attentively to the preservation of its rights; but I never will permit that the claims of it should go so far as to deprive lawful possessors of their properties. My Parliament knows the love I have for my subjects, and the desire I have to see justice done to them. I have permitted my Courts of Justice to make representations to me, relative to what concerns the welfare of my subjects; but I never will suffer that they should presume to forbid what I have ordained. *It does not belong to you to weigh in the scale of justice my rights and those of my subjects.* I am the sole, supreme guardian of the interests of my people; interests which cannot be separated from mine. *Your acts and resolutions can never give you a title to resist my authority.* It is from that you hold the honours, the duties of which you fill. You cannot overlook it, without weakening the portion I have confided to you.

“Return to your duty. Never lose sight of your first object, which is to distribute impartial justice to my subjects. I know that there is a considerable quantity of business retarded. In order you to take measures to accelerate its conclusion. Let your zeal for my service put an end to divisions amongst you, as it is prejudicial to that good order which it is my will to maintain. Such are my intentions. I rely that you will conform to them, and by so doing you will merit my confidence and protection. I command you all to meet at Bourdeaux on the 21st of next month.”

Coloyn, Aug. 1. Prince Charles of Mecklenburgh Slewitz has requested and obtained a dismissal from all his military appointments, but his Britannic Majesty has granted him a considerable pension, with the rank of Field

Marshal: the regiment of Hanoverian guards goes to Prince Edward, fourth son to the King of England, and the Field Marshal Van Rheden has been appointed Commandant of Hanover.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

ACCOUNTS received from Wilmington, Virginia, dated June the 7th, say, "The State of Virginia lately passed an Act to present to General Washington fifty shares in the new company established for making the rivers James and Potowmack navigable, notice of which Act was given him by a letter from the Governor of the State. The General has returned an answer, in which, after expressing his gratitude for this mark of the esteem in which his countrymen hold his exertions for their service, he absolutely refuses the proffered present. The concluding paragraph shews a noble disinterestedness:

'When,' says the General, 'I was for the first time called to the station which the United States honoured me with, during the war we maintained for our liberty, I thought it my duty to join, to the just distrust I entertained of my own abilities, the firm resolution of never accepting any pecuniary reward. I have invariably conformed to this resolution; and even should I now be tempted to break it, I do not think myself at liberty. I therefore repeat my thanks to the legislative body for their generous and favourable sentiments with regard to me; and at the same time that I entreat they will be persuaded, that I shall always preserve the most lively gratitude for this signal mark of their goodness, I make it my humble request, that they will not be displeas'd with my refusal of the emoluments offer'd me; but if the General Assembly should think proper to permit me to apply that fund to a public use, I would study to appropriate it to such objects as should appear best to answer its wise and patriotic views.'

July 22. At the Quarter-sessions for Middlesex, Mrs. Elizabeth Wade was tried for setting fire to her lodgings near Cold Bath Fields. Many respectable witnesses were examined, who proved that large quantities of gunpowder and other combustibles were found loose, in boxes, drawers, &c. in her apartment, which she had left about half an hour before, under pretence of going into the country; and one considerable explosion had actually taken place when the fire was discovered, and happily extinguished, by which the house, and the people therein, narrowly escaped from being blown up. It was also proved, that she had a short time before the

accident insured 1,500l. with the London Assurance Corporation, and that her property found on the premises was not worth 20l. so that her guilt was, after a trial of several hours, so clearly established, that the jury instantly found her guilty. The Chairman proceeded to pass sentence on her for this offence, by which the neighbourhood was in danger of being destroyed, and the London Assurance defrauded of a large sum of money, and directed that she should pay a fine of one shilling, and be imprisoned twelve months.

25. The Duke of Bedford's house at Woburn-Abbey is to be kept open for eight days, on account of his Grace's being of age. On Saturday last he completed his 21st year. Upwards of 4000 persons dined on the grounds on Sunday.

26. This evening, about nine o'clock, as Mr. Rae, surgeon, of Hanover-street, was returning from a ride by Park-lane, a kite in a boy's hand startled his horse, which threw Mr. Rae on the stones, and kicked him several times on his head; he was carried home a most mangled spectacle, where he expired about one o'clock the next morning.

The session ended at the Old Bailey, and the Recorder passed sentence on twelve capital convicts—when Samuel Burt, for forgery (in whose behalf insanity had been pleaded), was set to the bar, and the usual question asked him, "What have you to say, why the Court should not give you judgment to die according to the law?" he addressed the Court as follows:—"My Lord, I am too sensible of the crime which I have committed, and for which I justly deserve to suffer; my life I have forfeited, and wish to resign it into the hands of Him who gave it me. To give my reasons for this, would only satisfy an idle curiosity: no one can feel a more sensible heart-felt satisfaction in the hopes of shortly passing into eternity, wherein I trust I shall meet with great felicity. I have not the least desire to live; and though the jury and the Court on my trial thought proper to recommend me to mercy, if his Majesty should, in consequence thereof, grant me a respite, I here vow in the face of Heaven, that I will put an end to my own existence as soon as I can. It is death

death that I wish for, because nothing but death can extricate me from the troubles which my follies have involved me in."

When the prisoner had done speaking, the worthy Magistrate expostulated with him upon the singularity of his request; but the prisoner in a resolute, yet modest tone, declared "he still persisted in it, and that if he should *not* be ordered for execution, he would take the first opportunity of laying violent hands upon himself." He seemed exceedingly collected, and was taken to his cell, after respectfully bowing to the Court.

One received sentence of transportation for fourteen years to Africa; three for seven years to Africa; twenty-nine to parts beyond the seas; twenty to be imprisoned; ten to be whipped; and twenty-seven discharged by proclamation.

27. This morning, a little before one o'clock, a fire broke out at Messrs. Johnston and Butler's cabinet warehouse, Catherine-street, Strand, which consumed the same, burnt through into Helmet-court, and greatly damaged three or four houses.

28. This morning Mark Powell, convicted in May session of forgery on Mess. Poland and Co. and John Wilkinson for stealing two mourning rings, a silver watch, and 30 guineas, in the dwelling house of Owen Annally, were executed in the Old Bailey pursuant to their sentences.

Aug. 1. The paper money, for the issuing of which the legislature of South-Carolina passed a law at their last session, is now come into circulation. The principal merchants of Charlestown have "engaged and bound themselves to each other in the most solemn manner, on their honour, to receive it equal to gold and silver, making no distinction in payments for debts due to, or for any articles hereafter to be sold by them."

The Delegates of Massachusetts, at a meeting of Congress in April last, moved for the loan of sixty pieces of brass field artillery; which was rejected, on a division, 13 against 5; Congress at the same time recommending it to every State to be supplied with such artillery and stores, to procure them without delay.

A treaty of amity and commerce between his Prussian Majesty and the United States of America have been formally ratified by Congress.

In the treaty between the King of Prussia and the United States of America, there are some provisos which are highly worthy the attention of mankind. The contracting parties agree, that in case any Power goes to war with either, they shall continue a free commerce with the enemies of each, but shall

not act, either by commission or letter of marque, in favour of such enemies, under the penalty of being treated as pirates.

There is another clause in this new compact which does honour to humanity. It is agreed by both parties, that in case of any unforeseen rupture between them, which may hereafter produce hostilities, "No women, children, men of letters, farmers, artificers, and fishermen, who are not found in arms, and who live in unfortified cities, towns, and villages; in short, all whose vocation tends to the subsistence and general good of the human race, shall have liberty to continue their respective professions, and remain unmolested in their persons and property. But if, as it may sometimes happen in carrying on the barbarous trade of war, any houses or goods belonging to persons of the above description shall be burnt, or otherwise destroyed by the enemy, or their fields ravaged, or they should be obliged from necessity to give up any part of their property, the full value of it shall be repaid them, upon a claim being made on the State whose troops or seamen were reduced to adopt such inimical measures.

A third article, equally benevolent, obliges the contracting Powers to protect all merchant ships not employed in carrying ammunition, &c. should a war happen between them; and that nothing shall be done on either side to destroy or even interrupt the freedom of commerce.

Mr. Pleasants, merchant on James-river, Virginia, has lately given freedom to all his negroes, which consisted of several men and women, boys, wenches, and children. His stock, at a low valuation, is known to have been worth 3000l. sterling. This is a rare instance of sacrificing so much interest on the altar of humanity, and will certainly not pass without its reward. Mr. Pleasants is one of the people called Quakers.

This day, the Commissioners named by act of Parliament for reducing the national debt, began to carry the act into execution, when their broker bought 7,100 South sea Annuities, as being the cheapest stock, and they will continue to buy the same sum every day, either in the South Sea or 3 per cent Bank annuities, whichever shall be the cheapest. —Mr. Benj. Cole is appointed Broker to the Commissioners, with a salary of 400l. per annum.

The States of Holland, at their meeting of the 27th of last month, came to a resolution, that the command of the Hague should not be restored to the Stadholder. The members were, for the resolution 10; against it 9.

Bishop Watson has lately sold Mr. Luther's landed legacy to him in Suffex, for 25,000l.

to Lord Egremont. The rent of this estate was barely worth 400l. per annum.

The account of the suppression of the Christian religion in China is confirmed by letters received in Paris.

On the 26th ult. the following melancholy accident happened at Montpellier: A wooden building, employed as a temporary playhouse (the regular theatre having been burnt last year) being too much crowded, the upper boxes, unable to support the weight, fell, with part of the roof, into the pit, and instantly crushed to death five hundred people. An account of this shocking event was received, by express, at Paris the 2d instant.

5. The Duke of Saxe Gotha, uncle of his Majesty, and brother of the late Princess Dowager of Wales, who has been for several days in England, and travels as a private nobleman, does not appear publicly (on account of his advanced age) at the drawing-rooms, but pays his respects to their Majesties at Kew and Windsor.

It is said the Duke of York has purchased the estate of Lord Galway, in Yorkshire, for 100,000l.

Lord Galway has purchased Claremont, formerly the property of the Duke of Newcastle, but re-built by the late Lord Clive, and now sold by the present Lord for 25,000l.

7. Lady Glenochy lately died in Scotland, and has left her fortune in the following way: The great bulk of it she has given to Lady Maxwell, commonly called the pious Lady Maxwell. She has left 5000l. to propagate christianity in Sutherland and Breadalban—5000l. to propagate Christianity in Dorsetshire. She has left her beautiful villa, near Matlock, to Captain Scott, the methodist preacher—and to her own mother, Lady Alva, she has left only 2000l. although Lady Alva had, a year or two ago, returned her a bond, by which she had settled 200l. a-year on her mother for life. To her niece, the Countess of Sutherland, who was always in expectation of the bulk of her fortune, she has not left a shilling. She was dissatisfied with the Countess's marriage, and with Lady Alva for having countenanced it.

The obstacles which have for some time past delayed the distribution of the late archbishop Secker's charitable legacies, being at length removed by the authority of the Court of Chancery (to which the bishop of Chester, the only surviving trustee, found it necessary to apply) they have all been lately paid as follow:

To the society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, for the general uses of the society. Three per cent, consols ———— 1000

To the same society, towards the establishing a bishop or bishops in the king's dominions in America 1000

To the society for promoting christian knowledge ———— 500

To the Irish protestant working schools ———— 500

To the corporation for relieving the widows and children of the poor clergy ———— 500

To the society of the stewards of the said charity ———— 200

To Bromley College in Kent 500

To the hospitals of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Croydon, St. John at Canterbury, and St. Nicholas, Harbledown, 500l. each ———— 1500

To St. George's and the London Hospitals, and the Lying-in hospital in Brownlow-street, 500l. each 1500

To the Asylum in the parish of Lambeth ———— 400

To the Magdalen hospital, the Lock hospital, the small-pox and inoculation hospitals, to each of which his grace was a subscriber, 300l. each 900

To the incurables at St. Luke's hospital ———— 500

Towards repairing or rebuilding the houses belonging to poor livings in the diocese of Canterbury 2000

£12,000

11. Friday Lord Tankerville resigned his office of Joint Post-Master General to the King.

This day the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common Council of the city of London, waited upon his Majesty with an Address, which was read by James Adair, Esq. the Recorder.

To which Address his Majesty was pleased to return the following most gracious answer:

"I receive, with the greatest pleasure, the very affectionate expressions of your duty and attachment to me, and thank you for your congratulations upon the providential deliverance from the attack which has been lately made upon my person. These professions cannot but be acceptable to me from my loyal city of London, to whom I am always disposed to shew every mark of attention and regard."

After which his Majesty was pleased to confer the honour of Knighthood on Benjamin Hammett, Esq. one of the Aldermen of the city of London.

This Gazette also contains Addresses from Southampton, the Mayor and Corporation of Salisbury, the inhabitants of Salisbury, the boroughs of Southwark, Windsor, Hertford, and Horsham.

Extract of a Letter from Salisbury, Aug. 13.

"On Thursday last M. St. Croix ascended in a halloon from Mr. Hutchins's yard, near St. Martin's church, amidst the acclamations of a prodigious multitude of people. The balloon was of silk, large, transparent, and adorned with a pleasing variety of colours in stripes; its shape nearly that of a pear, round at the top, and verging to a point at its lower extremity. Over the whole was thrown a strong net, and some cords to which the car was appended. About two o'clock, the weather being remarkably fine, the aeronaut took his station in the car, and, after performing two or three manœuvres, consigned himself to the air. The wind blowing lightly from the west, his ascent was magnificently slow, and beautiful beyond description. He continued to ascend about three quarters of an hour longer; soon after which he began to descend, and about twenty minutes after three o'clock he alighted in perfect safety about half a mile from Romsey, and the next morning returned to this city."

15. The Parliament of Ireland is pro-rogued by proclamation in this night's Gazette, to the 19th of September.

Extract of a letter from Whitehaven, Aug. 16.

"A few minutes before two o'clock on Friday morning the shock of an earthquake was felt very sensibly in this town and neighbourhood, and the agitation, according to the most minute observations respecting it, continued from three to five seconds.—The weather, as observed immediately after the motion ceased, was close and sultry, the barometer stood at 29½ inches, and there was no wind.—Its direction is supposed to have been from the south-east, accompanied by a rumbling noise in the air: There was not sufficient light to make any other observation immediately after the shock, except that of the atmosphere being very thick and hazy. The consternation it caused in this town was very great; three people in different parts of the town, were thrown off their feet, and one of them considerably hurt, but no further damage was done.—We have accounts of the shock being felt at Workington, Cockermouth, Keswick, Abbey Holm, Wigton, Carlisle, Kendal, Lancaster, Preston, Appleby, and other places, but no damage was done. In the Isle of Man, and at Dublin, no damage whatever. The shock was also felt at Newcastle, in most parts of the north of England, and in some parts of Scotland."

18. The King was this day pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on William Hillman, Esq. Mayor of the city of Winchester; Alexander Hamilton, Esq. Sheriff of the county of Devon; and Stephen Nash, Esq. Sheriff of the city of Bristol.

This Gazette contains also congratulatory Addresses to his Majesty from the Corporation of Oxford, the town and neighbourhood of Witney, the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, the Dean, Sub-dean, Priests, Organists, and Composers, the Gentlemen, Seijeant, and Yeomen of the Royal Chapels, the University of Cambridge, the county of Middlesex, the inhabitants of the liberty of the Tower of London, the Hon. Artillery Company, the county of Surrey, the county of Devon, the High Sheriff and Grand Jury of Norfolk, the cities of Norwich, Exeter, Litchfield, and Bristol, the Society of Merchant Venturers of Bristol, the city of Winchester, the borough of Launceston, presented by the Duke of Northumberland, the town of Marlborough, and the borough of Buckingham, on his Majesty's late escape from Assassination, all of which were very graciously received.

And lastly, an account of investing his Serene Highness the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel with the habit and ensigns of the most noble order of the Garter.

20. *The following Form of Thanksgiving was read in all Churches and Chapels this day, both Morning and Evening, after the general Thanksgiving.*

"O Lord God of our salvation, in whose hands are the issues of life, and by whose Almighty power all the kingdoms of the earth are governed, we humbly prostrate ourselves before thee with all thankfulness for the providential deliverance of thy servant, our Sovereign, from the great danger to which his life was lately exposed. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, O God, thou preserver of men, for this signal instance of thy goodness to these nations. We laud and magnify thy glorious Name, that notwithstanding our manifold sins and transgressions, Thou hast not forgotten to be gracious to thy servants.

"Continue, we beseech Thee, the favour of thy countenance to thine anointed, and to us his people. Let thy Almighty hand ever be over him; let not the arm of violence approach to hurt him. Bless him in his person, and his Royal Family. Sanctify the means and instruments of all his righteous purposes; direct his counsels, and prosper his undertakings, to the establishment and promotion of thy true religion, and to the comfort of thy faithful people. Finally, let the manifestations of thy mercy and loving-kindness ever create and maintain in us sorrow for our sins, reformation of our lives, and trust in thy salvation, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

To remove fruit-stains from lace, muslin, callico, linnen, &c. soak it in water, and expose the place to the vapour of burning brimstone. The vapour will remove the blemish in less than a minute.

Oxford, Augst 19. Last Saturday, between ten and eleven in the morning, their Majesties, the Princeſs Royal, Princeſs Auguſta, and Princeſs Elizabeth, arrived at Nuneham, on a viſit to the Earl and Counteſs of Harcourt.

At Nuneham their Majesties ſpent the whole day, and took a view of the new improvements in the gardens, pleaſure-grounds, and park.

On Sunday, after attending divine ſervice at Nuneham, the King, Queen, and Princeſſes, with their attendants, ſet out for Oxford; and about half paſt one o'clock, were received at the eaſtern gate of the Schools by the Vice-Chancellor, Duke of Marlborough, the Marquis of Blandford, Heads of Houſes, Doctōrs, Profeſſors, and other officers of the Univerſity, in their proper habits, who ushered their Majesties into the Divinity School; from whence in grand proceſſion they entered the Theatre, where the King took the Chancellor's chair; the Queen and Princeſſes were ſeated on his Majesty's left hand.

Upon entering the Theatre, their Majesties were ſaluted with a voluntary on the full organ, and after a ſhort pauſe the Vice-Chancellor approached the Throne with an addreſs on his Majesty's happy deliverance "from the late alarming and horrid attempt to deprive theſe kingdoms of that invaluable life, to which we owe the inſtitutable bleſſings of protection and ſecurity, the genuine effects of a mild and equal government;" and to which his Majesty was pleaſed to return this moſt gracious answer.

"Such dutiful ſentiments, on my ſecond viſit to this feat of learning, accompanied by affectionate congratulations on the protection of Divine Providence manifeſted by the failure of the attempt on my life, call forth my warmeſt thanks.

"I am not leſs ſenſible of your expreſſions towards the Queen.

"The Univerſity of Oxford may ever depend on my inclination to encourage every branch of ſcience; as the more my ſubjects are enlightened, the more they muſt be attached to the excellent conſtitution eſtabliſhed in this realm."

From the Theatre the Royal Family went to New-College, to take a ſecond view of the Chapel, and the new window painted by Jervais; from thence to Wadham College and to Trinity, where after viewing the garden and the Chapel, their Majesties were ſhewn into the Hall. Here an elegant repaſt was upon the tables.

From Trinity College their Majesties went to Lincoln and Brazen-Noſe, and from thence to the Council Chamber of this city, where

his Majesty ſignified his Royal intention of receiving the addreſs from the city; which being read by the Town-Clerk, and delivered by the Worſhipful the Mayor, was moſt graciously received; after which the Mayor, Aldermen, &c. kiſſed the King's hand, and Richard Tawney, Eſq. ſenior Alderman, received the honor of Knighthood.

From the Council Chamber their Majesties proceeded to Chriſt Church, where they took a view of the library, and of the collection of pictures preſented to the college by the late General Guife; as likewiſe the Cathedral, the Chapter Houſe, and the Hall.

It being now half paſt ſix o'clock, their Majesties, with their attendants, returned to dinner at Nuneham.

On Monday morning their Majesties and the three elder Princeſſes, attended by the Duchefs of Ancaſter, Lord and Lady Harcourt, and others of their ſuite, honoured Blenheim with a viſit. Seven of the Duke of Marlborough's keepers, in their green uniforms, were ſtationed on Campſfield to eſcort their Majesties through Woodſtock. They proceeded through the town amidſt the joyful acclamations of the inhabitants, and a numerous aſſembly collected from the neighbouring villages.

Their entrance into the Park, through the Woodſtock gate, was announced about eleven o'clock, by the firing of cannon from the fort ſituated on the Great Lake. The magnificent ſcene which now opened at once to their view, did not fail to produce its wonted effect, it being obſerved, that the drivers were inſtantly commanded to ſlacken their pace, and proceed ſlowly to the entrance of the manſion. The Duke and Duchefs of Marlborough, with their family, awaited the arrival of the Royal Viſitors on the hall ſteps, and conducted them through the great hall, ſaloon, and ſuite of rooms on the Weſt ſide, to a ſplendid collation prepared for them in the library. From hence they proceeded to view the other apartments; and were pleaſed to expreſs uncommon ſatiſfaction at the aſſemblage of elegant magnificence which the rare collection of pictures and choice aſſortment of furniture every where exhibited. At two o'clock a variety of carriages belonging to the Duke of Marlborough being ready for their accommodation, their Majesties drove round the Park; which having ſurveyed at the moſt ſtriking points of view, they alighted near the Caſcade, where they ſpent ſome time in admiring the improvements lately made there, and moſt graciously joined in the general approbation of the Duke's judicious taſte. They returned to the houſe by the Terrace-walk, which commands a proſpect of the great

great water. His Grace's observatory, with its ample apparatus, was reserved by the Royal Visitors for the last object of their inspection. At six o'clock they took their leave of Blenheim and returned to Nuncham.

The following Copy of Verses, composed on the morning of the Royal Visit, was presented to his Majesty at Blenheim :

On their Majesties' Visit to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, at Blenheim, August 14, 1786

DREAD Sovereign, hail ! an humble Bard
His loyal gratulation pays :
Ah ! how unequal are his lays
To win a Monarch's great regard.

No CHAUCER now delights these groves
With Poesy's enchanting sound ;
Yet still disport the purple Lows,
And still the Graces hover round :
Matur'd by years, improv'd by taste,
Each lovelier scene is fairer made,
Than when BRITANNIA'S Monarchs blest
With daily smiles this rural shade.

Illustrious Sire ! ordain'd to prove
The ardour of a nation's love ;
By every royal gift endear'd,
By every rank ador'd, rever'd ;
By Guardian Angels say'd from fate,
Who mindful of BRITANNIA'S weal,
Thy sacred steps, well-pleas'd, beset,
And turn'd aside the frantic steel —
To WOODSTOCK welcome — May the day
With brightest lustre shine,
That gives our eyes their richest feast,
The sight of BRUNSWICK'S line.

At Fancy's call, Time's vista meets my sight ;
A splendid group of Kings appear,
Who shed benignant lustre here,
And sought these bowers with ever fresh delight.

AN ALFRED'S sacred name we boast,
Whose valour sav'd this sea-girt isle ;
Whose Genius bade the Muses smile,
And woo'd them to the Northern coast.
TO HENRIES, EDWARDS, hallow'd names !
The Muse recurs with reverence due ;
But more a GEORGE'S worth inflames,
And yeils their glories from her view.

O ! blest in all that can adorn
The Monarch or the Mau ;
To scatter happiness intent,
The Public good to plan :

What raptures must pervade thy breast,
When Memory aids the royal thought ;

And shews what former Kings possess,
And what thy greater bounty wrought.

In public love, in private bliss,
Unrival'd shines a GEORGE'S reign ;
And future ages envying this,
The charming scene shall paint again.
And may the Bard who tunes the lays
In distant æras, tell this isle,
That GEORGE'S long and happy days
Were cheer'd with CHARLOTTE'S heavenly smile ;

That riches flow'd from commerce spread ;
That arts were cherish'd by the throne ;
That Peace and Plenty rear'd their head,
And called a happy realm their own.

22. The Gazette of this night contains Addresses to his Majesty from the following places : University of Cambridge, County of Warwick, City of Coventry ; Boroughs of Newport, Banbury, Abingdon, St. Alban's, Devizes, Guildford, and Chipping Wycomb ; and from the Towns of Shrewsbury and Lancaster.

The following anecdote relative to the attempt on the King's life, does much honour to the humanity and presence of mind of the Spanish Charge des Affaires :—That gentleman, the moment he heard of the above villainous attempt, went post to Windsor, and immediately introduced himself to the Queen — not as a man of common sagacity would have done, in order to assure her Majesty that the King had received no injury from the knife of the assassin ; but solely with an intention to engage her in conversation, and thereby to prevent her from hearing any report at all, until the King's arrival. In this design he happily succeeded, and then took leave of their Majesties, leaving the King to tell the story himself. The King shook him very graciously by the hand, and assured him that he hardly knew a man in the world to whom he was so much obliged.

At a public meeting of the people called Quakers held on Sunday last at Wandsworth, an humble address was offered to God for the happy escape of his Majesty from the late attempt to assassinate his royal person.

27. The Dutton, General Cooté, Barwell, Belmont, Deptford, and Essex, East-India-men have arrived safe from that country during the course of this month.

PREFERMENTS, August 1786.

THE Rev. John Ekins, D. D. Dean of Sarum Cathedral, vice the Rev. Dr. Rowney Noel, dec.

The Rev. Richard Kilvert, M. A. a Prebendary of Worcester Cathedral, vice the Rev. Dr. John Young, dec.

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Miss Burney, daughter of Dr. Burney, to be Dresser to the Queen, vice Mrs. Hagadorn, who is gone to Germany.

Joseph Branc, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul at Genoa, vice John Collet, Esq. dec.

George Jennings, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul

Consul in the Islands of Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica, vice George Morden, Esq. dec.

Earl of Dartmouth, to be High Steward of the University of Oxford, vice Lord Legh, dec.

Aug. 8. The dignities of a Baron and Earl of the kingdom of Great-Britain to his Grace John Murray, Duke of Athol, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Baron Murray, of Stanley, in the county of Gloucester, and Earl Strange.

The dignity of a Viscount of Great-Britain to the Right Hon. James Earl of Abercorn, and his heirs male, by the name, style, and title of Viscount Hamilton, of Hamilton in the county of Lincelster; with remainder to John James Hamilton, Esq. son of the Hon. James Hamilton, deceased, late brother to the said James Earl of Abercorn, and his heirs male.

The dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to his Grace George Montagu, Duke of Montagu, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, by the name, style, and title of Baron Montagu, of Boughton in the county of Northampton; with remainder to Lord Henry James Montagu, second son of his Grace Henry Duke of Buccleugh, Knight of the Most Ancient Order of the Thistle, and of Elizabeth Duchess of Buccleugh his wife, daughter of the said George Duke of Montagu, and his heirs male; and with remainder to the third and other after-born sons of the said Duchess successively in tail male.

The dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to his Grace Wm. Douglas, Duke of Queensbury, Knight of the Most Ancient Order of the Thistle, and his heirs male, by the name, style, and title of Lord Douglas, Baron Douglas, of Ambsbury in the county of Wilts.

The dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to the Right Hon. George de la Poer, Earl of Tyrone, of the kingdom of Ireland, Knight of the Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, and his heirs male, by the name, style, and title of Baron Tyrone, of Haverfordwest in the county of Pembroke.

The dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to the Right Hon. Richard Boyle, Earl of Shannon, of the kingdom of Ireland, Knight of the Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, and his heirs male, by the name, style, and title of Baron Carleton, of Carleton in the county of York.

The dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to the Right Hon. John Hussey, Baron Delaval, of the kingdom of Ireland, and his heirs male, by the name, style, and title of Lord Delaval, Baron of Delaval, in Northumberland.

Also to grant the like dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to the several gentlemen following and their heirs male, by the names, styles, and titles under-mentioned.

The Right Hon. Charles Jenkinson, Lord Hawkebury, Baron of Hawkebury, in the county of Gloucester.

Sir Harbord Harbord, Bart. Lord Suffield, Baron of Suffield, in the county of Norfolk: And

Sir Guy Carleton, K. B. Lord Dorchester, Baron of Dorchester, in the county of Oxford.

B. Burton, Esq. to the Chief Justiceship of Antigua, in the room of Mr. Jarvis, dec.

Thomas Fauquier, Esq. one of the Gentlemen Others Daily Writers to her Majesty, vice William Allen, Esq. dec.

40th Regiment of Foot. Major-General George Osborn to be Colonel, vice Sir Robert Hamilton, dec.

3d (Highland) Regiment. Major-General William Medows, Colonel, vice Sir George Osborn.

Joseph Smith, Esq. Secretary to the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, Comptroller of the Mint, in the room of John Buller, Esq. dec.

The Rev. Charles Moss, M. A. Prebendary of that Cathedral, in the room of his Father, the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

The Rev. Dr. Cooper, of Kirby-Overblow, to be Archdeacon of Yorkshire.

A. Ferguson, Esq. to be Collector-General of the Post Duties in the West-India Islands, Jamaica excepted.

Mr. Palmer, of Bath, Surveyor and Comptroller General of the Post-Office, with a Salary of fifteen hundred pounds a-year, and a per centage upon the future increase of the Post-Office revenue.

Henry Calverley Cotton, Esq. to the Office of Receiver General for the county of Chester, vice Thomas Mills, Esq.

Mr Godfrey Green to be Receiver-General of the Stamp Duties in Ireland, worth near 1200l. a-year, in the room of Lord Naas, who resigned.

BIRTHS, JUNE—AUGUST, 1786.

JUNE 8.

THE Hereditary Prince of Baden Dourlach, of a Prince, since christened Charles Frederick Louis.

The reigning Duchess of Saxe Weimar of a Princess, who was baptised and named Caroline Louise.

17. The lady of the hon. and rev. Jacob Martham, of a son.

Inter 17 et 18. The Infanta Donna Mari-

ana of Portugal, (married last year to the Infant Don Gabriel) of a Prince, since christened Peter Charles Anthony Raphael Joseph January Francis John Nepomucene Thomas Mark Marcelino Vincent Raymond. Names Peter of Alcantara Ferdinand.

The lady of Sir James Lake, Bart. of a son. The lady of Richard Mathew, Esq. M. P. for Cirencester, of a son.

Aug. The Countess of Sutherland of a son.

MARRIAGES, JULY and AUGUST 1786.

MXIMENES, of Bear-Place, Berks, Esq; to Miss Serra, only daughter and heiress of the late P. Serra, Esq.

Capt. Allen Cooper, Commander of the East-India ship Atlas, to Miss Susannah Maria Mordaunt, of their Majesties household.

Lord Fairford, to Miss Sondes, niece of Lord Sondes.

The Rev. Edward Bowles, of Bristol, to Miss Jane Middleton, of Bampton in Oxfordshire.

Col. Trelawney, of the Coldstream regiment of foot-guards, to Miss Hawkins, of Portland-place.

Andrew Barkley, Esq; a Captain in the Royal Navy, to Miss Willis, of Dover-street.

John Bradney, Esq; of Streatham, to Miss Wathen, of Clapham.

The Rev. Henry Holyoake, of Bedford Grainge, to Miss Willes, eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Willis, rector of Whichford and Cherington, in Warwickshire.

Beclton Long, Esq; of Bishopsgate-street, to Miss Neave, of New-Broad-street.

The Rev. Mr. King, of Whitechampton, to Miss Nicholls, of Dorchester.

At Dublin, the Right Hon. John Fitzgibbon, his Majesty's Attorney-general for Ireland, to Miss Whalley, daughter to the late Chappel Whalley, Esq.

Capt. Leo, of the Royal Volunteers, to Miss Letitia Davies, of Llanwich, in Denbighshire.

Drummond Smith, Esq; to Miss Cunliff, daughter of the late Sir Elias Cunliff, Bart.

Capt. Walker, in the East-India Company's service, to Miss Ludlow, daughter of Dr. Ludlow, of Bristol.

Dr. Blane, physician to St. Thomas's hospital, to Miss Gardner, of Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

The Rev. Mr. Watson, one of the Prebends of Lincoln Cathedral, to Miss Lawson, of Lancaster.

The Rev. James Heap, rector of Cottingham, in Northamptonshire, to Miss Alaulon, niece of the late Dr. Barker, Principal of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford.

The Rev. Dr. Evans, of Harley-street, to Miss Howard, daughter of the late Gerrard Howard, Esq.

Edward Thurlow, Esq; of Rolfeby, near Yarmouth, nephew of the present Lord Chancellor, to Miss Thompson, of Yarmouth.

Mr. William Cross, distiller, of Bristol, to Miss Fewtrell, of Worcester.

At Calcutta, the Hon. Capt. Monson, brother to the Right Hon. Lord Monson, to Miss Debonnaire.

Richard Corrie, Esq; of Hertford, to

Mrs. Jenkins, relict of the late Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D.

The Rev. James Cullum, brother to Sir Thomas Grey Cullum, Bart. to Miss Anne Blagrove, daughter of ——— Blagrove, Esq; of Calcot, Berks.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, of Crux-Easton, Hants, to Mrs. Baskett, of Donnington, Berks.

Capt. Thomas Wakefield, in the East-India Company's service, to Miss Susannah Vade, of Croydon.

Captain John Hamilton, of his Majesty's Navy, to Miss Keeble, daughter of John Keeble, Esq; of Conduit-street.

J. Bidlake Herring, Esq; of Langston, Devon, to Mrs. Davie, of Penhall, Cornwall.

William Fielding, Esq; Captain of Marines, to the Hon. Mrs. Napier, relict of the late Hon. Colonel Napier.

John Lyons, of Teignmouth, Esq; to Mrs. Furdson, only daughter of the late James Furdson, of Furdson House, near Crediton, Esq.

Allen Chatfield, Esq; of Croydon, to Miss Coggan, daughter of Charles Thomas Coggan, Esq; of the East-India House.

Matthew Beachcroft, Esq; eldest son of Samuel Beachcroft, Esq; to Miss Webber, niece to Brook Watson, Esq; Member for London.

In America, G. Jeffreys, Esq; to Mrs. Hayley, relict of George Hayley, Esq; late Member and Alderman of London, and sister to John Wilkes, Esq.

William Champion Crespigni, Esq; of Camberwell, to the Right Hon. Lady Sarah Windfor.

Christopher Baldwin, Esq; of Frithom, to Miss Pyott, of Winchester.

The Rev. Mr. Proffer, of Monmouth, to Mrs. Caslon, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Caslon, bookseller, London.

At Ivar, near Uxbridge, Augustus Browne, Esq; to Miss Chetwood.

Thomas Powell, Esq; of St. Martin's in the Fields, to Miss Clarissa Maddan, daughter of James Maddan, Esq; of Fulham.

The Rev. Joseph Atkinson, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to Miss Tucker, of Shafton.

Thomas Tournay, Esq; of Hithe, in Kent, to Miss Foster, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Foster, rector of Elton in Huntingdonshire.

At Portsea, Samuel Twysford, of Heath-house, Esq; to Miss Callaway, of Stamp-

William Bamford, of Bamford, Esq; to Miss Blackburne, sister to John Blackburne, Esq; Member for Lancashire.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, JULY and AUG. 1786.

MAY 1.

AT Passage Fort, Jamaica, Dr. Thomas Burslem, brother of the Rev. Mr. Burslem, late of St. John's College, Cambridge.

6. At Kingston, Jamaica, Sir John Taylor, Bart. F. R. S. of Hill-street, Berkley-square.

JUNE 1.

At Ipswich, the Rev. John Oliver, Rector of Tuddenham, and Icklingham St. James.

19. At Lanerk, Mr. Robert Thompson, Rector of the grammar-school of that burgh.

At Wanstead, Essex, Jeremiah Royds, Esq. At Savannah, in South-Carolina, Nathaniel Greene, Esq; late Major-general of the United States.

21. At Konigsburgh, in Prussia, Mr. Joseph Green, an eminent English merchant.

24. Adam Drummond, Esq; of Mygins, in Northumberland, and Member for Shaftesbury.

Miss Charlotte Harrison, Daughter of Benjamin Harrison, Esq; Treasurer of Guy's Hospital.

Lately at Harrowden, in Northamptonshire Lady Milbank.

Lately at Park, near Air, William Logan, Esq; late of Camlary.

26. Mr. Charles Picher of Harmandsworth, formerly of Eltham, in Kent.

Mr. Richard Favil, of York. Surgeon.

William Lushington, Esq; late a Lieutenant Colonel of Dragoons.

La el., at White, in Suffex, the Rev. George Beard, Rector of Poynings, in the 78th year of his age.

27. Mr. Bar n., of Cambridge. He has left 200 l. to Addenbrooke's Hospital.

Peter Consett, Esq; of Brauwth, Justice of Peace for the North Riding of Yorkshire.

Lately, Daniel Eyre, Esq; of Farnham Surrey.

Lately, at Buckland, in Gloucestershire, Mr. Richard Bayzand.

29. Captain John ~~Stewart~~ of the Royal Navy.

At Mile-End, in the 85th Year of his Age, Capt. Henry Kent, formerly a Commander in the East-India Company's service.

Miss Elizabeth Freeman, daughter of John Freeman, Esq. of Chute Lodge, Wilts.

Mr. Grove Harruld, late Surgeon in Coventry.

John Tristram, Esq; of Moor-Hall.

Mrs. Judith Corbet, sister of Andrew Corbet, Esq.

At Ashley Park, near Walton upon Thames, Mrs. Elizabeth Stevenson, aged 77, the last surviving sister of the late Col. Stevenson.

At Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire, in the 109th year of her age, Mrs. Gwenllian Thomas, relict of the Rev. Evan Thomas, of Park, in Monmouthshire.

At Ottery, in Devonshire, in her 120th year, Mrs. Heath, a lady whose faculties, as well as virtues, accompanied her to the last moment. Her retentive memory was the surprize of her friends, perfectly well remembering the landing of King William at Forbay, in the year 1688.

30. At Sheernefs, Mr. D. Taffel, aged 75, many years Master Houfe-carpenter of that dock-yard.

Mr. Wottenhall at Windsor Palace.

At Cobham, in Surry, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter.

Lately in Ireland, William Joseph Hall Stevenson, Esq; of Skelton Castle in Cleveland, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, author of *Crazy Tales, &c.* *We should be glad of some account of this gentleman.*

JULY 1.

At Edinburgh, the once celebrated Mrs. Baddeley, of Drury-Lane Theatre. She was daughter of Mr. Valentine Snow; and, after her marriage with Mr. Baddeley, appeared on the Stage at Drury-Lane, 27th Sept. 1764, in the character of Ophelia. Her beauty, imprudence, and excellent performance of several characters, will long be remembered by those who had the opportunity of seeing her. She was 42 years old, and had, for the last year of her life, been supported by charity.

Henry Smithman, Esq; in Cannon-street. He was the author of some papers in the Philosophical Transactions.

At Hadleigh, in Middlesex, the Rev. Mr. Burrows, Rector of St. Clement Danes.

Lately at Petersburgh, of an apoplexy, the Count Galizin, Marshall of that Court.

2. Mrs. Farnerville, at Richmond.

Lately, in London, in the 109th year of her age, Mrs. Smith, mother of Mr. Smith, formerly a Day-maker in Hereford.

3. At Ilington, Mrs. Galbraith, wife of Mr. Galbraith.

Mrs. Jackson, wife of John Jackson, Esq; of Old Burlington Street.

At Hackney, Miss Sinnifield.

At Lainston, near Winchester, the Rev. Robert Bathurst.

At Salisbury, the Rev. Rowney Noel, D.D. Dean of that Cathedral.

At Amsterdam, aged 84, the Rev. George de Chauffepie, who published, in 1750 and 1756, four volumes, folio, of a Supplement to Bayle.

4. Dr. William Rose, many years Master of an Academy at Chiswick. He, in 1751, published a translation of Sallust.

Lady Elizabeth Villiers. She was daughter and sole heir to the Right Hon. John Villiers Lord Viscount Purbeck, who succeeded to the titles of Earl of Buckingham, Viscount Villiers, Baron of Whaddon, on the death of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, in 1687. King William, in 1699, exemplified these titles under the great-seal of England. His Lordship died August 10, 1723, leaving this Lady his only daughter, by whose death the family of Villiers of the Buckingham line is become extinct.

5. Mr. Paul Pinard, late a Goldsmith in New-street, Covent-garden.

At Penhurst in Kent, the Rev. Sir Richard Rycroft, Bart. Rector of that place.

6. Mr.

Mr. Moulton Messiter, Attorney at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, and Under-Sheriff of the county.

6. Mr Chirm, Under-water-bailiff of London.

Dr. Horne, Rector of Wanstead, in Essex. At Clapton, aged 70, Mr. James L. grew. Mrs. Claxton, of Peckham, relict of Browne Claxton, Esq.

Mr. John Browrell, a Lieutenant in the Navy. He greatly distinguished himself on board the Serapis, in the memorable action with Paul Jones, off Scarborough.

Lately, in France, in his way from Italy to England, the Earl of Northington, Baron Henley, and one of the Tellers of the Exchequer, Master of the Hanaper, and one of the Knights of the Ancient Order of the Thistle. His Lordship dying a bachelor, and being the only son of the late Earl, the titles are now extinct. His Lordship succeeded the present Marquis of Buckingham as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1783, and was himself succeeded by the present Duke of Rutland, in 1784. His father was created Lord Henley, in 1760, and Earl of Northington in 1764.

7. Henry Hepburn, Esq; Collector of the Customs at Preston Pans.

Richard Wainwright, Esq; at Upper-Hornerston.

Lately, at Edinfor, near Chatsworth, the Rev. Mr. Wood, Chaplain to the Duke of Devonshire, and formerly Vicar of Chesterfield. To this gentleman Mr. Mason addressed one of his El gies.

Lately at Kingdown, the Rev. and Hon. John Calver Butler.

8. At Burwash, in Suffex, Henry Crutenden, Esq.

Mrs. Clarke, in Hoxton Square.

Lately, Mr. Richard Salmonfall, aged upwards of 90; many years surgeon and apothecary at Pontefract.

Lately, Thomas Maulcy, Esq. of Beadshall, near Brentwood in Essex.

10. Mr. Parker, goldsmith in St. Paul's Church-yard.

At Halstead in Essex, the Rev. Samuel Disney, vicar of that place.

At Acomb near York, the Rev. William Cooper, D. D. Archdeacon of York, Prebendary of Southwell, Rector of Kirby Whiske, Vicar of Mansfield, and Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies.

At Ponsobry Hall, Mrs. Stanley, the wife of George Edward Stanley, Esq. and sister to Sir Michael Fleming.

The Rev. Edmund Poppel, of Hull, late of Trinity College, Cambridge.

At Chiswick, Ruffel Bourne, Esq.

11. Jasper Morris, Esq. in Bladud's Buildings, Bath, aged 85.

William Denne, Esq. Banker in the Strand. The Rev. Robert Tilyard, M. A. of Casus College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Hemsby near Yarmouth.

Timothy Forbes, Esq. of York.

12. John Mount, Esq. of Tower-hill.

— Dwyer, Esq. of A Dover

Rowland Holt, Esq. formerly representative for the county of Nortolk.

13. Thomas Pickering, Esq. an eminent conveyancer of Lincoln's-Inn.

At FURNHAM-GREEN, Mrs. Hallhouse.

14. Joseph Gulliton, Esq. whose collections of books and prints have lately been dispersed.

Mrs. Crane, relict of the late Mr. Stafford Crane, surgeon.

Mrs. Wilson, wife of Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Ely-place, Holborn.

Henry Laicelles, Esq. of Wimpole-street.

15. At Chalkleton-hill, Oxfordshire, Mr. John Davis, farmer.

At Smalley in Derbyshire, Elizabeth Hickton, aged 107 years.

Lately, Mr. James Currie, of Cannon-street, merchant.

16. Mr. Edmund Smith, aged 78, clerk of the Chancery Office in the Bank upwards of 58 years.

17. The Rev. Mr. Walker, Curate of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

Mr. Bailey, of Market Harborough, attorney, and clerk of the peace for the county of Rutland.

Wilhelina Lady Glenorchy, widow of John Lord Glenorchy.

Mrs. Whiff, aged 81, relict of the late Richard Whiff, Esq. of Cambridge.

Lately, at Ramsgate, Ezekiel Salmon Beveridge.

18. The Rev. Thomas Nixon, Rector of Old Dalby, in the county of Leicesters, and Vicar of Hucknall, in the county of Nottingham.

19. The Rev. Thomas Meyler, Rector of St. Peter's, Marlborough, and Vicar of Pledshure.

Mr. Johnson, late an assayer and jeweller in Maiden-lane, ~~Wool~~ street.

At Hutton-hall, near Penrith, aged 63, Sir Lionel Wright Vane Fletcher, Barr.

Lately, Henry Ashton, Esq; of Bryan-hall, near Ormskirk.

20. At Putney Common, Lord Grantham. His Lordship was born at Vienna in 1738, and married August 1780, Lady Mary Grey, daughter of Lord Hardwicke.

At Ramsgate, Sir George Nares, Knt one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. He was born in the year 1716, at Stanwell, in Middlesex, but the family removed afterwards to Albury in Oxfordshire. He was educated at the school of Magdalen College, in Oxford, and afterwards at the New College, in the same University. In 1737, he became a member of the Inner-Temple, and a student of the law; and in 1741, was called to the bar. In 1751, he married Mary the third daughter of Sir John Strange, Knight, then Master of the Rolls. In February 1759, he was called to the degree of Serjeant at Law.

Law, and at the same time went out King's Serjeant. At the general election, in 1768, he was elected Member for Oxford, and in the same year chosen Recorder of the same city. In January 1771, he was appointed one of the Judges of the Common Pleas, in the room of Mr. Justice Bathurst, and received the honour of Knighthood.

At Croydon, Mr. John Strettel, an eminent merchant.

21. Mr. Charles Bathurst, bookseller in Fleet-street, aged 77.

In New-Compton-street, Soho, Mr. Bell, Attorney at Law.

Mr. Philips, formerly a Tobaccoist the corner of Warwick-lane, Newgate-street.

At Sheerness, Mr. John Collingwood, many years one of the Chief Clerks of Sheerness Yard.

The Rev. Mr. Peter Kingdon, Rector of Chapel St. Mary, Suffolk.

22. Lately, at Milnrow, near Rochdale, Mr. Collier, well known by the name of Tim. Bobbin, from being the author of that truly original publication, "The Lancashire Dialect."

23. Miss Caroline Bayly, daughter of the late Sir Nicholas Bayly, Bart. and sister to the Earl of Uxbridge.

24. Mr. Thomas Whitaker, of Bridewell Hospital.

Dr. John Gordon Caulet, physician of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

25. Mrs. Campbell, of King's street, St. James's.

At Devizes, in the 78th year of his age, the Rev. Mr. Jaques.

26. A. Windsor, John Buller, Esq. M. P. for East Loos, one of the Lords of the Treasury, and Comptroller of the Mint.

Claude Bolanquet, Esq.

Mr. John Cole, late Tobaccoist in Redcross-street.

At Pinxter, aged 90, ——— Day, Esq. proprietor of a very extensive estate in Clerkenwell.

27. The Rev. John Chapman, Archdeacon of Bath and Wells, Rector of the three Parishes, Bath, and of Norton, Vicar of Lyncomb and Woodcomb, in his 77th year.

Mr. James Turner, of Prince's street, Spitalfields.

Daniel Buffington, Esq; late Paymaster and Storekeeper of Senegambia, and an Officer of the Stafford Militia.

Capt. Samuel Rogers, of the Osterly East-Indiaman, lately arrived.

Sir John Williams, Knt. in the 70th year of his age, many years surveyor of his Majesty's Navy.

28. At Kentish Town, in the 100th year of his age, Mr. Joseph Mitchell, formerly a Cornfactor in Mark-lane.

29. Mr. Appleby, the oldest man belonging to his Majesty's Yeomen of the Guards.

Mr. Swinerton, who formerly kept the Crown and Rolls Tavern, Chaucery-lane.

Mr. Littlefoot, many years McFleeger of the Exchequer-office.

Mrs. Fielde, wife of Mr. Fielde, Oilman in Holborn.

Lately, in his passage from the Continent, William Richard Rumbold, Esq; of the First Regiment of Guards.

30. Mr. Holdfworth, Diamond-jeweller in Jermyn-street.

John Hookham, Esq; of Beddington, Surrey, aged 76.

Patientius Warde, Esq; of Hooton Pagnell, in the West-riding of the county of York.

31. Mr. George Cooper, of the Accountant's-office, East-India House.

Lately, at Kensington, Mrs. Hastings, aunt to Warren Hastings, Esq.

AUGUST 1.

Mrs. Reynolds, wife of Mr. Stephen Reynolds, timber-merchant of Broken-wharf.

Miss Isabella Hawke, youngest daughter of Lord Hawke.

2. Mr. Vincent, brewer at Hampstead.

3. At Blackheath, Mrs. Elizabeth Tapscott.

5. Mr. James Paul Atkinson, Attorney at Law, of Margaret street, Westminster.

John Charles Price, of the Ham, in the County of Berks, Esq.

At his brother-in-law's, Earl Winterton, in Shillingla-park, Mr. John Armstrong, son of Mr. Armstrong, of Godalming, Surrey.

6. At Beckenham, Mrs. Bridgman, in the 96th year of her age. She was the last pensioner on Queen Caroline's List.

7. Mrs. Cullen, wife of Dr. William Cullen.

Mr. William Dick, Writer of the Signet, Edinburgh.

Colonel Grainger Muir, one of the oldest Officers in the service of the East India Company.

8. Mr. Browne, Printer, Sherborne-lane,

9. At Romley, Mr. Joseph Turner, sen. in the 93d year of his age.

Lately, at Margate, Richard Russell, Esq. formerly Proprietor of the Glass-house in Well-street, Well-close-square.

10. Sir Robert Hamilton, Colonel of the 4th Regiment.

Mr. John Akerman, senior Lay-vicar of Exeter Cathedral, where he had been a member 77 years, at the age of 86.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. Hardy, Master of the Free-Grammar School at Sutton Valence, near Maidstone, Kent.

11. Mrs. Thornton, wife of Mr. Thornton, Bookseller in Southampton-street.

At Eton, James Mauby, Esq; one of the Clerks in the Secretary of States Office.

The Rev. Thomas Treacher, at Begbroke, near Woodstock.

At her seat in Shropshire, the Right Hon. Lady Kilmoney.

Mr. Haynes, Master of the One Tun Ale-house, the corner of Field-lane.

At Hull, in the 86th year of his age, William Sherman, Esq; late Ordnance Store-keeper at that place.

Mrs. Owen, wife of Mr. Owen Bookfeller, Fleetstreet.

12. At Oxford, Swithin Adee, M. D. Fellow of the College of Physicians in London.

Elizabeth, the wife of Captain Thomas Baillie, late Lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital.

At Edinburgh, Dr. Gilbert Stuart, author of the "Life of Queen Mary," and other learned works. Several original pieces by this gentleman are in the early numbers of this Magazine; and in that of February 1782, some anecdotes of him from materials furnished by himself.

The Rev. Stephen Prytherch, M. A. Vicar of Leighton and Wenlock, in Shropshire, of an apoplectic fit.

Lately, at Brighthelmstone, Mr. Tho. Taylor, formerly a brewer near Swallow-street.

13. Mr. John Rawlinson, Attorney at Law, in Bream's Buildings, Chancery-lane.

Charles Dundas, Esq; second son of William Dundas, Esq; of Airth.

14. At Woodford in Suffex, the Rev Dr. Sibthorp.

Mr. Newton, formerly a laceman in Lombard-street.

At Shadwell, Captain Girfield.

Lately, at Allolas, in the county of Clare, in Ireland, Paul O'Brian, aged 107 years and five months. This patriarch of the western peasantry, as he might be called, exercised the trade of a cooper, in which employment he rambled all over the country till within a few days of his death.

15. Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq; formerly Clerk of the House of Commons, and one of the Governors of the British Museum.

Literature has not sustained a greater loss a long time, than by the death of this gentleman. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A. 5th July 1756. In 1759, he published, in 4to. Translations of Pope's Messiah, Philips's Splendid Shilling, and the 8th Isthmian Ode of Pindar. In 1766, Observations and Conjectures on some Passages of Shakspeare, 8vo. In 1775, The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, in 4 volumes 8vo. In 1776, Dissertatio de Babrio; or, A Dissertation concerning Babrius, the writer of certain Fables we have under the name of Æsop. 8vo. In 1777, Poems of Thomas Rowley, alias Chatterton, 8vo. In 1778, The Glossary to Chaucer, 8vo. And in 1782, A Vindication of the Appendix to the Poems called Rowley's, in Reply to Dean Milles, Jacob Bryant, &c. 8vo. He also, in 1782, published Dr. Musgrave's Two Dissertations on the Grecian Mythology, and Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology, 8vo.

Lady Hopoun, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hoptoun.

17. Mr. James Bucket, Master of the Sugar Loaf, Garlick Hill.

18. Rumphey Penrose, LL. B. Rector of Ewen's in Bristol, Chaplain to the Earl of Northesk, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

Lately, at Wasperton, in Warwickshire, Mrs. Blake, wife of the Rev. J. Blake, Rector of that parish; and, a few days afterwards, Mr. Blake himself.

19. Mr. Charles Shelborne, Engraver, of Gutter Lane.

21. At Brompton, ——— Webster, Esq.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, FOR AUGUST.

POETICAL.

THE Siege of Cuzola. Com. Op. 8vo. Cadell. 1s. 6d.

The Disbanded Officer; or, The Baronefs of Bruchfal. Com. 8vo. Cadell. 1s. 6d.

A Description of the various Scenes of the Summer Season. A Poem. 8vo. Dilly. 1s. 6d.

I'll Tell You What. Com. By Mrs. Inchald. 8vo. Robinson. 1s. 6d.

The Widow's Vow. Farce. By Mrs. Inchald. 8vo. Robinson. 1s.

Maria: An Elegiac Poem. By J. M. Good. 4to. Dilly. 2s. 6d.

Seeing Is Believing: A Dramatic Proverb. 8vo. Lowndes. 1s.

Collection of Songs. By Captain Morris. 4to. Ridgeway. 2s.

An Ode to Superstition, and some other Poems. 4to. Cadell. 1s. 6d.

The Triumph of Benevolence, occasioned by the national design of erecting a Monument to John Howard, Esq. 4to. Nichols. 1s.

MISCELLANIES.

History and Antiquities of Barnwell Abbey and Sturbidge Fair. 4to. Nichols. 6s.

A Fragment on Shakspeare, By Martin Sherlock, 8vo. Robinson. 1s.

Kearsey's Tables of Trade. 8vo. Kearsey.

A concise Account of some Natural Curiosities in the Environs of Malham, in Craven, Yorkshire. By Thomas Hurdley. 8vo. Walter.

Thoughts on the Construction and Management of Prisons, with immediate Reference to the intended House of Correction in Middlesex. 8vo. Gardng. 6d.

The Servant's Friend: An exemplary Tale. Designed for Sunday and Charity Schools. By Mrs. Trimmer. 12mo. Longman. 9d. or 8s per. dozen.

The Life of George Robert Fitzgerald. 12mo. Ridgeway. 2s. 6d.

A short and easy Introduction to English Grammar, for the Use of Miss Davies's Boarding-School. 12mo. Buckland. 1s.

Vood's Antiquities of Oxford translated. By J. Gutch, M. A. Printed for the Editor. 4to. 1l. 6s.

Lucubrations of Peter of Pontefract. 12mo. Dodley. 3s.

The Miscellaneous Companions. By William Matthews. 3 vol. 12mo. Dilly. 9s.

Historical Law Tracts. By Sir John Davies; with the Author's Life. 8vo. Stockdale. 6s.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

H A Y - M A R K E T.

- June 28 **S**UICIDE—Agreeable Surprize
 29 Fatal Curiosity—Son-in-law
 30 Spanish Barber—Widow's Vow
 July 1 I'll Tell You What—Fitch of Bacon
 3 Jealous Wife—Here, There, and Every Where
 4 Chapter of Accidents—Peeping Tom
 5 Summer Amusements—Here, There, and Every Where
 6 Son-in-law—Agreeable Surprize
 7 Beggar's Opera—Widow's Vow
 8 Manager in Distress—Son-in-law—Mogul Tale [Where
 10 Beggar's Opera—Here, There, and Every
 11 I'll Tell You What—Gretna Green
 12 Two to One—Widow's Vow
 13 Conscious Lovers—Peeping Tom
 14 Othello—Beggar on Horseback
 15 English Merchant—Mogul Tale
 17 Love in a Village—Here, There, and Every Where
 28 Young Quaker—Comus
 29 Provoked Husband—Quaker
 20 Beggar's Opera—Mogul Tale
 21 King Henry IV.—Gretna Green
 22 Provoked Husband—The same
 24 Disbanded Officer—Quaker
 25 Devil in the Wine Cellar—I'll Tell You What—Minor
 26 Disbanded Officer—Gretna Green
 27 Same—Guardian
 28 English Merchant—Irish Widow
 29 Disbanded Officer—Comus
 31. Same—Here and there and Every where
 Aug. 1 Same—Comus
 2 I'll Tell You What—Gretna Green
 3 Two to One—Romp
 4 Lawyer's Panic—Chapter of Accidents—Beggar on Horseback
 5 Disbanded Officer—Agreeable Surprize
 7 Same—Romp
 8 Same—Widow's Vow
 9 Provoked Husband—Peeping Tom
 10 Spanish Barber—Rosina
 11 I'll Tell You What—Sop-in-law
 12 Siege of Curzola—Nature will Prevail
 14 Same—Seeing is Believing
 15 Turk and No Turk—Mogul Tale
 16 Siege of Curzola—Romp
 17 Heiress—Beggar on Horseback
 18 Spanish Barber—Son-in-law
 19 Siege of Curzola—Widow's Vow
 21 Same—Peeping Tom [ments—Minor
 22 Seeing is Believing—Summer Amuse-
 23 Siege of Curzola—Beggar on Horseback
 24 Chapter of Accidents—Agreeable Surprize

BANKRUPTS, August 1786.

WILLIAM Potter, of Morpeth, Northumberland, grocer and cheesemonger. Stephen Featherstone, of Easingwold, Yorkshire, butter factor. William Taylor, of Mint-street, in Southwark, Surry, dealer in spirituous liquors. Robert Stainton, late of Ilkworth, Middlesex, higgler. John Milne the elder, and John Milne the younger, of Staley Wood, Chelster, woollen clothiers. Stephen Wainor, of Overton, Southampton, innholder. Mewick Meredith, of the parish of Kingston, Hereford, wool-stapler. John Scoble, the younger, of Buxham Quay, Devonshire, shipwright. Daniel Cravley, of Wollaston, Gloucestershire, baker. Thomas Orford, late of Liverpool, Lancashire, pot-feller. James Kay, of Bury, Lancashire, upholsterer. George Hartoad, of Twickenham, Middlesex, coach-maker. William Hinton, of Sweetings alley, near the Royal Exchange, printfeller. John Francis, of Chitwell-street, Moorfields, hofier. John Wilkinson, of Easingwold in the county of York, linen-dra- per. John Alford, late of Leominster, in the county of Hereford, carrier. James Clark, of Sherston, Wilts, dealer in bacon and cheese. George Syder, of St. Michael's-al-

ley, merchant. Richard Walford, late of Cheveila, Cornwall, but now of Moor-street, St. Ann's, Soho, money-lender. Andrew Durno, late of Thomas-street, in the Borough of Southwark. John Lankhear, of Witney, Oxfordshire, blanket-weaver. James Brown, late of the city of Bristol, vic-tualler. William Falkner, of Claverley, Salop, paper-maker. Stephen Neate, of Mail-borough, grocer. George Barnes, of South-ampton, shopkeeper. Thomas Bradbury, of Wore, Salop, mercer. Joseph Gibson, of Newcastle under Lyme, money-lender. George Blaker, of Slo n-square, linen-dra- per. Samuel Wyatt, of New Sarum, mercer. Robert Holme, of Liverpool, merchant. William Green, of Northwich, ironmonger and grocer. Thomas Threlkett the youn- ger, of Upper Thames-street, basket-maker. John P. Sman, of Leadenhall street, shop- fel- ler. Carlile Poll ck and William Urquhart, late of New York, but now of London, mer- chants. Peter Contencin, of Basinghall-street, tea dealer. William Maul, of the parish of All-saints, Worcester, innkeeper. Richard Hope, of Carnaby-street, Westminster, baker.



T H E European Magazine,

A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

CONTAINING THE
LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE;
By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON;
For S E P T E M B E R, 1786.

[Embellished with, 1. A Striking Likeness, engraved by HOLLOWAY, of the late JONAS HANWAY, Esq. 2. and 3. Portraits, from original Paintings, of the MAN of ROSS and JOHN LELAND the Antiquary. 4. A VIEW of CHELTENHAM WELLS. 5. The SOUNDING-BOARD in ALDESBOROUGH CHURCH, BUCKS. 6. and 7. Representations of the APPARATUS for IMPREGNATING WATER and WORT with FIXED AIR.]

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L O N D O N :
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And J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly.
[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Justitia Amator, we think, should communicate the defence of his friend's poems to that Magazine where some of them have been inserted. If he pleases, we will transmit it thither.

The *Ode on the Nativity* shall appear at its proper season.
E. T. P. in our next.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN, from Sept. 11, to Sept. 16, 1786.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans		COUNTIES upon the COAST.									
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
London	4	8	3	0	3	1	2	4	3	5										
COUNTIES INLAND.																				
Middlesex	4	9	0	0	3	0	2	7	3	10										
Surry	5	1	2	1	1	0	0	2	5	4										
Hertford	4	8	3	3	2	1	2	5	4	4										
Bedford	4	6	2	1	0	2	7	4	3	10										
Cambridge	4	6	3	0	3	1	0	1	1	3										
Huntingdon	4	6	0	0	2	9	2	1	3	11										
Northampton	4	1	0	2	9	2	9	2	3	4										
Rutland	5	1	0	0	2	9	2	3	0	0										
Leicester	5	1	3	0	2	1	2	4	4	6										
Nottingham	4	1	0	2	1	3	0	2	5	4										
Derby	5	9	0	0	0	0	2	5	4	11										
Stafford	5	7	4	1	3	2	2	5	4	10										
Salop	5	6	4	0	6	2	9	5	4	7										
Hereford	4	6	3	0	3	5	2	4	0	0										
Worcester	5	2	0	0	3	5	2	5	0	0										
Warwick	5	1	0	0	0	2	7	4	2											
Gloucester	5	0	0	2	1	0	2	7	4	8										
Wilts	4	1	3	5	3	2	5	4	9											
Berks	4	9	3	9	2	1	2	6	4	2										
Oxford	4	9	0	0	3	3	2	8	4	4										
Bucks	4	5	0	0	2	9	2	4	4	0										
											Effex 4 9 0 0 3 1 1 1 1 3 2									
											Suffolk 4 6 3 0 2 1 1 2 0 3 2									
											Norfolk 4 6 2 1 0 2 7 2 2 0 4									
											Lincoln 4 7 2 1 1 2 8 1 1 3 4									
											York 5 0 3 4 2 1 0 2 2 4 8									
											Durham 5 3 3 1 1 3 4 2 2 4 2									
											Northumberl. 4 1 1 3 8 2 1 1 2 0 4 2									
											Cumberland 6 1 3 1 0 3 2 2 4 4 8									
											Westmorl d 6 4 4 2 3 5 2 3 0 0 0									
											Lancashire 6 3 0 0 3 6 2 5 4 8 8									
											Cheshire 6 7 0 0 2 1 1 2 2 0 0									
											Monmouth 5 6 0 0 3 8 2 3 0 0 0									
											Somerset 5 0 3 6 3 2 2 4 4 9									
											Devon 5 2 0 0 2 9 1 8 0 0 0									
											Cornwall 5 1 0 0 3 3 1 0 0 0 0									
											Dorset 5 1 0 0 3 0 2 3 4 6									
											Hants 4 1 0 0 0 3 1 2 4 4 4									
											Suffex 4 9 0 0 2 9 2 3 4 0									
											Kent 4 7 0 0 2 9 7 4 3 1									

WALES, Aug. 14, to Aug. 19, 1786.

North Wales	5	11	4	9	3	6	2	0	4	10
South Wales	5	4	4	5	3	3	1	1	0	4

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER. AUGUST.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
30—29—89	64	½ W.N.W.
31—29—83	62	W.

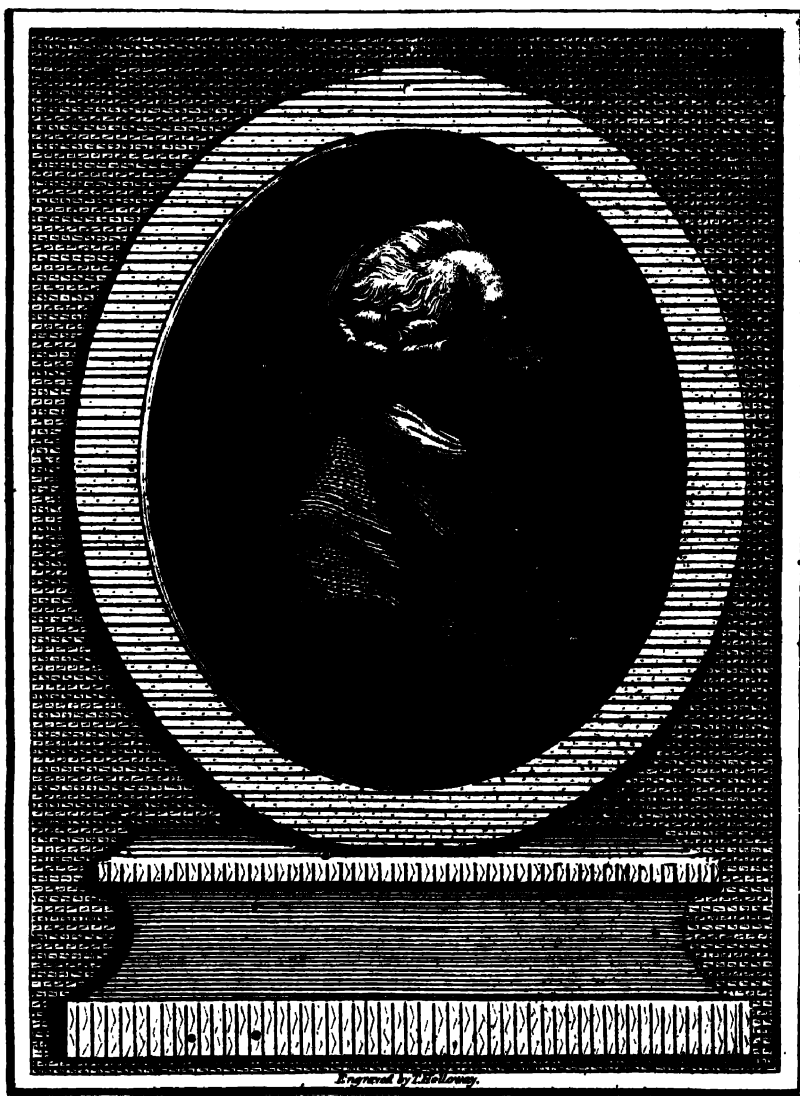
SEPTEMBER,

1—29—91	62	N.
2—29—86	64	W.S.W.
3—29—94	62	S.
4—30—01	62	W.
5—30—00	56	S.
6—30—10	49	N.N.W.
7—30—02	65	W.S.W.
8—30—05	64	W.
9—30—00	60	S.S.W.
10—29—90	64	W.
11—29—80	63	W.N.W.
12—29—66	61	W.
13—29—73	62	W.
14—29—04	58	W.
15—29—23	57	W.
16—29—68	52	W.
17—29—80	62	W.
18—29—95	62	W.S.W.
19—30—35	55	W.N.W.
20—30—39	53	N.

21—30—23	51	N.N.E.
22—30—19	52	N.N.E.
23—30—19	50	N.
24—30—32	51	N.N.F.
25—30—11	50	N.N.F.
26—29—69	53	S.S.W.
27—29—50	50	W.
28—29—35	49	E.

PRICE of STOCKS, Sept. 28, 1786.

Bank Stock, shut	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann'
New 4 per Cent 1777, shut	shut
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 112 ½ ¾	India Bonds, 83s. a 84s prem.
3 per Cent. Bank red shut	New Navy and Vict. Bills ½ dif.
3 per Cent Conf. 77 ½ a 77 ¾	Long Ann. shut
3 per Cent. 1706, —	20 years Short Ann. 1777, shut
3 per Cent. 1701, —	30 years Ann. 1778, shut
South Sea Stock, —	Exchequer Bills, —
Old S. S. An. shut	Lot. Tirr. 14l. 19s. 6d. a 15l.
New S. S. Ann. 76 ½	
India Stock, —	



JOÑAS HANWAY. Esq.^r

Published by J. Sewel, Cornhill, 1786.

T H E

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

For SEPTEMBER, 1786.

Part of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of the late JONAS HANWAY, Esq.
[With a STRIKING LIKENESS of HIM.]

THE justice and generosity of the English nation are seen in no circumstance more fully than in the liberal attention shewn to those who have rendered service to their country, and in the honours conferred on them after death. If to devise a long life, a large fortune, and talents which, if not splendid, were useful, to the good of mankind and the advancement of public happiness, be deserving of applause and imitation, let the following narrative of the life of one who is entitled to an honourable distinction amongst those persons who are held in veneration by the world, excite such as may feel a desire of obtaining well-earned fame to follow the example of Jonas Hanway, in whose eulogium it will be no extravagance to assert, that the present century has not seen an individual to whom the world is under more obligations, or in whom were united the virtues of the Patriot, the Christian, or the universal Philanthropist, in a higher degree.

JONAS HANWAY was a native of Hampshire*, and was born at Portsmouth, in the year 1712. He was early engaged in business, and from that circumstance, as well as the few traces of literature to be discovered in his writings, may be presumed to have received but a confined education. In 1729 † he went to Lisbon, and resided there several years. After his return from thence, he connected

himself, in Feb. 1743, as a partner in Mr. Dingley's house in St. Peterburgh †, in consequence whereof he was made acquainted with the Caspian trade, then in its infancy, and the object of the sanguine hopes of several of our most considerable merchants. From that time he indulged a desire of seeing Persia, in which he had very soon an opportunity of gratifying his inclination.

In April 1743, he embarked for Riga, where he arrived about the 20th of May. At this place, for want of a passport, he was detained seventeen days; but that difficulty being got over, he proceeded in his journey, and arrived at St. Peterburgh on the 10th of June †; a day, he observes, "remarkable to me, as being the same " on which I landed at Lisbon, fourteen " years before." The trade of the English nation over the Caspian Sea into Persia at this period had been intrusted to the care of Mr. Elton, who, not content with the pursuit of commercial affairs, had injudiciously engaged in the service of Nadir Shah to build ships on the Caspian after the European manner. This had alarmed the merchants in the Russian trade, and a resolution was formed that one of their body should make a journey into Persia. On this occasion Mr. Hanway offered his service, and was accepted.

He set out on the 10th of September, having under his care 37 bales of English

* Seven Days Journal, 4to. p. 196.
† Ibid. Vol. I. p. 71.

† Travels, Vol. I. p. 82.
‡ Ibid. Vol. I. p. 82.

cloth, and on the 20th arrived at Moscow, which place he left on the 24th. At Zaitzen he procured a vessel to convey his effects to Astracan, and on the 14th of October took his departure towards that place, where he staid until the 19th of November, when he proposed to proceed on his voyage; but difficulties having arisen during his residence at that place, he found himself in danger of being detained until the succeeding year by the setting in of the frost; but the ice breaking up by the rising of the water, he was enabled to set sail. On the 3d of December he arrived at Langarood-Bay, and was introduced to Mr. Elton, who had been employed by the English Factory on the same account Mr. Hanway then was, but who at that time had engaged himself in the service of Nadir Shah, and by that means soon after brought on the ruin of the British trade on the Caspian Sea.

By tempestuous weather Mr. Hanway was detained until the 10th of December at Langarood. On the 18th, he reached Astrabad-Bay, where the inhabitants were much alarmed, apprehending him to be a pirate. Having dissipated their fears, he immediately employed himself in the package of the goods he was entrusted with, in order to proceed on his journey. At Astrabad he was advised to sell part of his caravan in that city; but that being inconsistent with his views of going to Resched, he declined the proposal. After some time spent in securing and providing for the safety of his charge, he sent part of it before him, and was on the point of following it, when, on the 15th of January 1744, a rebellion broke out in the province, the city in which he remained was taken by the insurgents, his effects confiscated, and his person confined. His situation for some time was extremely critical, and his danger very great. By firmness and address, however, he had the good fortune to preserve himself from violence; and after being plundered of his property, was suffered to depart. His journey back was a continued scene of perils of every kind, whether arising from the weakness or the wickedness of those with whom he had any intercourse. "In three-and-twenty days (he says), since the city of Astrabad was taken by the rebels, I had not enjoyed an hour of security or unbroken sleep." At length, however, he arrived at Langarood, and was encouraged by Mr. Elton to hope that the Shah would do him justice, and obtain him satisfaction for the losses he had incurred. He had resolved, if necessary, to search for

him, but found it impossible immediately to execute that design, from his legs and feet being very much swelled and bruised, owing to his boots not having been off for sixteen days. In a short time he was restored to health and strength sufficient to enable him to pursue his intention, and accordingly set out for Resched. Early in March he arrived at Casbin, where he remained until the 11th, when he left that place; and on the 20th pitched his tent in the Shah's camp. His mission was so far successful, that he obtained a decree, the contents of which were, that he should give the particulars of his loss in writing to Behbud Khan, the Shah's General in Astrabad, who had orders to deliver to him whatever part of the goods might possibly be found, and to restore them in kind, and the deficiency to be paid out of the sequestered estates of the rebels to the last denier. This, though not perfectly satisfactory, he was obliged to be content with, and the 27th left the camp; and on the 5th of April was kindly received at Langarood by Mr. Elton. He intended to have gone from thence to Astrabad by sea, and waited with impatience until the end of that month for the arrival of Capt. Woodroffe; but that gentleman disappointing him, he, on the 11th of May, began his journey by land. On the 16th he entered Astrabad the second time, and on the next day presented the Shah's decree to Behbud Khan the General, who promised to obey it. During a long stay at this place, he was employed in endeavouring to obtain a performance of the decree, and a restitution of his effects. After many delays he received, including the cloth, 85 per cent. of the whole sum demanded. He at this juncture found his health much affected, and before it was re-established, a rupture with Mr. Elton perplexed his situation further. In September he came to Resched, and left it on the 13th, intending to depart for Astracan. The whole sum hitherto recovered was invested in raw silk, and he had now the satisfaction to see it safe on ship-board. On the 29th of September he came to an anchor at Yerkie, and on the 11th of October had the mortification to learn that he was ordered to perform a six weeks quarantine on an uninhabited island. But the Governor of Astracan apprehending he might have something to communicate, gave permission for his coming into that city, on condition of remaining a week on quarantine detached from the crew, and without bringing the least part of his cloaths or baggage. These

conditions he performed; and on the 27th entered Afracan, where he spent his time very disagreeably, being detained there until the six weeks were expired. On the 22d of November he obtained leave to depart for St. Peterburgh, and on the 22d of December arrived at Moscow, where he received letters acquainting him with the death of a relation, by which he reaped certain pecuniary advantages, much exceeding any he could expect from his engagement in the Caspian affairs. After a stay of a few days, he proceeded to St. Peterburgh, at which place he arrived early on the 1st of January 1745, having been absent a year and 16 weeks, in which time he says, "I had travelled about 4000 English miles by land, through a variety of adventures and accidents, not indeed the most perilous, yet such as loudly call for a grateful acknowledgment of the goodness of Providence."

Though Mr. Hanway's conduct during this expedition seems to have been directed by the strictest rules of integrity, yet some difficulties arose in settling his demands on his employers. These, however, in the end were referred to the determination of impartial arbitrators, who at length decided in his favour. "I obtained (he says) my own; and as to any other personal advantage, it consisted in exercising my mind in patience under trials, and increasing my knowledge of the world."

He now settled at St. Petersburg, where he remained five years, with no other variations in his life than such as may be supposed to occur in the dull round of a mercantile employment. During this time he interested himself greatly in the concerns of the merchants who had engaged in the Caspian trade; but the independence he had acquired having excited a desire to see his native country, he, after several disappointments which prevented him from accomplishing his wish, left St. Peterburgh on the 9th of July 1750, went to Dantzic by sea, and afterwards proceeded leisurely by Berlin, Potzdam, Dresden, Leipzig, Hanover, Zell, Hamburg, Bremen, Amsterdam, Hague, Rotterdam, and Helvoet, to England, where he arrived on the 27th of July.

At each of the principal places in his route to England, he staid time enough to see and describe the most remarkable particulars respecting them. On his arrival in his native country, he did not immediately relinquish his mercantile connections, though he seems to have left Russia with that view. He employed himself

some time as a merchant; but afterwards, more beneficially to the world, as a private gentleman.

In 1753, he published "An Historical Account of the British Trade over the Caspian Sea; with a Journal of Travels from London through Russia into Persia; and back again, through Russia, Germany, and Holland. To which are added, the Revolutions of Persia during the present Century, with the particular History of the great Usurper Nadir Kouli," 4 vols. 4to. a work which was received, as it deserved to be, with great attention from the public. It is remarkable, that at this juncture our author had no intention of being so frequent an employer of the press as he afterwards became. In his dedication of his second volume to Lady Elizabeth Germaine he says, "It has been long a maxim with me, that a book should be the true picture of the author's mind: such, with all its imperfections, I am sure is this. The folly of writing, if it be one, is a folly I shall never commit again; and having taken this resolution, I have said all that I have to communicate to the public."

The above resolution was scarcely made before it was broken. Immediately on the publication of the above Travels, he was attacked in an appendix to a pamphlet, entitled, "Reflections upon Naturalization, Corporations and Companies, as relating to the Levant Trade or Turkey Company." To this he published a short answer, in an 8vo. pamphlet, immediately on the publication of his antagonist's work.

At this period the clamour against the Jew-Bill ran very high, and Mr. Hanway was induced to join the cry. During an absence abroad, in 1753, a pamphlet, written by him, entitled, "A Review of the proposed Naturalization of the Jews, being an attempt at a dispassionate Enquiry into the present State of the Case; with some Reflections on general Naturalization," 8vo. was published, which soon came to a second edition; to which he added a note or two, sent from Amsterdam. A third edition, corrected and enlarged, and a dedication to Mr. Pelham, dated Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 5, 1753, also appeared with the addition of "Letters Admonitory and Argumentative, from J. H—y merchant, to J. S—r merchant," in reply to particular passages and the general argument of a pamphlet entitled, "Further Considerations on the Bill, &c." This controversy was

was soon ended by the repeal of the obnoxious Bill.

In 1754, we find Mr. Hanway commending a plan offered for the advantage of Westminster, and suggesting hints for the further improvement of it, in "A Letter to Mr. John Spranger, on his ex-

"cellent Proposal for Paving, Cleansing, and Lighting the Streets of Westminster, &c.," 8vo. A few years afterwards, when a scheme of the like kind was carried into effect, many of Mr. Hanway's ideas, thrown out in this pamphlet, were adopted. [To be continued.]

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for SEPT. 1786.
No. XXXI.

THIS month has been productive of little else internally than loyal and affectionate addresses to his Majesty, congratulating him on his deliverance from assassination, and answers to the same, accompanied with creations of a numerous band of Knights upon the occasion. We cannot help thinking that many of the addressers have been mistaken in their ideas of this very fashionable business. If it had appeared that the instrument of assassination had been directed by the hand of a band of treasonable conspirators, and pointed resolutely to the Royal breast, it would have been very proper and becoming every body of men in the kingdom to have expressed their abhorrence of the foul design, their indignation against the conspirators, and their ardent desire of bringing them to condign punishment, whatever might be their station and rank in life, high or low. But when it has been publicly asserted by authority that the attempt was the mere random act of a mad woman, and attended with no fatal consequences, nor any appearances or probability of fatal consequences, we must look upon the inundation of addresses as outre and superfluous, as so many cautions and admonitions to a woman confined in Bedlam, incapable of profiting by advice, caution, or threatening, and who is probably immured so as neither to see nor hear these addresses, much less to profit by them. We do not see any other end these multitudinous addresses can answer, unless Ministers of State were mean enough to look for their share of flattery, couched under the effusions of popular affection to their Royal Master. If so, they have been grievously disappointed. Nothing of this kind has met our eye. Perhaps there never were so many loyal addresses of congratulation presented to a Sovereign, with so little adulation to his Ministers for the time being: it is therefore a great humiliation to the Minister. It is a well-known maxim in our constitution, that the King can do no wrong; but the people knew well that his Ministers may do, and often does, very wrong, and they act accordingly.

Early in the month our Island was honoured with a visit of a Royal Imperial Pair and their suite: we hope they come peaceably, and fraught with good wishes and benevolent intentions towards our nation; and that their journey is not merely an excursion of fancy, curiosity, and pleasure, without a mixture of business favourable and beneficial to the old faithful allies of their august family. May they neither be disappointed of their expected pleasure among us, or of their good intentions towards us! The House of Austria is the proper ally of Great-Britain, if we have any on the Continent.

If writing and printing about it in the news-papers would have done it, we should have already a very complete, beneficial, and firm commercial treaty with France, for which our courtly politicians have been giving Ministry ample credit these six months; and if any credit is to be given to intelligence from that quarter, we might promise our readers a candid investigation of that compact in our next month's lucubrations; but we have no faith in those assurances, so often repeated, and as often defeated. When the treaty comes forth to public view, we will endeavour to exercise our judgment upon it, without partiality or prejudice, in the best manner we can.

While ministerial writers have been lavish in their encomiums upon the French treaty, they have observed a profound silence on the commercial treaty depending between us and the Russians; until near the close of the month, when called upon by some politicians, not quite so courtly, to account for this backwardness of the Russian treaty, they have given a very awkward reason for its long suspension, or rather total stagnation—something about the armed neutrality!—a story too ridiculous to be a moment attended to!—We guess a very different matter is the cause of this *remora*, originated in the folly of our Minister, and completed by his obstinacy.

The spirit of electioneering has run high in some parts of the country, even to

to riot and bloodshed, though we know not for what, as neither principles nor parties in the Senate were at the bottom. Those persons who go to such extremes of disorderly behaviour are the greatest enemies to the freedom of election.

It is a melancholy consideration that our criminals multiply so fast, and grow so abandoned and hardened, that all the wisdom and justice of the nation united cannot properly dispose of them, without adopting remedies equal to, or worse than, the disease. It is much to be feared, the cause in part lurks in a radical defect in our criminal laws. They are too sanguinary to be executed to the full, without cruelty and barbarity: hence the lax execution of the laws renders them of little or no effect by their punishments *in terrorem*. Our laws being so indiscriminating between enormous crimes and mere peccadillos, how often do we see Judges and Juries driven to the painful alternative of straining their consciences on the merciful side, or of passing a cruel bloody verdict, in strict conformity to the letter of the law? After all the efforts of Judges and Juries to mitigate the rigour of law, how many sentences of death are passed upon convicts who are afterwards found objects of Royal clemency; sometimes one-half, sometimes three out of four, or five out of six! There cannot be a stronger demonstration that our laws are too severe and indiscriminating, or that they are unduly, consequently ineffectually, executed. This is a crying and alarming evil, calling loudly upon the Legislature, the Ministry, and the Magistracy, for their united utmost efforts to investigate and rectify.

Frequent accounts from Ireland of the lawless atrocious proceedings of the insurgents calling themselves White Boys, or Right Boys, denote the government of that kingdom to be in a very feeble and relaxed state. Either the civil power is remiss in redressing real grievances, or incapable of correcting the disturbers of the peace, under pretence of fictitious grievances. If these malecontents have real cause of complaint, shame to that administration which does not enquire into and redress their wrongs; if not, still greater shame to suffer such outrages to be committed upon the peaceable and inoffending subjects as we daily hear of. These disorders cannot now be ascribed to the constitutional or unconstitutional interference of our Parliament. Little did the patriots of Ireland think what they asked for when they claimed independency on Great-

Britain; as little did our shallow Ministers of that time know what they were about, to grant them their demand. Neither party considered the difficulties and embarrassments that would fall upon the trade and mutual intercourse of both kingdoms, when separated and alienated from one another: these difficulties will recur in every treaty which Great-Britain makes with foreign Powers. Ireland will therefore soon find, like America, her independency to be an idle dream, a source of much trouble and distress in her future connexions with all foreign nations in commerce and navigation, and in the disposal of her produce and manufactures.

We could barely notice the death of the King of Prussia in our last essay; an event which we have long thought must be productive of various alterations in the political affairs of Europe. None of the acts of the new King have reached us either to justify or disannul that opinion. Much will depend on the opinion which surrounding Potentates will form of his disposition, principles, views, and designs, and his abilities to carry them into execution. The Emperor is certainly upon the watch to observe whether or not this is the critical time for him to revenge the wrongs done his illustrious mother and family by the deceased Prince, who never fought a much better title to any dominions than the opportunity and power of taking them. Be these things how they will for the present, there is one thing which will soon call forth some of his talents in negotiating, or for fighting, and that is, the perplexed, critical, distressed case of his brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange, which is come to that issue now to be decided, Whether he is to be or not to be STADTHOLDER?

The Dutch Republic appears to be convulsed through its whole internal frame, in every limb, in every joint and part of its government: the Stadtholder against the States-General; the States-General against one another; a majority of them against some of the Provincial States; and they, in their turn, against some of their own towns, and the magistrates of these towns; while the whole populace is agitated with party rage in favour of some of these bodies against others!—In short, a general confusion prevails, and threatens ruin to many, if not the dissolution of their famous union. He who would wish to set all this to rights, would not know where to begin, or where to end. We know but of one thing that would reunite the discordant parts of the confederation,

tion, and that is, the Spanish Monarch resuming the ancient jurisdiction of his ancestors, and endeavouring to enforce his authority over them. This would drive them to the exercise of their fundamental axiom, "*Concordia res parve crescunt.*" In the mean time, the King of Prussia cannot very decently stand quite still and see his brother-in-law overwhelmed by a faction, without doing something to rescue him from the impending calamity. This will, in some measure, shew the temper and metal of the man. We hope our Ministers will have no hand in these Batavian quarrels; as they have thrown themselves into the arms of the French, let the French heal their divisions if they can. We are rather apt to think the French are the instigators of all these feuds, animosities and commotions.—But that the Dutch themselves may look to, and thank themselves for. It is the natural result of their own base, sordid, ungrateful policy.

The Venetians seem to have brought themselves into a dilemma by entering into a confederacy with the two Imperial Courts against the Turks; they daily feel the effects of it, and the prospect darkens upon them. If they do not soon detach themselves from this impolitic confederation, they will find themselves in a very unlooked situation.

The Emperor and the Czarina both lower their tone since the Ottoman Cabinet has assumed such a firm and determined aspect, and the Grand Admiral, the Captain Pacha, has put the fleet in motion. They are in the right to be careful how they step; a war between them and the Turks might, at this time, bring very serious important consequences after it.

Denmark and Sweden enjoy a profound tranquillity, unconcerned in the broils

that are fermenting several nations of Europe: those two Powers, formerly jealous rivals, are now cordial friends and good neighbours, and mutual safeguards to one another.

The advanced season of the year affords a security for the continuation of the general tranquillity for some months, and an opportunity for contending parties to negotiate a more permanent pacification; which will probably be the case, if some of the powerful Potentates are not resolutely bent on war.

While we are writing these observations, presents itself to our view the missive letter of the King of Prussia to the States General, by no less a messenger than his Minister of State, which fully justifies our conjectures before stated. By this sensible, spirited, and nervous address, it clearly appears that his Prussian Majesty will not be a passive spectator of the deposition or degradation of the Stadtholder, or the disinheriting of his posterity after him; nor yet will he consent to any essential alteration of the constitution of the Republic, posited so near as it is in the vicinity of part of his own dominions. In short, he lets them know, that though Frederic is dead, his spirit, views, designs, and plans live and flourish vigorously in his successor, who has taken up the business where his predecessor left it, as a political legacy to be executed in due time. This well-conceived and well-expressed declaration may also serve to the other Powers of Europe as a specimen of the abilities, spirit, and magnanimity of the man who has just ascended the throne of Prussia, and they are to form their plans and take their measures accordingly. The Hollanders are going great lengths; it is high time they were put a stop to, if they are to be stopped at all.

THE FRUITS OF MODERN PHYSIC: A JEU D'ESPRIT.

A CERTAIN lover, on the point of losing his mistress by a dangerous illness, went in search of a physician on whose skill he might with safety depend. In his way he meets with a person possessed of a Talisman, by whose virtue he can distinguish objects imperceptible to the naked eye.—With a round sum of money he purchases this Talisman, and hastens to the house of an eminent physician. There he beholds a multitude of souls.—They were those of his patients, whom, in attempting to cure, he had killed.—More or less of these he beheld in the house of every medical gentleman in town. Almost in

despair of finding one fit for his purpose, he is on his return home; when he receives intelligence of a practitioner, in an obscure corner, who, during his peregrinations, had escaped his notice. Here are to be perceived only two little souls.—“Well,” thought the lover in a transport, “at length I have found one good physician.”—“Bless me!” cried the Doctor—“how did you find me out?”—“How!” replied the other—“why, by your reputation, your skill.”—*My reputation!—Lord! Sir, I have not been eight days in business, nor seen but two patients.*

On MICHAEL DRAYTON.

PERHAPS few considerations are more grateful than those which we generally feel upon being the means of recalling to notice the deserted productions of ingenious men, whose works a variety of concurrent circumstances have equally tended to obscure. The present age, tho' it may not be that of great and impatient action, is certainly an age of diligent and unremitting enquiry; and amongst its best characteristics a taste for relishing every species of antiquity has for some time past been making its way, both with rapidity and success. As poetry from its immediate connection with the history of a country claims no inconsiderable share of our attention, it is the business of this paper to recommend to notice the works of Michael Drayton; a poet whose name though not forgotten is yet neglected, and whose works though occasionally mentioned are seldom read. An attempt to account for the neglect of merit would be but to examine the folly and the perverseness of mankind; no very pleasing task at best: as such therefore I shall make the poet speak for himself, and rest the whole of my arguments in favour of him on the testimonies I produce. To admire is an easy and a common task; to excite admiration in others in opposition to time and prejudice is difficult; to gain this point however is my wish. Through the means of other channels I have occasionally taken the opportunity of mentioning Drayton; I have here confined myself to part of his works only, and that perhaps the most inferior. The curious and important geographical descriptions that the Poly-Olbion abounds with, will furnish much information to every antiquary who has a regard for his country; nor are there wanting poetical beauties of every kind. His great display of observation in the way of natural history cannot fail to please if not to instruct every researcher into that line of science; and that general strain of benevolence which pervades his works, deserves better treatment from the world than the lot of oblivion. May this slight essay in some degree gain him attention, who deserves notes and a commentary, and whose name should be mentioned amongst the first classics of his country. Subjects that are connected with scripture, very few are those who have in any degree succeeded. In that way, Milton is a monarch who reigns alone; yet we find much real poetry in the *David and*

Goliath, in *The Flood*, and in *The Birth of Moses*. A critic of a very superior order, has lately noted the many obligations that Milton lies under to Drayton. To what he has adduced, I shall here add many passages. In the following passage Milton seems to have had Ariosto in his eye in the Orlando Furioso; he might however have caught the hint from Drayton.

—As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and
many a league
Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean
smiles.

Par. Lost, B. 4. 160.

See Drayton's Ode to Virginia, in which he mentions a variety of sweet-smelling trees that regaled those who sailed near.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand.

It has often been observed, in what strong and feeling terms Milton has universally spoken of music.—He mentions the nightingale perpetually, yet never perhaps exceeds Drayton, who seems to have equally felt and described this bird.—The following passage bears some resemblance to lines in Milton—

—all but the wakeful Nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descent
sung;
Silence was pleas'd.—

Par. Lost, B. 4. 602.

—The warbling Throats-cock,
The Ouzel, and the Nightingale among,
That charms the night-calm with her powerful
song.

DRAYTON'S OWL.

These birds are likewise mentioned together in Drayton's 3d Eclogue, in which species of writing (by the bye) our author seems to have peculiarly excelled. The eclogues of Spenser, of Pope, and of Phillips, are continually mentioned; but where do we find the name of Drayton?—Collins and Drayton are the only English poets who have written eclogues

that will bear perusal: Spenser is not himself when he touches the crook.— This idea in the following passage, which supposes music to have derived its original from the song of the nightingale, is perfectly new and beautiful.—

—Philomel in spring
Teaching by art her little one to sing;
By whose clear voice sweet music first was
found,
Before Amphyon ever knew a sound.
See DRAYTON'S Owl.

The lines which immediately follow the above are fine, and remind us of the ballad of the Children in the Wood, and of a passage in that great poet Collins.—

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little red-breast teacheth charity.

DRAYTON, *ibid.*

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art
laid.

COLLINS.

In *The Flood*, Drayton has the following beautiful image of the nightingale sitting disconsolate in the Ark. After describing with great exactness the many species of birds, he adds,

— and in a little nook
The nightingale with her melodious tongue
Sedly there sits, as she had never sung.—

The following idea Dryden might, perhaps, have taken from Drayton; it is to be found in Dryden's first Ode to Cecilia, part of which is quoted and admired by Dr. Warton, in his *Essay on Pope*, Vol. I. p. 53, though perhaps not so much for this idea as for the foregoing lines, which I do not produce.

Less than a God they thought there could
not dwell
"Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

David's Harp is thus described in his *David and Goliath*.

The wiry chords now shake so wond'rous
clear,
As one might think an angel's voice to
hear
From ev'ry quaver, or some spirit had pent
Itself of purpose in the instrument.

The following well-known description of Milton is nearly equalled by a description of the same kind in Drayton, and which seems to have furnished Milton with part of his expression*.

—The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling,
proudly rows
Her state with oary feet.

Par. Lost, B. 7.

* Our correspondent as well as our readers will probably be pleased to read the following extract from Dr. Farmer's very scarce *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, p. 30. on this subject. "You must not think me infected with the spirit of Lauder, if I give you another of Milton's imitations:

—"The Swan with arched neck

"Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows

"Her state with oary feet."

B. 7. v. 438.

"The ancient poets," says Mr. Richardson, "have not hit upon this beauty; so lavish as they have been in their descriptions of the *Swan*. Homer calls the *Swan* long-necked *δακρυδιον*; but how much more *pittoresque*, if he had *arched* this length of neck?"

For this *beauty*, however, Milton was beholden to *Donne*; whose name, I believe, at present is better known than his writings:

—"Like a ship in her full trim,

"A *Swan*, so white that you may unto him

"Compare all whitenesse, but himselfe to none,

"Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,

"And with his *arched neck* this poore fish catch'd."

Proffesse of the Soul, St. 24.

Those highly-finished landscapes the *Seasons* are indeed copied from Nature: but Thomson sometimes recollected the hand of his Master:

—The stately sailing *Swan*
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Rears forwards fierce, and guards his oar idle,
Protective of his young.

DRAYTON

Drayton thus describes the swan in the Ark.

The swan by his great Master taught this good,

To avoid the fury of the falling flood,
His boat-like breast, his wings rais'd for his fall,

And ear-like feet, &c.

Flood, Vol. II. 1535.

Drayton in his poem on the Miracles of Moses has many passages very sublime. He represents the arms, implements of various sorts, the chariots and horses of the routed army of Pharaoh, as affrightening the *monsters of the deep*, whilst floating over them. He finely adds in a very bold style,

Death is discern'd triumphantly in arms
On the rough seas his *slanghtery* to keep,
And his cold self in breath of mortals warms,

Upon the dimpled bosom of the deep.

Vol. IV. 1600.

Among the conquests gained, the following original lines occur, which remind us of those heroes whom Milton calls "*giants of mighty bone*," P. Lost. B. xi. 642. and which seem strongly to have struck his imagination.—The Ballad of Hardyknute likewise presents us with an image of the same kind.

Proud Norfe with giant body tall,
Braid shoulders and arms strang.

See *Hardyknute*, 1st Part.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

As the Public have of late years shewn an avidity for old Songs and Ballads, I have sent you the following, which I have selected from an old M. S. Mufick-book, lately fallen into my possession. The setting of the Tunes and Hand-writing seem to be the work of a Learner. The Book is dated in 1698; and perhaps some of the subsequent Songs may be in some other Collections; but as they are *new* to me, they may be the same to many of your Readers, who would not be displeas'd to see them in your valuable Repository. If you please to insert them they are at your Service. I am, &c.

L. P.

THE following is much in the taste and manner of the Love-Poets of the time of Queen Elizabeth.

SONG I.

SLEEP, wayward thoughts, and rest you
with my love,
Let not my love be with my love displeas'd;
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her
anger move,

And give you with my longings, long diseas'd.
Thus while she sleeps I sorrow for her
sake;

So sleeps my love, my love; and yet my
love doth wake.

And Og's great fall of a gigantic strength,
Whose bed of iron fashion'd to contain
(In breadth four cubits, doubling it in
length)

The living remnant of the iron race
Of big-bon'd Anack terrible and dread,
Which long time sitting in that fertile
place,

Grew like the fat soil wherein they were
bred.

DRAYTON, Vol. IV. 1619.

He makes mention soon after of those whose helms were *thunder-proof*.—The idea of war suggested by the approach of the Philistines is thus described.

Grim-vifag'd War more sternly doth awake
Than it was wont, and furiously doth
shake
Her lightning sword,— &c.

The brows of Goliath are thus mentioned :

His brows like two steep pent-houses hung
down
Over his eyelids,— &c.

This last idea occurs in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, and in the Poems of Churchill.

C—T—O.

(To be continued.)

But oh! the fury of my restless fear!
The hidden anguish of my warm desires!
The glories and the beauties that appear
Between her-brows near Cupid's closed
fires!

Thus while she sleeps I languish for her
sake;

So sleeps my love, my love; and yet my
love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my love doth
rest;

Fear in my love, yet is my love secure;
Peace in my love, and yet my love oppress;
Impatient, yet of perfect temperour.

Sleep, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake;
So sleeps my love, my love; and yet my
love doth wake,

X a

Thom

There are several Bacchanalian songs against *Care*. The one beginning, "Be gone, Old Care," is common. Perhaps the following is one of the most ancient of the kind, and from which others have been imitated.

SONG II.

CARE, away goe thou from me,
For I am not fit match for thee;
Thou bereav'ft me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits;
Therefore I will care no more,
Since that in care comes no restore:
But I will sing hey down, adown, adoe,
And cast care away, away from me.

If I want, I care to get,
The more I have the more I fret;
Have I much I care for more;
The more I have I think me poor:
Thus I with grief my mind opprefs,
In wealth or woe find no redress;
Therefore I will care no more, no more
in vain,

For care hath cost me meikle pain,*
But I will sing hey down, &c.

Is not this world a slipp'ry ball,
And think men strange to catch a fall?
Doth not the sea both ebb and flow,
And hath not fortune a painted shew?
Why should men take care or grief,
Since that in care comes no relief?

There's none fo wife but may be over-
thrown,
And the careles may reap what the careful
have sown.

And I will sing hey down, &c.

Well, then, learn to know thy self,
And care not for the worldly pelf;
Whether thine estate be great or small,
Give thanks to God, what'er befall;
So shalt thou then live at ease,
No sudden grief shall thee displease:
Then may'ft thou sing hey down, adown,
adoe,
When thou hast cast all care and grief from
thee.

* Littleton explains *Chorus circularis Barley-break*, when they dance taking hands round.

So in *The Virgin Martyr*, A. 3. S. 1.

He is at *barly-break*, and the last couple are now in hell.

The Guardian, A. 1. S. 1.

Hey-day! there are a legion of young Cupids
At *barly-break*.

A New Wonder, a Woman never vex'd, 1632, A. 1.

—If you find my mistress

Have a minde to this coupling at *barly-break*,

Let her not be the last couple to be leit in hell.

Reynard's Deliverance of 266 Christians, 1608. Sign. A. 3.

—or rather, as lovers roming after young damocels

At *barly-break*.

Reynard's Ed. of *Dodley's Old Plays*, vol. viii. p. 296.

SONG III.

WO worth the time and eke the place
That she to me was known,
For since I first beheld her face,
My heart was ne'er mine own, mine own,
My heart was ne'er mine own.

Some time I liv'd at libertie,
But now I do not so:
She hath my heart so faithfully
That I can love no mo, no mo,
That I can love no mo.

To be refus'd of love, alas!
All earthly things adiew!
My mistress she is mercilesse,
And will not on me rue, me rue,
And will not on me rue.

Now am I left all comfortlesse,
And no remeed can crave,
My mistress knows no tenderesse;
What comfort can I have, I have,
What comfort can I have?

SONG IV.

COME, love, let's walk to yonder spring,
Where we shall hear the Blackbird sing,
The Robin Red-Breast and the Thrush,
The Nightingale in thorny bush,
And the Mavis sweetly carollings
This to my love, this to my love content
will bring.

In yonder dale grow fragrant flowers,
With many sweet and shady bowers;
A pearly brook whose silver streams
Are beautified by Phœbus' beams,
Still stealing through the trees so fair;
Because Diana, because Diana,
Batheth her there.

Behold the Nymph with all her train
Comes tripping through the park amain,
And in this place she here will stay,
At *barly-break* to sport and play,
And we shall sit us down and see
Fair beauty mixt, fair beauty mixt
With chastitie.

Nor let us fear Acteon's fate,
The victim of Diana's hate;
For with unlawful love he came,
And thought to seize the heavenly dame;
But when Acteon she espied,

Then to the thicket, then to the thicket,
Fell the hied.

Diana's joy was here to be
In woodland sport, and merry glee,
Delighting in this silver stream,
Among her buxom Nymphs to swim;
Untill Acteon did intrude;
And soon she requited, and deeply despoiled,
A crime so rude.

For soon by magic art she wrought,
And sudden vengeance on him brought:
No tongue to tell what he did see,
Whilst he a Hart was turn'd to be:
Thus whilst he view'd Diana's train,
His life he lost, his life he loſt,
Her love to gain.

S O N G V.

WHY should beauty be so proud
In things of no surmounting?
All her wealth is but a shroud,
Nothing worth accounting.
Then in this there is no bliss,
Which is but vain and idle;
Beauty's flower hath its hour,
Time doth hold the bridle.
Health is but a glance of joy,
Subject to all changes;
Mirth is but a noisy toy,
Which mishap estranges.
Tell me then, O silly man,
Why art thou so weak of wit,
As to be in jeopardy,
When thou may'st in safety sit?

S O N G VI.

GATHER rose-buds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And that same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer is to setting.
That age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not then the last and worst
Be better than the former.
Then be not coy, but use your time,
And whilst you may, go marrie;
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarric.

S O N G VII.

THE lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall,
The fly her spleen, the little spark its heat;
The slender hairs cast shadows, tho' but
small;
And bees have stings, although they be not
great.

Seas have their courses, and so have little
springs;

And love is love in Beggars as in Kings.
Where waters smoothest are, deep are the
fords;

The Dial stirs, yet none perceives it move;
The firmest faith is in the fewest words;

The Turtles cannot sing, and yet they
love;

True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongue
to speak;

They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they
break.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Bushes have tops, but Cedars rise far higher;
A hair casts shadow less than Faro Tower;
The spark casts heat, but greater heat the
fire;

A bee can sting, but not with scorpion's
power.

Keep hope in store, and ne'er deplore,
Though you be small indeed;

Remember ay will come a day

When friends a friend will need.

You have a friend so friendly and so true;
Keep well your friend—I say no more.

Adieu.

S O N G VIII.

The beginning and end of this Song
appear to have been torn out of my M. S.
What of it remains has merit, and is as
follows:

Since that among them all,
I dare well say is none,
So far from joy, so full of wo,
Or hath more cause to moan;
For all thing living hath
Some time a quiet rest,
The ploughing Ox, the bearing Ass,
And every other beast;
The peasant and the post,
Which are at all assays,
The ship-boy and the galley-slave
Have time to take their ease;
Save I, poor wretch, whom care
Doth so me now constrain,
To wait the day and weep the night
Continually in pain;
From painfulness to pain,
From pain to bitter tears;
From tears to painful pain again,
And so my life out-wears;
Or when I hear the sound
Of song or instrument,
All things, alas, that joyful be
But make me more lament—

The following, which breathes so
much of the spirit of the Crusaders,
seems to have been written about the
time when Prince Eugene gained some
considerable victories over the Turks,
Though

Though from his mentioning *Constantine* as a Crusader, the writer of it appears ignorant in history, yet it is evident he alludes to the wild and romantic expeditions of the Cross; and it would not be the most forced conjecture, were we to suppose that some parts of this martial ditty were imitated or preserved from some of the ancient popular ballads in the time of the Crusades. The mention of cannon might have been introduced when this ballad was revived in the time of Prince Eugene. Many a more loose conjecture has been seriously laid before the public, when Rowley and Chatterton afforded the topic. At any rate, I trust the following is a curiosity, for I never met with it but in the above-mentioned M. S.

BRAVE Mars begins to rouse,
 Scarcely he bends his brows,
 And blows up Etna's fire.
 Tho' he may lose the field,
 Let the soldier never yield;
 Tho' thousands be beside him kill'd,
 Let the soldier still aspire.

When cannons are roaring and bullets are flying,
 He that would honour gain, must not fear dying.

Tho' Constantine be dead,
 Who left us honour,
 And taught brave christian kings
 Under his banner;
 Pagans smaz'd were
 In a great wonder,
 To see brave christians come
 Like claps of thunder.
 When cannons, &c.

Raised are the worthies nine,
 And now ascending;
 Even by a power divine
 Peace now is ending.
 Barons, Knights and Earls
 Join the brave adventure,
 On their fiercest foes
 Rushing first to enter.
 When cannons, &c.

Soldiers with sword in hand
 To the wall a-coming,
 Men about the streets
 Riding and running;
 Ladders against the wall
 Some are uprearing
 Women with stones in laps
 To the walls a-bearing.
 When cannons, &c.

For xulzies in the port
 Watchmen down-letting;
 Buggers in every street
 With heart and hand abetting:
 Alarm-bells in each tower
 Loud are a-ringing;
 Children sticks and stones
 To the walls a-bringing.
 When cannons, &c.

Centinels o'er the gates,
 Arm, arm, a-crying;
 Petards against the ports,
 Wild fire a-flying;
 Trumpets on towers high
 Loud are a-sounding;
 Drums beating out main,
 Echoes resounding.
 When cannons, &c.

Captains in open field
 On their foes rushing;
 Gentlemen Volunteers
 With their pikes pushing;
 Engineers in the trench
 Earth, earth up-throwing;
 Gunpowder in the mynes
 Pagans up-blowing.
 When cannons, &c.

Horsemen in glittering steel
 From the gates now fall;
 Pagans scatter'd o'er the field,
 Have no power to rally;
 Some in bloody heaps lie dead,
 Some disarm'd a-flying;
 And Victory, Oh Victory,
 The christians are a-crying.
 When cannons are roaring and bullets are flying,
 He that would honour gain, must not fear dying.

LETTER from Dr. GAUDEN, BISHOP of EXETER, to LORD CHANCELLOR CLARENDON*.

[From Vol. III. of Lord CLARENDON'S "State-Papers," lately published.]

MY LORD,
 GIVE me leave once more, in my sincerest temper, to expresse my sense of my affaires at Exeter, and my desire;

leaving to your lordship to esteeme of mee as you shall see I may deserve. I am not dissatisfied soe much with the place, though

* Whoever may be desirous of seeing the evldence produced concerning the Author of the *Icon Basilike*, previous to the publication of this letter, may be referred to Toland's *Life of Milton*, and his *Amyntor* — Wagstaffe's *Vindication and Defence* — Neal's *History of the Puritans* — Dr. Birch's *Dissertation*, in the *Appendix to the Life of Milton* — Dr. Burton on the *Genuineness of Lord Clarendon's History* — Hume's *History* — Dr. Nash's *History of Worcester-shire*, and *Bishop Warburton's Observations* there published — *Nichols's Anecdotes of Bowyer*, &c. &c.

EDITOR.
 I have

I have noe convenient dwelling as yet, much lesse with the people : none can bee more ingenuous and obliging, yea liberally kind ; my real trouble is, that I cannot live here in such a conspicuity of hospitalities and charity, yea of gratitude, as becomes the king's service, the church's honor, a bishop's dignity, and my owne relations, ever wanted to apples and freedom of all things. The revenue is noe more than 500 l. *per ann.* and of this I see yet very little : The fines cannot bee any great matter, since there is yet noe estate cleare of former lives in it. And by what time purchasers are satisfied, and my selfe repaired, as to charges, truly there can bee noe advantages to be envied, or reckoned, as a fixed revenue. That which I desire cheerfully to spend is, at least 1000 l. *per ann.* ; at lesse I cannot live here, where all things are as deare as at London, for the maine, and some dearer. I believe your lordship did expect the revenue would answer your favour to mee, who left that concerne wholly to your lordship, as you commended mee. My undertaking was to doe my work, and to spend handliomely my wages ; and though I knew it one of the smallest preferments for profit, and very inconvenient for distance from my friends and affaires, yet I was over-ruled by your lordship, because I seemed much desired by the country. Now, my lord, is it an impossible thing for me to be supported, while I am here, so as may content mee, and encourage mee in this great service ? from which to remove in discontent and dishonor, will not become mee, lesse those that sent mee. All I desire is an augment of 500 l. *per annum.* Yf it cannot be at present had, in a *commendam*, yet possible the king's favour to mee will not grudge mee this pension out of the first-fruits and tenths of this diocesse, till I bee removed or otherwise provided for : nor will your lordship startle at this motion, or wave the presenting it to his Majesty, yf you please to consider the pretensions I may have beyond any of my calling, not as to merit, but duty performed to the royal family. True, I once presumed your lordship had fully known that *arcantum*, for soe Dr. Morley told mee, at the king's first coming, when he assured mee the greatnes of that service was such, that I might have any preferment I desired. This conscioufnes of your lordship (as I supposed) and Dr. Morley made mee confident my affaires would bee carried on to some proportion of what I had done, and he thought deserved. Hence my silence of it to your lordship. As to the King and Duke of

York, whom, before I came away, I acquainted with it, when I saw myselfe not so much considered in my present disposure as I did hope I should have bene, what sense their royal goodnes hath of it is best to be expressed by themselves ; nor doe I doubt but I shall by your lordship's favour, find the fruits as to something extraordinary, since the service was soe ; not as to what was known to the world under my name, in order to vindicate the crown and the church, but what goes under the late blessed king's name, the *EXARON*, or portraiture of hys majesty in hys solitudes and sufferings. This book and figure was wholly and only my invention, making, and designe, in order to vindicate the king's wildome, honor, and piety. My wife indeed was conscious of it, and had an hand in disguising the letters of that copy, which I sent to the king in the Isle of Wight, by the favour of the late Marquise of Hartford, which was delivered to the king by the now Bishop of Winchester. Hys Majesty graciously accepted, owned, and adopted it as his sense and genius ; not only with great approbation, but admiration : He kept it with him, and though his cruel murderers went on to perfect his martyrdom, yet God preserved and prospered this book to revive his honor, and redeeme hys Majesty's name from that grave of contempt and abhorrence, or infamy, in which they aymed to bury him. When it came out, just upon the king's death ; good God ! what shame, rage, and dispute, filled his murderers ! what comfort, hys friends ! How many enemies did it convert ! how many hearts did it mollify and melt ! What devotions it rayfed to his posterity, as children of such a father ! what preparations in all hys minds for this happy restauration, and which, I hope, shall not prove my affliction ! In a word, it was an army, and did vanquish more than any sword could. My lord, every good subject conceived hopes of restauration ; meditated revenge and reparation. Your lordship, and all good subjects, with hys majesty, enjoy the real, and now ripe fruites of that plant. O let not mee wither ! who was the author, and ventured wife, children, estate, liberty, life, and all, but my soule, in soe great an atcheivement, which hath filled England, and all the world, with the glory of it. I did lately present my sayth in it to the Duke of York, and by him to the King ; both of them were pleased to give mee credit, and owne it as a rare service in those horrors of times. True, I played this best card in my hand something too late ; else I might have sped

as well as Dr. Reynolds *, and some others; but I did not lay it as a ground of ambition, nor use it as a ladder. Thinking myself secure in the just valedictive of Dr. Morley, who I was sure knew it, and told me your lordship did so too; who I believe intended me something at least competent, though less convenient in this preferment. All that I desire is, that your lordship would make that good which I think you designed, and which I am confident the king will not deny me, agreeable to his royal munificence, which promiseth extraordinary rewards to extraordinary services. Certainly this service is such, for the matter, manner, timing, and efficacy, as was never exceeded, nor will ever be equalled, if I may credit the judgment of the best and wisest men that have read it; and I know your lordship, who is so great a master of wisdom and eloquence, cannot but esteem the author of that piece; and accordingly make me to see those effects which may assure me, that my loyalty, pains, care, hazard and

silence, are accepted by the king and royal family, to which your lordship's is now grafted, where I wish it may, together with the other branches, flourish; that under that shadow I and mine may thrive, while they enjoy the honor and influence of that constellation of wisdom, and piety, and patience, which beares the glorious name of the great paterne of kings, christians, men, and martyrs. I was well before I was removed, and wanted nothing; it is not covetousness now, as not ambition before, that moved in me. I only desire I may be considered as a person able and willing to serve the king; of which that book is testimony enough. And shall I be dejected, or discouraged, in so great a diocese, and after so great services, for want of revenue suitable to my place and work? God forbid! The king is too generous, and I hope your lordship will be more a just favourer of your honor's humble servant.

JAN. 21, 1660.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

[With an ENGRAVED PORTRAIT † of

MR. JOHN KYRIE, commonly known by the name of the MAN OF ROSS, was a native of that place, which is situated in the county of Hereford. He died in the year 1724, at the age of ninety, and was buried in the chancel of the church at Ross. He was a bachelor, possessed of five hundred pounds a-year, of which there is a tradition that he spent only fifty pounds for the support of himself. He distributed medicines to the poor gratis, and when the advice of a physician was necessary, he sent for one at his own expense. He redeemed poor debtors from prison, and gave them small sums to begin trade with. In almost all disputes he acted as a mediator, and prevented the parties from going to law. He bought all sorts of coarse cloth, which he caused to be made for the use of the poor, and distributed to them meat and bread. So celebrated was he in his time for his singular virtues, that Mr. Pope, whose voice was fame, celebrated him in the following lines.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing THE MAN OF
ROSS:

Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding
bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause refounds.

Him, from an ORIGINAL PAINTING.]

Who hung with woods yon mountain's lustrous brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?

Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud tall magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.

Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?

Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"THE MAN OF ROSS," each lisping babe
replies.

Behold the Market-place with poor o'er-spread!

THE MAN OF ROSS divides the weekly bread!

He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,

Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans
blest,

The young who labour and the old who rest.
Is any sick? THE MAN OF ROSS relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.

Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!

* Dr. Edward Reynolds, at the Restoration consecrated Bishop of Norwich.

† See the MISCELLANEOUS PLATE annexed.

Oh say, what fums that gen'rous hand supply?

What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,

This man possess—five hundred pounds a-year:

Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, with draw your blaze!

Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?

His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,

Will never mark the marble with his name: Go, search it there, where to be born and die,

Of rich and poor makes all the history; Enough that virtue fills the space between, Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.

Dr. Johnson, however, observes, that "this praise of Kyrle, the Man of Rofs, deserves particular examination, who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his public works and private charities, is said to have diffused all those blessings from five hundred a-year. Wonders are willingly told and willingly heard. The

truth is, that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose felicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes. This influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place, and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man being made more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder; but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain: that good may be endeavoured, it must be shewn to be possible."

The Print of this very excellent man given in our present Magazine is taken from an old portrait, painted on a wooden pannel over the fire-place in one of the parlours belonging to the King's-Arms Inn at Rofs, known by the name of the Man of Rofs's House. When or by whom it was painted, does not appear. Probably it was placed there when Mr. Kyrle resided at the above house.

JOHN LELAND.

[With an ENGRAVING* of HIM, from an ORIGINAL PICTURE.]

OF this author it will be sufficient to refer our readers to his Life published at Oxford, together with those of Anthony Wood and Thomas Hearne, a few years since. The present engraving

is copied from a picture in the possession of Rowe Mores, Esq; of Low Layton, Essex, deceased, in whose family the original now remains.

The SOUNDING-BOARD in ADLESBOROUGH CHURCH, BUCKS.

[Illustrated by an ENGRAVING.*]

ADLESBOROUGH or Edlesboro Church is situate among the hills in Buckinghamshire, about six or seven miles S.W. from Dunstable, near the Buckingham road. The outward appearance of this church has nothing worthy the notice of travellers, being in a very ruinous state; but on entering the church the eye

is caught with the Gothic appearance of the sounding-board, which is fixed up against the wall between two arches over the pulpit. It is of exquisite workmanship and in perfect condition, and forms no unpleasing contrast to the mutilated seats underneath it.

CHELTENHAM WELLS, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

[Illustrated by a PERSPECTIVE VIEW* of the PUMP-ROOM, &c.]

THESE Wells are pleasantly situated, near the church, in the market-town of Cheltenham, 100 miles West from London, and ten miles N. E. from Glou-

cester; and are much frequented in the summer season by the nobility and gentry of the neighbouring country. These waters partake of the quality of those at

* See the MISCELLANEOUS PLATE annexed.

Scarborough, and were first found out by some husbandmen in the year 1740, by observing that all the pigeons in the neighbourhood and places adjacent came thither to quench their thirst.

A physician of credit and experience who has made several trials and observations of their different effects, having prescribed them to many persons of various constitutions and distempers, says, that on evaporation they are found to contain in one gallon of water eight drachms of nitrous salt, with two drachms of alkaline earth; that they are compounded of a large quantity of nitre, to which they owe their purgative quality, a light sulphur with foetid dejections manifested, and a volatile stench, discovered by a transparent blue colour, when mixed with an infusion of Nut Galls. Alkaline spirits have no effect on them; but they ferment with acids. He further adds, they act according to the dose administered, by emptying the bowels gently and easily, without sickness, nausea, gripes, or causing great lowness of spirits. They give a good appetite, an easy digestion, and quiet night, in all nephritic

and gouty cases, when not under the fit, and in all rheumatic, scrophulous, scorbutic, and leprous cases; but especially in spermatic, urinary, or hæmorrhoidal cases: he thinks them not to be equalled in inflammatory cases: in a word, they do great cures in most chronical disorders, if proper regimen and exercise be ordered. Those of healthy strong nerves and firm constitutions bear them with high spirits; but they do not agree with those of weak nerves, paralytic, hypochondriac or hysterical disorders, or those who are subject to any kind of fits, cramps, or convulsions.

Here are several good lodging-houses, particularly the Great House. Public breakfasts and assemblies are kept here, all which are regulated by a Master of the Ceremonies*. The Wells are within side a brick-arched building (as delineated in the annexed Plate), surrounded with a wooden paling which forms a kind of bar, where stands a woman to deliver out the waters, &c. The building on the right side is part of the public Breakfast-Room.

OBSERVATIONS on the PASSIONS.

By R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

PEOPLE have a custom of excusing the enormities of their conduct by talking of their passions, as if they were under the controul of a blind necessity, and sinned because they could not help it. Before any man resorts to this kind of excuse it behoves him to examine the justice of it, and to be sure that these passions, which he thus attempts to palliate, are strictly natural, and do not spring either from the neglect of education or the crime of self-indulgence.

Of our infancy, properly so called, we either remember nothing, or few things faintly and imperfectly; some passions however make their appearance in this stage of human life, and appear to be born with us, others are born after us; some follow us to the grave, others forsake us in the decline of age.

The life of man is to be viewed under three periods, infancy, youth, and manhood. The first includes that portion of time before reason shews itself; in the second it appears indeed, but being incompetent to the proper government of the creature, requires the aid, support,

and correction of education; in the third it attains to its maturity.

Now as a person's responsibility bears respect to his reason, so do human punishments bear respect to his responsibility: infants and boys are chastised by the hand of the parent or the master; rational adults are amenable to the laws, and what is termed mischief in the first case becomes a crime in the other. It will not avail the man to plead loss of reason by temporary intoxication, nor can he excuse himself by the plea of any sudden impulse of passion. If a prisoner tells his judge that it is his nature to be cruel, that anger lust or malice are inherent in his constitution, no human tribunal will admit the defence; yet thus it is that all people deal with God and the world, when they attempt to palliate their enormities, by pleading the uncontrollable propensity of their natural desires, as if the Creator had set up a tyrant in their hearts, which they were necessitated to obey.

This miserable subterfuge is no less abject than impious; for what can be more degrading to a being, whose inherent

* *Simon Moreau, Esq.*

attribute is free-agency, and whose distinguishing faculty is reason, than to shelter himself from the dread of responsibility under the humiliating apology of mental slavery? It is as if he should say, *Excuse the irregularities of my conduct, for I am a brute and not a man; I follow instinct and renounce all claim to reason; my actions govern me, not I my actions*;—and yet the people to whom I allude generally set up this plea in excuse for those passions in particular, which have their origin in that stage of life when the human mind is in the use and possession of reason; an imposition so glaring that it convicts itself: notwithstanding this it is too often seen, that whilst the sensualist is avowing the irresistible violence of his propensities, vanity shall receive it not only as an atonement for the basest attempts, but as an expected tribute to the tempting charms of beauty; nay, such is the perversion of principle in some men, that it shall pass with them as a recommendation even of that sex, the purity of whose minds should be their sovereign grace and ornament.

The passion of fear seems coeval with our nature: if they who have our infancy in charge suffer this passion to fix and increase upon us; if they augment our infant fears by invented terrors, and

present to our sight frightful objects to scare us; if they practise upon our natural and defenceless timidity by blows and menaces, and crush us into absolute subjection of spirit in our early years; a human creature thus abused has enough to plead in excuse for cowardice; and yet this, which is the strongest defence we can make upon the impulse of passion, is perhaps the only one we never resort to: in most other passions we call that constitution, which is only habit.

When we reflect upon the variety of passions to which the human mind is liable, it should seem as if reason, which is expressly implanted in us for their correction and controul, was greatly over-matched by such a host of turbulent insurgents; but upon a closer examination we may find that reason has many aids and allies, and though her antagonists are also many and mighty, yet that they are divided and distracted; whilst she can in all cases turn one passion against another, so as to counterbalance any power by its opposite, and make evil instruments in her hands conducive to moral ends. Avarice, for instance, will act as a counterpoise to lust and intemperance, whilst vanity on the other hand will check avarice; fear will keep a bad man honest, and pride will sometimes make a coward brave.

The ADVANTAGES of PUBLIC EDUCATION exemplified in the STORY of GEMINUS and GEMELLUS.

[BY THE SAME.]

GEMINUS and Gemellus were twins of a country gentleman of fortune, whom I shall call Euphorion. When they were of age to begin their grammar learning, Euphorion found himself exceedingly puzzled to decide upon the best mode of education; he had read several treatises on the subject, which instead of clearing up his difficulties had increased them; he had consulted the opinions of his friends and neighbours, and he found these so equally divided, and so much to be said on both sides, that he could determine upon neither. Unfortunately for Euphorion he had no partialities of his own, for the good gentleman had had little or no education himself. The clergyman of the parish preached up the moral advantages of private tuition; the lawyer, his near neighbour, dazzled his imagination with the connections and knowledge of the world to be gained in a public school. Euphorion perceiving himself in a streight between two roads, and not knowing

which to prefer, cut the difficulty by taking both; so that Geminus was put under the private tuition of the clergyman above mentioned, and Gemellus was taken up to town by the lawyer to be entered at Westminster-school.

Euphorion having thus put the two systems fairly to issue waited the event; but every time that Gemellus came home at the breaking-up, the private system rose and the public sunk on the comparison in the father's mind, for Gemellus's appearance no longer kept pace with his brother's: wild and ragged as a colt, battered and bruised and dishevelled, he hardly seemed of the same species with the spruce little master in the parlour. Euphorion was shocked to find that his manners were no less altered than his person; for he herded with the servants in the stable, was for ever under the horses' heels, and fought most in all games and sports with the idle boys of the parish. This was a sore offence in Euphorion's eyes, for he abhorred low

company, and being the first gentleman of his family, seemed determined to keep up to the title. Misfortunes multiplied upon poor Gemellus, and every thing conspired to put him in complete disgrace, for he began to corrupt his brother, and was detected in debauching him to a game a cricket, from which Geminus was brought home with a bruise on the shin, that made a week's work for the surgeon; and what was still worse, there was conviction of the blow being given from a ball from Gemellus's batt; this brought on a severe interdiction of all further fellowship between the brothers, and they were effectually kept apart for the future.

A suspicion now took place in the father's mind, that Gemellus had made as little progress in his books as he had in his manners; but as this was a discovery he could not venture upon in person, he substituted his proxy for the undertaking. Gemellus had so many evasions and *alibis* in resource, that it was long before the clergyman could bring the case to a hearing, and the report was not very favourable in any sense to the unlucky school-boy, for Gemellus had been seized with a violent fit of sneezing in the crisis of examination, to the great annoyance of the worthy preceptor, who was forced to break up the conference *re infecta* and in some disorder; for amongst other damages which had accrued to his person and apparel, he presented himself to the wondering eyes of Euphorion with a huge black bush wig stuck full of paper darts, and as thickly spiked as the back of a porcupine. The culprit was instantly summoned, and made no other defence, than that *they slept out of his hand, and he did not go to do it.* "Are these your Westminster tricks, sirrah?" cried the angry father, and aiming a blow at his scull with his crutch, brought the wrong person to the ground; for the nimble culprit had slipped out of the way, and Euphorion, being weak and gouty, literally followed the blow, and was laid sprawling on the floor. Gemellus flew to his assistance, and jointly with the parson got him on his legs; but his anger was now so enflamed, that Gemellus was ordered out of the room under sentence of immediate dismissal to school. Euphorion declared he was so totally spilt, that he would not be troubled with him any longer in his family, else he would instantly have reversed his education: it was now too late, (he observed to the parson, whilst he was drawing the paper darts from his wig) and therefore he should return to the place from whence he came,

and order was given for passing him off by the stage next morning.

A question was asked about his holiday-task, but Geminus, who had now entered his father's chamber, in a mild and pacifying tone assured Euphorion that his brother was provided in that respect, for that he himself had done the task for him. This was pouring oil upon flame, and the idle culprit was once more called to the bar to receive a most severe reprimand for his meanness in imposing on his brother's good-nature, with many dunces and blockheads cast in his teeth, for not being able to do his own business. Gemellus was nettled with these reproaches, but more than all with his brother for betraying him, and, drawing the task out of his pocket, rolled it in his hand and threw it towards the author, saying "he was a shabby fellow; and for his part he scorned to be obliged to any body, that would do a favour and then boast of it."—Recollecting himself in a moment afterwards, he turned towards his father, and begged his pardon for all offences; "he hoped he was not such a blockhead, but he could do his task, if he pleased, and he would instantly set about it and send it down, to convince him, that he could do his own business without any body's help." So saying, he went out of the room in great haste, and in less time than could be expected brought down a portion of *saered exercise* in hexameter verse, which the parson candidly declared was admirably well performed for his years; adding, that although it was not without faults, there were some passages that bespoke the dawning of genius.—"I am obliged to you, Sir," said Gemellus, "it is more than I deserve, and I beg your pardon for the impertinence I have been guilty of."—The tears started in his eyes as he said this, and he departed without any answer from his father.

He had no sooner left the room than he perceived Geminus had followed him, and, being piqued with his late treatment, turned round and with a disdainful look said—"Brother Geminus, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; if you was at Westminster, there is not a boy in the school would acknowledge you after so scandalous a behaviour."—"I care neither for your nor your school," answered the domestic youth; "it is you and not I should be ashamed of such reprobate manners, and I shall report you to my father."—"Do so," replied Gemellus, "and take that wish you into
"the

“ the bargain.”—This was immediately followed with a sound slap on the face with his open hand, which however drew blood in a stream from his nostrils, and he ran screaming to Euphorion, who came out upon the alarm with all the speed he could muster. Gemellus stood his ground, and after a severe caning was ordered to ask pardon of his brother: this he peremptorily refused to do, alledging that he had been punished already, and to be beaten and beg pardon too was more than he would submit to. No menaces being able to bring this refractory spirit to submission, he was sent off to school penniless, and a letter was written to the master, setting forth his offence, and in strong terms censuring his want of discipline for not correcting so stubborn a temper and so idle a disposition.

When he returned to school the master sent for him to his house, and questioned him upon the matter of complaint in his father's letter, observing that the charge being made for offences out of school he did not think it right to call him publicly to account; but as he believed him to be a boy of honour, he expected to hear the whole truth fairly related. This drew forth the whole narrative, and Gemellus was dismissed with a gentle admonition, that could hardly be construed into a rebuke.

When the next holidays were in approach, Gemellus received the following letter from his brother.

“ BROTHER GEMELLUS,

“ IF you have duly repented of your behaviour to me, and will signify your contrition, asking pardon as becomes you for the violence you have committed, I will intercede with my father, and hope to obtain his permission for your coming home in the ensuing holidays; if not, you must take the consequences, and remain where you are, for on this condition only I am to consider myself

“ Your affectionate brother,
“ GEMINUS.”

To this letter Gemellus returned an answer as follows.

“ DEAR BROTHER,

“ I Am sorry to find you still bear in mind a boyish quarrel so long past; he assured I have entirely forgiven your behaviour to me, but I cannot recollect any thing in mine to you, which I ought to ask your pardon for. Whatever consequences may befall me for not complying with your condition, I shall remain

“ Your affectionate brother,
“ GEMELLUS.”

[To be concluded in our next.]

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

The NEWSPAPERS.

AN ADDRESS spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, jun. at the Theatre Royal HAY-MARKET, on Miss GEORGE's first and second appearances in the ROMP.

Written by Mr. S T U A R T.

[Newspapers lying on the table.

THE Play quite over the Address not written!

What shall I do? Miss George is fairly bitten.

Flat as a cit 'fore dinner—hipp'd by vapours,

But can't I steal from all these morning papers?

We tiny wits glean all jokes from the news, Tho' these best friends, our puffers, we abuse: When all their temporary strokes we cull, To hide our thests, we damn them, they're so dull.

What paper's this? The HERALD, often bright, Now blazes with a bulse ne'er brought to light.

[As if reading.

Keen for half price the REGISTER contending, Full price the GENERAL, vig'rously defending!

Were half-crown bucks allow'd to enter here, The actors all must brew their own final-beer;

And could they with such slop so greatly shine,

As when well stuff'd with beef and gen'rous wine?

It would improve, indeed, the tragic school; For you'd receive “ great cry for little wool.” But could you, merry folks, in either gall'ry, Laugh half so hearty, dock'd of half your jealousy?

No!—Then still see full pieces for full pay, And ne'er sneak in at sag end of a play.

The J. EDGER next: what have we here—
“ The Friend:

“ Number five hundred!” friendship without end!

This is indeed a friend we seldom meet, Back'd by five hundred more of Garr'way's fleet.

[Looking at the ship advertisements.

The GAZETTER—“ our citizens all sigh
“ At Swanhop breakfasts of nice stew'd lamb's fry,

“ In sack—they hate to eat by Deputy.
The POST—“ Miss George this evening plays the Romp;

“ 'Tis hop'd no nibbling critic in stiff pomp

Smear at her essay and voice melodi-
ous Willous ;

"Remember, " All comparisons are odious."
What have we here ? " *The PUBLIC AD-*

VERTISER—
"Theatricals—*dash*—AND—*dash*—we ad-
vise her—

"*Dash*—let Miss George—*dash*—teipfe
nose—

"*Dash*—she's not Jordan—*dash*—nor Ma-
dam P'zzv"—

Dash—*dash*—*slapdash*—*The CHRONICLE* at
last,

Fame's pleasing trump, without one envious
blast,

Good-natur'd—ne'er can genius rob,
With nothing black about him—but his bob.

What's here ? " Miss George's great at-
tempt to-night

"Cannot offend, but may give some delight :
"She's young and volatile—has fun and
ri—

"Her *Tippet* and *Miss Jenny* prove she's
Fig.

"Though wondrous Jordan be Dame Na-
ture's choice,

"Yet sprightly George has got a charming
voice.

"Had no young candidate e'er try'd their
art

"To play a great performer's choicest part,
"Jordan and *Siddons* we had never gain'd,

"For *Olve* and *Cibber* would have always
reign'd."

Has not our little Gen'ral on this plain
Drill'd heroes as recruits for Drury-lane ?

Searching fir genius ever, and rewarding,
Has he not fill'd the *list* of Covent-garden ?

Let candour, then, not cynick snails pre-
vail ;

Let no one cock his glass, and say " she'll
fail !

"She's not the *Jordan* !" that she *knows* in-
deed,

But none can be more anxious to succeed
Than she, to make you merry—not to teize
you,—

She'll do her best—none can do more—to
please you.

* * The *Lines* respecting the *Ledger*, the
Register, and the *General Advertiser*, were
omitted in the speaking, owing to the too
great length of the Address.

Aug. 29. A Comedy of three acts called
"Tit for Tat," was performed, for the first
Time, for the benefit of Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Palmer being soon to be elevated
to a Dramatick Throne, we considered his
choice of a new Play for his Benefit as a
specimen of the talents for which he is to
wield his sceptre. We were surpris'd that
the Play was not new ; but an alteration of
an alteration from the French of Marivaux,
which has been published under the title of
Mutual Deception.

The characters and situations wanted
novelty, but the dialogue was lively and

rich ; and it seem'd to be greatly relish'd
by the audience.

P R O L O G U E

To the COMEDY of TIT FOR TAT.

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

HONG hath Old England given, as from
the helm,

Dramatick Law to every sister realm.

Scotland her Theatres delights to rear,

But for Supplies, for Ways and Means, looks
here :

Hibernia too improves the friendly hint ;

"A new Play, Honey ! fait, there's no-
thing in't,

"For we have all their manuscripts in
print."

Teague speaks but truth. Across St. George's
Channel

John Bull in vain his Juries would impan-
nel ;

In vain expect great Chancellors to sit,

And guard by equity the rights of wit ;

While distant Managers feel no compunctions,

And laugh alike at actions or injunctions.

Yet to be just ourselves, we own to-day
That from Hibernia comes our printed play ;

A play first flowing from a Frenchman's pen,

Cork'd, bottl'd there ; decanted here again.

Three acts in Paris kept the scenes alive,

And those three acts in Dublin swell'd to
five ;

But Dwarfs ne'er treading Giants Caufeways,
we

Loe off two legs, and rest again on three.

Oh, on our Tripod may we firmly stand,
And hail, like them, our cargo safe on land !

French, Irish, English, whatso'er the freight,
Your sentence stamps its merit, seals its fate.

From me, whose utmost aim is your deli-
ght,

Accept the humble offering of to-night !

To please, wherever plac'd, be still my
care,

At Drury, Haymarket — or Wellclose-
Square !

E P I L O G U E

To TIT for TAT.

Written by a FRIEND.

Spoken by Miss FARREN.

IN times of yore, our ancestors discreet,
Thought woman's safest station was re-
treat :

Over her tender chick Dame Partlet then
Preach'd this grave lesson, "Mind, beware
of men !"

Still o'er and o'er repeating night and day,
"Fly, shun 'em all as animals of prey !"

But now, or theirs is chang'd, or else our
Nature,

And man's not held so terrible a creature.

No dame now takes beneath her wing her charge,
 But let the tender chicken roam at large.
 Should Square-Tocs fret—the answer then is pat,
 Our girl's no fool—she'll give 'em Tit for Tat.
 Miss, free from school, and strong by sanction grown,
 Leads half a score wild fellows round the town.
 For ev'ry smile a smile is at command—
 For every bow a curtsy's near at hand—
 For ogling, flirting, frolic, fancy, chat,
 Belies equal beaux—and Miss gives Tit for Tat.
 The first that offers wins her easy heart,
 And Gretna's blacksmith joins 'em ne'er to part.
 Now like fair Venus' turtles view the pair,
 This coos—my love, and that returns—my dear.
 At length a short moon waded, one to that,
 How runs the reck'ning of—Our Tit for Tat.
 He rails—she scolds—they're yet upon the square,
 There's still a Rowland for an Oliver.
 To clubs abroad and taverns should he roam,
 She'll have her cards and private friends at home.
 "Your temper, Madam!"—"Sir, our tempers suit,
 " You once were kind, and you, but now a brute."
 Should he prove false, what remedy for that?
 Gallant for Mistress—'tis but Tit for Tat.
 Since, like to like, how shall our friend requite
 Those whom their kindness have brought here to-night?
 Be pleas'd with his endeavour, grant but that,
 And well you will repay him Tit for Tat.

Sept. 15. This evening the Hay-market Theatre closed for the present season with Tit for Tat, and The Agreeable Surprise and on the succeeding night,

Sept. 16. Drury-Lane Theatre opened with the School for Scandal and All the World's a Stage. On the following Monday,

Sept. 18. The Theatre of Covent Garden opened for the season with the comedy of The Belle's Stratagem, to which the restoration of Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Mattocks gave its original sprightliness and vigour. The part of Flutter was played by Mr. McCready, from Dublin, whose person and features, though neither strikingly elegant or expressive, are sufficiently neat and regular to qualify him for the representation of a variety of comic characters. He bustled through Flutter with tolerable success, but the part does not shew scope enough to enable the comedian to display his powers to full advantage.

* The house was formerly used as the Assembly-Rooms, until Mr. William Fector

P R O L O G U E
 T O T H E

R E V E N G E,

Spoken by WILLIAM FECTOR, Esq;
 On the first Opening of his Private Theatre,
 in Dover, Oct. the 30th, 1783.

HONOR'D once more with such a brilliant view
 Of Beauties, Wits, kind Friends, and Critics too,

Permit me, just as *Manager*, to say
 A word concerning actors, houses and play.
 Tho' novelties please most of human race,
 I can't present you e'en with one new face;
 But since my veteran corps can give delight,
 Their former laurels must not fade to-night.
 *This house of pleasure, once the chosen

place
 Of festive dance and all the mirthful train;
 Here rival toasts all others could excel,
 And rival beaux their tender talks might tell.
 Tho' chang'd the plan, the aim is still the same,

Vowes of pleasure differing but in name.
 The Tragic Muse still claims superior praise,
 And souls refined will honor all her lays.
 With quick pulsations throbbing at my heart,

I'm now about to act a villain's part;
 But hope for once those moralists must err,
 Who hold that fiction bell tells what we are;
 Far be from me those wily arts t' excuse,
 Which form'd by villains, none but villains use.

Yet feels for Zanga every gen'rous mind;
 An untaught son of Afric's burning clime,
 With whom revenge is honor's first great rule,

Unlearn'd in polish'd Europe's softer school.
 Unknown are war's refin'd ideas to them,
 Victory or death is still their darling theme;
 Captivity they wish not to survive,
 And time but keeps each angry thought alive.

*Forgiveness is an attribute divine,
 Revenge congenial to a savage mind.

Now to a candid audience I appeal,
 To hope their favour will our faults conceal.
 Genius and Wit will ne'er descend to satire,
 But every plaudit flow from your good-nature.

P R O L O G U E
 T O

OTWAY'S Tragedy of VENICE PRESERV'D
 (Performed by Mr. FECTOR, and his Dramatic Party, in Dover, on the 5th of Oct. 1784.)

Spoken by WILLIAM FECTOR, Esq;
 who also personated JAFFIER.

"EYE Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,

" And catch the manners living as they rise."

So says Dan Pope, and frankly I confess
 A fear, that we this night shall give our
 guels,
 A more than common mark of their success. }
 'Tis true, did reason hold a sovereign sway,
 And none her slightest dictates disobey;
 Did all revere her ever-honor'd laws,
 And only merit gain her just applause;
 Much might my friends and self be made to
 dread
 With tragic steps the mimic stage to tread;
 But most philosophers and wise men know,
 And to our foibles ot' indulgence show,
 Some ruling passion all mankind obeys,
 And each his hobby mounts in different
 ways.

Perhaps this night censorious folks may
 say,
 "Ambition, more than Judgment, chose the
 play;
 "Our power's unequal to the great design
 That paints each conflict of the human
 mind."
 Venice's stern laws, I hope, won't here
 prevail,
 But mercy more than justice hold the scale.
 Candour will sure each liberal mind inspire,
 That should we see, to please is our desire;
 That ruling passion all our hearts profess,
 And my soul's *darling passion* stands confess'd.

THOUGHTS and REFLECTIONS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

I. THE generality of what the World
 calls *friends*, are but our *shadows*.
 They accompany us while the sun shines;
 but quit us soon as it disappears. *Felix se
 proficit amari*, says Lucan: and the Distressed
 have no patron, says experience.

II. The heart is to the Man, what the
 sun is to Nature. The richest principles in
 one, and the most vegetative powers in
 the other, would lye dormant, without the
 enlivening warmth of the Soul of man, or
 of the Universe.

III. Our eyes are quicker than our ears;
 example, therefore, goes further than pre-
 cept; and facts operate stronger on our
 minds, than sentences.

IV. Definition of a *Route*—Where people
 come only to remain, and go away to be
 remarked upon.

V. Woman's pride is generally too *ab-
 stracted*; for they seldom lay any thing that
 is *material*.

VI. Virtue, like the *lodestone*, can only
 communicate its properties to susceptible
 natures.

VII. Why should not a man be allowed
 to commend his Wit as well as his Hon-
 our?

VIII. The French word *louer* signifies
 both to *hire* and to *praise*. That nation
 shews by this, their knowledge of mankind,
 in thus making *fattery* the price of favour.
Command and command, is a good adage for
 this maxim.

IX. *Personne*, in the feminine gender,
 signifies *somebody*, but in the masculine, *no-
 body*. So that in France Women, it seems,
 are considered as *every-thing*, and Men as
nothing.

X. There is a dependence and connection
 runs through things where it is not suspected.
 The difference of Government is thought to
 have depended on the arbitrary election of
 the first Legislator; but it follows the nature
 of men, which follows the constitution of
 the climate. The hot and violent dispositions
 of the people could never be restrained by
 northern laws. 'Tis necessary also to incli-

cate superstitions, reverence, and awe of
 their Moguls, Sultans, and Sophys, to gov-
 ern the inward man by obedience, as well
 as the outward one by force, in such ex-
 tensive empires.

XI. An unimpassioned heart, like lead,
 is dull and cold: melt it, and it shines and
 flows.

XII. Wit is not a *fund*, but a *faculty*:
 Humour is a *complexion*: and Story-telling
 a *knack*.

XIII. No man would change intirely
 with another.

"Better to bear those ills we have,
 "Than fly to others which we know not
 of."

XIV. The insolence of men arises from
 their own meanness of spirit: conscious of
 the tameness with which they would them-
 selves bear an insult, they thus dare offer
 one to others.

XV. What is exile, but being *obliged* to
 live in some country, where a whole na-
 tion abides by *choice*?

XVI. Scurrilous people throw more dirt
 than hit against those they abuse.

XVII. Honesty, like Charity, should be-
 gin at home: but the Miser first robs him-
 self.

XVIII. Time, like a river, rolls imper-
 ceptibly away, 'till it loses itself in the vast
 ocean of Eternity. Happy they who mark
 its periods by deeds which shall bear record,
 when time itself shall be no more!

XIX. Reason may be compared to Steel;
 it must be kept bright by use—*splendet usu*.
 If suffered to lie by, it will rust sooner than
 a baser metal; and the sooner still for the
 fineness of its polish.

XX. Reading is the food, Conversation the
 exercise, and Contemplation the physic of
 the Mind.

XXI. The happiness of Marriage, like
 the rents of an Estate, flows from a per-
 manent source, renewing still as it wastes.
 Libertines, like Spendthrifts, break in up-
 on the *Fee simple*, and soon turn Bankrupts.

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

ΠΝΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ; or, The Diversions of Purley. Part I. By John Horne Tooke, M. A. 8vo: 7s. 6d. Johnson: 1786.

WE have here a valuable and entertaining dialogue on universal or philosophical Grammar. Mr. Horne Tooke, after such things as naturally, and properly lead the way to the subject, thus enters upon it: "I think Grammar difficult; but I am very far from looking upon it as foolish: indeed so far, that I consider it as absolutely necessary in the search after philosophical truth; which, if not the most useful, perhaps, is at least the most pleasing employment of the human mind. And I think it no less necessary in the most important questions concerning religion and civil society." This last remark is so obvious and just, that perhaps some lovers of mystery may be for rejecting it. The ingenious author, after various observations from the different dialogists, thus goes on: "I acknowledge philosophical Grammar to be a most necessary step towards wisdom and true knowledge. From the innumerable and inveterate mistakes which have been made concerning it by the wisest philosophers and most diligent inquirers of all ages, and from the thick darkness in which they have hitherto left it, I imagine it to be one of the most difficult speculations. Yet, I suppose, a man of plain common sense may obtain it, if he will dig for it; but I cannot think that what is commonly called learning, is the mine in which it will be found. Truth, in my opinion, has been improperly imagined at the bottom of a well: it lies much nearer to the surface; though buried, indeed, at present, under mountains of learned rubbish, in which there is nothing to admire but the amazing strength of those vast giants of literature who have been able thus to heap Pelion upon Ossa. This at present is only my opinion, which perhaps I have entertained too lightly." And we venture to add, perhaps not, since there

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is a real foundation for such an opinion. After many other entertaining and useful things, one of the dialogists says, "you will begin then either with *things* or *ideas*; for it is impossible we should ever thoroughly understand the nature of the *signs*, unless we first properly consider and arrange the *things signified*. Whose system of philosophy will you build upon?" To this Mr. Horne Tooke answers, "What you say is true. And yet, I shall not begin there. Hermes, you know, put out the eyes of Argus; and I suspect that he has likewise blinded Philosophy: and if I had not imagined so, I should never have cast away a thought upon this subject. If therefore Philosophy herself has been misled by language, how shall she teach us to detect his tricks?" Here ends the Introduction. We beg leave to say, that in our opinion, Philosophy, by vainly attempting to put out the eyes of Language, lost her own: and this we think may be fully proved from Mr. Horne Tooke himself: however, we are glad, upon the whole, that he imagined otherwise, since that thought occasioned The Diversions of Purley.

Chap. I. relates to the divisions or distribution of language. The purpose of language, says Mr. Horne Tooke, is to communicate our thoughts. This he mentions as the true principle upon which the whole matter rests, and also as that principle which, being kept singly in contemplation, has misled all those who have reasoned on the subject.— "For thus, says he, they reasoned— Words are the *signs* of *things*. There must therefore be as many sorts of words, or *parts of speech*, as there are sorts of *things*. The earliest inquirers into language proceeded then to settle how many sorts there were of things; and from thence how many sorts of words, or parts

Z

of

of speech. Whilst this method of search *strictly* prevailed, the parts of speech were very few in number; but *two*; at most *three* or *four*. All things, said they, must have names. But there two sorts of things: 1. *Res quæ permanent*. 2. *Res quæ fluunt*. There must therefore be *two* sorts of words, or *parts of speech*: viz. 1. *Notæ rerum quæ permanent*. 2. *Notæ rerum quæ fluunt*. Well; but surely there are words which are neither *notæ rerum permanentium*, nor yet *notæ rerum fluentium*. What will you do with them? We cannot tell: we can find but these two sorts in *rerum natura*; call therefore those other words, if you will, for the present, *particles*, or inferior parts of speech, till we can find out what they are.—Or, suppose you call them *conjunctions*, or *connectives*. About the time of Aristotle, a fourth part of speech was added, the *definitive*, or *article*. Here concluded the search after the different sorts of words, or parts of speech, from the difference of things.—The difficulty and controversy now was, to determine to which of these four classes each word belonged; in the attempting of which, succeeding Grammarians could neither satisfy themselves nor others:—however, by this attempt and dispute they became better acquainted with the differences of words, though they could not account for them; and they found the old system deficient, though they knew not how to supply its defects. They seem therefore to have reversed the method of proceeding from things to signs, pursued by the philosophers; and still allowing the principle (viz. that there must be as many sorts of words as of things), they travelled backwards, and sought for the things from the signs: from this time the number of parts of speech has been variously reckoned.—But what sort of difference in words should intitle them to hold a separate rank by themselves, has not to this moment been settled.” But it seems, words are now no longer allowed to be the signs of things; modern Grammarians call them, after Aristotle, the signs of *ideas*; at the same time denying the other assertion of Aristotle, that *ideas* are the *likenesses* of things. “No doubt, says Mr. Horne Tooke, this alteration approached so far nearer to the truth; but the nature of language has not been much better understood by it.” We can by no means give our author credit for this assertion, that the alteration approached so far nearer to the truth. Was nature

followed, when words were made the signs of *ideas*; that is, the signs not of real things without the mind, but of some undefinable images within the mind? Does all obscurity vanish, when we are told, that *ideas* are not the likenesses of any things existing without the mind? Or, will it clear up the matter to affirm that words are the signs neither of real things without the mind, nor of their likenesses within the mind? Philology might perhaps see better, if the number of her eyes were less. We perfectly agree with Mr. Horne Tooke in the following remarks: Grammarians have since pursued just the same method with *mind*, as had before been done with *things*. The different operations of the mind are to account now for what the different things were to account before; and when they are not found sufficiently numerous for the purpose, it is only supposing an imaginary operation or two, and the difficulties are for the time shuffled over.

Mr. Horne Tooke was called upon, in the dialogue, to say what he meant by supposing that Heimes had blinded Philology. In explaining this, he unfolds the design of his book. “Imagine, says he, that it is, in some measure, with the vehicles of our thoughts, as with the vehicles for our bodies. Necessity produced both.—But should any one, desirous of understanding the purpose and meaning of all the parts of our modern elegant carriages, attempt to explain them upon this one principle alone, viz. that they were necessary for conveyance—he would find himself woefully puzzled to account for the wheels, the seats, the springs, the blinds, the glasses, the lining, &c.—*Abbreviations* are the *wheels* of language, the *wings* of Mercury; and though we might be dragged along without them, it would be with much difficulty, very heavily and tediously.—The errors of Grammarians have arisen from supposing all words to be *immediately* either the signs of things; or the signs of *ideas*: whereas in fact many words are merely *abbreviations* employed for dispatch, and are the signs of other words. And these are the artificial wings of Mercury, by means of which the Argus eyes of Philology have been cheated.—The first aim of language was to communicate our thoughts; the second, to do it with dispatch.—The difficulties and disputes concerning language have arisen almost intirely from neglecting the consideration of the latter purpose of speech; which, though subordinate to the

the former, is almost as necessary in the commerce of mankind, and has a much greater share in accounting for the different sorts of words. Words have been called *winged*; and they well deserve that name, when their abbreviations are compared with the progress which speech would make without those inventions; but compared with the rapidity of thought, they have not the smallest claim to that title.—Abbreviations are employed in language three ways: 1. In terms. 2. In sorts of words. 3. In construction. Mr. Locke's Essay is the best *guide* to the first; and numberless are the authors who have given particular explanations of the last. The second only I take for my province, at present; because I believe it has hitherto escaped the proper notice of all."

Mr. Horne Tooke begins here to throw new light upon the whole system of language; it is necessary, therefore, to guard against the consequences of being dazzled, lest the very means of detecting error should become an occasion of leading us into it. It seems to be a fact, that many words are merely abbreviations employed for dispatch, and are the signs of other words: now if those other words were signs either of things, or ideas, must not their abbreviations also be, so far, the signs either of things, or ideas? Grammarians, therefore, did not err in considering all words to be the signs either of things, or ideas; since we are told, that there neither is, nor can be, a word in any language, which has not a complete meaning and signification, even when taken by itself. Grammarians only erred in supposing all words to be immediately either the signs of things, or the signs of ideas; whereas many of them are merely abbreviations, and the signs of other words; and are the signs of things, or ideas, only as they are the *substitutes* of other words. Now let Grammarians, in this particular, bear the weight of their own ignorance; but let them not be charged with the absurdities of other men. Grammarians, following nature, considered words to be the signs of *things*; Philosophers thought fit to correct them, and made words the signs of *ideas*. Grammarians then considered ideas as the likenesses of things without; but Philosophers again interposed, and corrected them a second time, and denied that ideas are the likenesses of

things without. Grammarians left words, as they found them, with an obvious and determinate meaning; Philosophers have done what they could to strip words of all their importance, and have left them without any determinate meaning at all. The artificial wings of Mercury may perhaps have concealed some of the graceful limbs of his own body, but they never cheated the *Argus eyes* of Philosophy; but Philosophy has often attempted to clip, and injure the artificial wings of Mercury: as for instance, when she called them mere *pegs* and *nails*, and *hooks**; or, when she named them *particles*, or marks of the *stops*, *views*, *postures*, and *turns* of the mind; and refused them a particular consideration. Had Philosophy been as faithful to nature as Mercury, she would never have laboured so often, as she has done, to put out the eyes of *mankind*.

Chap. II. *Some Considerations of Mr. Locke's Essay.* Mr. Horne Tooke calls that performance, *A Grammatical Essay*, or a *Treatise on words*; or on *language*; though he thinks the title which Mr. Locke gave it was a lucky mistake; for had it been called what it really is, it would not have been so much read. This view of Mr. Locke's Essay is new, but evidently just. It may, indeed, be objected, not only from the title of the book, but from Mr. Locke's own words, that he did not consider it as such; for he says, he had not the least thought a good while after the commencement of his work, that any consideration of words was at all necessary to it. To this Mr. Horne Tooke answers in as express terms, from Mr. Locke himself, who, in the progress of his work, found it had so near a connection with words, that unless their *force* and *manner* of signification were first well observed, there could be very little said clearly and pertinently concerning knowledge; and therefore he wrote the third book of his Essay on the nature, use, and signification of language. Mr. Horne Tooke supposes, that if Mr. Locke had been aware of the inseparable connection between words and knowledge, before he treated of the *origin* and *composition* of ideas, it would have made a great difference in his Essay: for instance, he would not have talked of the *composition* of *ideas*, but would have seen, that it was merely a contrivance of language;

* Note—Yet the man who so finely ridicules this ridiculous abuse of figurative speech, himself defines "Abbreviations the *wheels* of language."

and that the only composition was in the terms; and consequently, that it was as improper to speak of a complex idea, as it would be to call a constellation a complex star; and, that they are not ideas, but merely terms, which are general and abstract. Mr. Horne Tooke also thinks, that Mr. Locke would have seen the advantage of thoroughly weighing not only the *imperfections* of language, but its *perfections* also: for, says this writer, (and let it never be forgotten) "The perfections of language, not properly understood, have been one of the chief causes of the imperfections of our philosophy." And, indeed, Mr. Locke seems to him, to have suspected something of this sort, from the hints which he has thrown out in his last chapter. It may be asked, if the greatest part of Mr. Locke's Essay, that is, all which relates to what he calls the composition, abstraction, complexity, generalization, relation, &c. of ideas: does indeed merely concern *language*, what then has he done, in the third book of his Essay? To this Mr. Horne Tooke answers, "He has really done little else but enlarge upon what he had said before, when he thought he was treating only of *ideas*." He continues to treat singly, as before, concerning the *force* of words; and has not advanced one syllable concerning their *manner* of signification. The force of a word, says Mr. Horne Tooke, depends upon the number of ideas of which that word is the sign. Our author refers to the 7th chapter of the third book of Mr. Locke's Essay, as containing the only division he has made of words, which is into *names* of ideas and *particles*: and this he considers as done in a very loose and uncertain manner, leaving it doubtful what he really meant by particles. He considers that chapter as a full confession and proof, that Mr. Locke had not settled his own opinion concerning the *manner* of signification of words; and that it still remained (though he did not chuse to own it) a *desideratum* with him, as it had done before with our great Bacon. Mr. Horne Tooke has shewn great penetration and much good sense in this second chapter; which we shall have occasion to look at again.

Chap. III. Of the Parts of Speech. In English, says Mr. Horne Tooke, and in all languages, there are only *two* sorts of words which are *necessary* for the communication of our thoughts; and these are, the noun and the verb. Language, indeed, he supposes may be di-

vided into as many parts of speech, as shall be thought most convenient; but he considers nouns and verbs as the *only necessary* parts: all other words, which are not necessary to speech, but merely *substitutes* of the first sort, he includes under the title of *Abbreviations*. And as the great proof of what he advances, this writer says, that without using any other sort of word whatever, and merely by the means of the noun and verb alone, he can relate or communicate any thing that is usually related or communicated with the help of all the others. He confesses, indeed, that without *abbreviations* language would get on but lamely; and therefore they have been introduced in different plenty; and more or less happily, in all languages. And upon these two points—*abbreviation of terms*, and *abbreviation in the manner of signification* of words—depends the respective excellence of every language. Mr. Horne Tooke supposes that a consideration of *ideas*, or of the *mind*, or of *things* (relative to the parts of speech), will lead us no farther than to *nouns*, or names of ideas. The verb must be accounted for, from the necessary use of it in communication. It is in fact the communication itself; for the verb is, *quod loquimur*; the noun, *de quo*.

Chap. IV. Of the Noun. It being the best understood, says Mr. Horne Tooke, I shall need at present to say little more than that it is the *simple* or *complex*, the *particular* or *general sign* or *name of one or more ideas*. He observes, that at this stage of his enquiry concerning language comes in most properly the consideration of the force of terms; which is the whole business of Mr. Locke's Essay; to which our author refers his reader. Then follow some ingenious and pertinent strictures on Mr. Harris, respecting the genders of nouns.

Chap. V. Of the Article and Interjection. To the latter of these Mr. Horne Tooke shews an uncommon dislike, and he so expresses himself as if he really wished to banish the use of it from language. We are ready to confess, that it does not seem to be properly ranked among the parts of speech; but we doubt, whether it can be truly said, that the dominion of speech is erected upon the *downfall* of Interjections; since we see and feel, that the most interesting passions frequently reject the use of deliberate speech, and eagerly embrace the Interjection, as affording them a method of communication better suited to the

obvious state of the soul than words could be. There certainly may be sounds very significant, which yet are not sounds articulate: and besides, Interjections are often connected with appearances far more expressive than the most significant words that could be chosen—with appearances and passions that cannot, for the moment, admit of any other sounds than those which constitute the Interjection. Men do not, as Mr. Horne Tooke supposes, in the moment of voluntary interjections, forget the use of speech, or perceive a want of time to exercise it: No; they feel the insufficiency of language, and betake themselves to these means of communicating their passions and situation which are understood by all mankind, in every part of the world, and which, for that reason, are more significant and forcible than words could be. We cannot approve of this expression—the *brutish inarticulate Interjection*—for the Interjection is not brutish, because inarticulate; since, as used by rational beings, it discovers what no tones or sounds of brute animals can ever intimate; and men, perhaps, are never further from brutes, than during those moments in which they feel themselves most disposed to the use of Interjections. It is nothing to the purpose to ask, If we can find the Interjection amongst laws, or in books of civil institutions, in history, or in any treatise of useful arts or sciences? Wherever we find most of the human heart; wherever we see life and manners described just as they are; there we shall most frequently meet with Interjections. Neither rhetoric, nor poetry, nor novels, nor plays, are the worse for Interjections, unless they be unskilfully used. And even history, if history be written as it

ought to be written, teaching men by examples, will find frequent occasions for the use of Interjections.

Mr. Horne Tooke, on the Article, returns to a better mind and to his usual penetration. After some pertinent quotation from Mr. Locke, he says, "From the necessity of general terms follows immediately the necessity of the Article; whose business it is to reduce their generality, and upon occasion to enable us to employ general terms for *particulars*. So that the Article also, in combination with a general term, is merely a *substitute*. But then it differs from those substitutes which we have ranked under the general head of *Abbreviations*; because it is *necessary* for the communication of our thoughts, and supplies the place of words which are not in the language; whereas *abbreviations* are *not necessary* for communication, and supply the place of words which are in the language." Without supposing Mr. Horne Tooke to have erred in judgment, the last sentence but one is by no means so clear as we could have wished. He says here, that the Article is *necessary* for the communication of our thoughts: In the second chapter, as we have seen, he says, "nouns and verbs are the *only* sorts of words *necessary* for the communication of our thoughts." He here adds, that the Article *supplies the place of words which are not in the language*. Is this the case of the Article in combination with a general term? It must be an odd kind of substitute. Without some additional light, we can have no solid proof whatever that the Article is *more necessary* for the communication of our thoughts, than any other substitute, or *abbreviation*.

(To be continued.)

The History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham. By William Hutchinson, F. A. S. Vol. I. 4to. 11. 1s. Robinsons.

NO effort of the human genius is, in the opinion of our author, more laudable, than that of collecting the various events of remote ages, and classing them in such order and arrangement, as to present a faithful delineation of the rise and progress of states, the civilization of mankind, and the advances of science. By this we acquire not only the knowledge of the various vicissitudes attendant on human affairs, but an insight into the principles which influence the prosperity or hasten the decline of empires, and from such affecting examples are enabled to deduce precepts of the greatest utility.

The History of the County Palatine of Durham being unavoidably connected, especially in the earlier part of it, with the general History of England, the author has been in some measure obliged to give a concise account of the public transactions of those times, in order to place the immediate object of his investigation in a clearer point of view.

In tracing the rise and advancement of this opulent Bishopric, and the original state of the Palatinate, Mr. Hutchinson begins his narrative from the accession of the Romans, at which time the Brigantes were the inhabitants of this district; the *Ottadini* holding the territories north

north of Tyne bordering on the German ocean; and the Gadini, the mountainous district to the west. After giving an account of the first introduction of Christianity into Britain, and the state of the interior police of the Britons at this period, he continues the detail during the Saxon government, till the Northumbrians, in 634, raised Oswald to the throne. In his reign the See of Lindisfarne was founded; in which originated the opulence and honours of the Principality of Durham. The first Bishop was Aidan, a pious presbyter, brought up in the monastery of *Hii* or *Jona*, one of the Hebrides, who arriving at Oswald's court in 634, by his moderation and persuasive eloquence, his temperance and exemplary life, converted the nobles and chiefs of this powerful people, and having reaped such happy fruits of his labours, chose the Island of Lindisfarne for his residence, which afterwards obtained the name of Holy Island. But the personage who claims the greatest attention among the ancient Bishops of this See, is St. Cuthbert, who was elected to the episcopacy in 664. This pious man resided twelve years as abbot in the monastery of Lindisfarne, when conceiving that a monastic life afforded enjoyments incompatible with contemplation and the service of the Deity, he retired from thence, and commenced the life of an Anchorite in the largest of the Farne Islands; a place admirably adapted to a life of mortification and severity, being on a stormy coast, surrounded by rugged rocks, destitute of fresh water, without trees for shelter or ornament, producing nothing wherewith to sustain human life, and, to complete the scene of wretchedness, said to be haunted by devils. "Miraculous," says our author, "was the change, indeed, according to the Legend. From the rocks issued fountains of water; 'unseen the tillage of his holy hands, the soil produced barley; trees and shrubs by his care flourished abundantly, the storms abated, the plains were covered with verdure, and the evil spirits were banished in eternal darkness." After living nine years in this solitude, he was reluctantly prevailed on, by the entreaties and tears of his sovereign, to accept of this new dignity to which he had been elected. He however enjoyed this dignity but a very short time; for his health declining, he within two years resigned his See, and returned to his cell at Farne, where he survived only two months, dying on the 20th of March 687. He was interred with great

funeral pomp, first in the cemetery of the old Church of Lindisfarne, and when the Cathedral was rebuilt, on the right side of the high altar; and, for his exemplary piety and virtue, was by the Church enrolled among the saints.

He, it is said, on his death-bed requested the Monks to remove his remains, in case the Island fell into the hands of an enemy, who paid no veneration to the Christian Church; and from hence his panegyrist infer, that he foresaw the troubles which would ensue, and the enthusiastic veneration that would be paid in future ages to his ashes.

Before Cuthbert's consecration, the Northern Churches were but slenderly endowed. On his accession to the See of Lindisfarne, Egbert gave sundry lands and tenements to the Bishop and his successors, as fully and amply as the King himself held the same. These territorial possessions continued increasing during the time of his successors; and no material event appears to have taken place in the See of Lindisfarne till the irruption of the Danes, when Eardulph the Bishop, and such of the brethren as were willing to accompany him, quitted the place, to escape the fury of these barbarous savages, carrying with them the uncorrupt remains of their patron saint, and several other relics; and wandered about for a considerable time, till peace being restored and Guthred established on the throne, the sacred remains were removed to Chester-le-Street, and a new Cathedral there founded.

Guthred, in pious gratitude for the distinguished patronage of St. Cuthbert, considerably augmented the possessions of the Church by a donation of all that tract of country lying between the rivers Were and Tyne, which grant was confirmed by Alfred. But in 995, 113 years after the See had been settled at Chester, Sweyn, king of Denmark, invading the kingdom, Bishop Aldune was induced to quit Chester and travel to Ripon with the remains of St. Cuthbert. Peace being restored, he attempted to return with the holy relics; but on the way, as they approached where Durham now stands, by a miraculous interposition, the carriage on which the body of St. Cuthbert was borne, became, we are told, immovable. From this miraculous resistance the ecclesiastics concluded, that Heaven would not permit the saint to return to his former resting-place; they accordingly determined to fast and pray till the will of Heaven should be revealed. At length Eadmer,

one of the most favoured of the attendants, received the revelation; and Dunholme was declared to be the resting-place decreed for the holy saint on earth. The Bishop and his attendants were not a little embarrassed to find this place; they wandered about in search of it, till fortunately a woman enquiring after her cow which strayed in Dunholme, put an end to their labours, and they immediately erected a small church of wood to shelter the holy relics for the present. Our author, rather humorously, observes on this occasion, "that nature could not have produced a more beneficent animal than a cow to point out the seat of this rich See."

After Bishop Aldune's death, which happened in 1017, the See remained vacant for three years, at the expiration of which time the following singular election took place.

"It had been customary," says our author, "on the decease of their prelate, for the Chapter to elect a successor, who was a Monk, though the religious body were secular clergy. They were, perhaps, anxious to appoint one of their own body; but from their divisions and delay, it seems there was not a man amongst them of such character as was eligible to that high function.

"While the Ecclesiastics sat in Chapter to agitate this important subject, a priest called Eadmund, descended of noble progenitors, but of a facetious character, entered the Church, and being informed of the nature of their deliberations, and their divisions, in a jesting manner exclaims, "Why cannot you make me a Bishop?" The assembly started at the question, and knowing him to be a man of strict piety and religious virtue, received this interrogation in a more serious sense than he ever intended; for they conceived his coming there and uttering these expressions was by divine impulse. As many momentous concerns in that age were influenced by superstition, they determined, that thus the will of Heaven had been pronounced to them by an involuntary messenger, and all agreed in his election. Such was his humour, that it is said, at first he conceived the holy body, though met in solemn convocation, were returning the jest upon him when he was told they had elected him: Being assured it was truth, he repented much of his facetiousness and jesting; would willingly have refused the nomination, and chosen to have enjoyed his secularity and benefice, with the pleasures of a life of liberty and ease,

preferable to the solemnities and self-denial of the cowl, and the toil, religious care, and sacred burden of the episcopacy. Symeon, according to the religious prejudices of those times, would not suffer the account of this election to pass to posterity without aggrandizing the event by the relation of more miraculous circumstances. Accordingly he writes, that a confirmation of the act of the Chapter was heard distinctly pronounced from the shrine of St. Cuthbert; after which they laid hands on Eadmund, and constrained him to take the government of the Church."

Mr. Hutchinson here makes some observations on the tenure of church-lands. Though it is not said in what manner the lands of St. Cuthbert were held by the people, he thinks it is self-evident they were held by military service; and that notwithstanding the immunities of the Church, and the exemptions of ecclesiastics from tallages to the service of the state, yet, as a royal Thane, the Bishop was obliged to do military service for his lands. Every donation in lands to the Church would otherwise have been so grievous a burthen to the state, as not to have been tolerated. It is therefore probable, from the metropolitical example, that they were held under similar conditions and services, viz. that the tenants shall perform all the attendances and duties of those who serve on horseback; that they shall be bound to all payments belonging to the privilege and custom of the Church, and all other dues belonging to it, unless the Bishop shall think fit to release any part of the terms; they are likewise obliged to swear to comply with the Bishop's orders with all submission and regard; they are bound to offer their service in person whenever the Bishop shall require; to furnish him with horses, and ride themselves; to keep the steeple of the parish-church in repair, and assist in building castles and bridges: they are also to impale the Bishop's parks, and find him in hunting-furniture; that after the expiration of three lives the lands shall revert to the bishopric; at which time it shall be in the power of the Bishop, for the time being, either to enter upon the lands, or make the tenant a new grant. Such, according to the opinion of Sir Henry Spelman, was the usual mode of granting Church-lands in those times.

The Palatine power of the Bishops of Durham, according to Sir Edward Coke's opinion, commenced soon after the time of William the Conqueror. The same

cause that occasioned the creation of the County-Palatine of Chester might, our author thinks, have introduced that of Durham, viz. the country being so situated as to make a proper barrier and safeguard against the incursions and depredations of the Scots; for which reason it was necessary to repose in the viceroy there such powers and authorities as might best enable him to render essential service to the state, in times of public danger, and according to the nature of the exigency. It hardly seems probable that a mere principle of devotion to St. Cuthbert's memory, without some concomitant political motive, should have produced such extensive authority as the Bishops appear to have possessed.

"They had power," we are informed, "to levy taxes for the defence and service of the Palatinate, and make truces with enemies; to raise defensible troops, within the liberty, from 16 to 60 years of age, and to impress ships for war. They sat in judgment of life and death, and held execution by life or limb. They had power to create Barons, who, with their vassals, were bound to attend the Bishop's summons in Council: and thence may be observed, the greatest part of the lands within the liberty are held of the Bishop as lord paramount *in capite*. They coined money, granted licences to embattle castles, build churches, found chantries and hospitals, instituted corporations by charter, to which the Crown's assent was not essential to maintain their legality, and granted markets, fairs, &c. They had all manner of royal jurisdiction, both civil and military, by land and by water, for the exercise whereof they held proper courts, and appointed officers and other ministers of every department, as well such as the Crown nominates without the liberty, as such as the King has been used to depute, according to the exigency of special cases, or for the special execution of Acts of Parliament. The Bishop's officers by patent are, the temporal Chancellor, to whom belonged the care of the levies, the custody of the armour, and the pay of the troops; Constable of Durham Castle, the Great Chamberlain, Under Chamberlain, Secretary, Steward, Treasurer, Comptroller of the Household, Master of the Horse, Stewards of the Manor and Halmot Court, Sheriff, Prothonotary, Clerks of the Chancery, Crown, and Peace; Keeper of the Rolls, Curator, Registers, and Examiners in Chancery; Clerk of the County Court, Stewards of Borough Courts, Elcheators, Feoda-

ries, Auditors, and Under Auditors; Clerks of the Receipts of the Exchequer, Supervisors of Lordships, Castles, Mines of Coal, Lead, and Iron; Coroners, Conservators of Ports and Rivers; Officers of the Marshalsea, Clerks of Markets, Keepers of the Great Seal, of Ullage, of his Wardrobe and Harness, and Master Armourer. He had several Forests, Chaces, Parks and Woods, where he had his Foresters, who held courts in his name, and determined matters relative to forests; Parkers, Rangers, Pale-keepers. He was Lord High Admiral of the sea and waters within and adjoining the County Palatine; had Vice-Admirals, and Courts of Admiralty; Judges to determine according to the Maritime Law; Registers, Examiners, Officers of Beaconage, Anchorage, &c. and he awarded commissions to regulate waters and passages thereon. Thus by themselves and officers they did justice to all persons, in all cases, without either the King or any of his bailiffs or officers interfering ordinarily in any thing. Whatever occasion the King had within this liberty, his writs did not run here; they were not directed to his own officers, as in other counties, but to the Bishop himself, or, in the vacancy of the See, to the proper officers of the Palatinate. When King Henry II. sent his Justices of Assize here upon an extraordinary occasion of murders and robberies, he declared by his charter, that he did it with the licence of the Bishop, and *pro bic vice tantum*, and that it should not be drawn into custom either in his time, or in the time of his heirs, not being done but upon absolute necessity; and that he would nevertheless have the lands of St. Cuthbert to enjoy their liberties and ancient customs as amply as ever."

Having thus enabled the reader to form a judgment of the origin and nature of the Palatine power of the Bishops of Durham, the author proceeds with the history of the Palatinate, which does not afford many interesting events. Some of the principal ones, however, we shall in a future review lay before our readers; and for the present conclude with observing, that Mr. Hutchinson must have bestowed uncommon pains in investigating the various authorities he has adduced in order to elucidate his subject; a work which cannot fail of being acceptable to many readers, and particularly so to those who residing in the vicinity of Durham are more immediately interested in what relates to its history.

(To be continued.)

Poems by Helen Maria Williams. In Two Volumes, 12mo. Cadell. 5s. 1786.

(Concluded from page 93.)

THE Second Volume consists of *An Epistle to Dr. Moore; Part of an irregular Fragment, found in a dark passage in the Tower; Peru; Sonnet to Mrs. Siddons; Queen Mary's Complaint; Euphelia, an Elegy, and a Sonnet to Expression.* Of these, only two, the *Fragment* and *Peru*, require any notice of the critic, except a reprehension of the catastrophe of the *Elegy* styled *Euphelia*. This Lady, it seems, had been prevented by her cruel father from giving her hand to the youth to whom she had given her heart. Alfred, the favoured youth, had on this retired to

— the mountain drear,
On whose lone verge the foaming billows
 roar;
and the nymph at midnight goes to
the same place, where she supposed her
" *Lover's bleeding relics*" lay:

" For sure 'twas here, as late a shepherd
 stray'd

" Bewilder'd, o'er the mountain's
 dreary bound,

" Close to the pointed cliff he saw him
 laid,

" Where heav'd the waters of the deep
 around.

" Alas, no longer could his heart endure

" The woes that heart was doom'd for
 me to prove:

" He fought for death—for death, the
 only cure

" That fate can give to vain and
 hopeless love."

After a great deal of very flowery
and talkative sorrow, Euphelia destroys
herself, in the pious hope that

— " When I live again,—I live to
 love!"

She said, and plung'd into the awful
 deep—

He saw her meet the fury of the wave;
He frantic saw! and darting to the steep
With desprate anguish, sought her
 wat'ry grave.

He clasp'd her dying form, he shar'd her
 sighs,

He check'd the billow rushing on her
 breast;

She felt his dear embrace—her closing
 eyes

• Were fix'd on Alfred, and her death
 was blest—

Vol. X.

In proportion as any man of common
sense admires the elegant genius and hap-
py turn for versification possessed by our
youthful poets, he must be grieved and
chagrined at the romantic, girlish non-
sense of ascribing happiness to the death
of a suicide lover, on receiving what
must have given the shocking and horrid
conviction that she herself had defeated
her most ardent wishes. It is the rage,
the very *mania* for *tendernefs* that leads
our young writers into such impossible
and unnatural representations of a happy
death.

Of all this Lady's works, *Peru* has
afforded the most scope to critics of differ-
ent ranks. It has been called an *Epic
Poem*, and highly extolled. That the
versification and many of the parts de-
serve high praise, we readily allow. But
in what its title to the name of *Epic Poem*
consists, we cannot discover. *Epic* is de-
rived, as every school-boy knows, from
the Greek word for *discourse*, and thus
far the most inconsistent jumble ever
given in a fanatic sermon or political dis-
pute at the *Goose* and *Gri-tion*, may be
called *Epic*. But when the word *Poem*
is added to the epithet, it has by the
canons of criticism, from time immemo-
rial, always been applied and understood
to belong only to such poems as narrate
some one principal event in its progress
and catastrophe, elucidated by episodes
connected with the event and its cata-
strophe, as the branches are with the
tree. But such is not the conduct of
Miss Williams's *Peru*. It is not even a
Tale; for every tale, to be such, has an
unity of one event in view. The fol-
lowing abridgment of the arguments of
the six Cantos of this poem will give the
reader the best idea of its conduct. The
argument of the first is thus:

*General description of the country of
Peru, and of its animal and vegetable
productions—the virtues of the people—
character of Ataliba, their Monarch—his
love for Alzira—their nuptials celebrated
—character of Zorai, her father—descent
of the Genius of Peru—prediction of the
fate of that empire.*

Of the second Canto thus:

*Pizarro, a Spanish Captain, lands with
his forces—his meeting with Ataliba—its
unhappy consequences—Zorai dies—Ata-
liba imprisoned, and strangled—Alzira's
despair and madness.*

A a

Of

Of the third :

Pizarro takes possession of Cuzco—the fanaticism of Valverde, a Spanish priest—its dreadful effects—A Peruvian priest put to the torture—his daughter's distress—he is refused by Las Casas, an amiable Spanish ecclesiastic, and led to a place of safety, where he dies—his daughter's narration of her sufferings—her death.

Of the fourth :

Almagro's expedition to Chili—the Chilese make a brave resistance.—Munco-Capac heads the Peruvians—Almagro leaves Chili—a band of Spaniards led by Alphonso come to a valley, and observe the natives employed in searching the streams for gold—they resolve to attack them.

Of the fifth :

Character of Zamor, a Bard—his passion for Aciloe, daughter of the chief of the valley—the Peruvians are defeated—Aciloe's father made prisoner, and Zamor supposed to be slain—Alphonso enamoured of Aciloe, offers to marry her ; she rejects him—her father for this is put to the torture—he appears to consent in order to save him—meets Zamor in a wood—Las Casas joins them, leads the two lovers to Alphonso, and obtains their freedom—and Zamor conducts his bride and her father to Chili.

And thus the last :

Manco-Capac defeated, flies—Cora, his wife, goes in search of him with her infant in her arms—overcome with fatigue, rests at the foot of a mountain—Capac comes to the same place—Cora discovers her husband—their interview—her death—he escapes with his infant—the Spaniards quarrel among themselves, and both their chiefs are killed—Las Casas dies, and Sensibility descends and stands on his grave, and speaks his praise—Gasca, another humane priest, arrives with great power—his virtuous conduct—The annual festival of the Peruvians—their late victories over the Spaniards in Chili—and, with a wish for the restoration of their liberty, the poem concludes.

From the above, the total want of connection is evident. Peru, as said before, is even not a Tale ;—and General Howe's American Gazettees strung together only want rhyme to be equally intitled to the name of an *Epic Poem*. But justice must here own that it is not herself, but some more zealous than wife, of her admirers, who have given the title of *Epic Poem* to Miss Williams's *Peru*. She herself thus modestly professes that

"She has only aimed at a simple detail of some few incidents that make a part of that romantic story, where the unparalleled sufferings of an innocent and amiable people form the most affecting subjects of true pathos, while their climate, totally unlike our own, furnishes new and ample materials for poetic description."

The versification of Peru, and her other poems, has great natural ease, elegance and harmony. It is only when she does not trust to herself, but is straining after the manner of others, that she is faulty on that head. On other views she discovers inexperience, and mistaken ideas of pathos and poetry ; it is not an eternal talking of love, and woe, and delicious tears. But whatever ample materials for poetic description the climate of Peru may furnish, our authoress has availed herself little of them. We can trace nothing appropriated in her landscapes. The hackneyed strain of all our flowery eastern tales, and visions, is adopted. Take the opening of the poem, which her argument calls, *A general description of the country, its animal and vegetable productions* :

Where the pacific deep in silence laves
The western shore, with slow and languid waves,

There, lost Peruvia, rose thy cultur'd scene,

The wave an emblem of thy joy serene :
There nature ever in luxuriant showers
Pours from her treasures the perennial flowers ;

In its dark-foliage plum'd, the towering pine

Ascends the mountain, at her call divine ;
The palm's wide leaf its brighter verdure spreads,

And the proud cedars bow their lofty heads ;

The citron and the glowing orange spring,
And on the gale a thousand odours fling ;
The guava and the soft ananas bloom,
The balsam ever drops a rich perfume :

The bark, reviving shrub ! Oh not in vain

Thy rosy blossoms tinge Peruvia's plain ;
Ye soft'ning gales, around those blossoms blow,

Ye balmy dew-drops o'er the tendrils flow.
Lo, as the health-diffusing plant aspires,
Discase, and pain, and hov'ring death retires ;

Affection sees new lustre light the eye,
And feels her vanish'd joys again at sigh.

The

The pacos * and vicunnas † sport around,
And the meek lamas ‡, burdened, press
the ground.

Amid the vocal groves, the feather'd
through

Pour to the list'ning breeze their native
song;

The mocking-bird her varying note essays,
The vain macaw his glitt'ring plume dis-
plays.

While spring's waim ray the mild suffu-
sion sheds,

The plaintive humming-bird his pinion
spreads;

His wings their colours to the sun unfold,
The vivid scarlet, and the blazing gold;
He sees the flower which morning tears
bedew,

Sinks on its breast, and drinks th' am-
brofial dew:

Then seeks with fond delight the social
nest

Parental care has rear'd, and love has
blest:

The drops that on the blossom's light leaf
hung,

He bears exulting to his tender young;
The grateful joy his happy accents prove,
Is nature, smiling on her works of love.

But the bird bringing food to its nest
is not "totally unlike" our own climate;
and the above mention of quadrupeds
and birds is as unlike Thomson's de-
scription of the animals of different
countries, as a catalogue of names is to
poetic description.

Miss Williams thus characterises the
Peruvians:

Nor less, Peruvia, for thy favour'd clime
The virtues rose unfullied and sublime—
Simplicity in every vale was found,
The meek nymph smil'd, with reeds and
rushes crown'd;

And Innocence, in light transparent vest,
Mild vistant, the gentle region blest—

But neither in these, nor in the Charity
of Peru in taking care of the aged, is
there any thing peculiar to Peru. Miss
Williams's Ataliba and his bride Alzira
are in the very sublime of the Fairy
Tales:

And as o'er nature's form the solar light
Diffuses beauty, and inspires delight;
So o'er Peruvia flow'd the lib'ral ray
Of mercy, lovelier than the smile of day!

In Ataliba's pure and gen'rous heart
The virtues bloom'd without the aid of art.
His gentle spirit love's soft power possest,
And stamp'd Alzira's image on his breast;
Alzira, form'd each tenderness to prove,
That foother in friendship, and that charms
in love.

But, ah! in vain the drooping muse
would paint

(Her accents languid, and her colours
faint)

How dear the joys love's early wishes
sought,

How mild his spirit, and how pure his
thought.

Mr. Mason, in his pathetic Tragedy
of Elfrida, has with great judgement de-
viated from the truth of history, in
making his heroine the disconsolate
mourner, and not the joint murderer, as
history informs us, of her husband.
The reason is obvious. In such Trage-
dies as Mr. Mason's we forget the history en-
tirely, and are only engaged by the cha-
racter we conceive from the passions ex-
pressed by it. This comes home to our
feelings. But the mere *ipse dixit* of the
poet, little better than the contents of a
Canto in rhyme, has a very different ef-
fect, when we read a concise narrative
which outrages every idea given by hi-
story.

Where all the loves in Otaheite fray—

is as absurdly applied to that vile brothel
and slaughter-house of infants, by a cer-
tain Muse, as amiable innocence is to the
antient effeminate Peruvians; and not
a trace of Miss Williams's *Ataliba*, and
his happy reign, is to be found in history.
The empire of Peru was yet reeking with
the blood of its natives shed in the civil
wars between Atabalipa and his elder brother
Huescar, when the Spaniards arrived.
Huescar was in prison, where he was
murdered by order of Atabalipa, a few
days before that Prince's own murder by
the Spaniards; and the number of his
concubines was one of the crimes alledged
against him by the Spaniards in his mock
trial. We should not be surpris'd were
we to find some *pathetic* German poetess
celebrating our Henry the Eighth for
his wonderful and unshaken love and
constancy to Anne Bulleine and Jean
Seymour. Had Miss Williams confined

* The pacos is a domestic animal of Peru. Its wool resembles the colour of
dried roses.

† The vicunnas are a species of wild pacos.

‡ The lamas are employed as mules, in carrying burdens.

her stories of love, all ardour and purity, to names wholly fictitious; as her Zamor and Aciloe; her Zilia, &c. &c. they might have passed very well; but where we have no character delineated before us by a train of conduct, as in the Iliad, and in every good Tragedy, the concise assertions of the poet, as in Miss Williams's *Ataliba*, ought not to outrage the facts of well-known history. When the poet falls into this error, the reader, who knows the history, is as much dissatisfied as he would be with a serious elogy on the conjugal tenderness and constancy of our Eighth Henry.

From the arguments of the six Cantos of Peru it appears that the author's design was to aim at tenderness, and to excite pity and the finer feelings. Love and the happy deaths of lovers, some self-murdered and some dying of pure grief, are the chief business of every Canto; and one half of such stories, might either be left out, or twenty more added, without the least injury to the connection of the poem; if it be allowable to talk of the connection of a poem which in reality has none.

To those who admire the flowery strain and romantic and wild tenderness of eastern tales (not often quite natural) we recommend the Fifth Canto of Peru. It is, indeed, a master-piece of the kind, and, detached from the rest, is one complete tale, where the interest arising from *unity* is pleasingly felt by the reader. It is, without doubt, in every respect the best part of Peru, which, on the whole, as we have already said, contains, in particular parts, great and genuine poetic merit.

We have much exceeded our usual bounds in these remarks on the Poems of Miss Williams. Our good opinion of her happy genius led us into it, and we were sorry to see a young lady capable of all the natural ornaments and elegant simplicity of classical diction, too often led astray from the bent of her own genius, in search of that tawdry tinsel richness of strained expression, which is too much the characteristic of a great part of the present *fashionable* poetry; and we flatter ourselves that she will profit by the consideration of the blemishes we have pointed out. A favourable prognostic of this kind forcibly strikes us. A correspondent

in our Magazine for July, 1785, accuses Miss Seward of borrowing from Miss Williams; and another, in that for the following November, retorts the charge, with the appearance of justice, on Miss Williams. The former, in her Elogy on Cook, has this line,

Bring the bright plumes that *drink* the
torrid ray;

and Miss Williams, in her first edition of Peru, had these;

The bright macaw expands his glossy
plume,
While as he soars it *drinks* a warmer
bloom.

The feathers of a bird *drinking* the torrid ray, or *drinking* a warmer bloom, are certainly very turgid and affected expressions, and far remote from Attic simplicity. But this, and others of the same turgid strain, copied from her friend and sister Muir, the better taste of Miss Williams has in the present edition rejected. This we say is a good prognostic, and we warmly recommend it to Miss Williams to study that Attic simplicity, for which, when the trusts to herself, her genius seems so happily turned, and to consider that genuine poetry does not consist in tinsel ornament and forced metaphor.

But we have not yet mentioned the poem which we esteem the best display of Miss Williams's poetical powers. It is the irregular Fragment, supposed to be found in a dark passage in the Tower, and borrowed from the idea of a young painter, who, she informs us, on observing an unopened door in the Tower, was told, "Heaven knows what is within that door; it has been shut for ages;" from which he had conceived the idea of representing it as the rendezvous of all the Ghosts of those who had been murdered in that state prison. From his pencil, she says, she took the idea of this animated Ode, which breathes a spirit of poetry very superior to that of many of the lyric productions of some celebrated names. But we forbear giving any extract from it, as we would recommend the perusal of the whole to our readers of taste, and would advise Miss Williams, in her future Odes, to trust more to herself, and not to strain after the manner even of a Gray.

Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Vol. II. Cadell,

IN taking a view of this second volume, we shall observe the method we adopted in reviewing the first volume

of these interesting Transactions; namely, consider each paper, as far as the nature of it will admit, as a separate article.

"A brief

“A brief Comparison of some of the principal Arguments in Favour of Public and Private Education. By Thomas Barnes, D. D.”

“A Plan for the Improvement and Extension of Liberal Education in Manchester. By the same.”

“Proposals for establishing in Manchester a Plan of Liberal Education for Young Men designed for Civil and Active Life, whether in Trade or any of the Professions. By the same.”

These three papers tend to the establishment of a COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES in Manchester; which, by a code of “Constitutions and Regulations” annexed, we find has since been established, under the PATRONAGE of the Lord Lieutenant and the Knights of the Shire for the county of Lancaster, and under the PRESIDENCY of Dr. Percival. The principal *Præceptors* are, Mr. Henry, author of a paper in the first volume, obviously tending to this establishment; and Dr. Barnes, the painstaking author of the three papers before us.

“On Orichalcum. By the Rev. Richard Watson, D. D. F. R. S. &c. Lord Bishop of Landaff.”

It is somewhat extraordinary that a man who has gained so much credit upon a subject which reduces human knowledge to a degree of mathematical certainty, should be able to write twenty readable pages on a subject so vague and uncertain as is that of the nature and properties of the Orichalcum of the ancients; which, for any thing even Dr. Watson can produce to the contrary, was neither more nor less than the brass of the moderns.

After adducing a variety of observations, drawn from ancient writers and eastern history, the learned Bishop with great justice and liberality observes, that “Considering the few ancient writers we have remaining whose particular business it was to speak with precision concerning subjects of art, or of natural history, we ought not to be surpris’d at the uncertainty in which they have left us with respect to Orichalcum.” What he adds, is a still greater proof of his liberality and discernment; and shews the efficacy of experimental philosophy, in wiping from the eye of science the dust of ancient learning. “Men have been ever much the same in all ages; or, if any general superiority in understanding is to be allowed, it may seem to be more properly ascribed to those who live in the

manhood or old age of the world, than to those who existed in its infancy or childhood; especially as the means of acquiring and communicating knowledge are, with us, far more attainable than they were in the times of either Greece or Rome. The Compass enables us to extend our researches to every quarter of the globe with the greatest ease; and an historical narration of what is seen in distant countries, is now infinitely more diffused than it could have been before the invention of printing.”

To convince our readers of the uncertainty of this subject, and the unprofitableness of pursuits of this nature, as well as to give them an opportunity of regretting with us the loss of that time and attention which might have been employed so much more advantageously, we shall quote the two concluding paragraphs.

“There is as little agreement amongst the learned concerning the etymology of Orichalcum, as concerning its origin. Those who write it *Aurichalcum*, suppose that it is an hybridous word, composed of a Greek term signifying copper, and a Latin one signifying gold. The most general opinion is, that it ought to be written *Oruchalcum*, and that it is compounded of two Greek words, one signifying copper, and the other a mountain, and that we rightly render it by, Mountain Copper. I have always looked upon this as a very forced derivation, inasmuch as we do not thereby distinguish Orichalcum from any other kind of copper; most copper mines, in every part of the world, being found in mountainous countries. If it should be thought, that some one particular mountain, either in Greece or Asia, formerly produced an ore, which being smelted yielded a copper of the colour of gold, and that this copper was called Orichalcum, or the mountain copper, it is much to be wondered at, that neither the poets nor the philosophers of antiquity have bestowed a single line in its commendation; for as to the *Atlantis* of Plato, before mentioned, no one, it is conceived, will build an argument for the existence of natural Orichalcum, on such an uncertain foundation; and, if there had been any such mountain, it is probable, that the copper it produced would have retained its name, just as at this time of day we speak of Ecton copper in Staffordshire, and of Paris mountain copper in Anglesea.

“Some

"Some men are fond of etymological inquiries, and to them I would suggest a very different derivation of Orichalcum. The Hebrew word *Or*, *Aur*, signifies light, fire, flame; the Latin terms *uro* to burn, and *aurum* gold, are derived from it, inasmuch as gold resembles the colour of flame; and hence, it is not improbable, that Orichalcum may be composed of an Hebrew and a Greek term, and that it is rightly rendered,

flame-coloured copper. In confirmation of this it may be observed, that the Latin epithet *lucidum*, and the Greek one *φαινον*, are both applied to Orichalcum by the ancients; but I would be understood to submit this conjecture, with great deference, to those who are much better skilled than I am in etymological researches."

(To be continued.)

The Commercial and Political Atlas; representing, by means of stained Copper-plate Charts, the Exports, Imports, and general Trade of England; the national Debt, and other public Accounts; with Observations and Remarks. By William Playfair (Author of Regulations for the Interest of Money). To which are added, Charts of the Revenue and Debts of Ireland, done in the same Manner, by James Corry, Esq. The commercial Part is taken from the Custom-house Books, and the public Accounts from the Journals of the House of Commons, and other Papers belonging to that House, not yet published. 4to. Sewell, 1786.

THAT a concise, clear and accurate view of the subjects mentioned in the title-page is of the greatest importance to every individual of this country, cannot admit of a doubt.

That our author has succeeded in giving to his performance the two first of these qualifications, we will without scruple venture to affirm; nor can we well suspect his accuracy, considering the sources from which he drew his information. The plan on which he has proceeded, of representing the various fluctuations of our commerce, and the increase or decrease of our expenditure, by charts, is, we believe, novel, and to some of our readers may appear whimsical; but they will perhaps change their opinions when they hear his reasons for adopting it.

"The giving form and shape," says he, "to what otherwise would only have been an abstract idea, has, in many cases, been attended with much advantage; it has often rendered easy and accurate a conception that was in itself imperfect, and acquired with difficulty.

"Figures and letters may express with accuracy, but they never can represent either number or space. A map of the river Thames, or of a large town, expressed in figures, would give but a very imperfect notion of either, though they might be perfectly exact in every dimension; most people would prefer representations, though very indifferent ones, to such a mode of painting.

"Information that is imperfectly acquired, is generally as imperfectly re-

tained; and a man who has carefully investigated a printed table, finds when done that he has only a very imperfect idea of what he has read; and that, like a figure impressed on sand, is soon totally erased and defaced.

"The amount of mercantile transactions in money, and of profit or loss, are capable of being as easily represented in drawing as any part of space or the face of a country; though till now it has not been attempted. Upon that principle these charts were made: and while they give a simple and a distinct idea, they are as near perfect accuracy as is any way useful."

To this we shall add what our author says in his Advertisement, on the propriety and justness of representing sums of money by parts of space. "Suppose," says he, "the money that we pay in any one year for the expence of the Navy were in guineas, and that these guineas were laid down upon a table in a straight line and touching each other, and those paid next year were laid down in another straight line, and the same continued for a number of years; these lines would be of different lengths, as there were fewer or more guineas; and they would make a shape, the dimensions of which would agree exactly with the amount of the sums; and the value of a guinea would be represented by the part of space which it covered. The charts are exactly this upon a small scale, and one division represents the breadth or value of ten thousand or a hundred thousand guineas, as marked, with the same exactness that a square

a square inch upon a map may represent a square mile of a country."

To each chart are subjoined general observations on the matters represented in it; and he has besides given summaries of the exports and imports in figures, which were certainly in a great degree necessary, considering the small scale on which his charts are constructed, in some of which the line allotted to a million is so short that were it divided into ten parts, the divisions would be almost imperceptible.

Our author begins with a general chart of the imports and exports of England to all parts of the world, from the year 1700 to 1782, which, indeed, presents a most melancholy view.—In his contents of the plates, however, he has only given the numbers from 1700 to 1780, as follows :

1700	4,350,000	6,300,000	1,950,000
1710	4,900,000	7,000,000	2,100,000
1720	5,350,000	8,600,000	3,250,000
1730	7,500,000	10,900,000	3,400,000
1740	7,550,000	12,000,000	4,450,000
1750	7,250,000	12,650,000	5,400,000
1760	10,300,000	14,250,000	3,950,000
1770	11,650,000	16,300,000	4,650,000
1780	10,750,000	12,400,000	1,650,000

Here it is obvious to remark, that, from 1700 to 1750, our trade uniformly increased, and with it the balance in our favour. From that time to 1780, though our imports and exports increased, the balance lessened; and in 1780, on a trade

of £23,150,000 it is £300,000 less than it was in 1700, on a trade of only £10,850,000. This certainly affords but a melancholy prospect. However, there are some allowances to be made, and during the last four years our affairs are certainly on the mending hand, and may probably continue to do so while we can contrive to keep free from war.—This author in no part of his work comes lower down than 1782, in which year, by his statement, it appears that our imports were £2,400,000 less, and our exports £1,800,000 more than in 1781, and that the balance in our favour was increased from £1,350,000 to £2,850,000. But when it is considered that the bare Interest of our National Debt amounts within a trifle to the whole value of our exports, the prospect Mr. Playfair sets before us is truly alarming.

He has considered with some attention Mr. Pitt's Scheme for paying off the National Debt, of which he seems to entertain no very favourable idea; but as what he says would be unintelligible without a sight of the chart he has given on that subject, we must refer our readers to the work itself, which we will venture to say will convey to them valuable information, though of the gloomy kind.—The author cannot boast much of the graces of style; but his subject requires only plainness, and as he tells home-truths, a deficiency of that kind may easily be excused.

The new Polite Preceptor; containing the Beauties of English Prose. Selected from the Writings of the most eminent Authors, in order to form the Style and promote a Literary Emulation in the Youth of both Sexes. By the Editor of the Sunday Monitor. 12mo. 3s. 6d. E. Johnson, Ludgate-Hill. 1786.

THE utility of compilations of this kind is manifest, and the number of similar publications that have lately appeared are sufficient proofs of it. Mr. Johnson, however, by giving a greater degree of variety to his collection, at the same time that he has taken care to confine himself to the best authors, seems to have gained the palm from all his pre-

decessors in this useful line. He has given manifest proofs of his taste and judgment in the pieces he has chosen, and we heartily recommend his book to the attention of those who have the care of the education of youth, as we think it admirably calculated for the design which Mr. Johnson announces in his title-page he had in view.

The Novelties of a Year and a Day: In a Series of picturesque Letters on the Characters, Manners, and Customs of the Spanish, French, and English Nations; interspersed with real Anecdotes. By Figaro. 12mo. 3s. Murray.

THE author, in the character of Figaro, entertains his readers with the remarks he made on the manners, characters and customs of the French, Spanish and English nations, during his trip to Paris and London. His observations,

which are lively, are however principally confined to France, and he is not a little indebted to the *Tableau de Paris* for his description of that metropolis and the amusements of its environs. He has likewise introduced some nice observations

vations on literary subjects. Upon the whole, this *bagatelle*, though it does not convey much instruction, may serve *pour passer le temps*. As a specimen take the author's last letter, in which he contrasts the English and French ladies.

"The English women are possessed of more true modesty and decency than the French. From the habits of education an English lady would shrink at the idea of a gentleman's attending her to a toilet, or even at his approaches towards her bedchamber.

"Constancy in love has always been the marking characteristic of the English women, and it is still proverbial in France to say, when alluding to that passion, *aimer comme une Anglaise*: this is a compliment the English women in general merit, and which even the jealousy and rivalry of the French does not hinder them from bestowing on their fair neighbours. But although female incontinency is not so prevalent in England as in France, yet I will venture to say, that in proportion as luxury, politeness and

French manners are universally adopted, we shall see rapid strides made towards equalling the French in that respect.

"An English husband, like a Spanish one, exposes the infidelities of his wife, and it would be deemed dishonourable to live with her after he has discovered them. A Frenchman, on the contrary, screens the capricious wanderings of his wife, views them with indifference, and continues to live with her in habits of intimacy and friendship.

"The English women have a natural reservedness which forbids the approaches of strangers. Should a foreigner regard their beauty with looks of admiration, he has only in return a frowning look and disdainful air. The French women, on the contrary, have a cheerful and inviting address, and they collect all their charms to make themselves agreeable to strangers, and to gain their admiration; indeed, it is impossible to be silent in their company: hence there are more *prudens* in England, and more *coquettes* in France."

Delectus Sententiarum et Historiarum, in Usum Tironum accommodatus. 12mo. 2s.
Printed at Reading, and sold in London by Robintons.

THE object which the compiler of this volume aims at is, to select from the purest Latin writers such passages as may by gradually and distinctly leading from one rule to another, elucidate Grammar and Syntax, and make the learner perfect in parsing those which constantly occur, previous to his entering "the wide field of grammatical analysis." He was induced to undertake the task from the consideration of there being no classical author sufficiently easy to initiate youth in Latin construction. The books generally used for this purpose are *Phædrus*, *Æsop*, *Corderius*, or *Sententiæ Pueriles*. The two former Mr. Valpy disapproves of, as being too difficult; a similar objection lies against *Corderius*, on account of the elliptical forms of speech inseparable from the nature of a dialogue; and the *Sententiæ*, he remarks, are placed alphabetically, without regard to their difficulty, or the rules of Syntax

on which they depend. To remedy this defect, he says, two books were formerly published: *Selectæ et veteri Testamento, et à profanis Scriptoribus Historia*. To the former, he thinks it sufficient to object, that it is unclassical. In the latter, he observes the pure language of Cicero is so blended with inelegant translations from the Greek, that the scholar is at a loss where to apply for classical authorities. The present selection seems not to be liable to any of the above objections, and will, we doubt not, with the assistance of a proper instructor, prove highly useful. To prevent that facility of finding materials for their composition on every subject, which represses the exertions of genius, he has avoided arranging the passages under proper heads, and has afforded the judicious teacher an opportunity of instilling wholesome principles into the minds of his pupils.

General Tarif, or Book of Rates, for all Ports and Frontiers, and Custom-Houses of the Russian Empire, except Astracan, Siberia, &c. as settled by the Commissioners of Commerce in 1782. 4to. 10s. 6d. Becket.

THIS Tarif, which must be of considerable use to the mercantile world, is written, in order to make it more generally so, in Russian, Dutch and English:

it is not however remarkable for correctness. A Dedication to the Empress and Preface in German are prefixed to the work.

Scpulchral Monuments in Great Britain, applied to illustrate the History of Families, Manners, Habits, and Arts, at the different Periods from the Norman Conquest to the seventeenth Century, with introductory Observations. Part I. containing the four first Centuries. Folio. 6l. 6s. Payne.

THIS anonymous work comes from an able hand, and if one may be allowed to conjecture from the coat of arms in the title-page and other circumstances, from a gentleman who ranks very high in the Society of Antiquaries of London.

As to the performance itself, our author appears, by a commendable spirit of emulation, to proceed upon the model of the great antiquary of a neighbouring nation, Dom. Bernard de Montfaucon, and from his *Monumens de la Monarchie Francoise* has taken his motto, *La sculpture peut aussi fournir les monumens en quantité: la plupart sur les TOMBEAUX*. Some account of Pere Montfaucon's design, and that of the French author Monsieur *Le Grand Aussy*, is given in the Preface; as also the following well-concerted plan by Mr Horace Walpole respecting the antiquities of our own nation, extracted from a letter addressed to Mr. Cole of Milton in 1769.

"With regard to an history of Gothic architecture, in which Mr. Essex desires my advice, the plan I think should be in a very simple compass. Was I to execute it, it should be thus: I would give a series of plates, even from the conclusion of Saxon architecture, beginning with the round Roman Arch and going on to shew how they plaistered and zig-zagged it, and then how better ornaments crept in, till the beautiful Gothic was arrived at its perfection; then how it declined in Henry the VIIth's reign; archbishop Warham's tomb at Canterbury being, I believe, the last example of unbattardized Gothic. A very few plates more would demonstrate its change. Hans Holbein embroidered it with some morsels of true architecture. In queen Elizabeth's reign there was scarce any architecture at all; I mean no pillars, or seldom; buildings then becoming quite plain. Under James a barbarous composition succeeded. A single plate of something of Inigo Jones in his heaviest and worst style should terminate the work; for he soon stepped into the true and perfect Grecian.

"The next part Mr. Essex can do better than any body, and is perhaps the only man that can do it. This should consist of observations on the art, pro-

portion, and method of building, and the reasons observed by the Gothic architects for what they did. This would shew what great men they were, and how they raised such aerial and stupendous masses, though unassisted by half the lights now enjoyed by their successors.

"The prices and wages of workmen, and the comparative value of money at the several periods, should be stated, as far as it is possible to get materials.

"The last part (I don't know whether it should not be the first part) nobody can do so well as yourself. This must be to ascertain the chronologic part of each building; and not only of each building, but of each tomb that shall be exhibited; for you know the great delicacy and richness of Gothic ornaments was exhibited on small chapels, oratories, and tombs. For my own part, I should have wished to have added detached samples of the various patterns of ornaments, which would not be a great many, as, excepting pinnacles, there is scarce one which does not branch from the trefoil, quatrefoil, and cinquefoil, being but various modifications of it. I believe almost all the ramifications of windows are so, and of them there should be some samples too. This work you see could not be executed by one hand. Mr. Tylon could give great assistance. I wish the plan was drawn out and better digested. This is a very rude sketch, and first thought. I should be very glad to contribute what little I know, and to the expence too, which would be considerable; but I am sure we could get assistance, and it had better not be undertaken than executed superficially.

"Mr. Tylon's history of fashions and dresses would make a valuable part of the work, as in elder times especially much must be depended on tombs for dresses. Pray talk this over with Mr. Tylon and Mr. Essex. It is an idea worth pursuing."

After taking some notice of Messieurs *Strutt* and *Granger*, not much indeed to their advantage, our author proceeds to observe, that it would not be impossible to form a list of pictures relative to the history and antiquities of England, beginning with the tapestry at *Bayeux*.

to complain of our former incorrect draughts of monuments, and faulty copies of inscriptions; and at last to add, as the strongest recommendation of his own work, that it exhibits "a set of prints, epitaphs, and descriptions, entirely new." And it is certain, that by making annual excursions, as he tells us, into various parts of England, for a considerable length of time, he became admirably well qualified for an undertaking of this kind.

After the Preface, and a List of the Plates (which are in number 95), follows an *Introduction*, of 194 pages—a most diffusive and elaborate work—wherein our author has displayed an infinity of erudition, and a more than Herculean labour, in illustrating every minute particular concerning the modes of interment, and the progressive improvements of our ancestors in the art monumental, as one may call it, from the *Norman Conquest* to the close of the *XIVth century*.—The abundant pains which he has taken in this part of his publication, the variety of articles he has elucidated therein, and the immense fund of learning he has occasionally introduced, would almost compel one to think that it would be extremely useful to all students and lovers of our *English* antiquities, if this excellent compilation were to be reprinted apart, in a separate volume.

The History of Athens politically and philosophically considered, with a View to an Investigation of the immediate Cause of Elevation and of Decline operative in a free and commercial State. By William Young, Esq. London. 4to. 15s. Robson. 1786.

(Continued from page 99.)

IN the ninth and tenth chapters of this work the author treats of governments, of the energy of a newly-formed Republic, of Liberty, of Colonies, and the progress of Athens: in those immediately following we meet with an account of the first and second Persian war, and some farther remarks on Ostracism: the thirteenth chapter contains a relation of the consequences of the Persian war, the rebuilding of Athens, and the following sensible strictures on *great men*, whom Mr. Young looks upon as "factitious beings."

"The farther the analysis is pursued, the more rational the "*nil admirari*" of the old Numicus will appear; the more we shall be led to think, that they are much indebted to casualties for their elevation; and remarking the extravagant-

To come now to the work itself.—This very grand and most noble achievement reflects, without doubt, the highest honour upon the author, who certainly has the justest right in the world to say, with Horace,

Exegi monumentum are perennius,
&c.

and with good reason, to imagine, that his work will undoubtedly live long after the monuments themselves, which it represents and describes, have totally perished and been destroyed. And as the volume is so elegant and superb, the plates being engraved by the best masters, *Bafire* and *Cook*, and most of the drawings made by *Bafire* himself, and the rest by Sir *Charles Frederick*, Messrs. *Tyson*, *Kerrich*, *Carter*, *Senn*, and *Poumey*, it redounds no less to the glory of our nation, which at no time has ever produced any thing parallel to it in magnificence and splendour. The printer, Mr. Nichols, comes in for no little share of this commendation.—We conclude this review with a hearty wish that the worthy and learned author may enjoy life and health to complete his design by accomplishing a Second Part, similar to that he has now given us;—and there is not the least doubt, but all the *Literati* in Europe will concur with, and second us in the ardency of so flattering a wish.

cies on which their pretensions to superiority are often founded, perhaps imagining that merit as well as opulence is in the hands of fortune; whilst by her good favour crimes are aggrandized into heroism, and vice, which in a meaner state was turned from in abhorrence, becomes respected in its excess. Even the real virtue which some few times hath found its way to pre-eminence, perhaps was not of a more sublimate or ethereal temper than that of myriads depressed in oblivion: as the statue of Memnon in Egypt, which spoke when the rising sun beamed upon its head; so many a seeming block in private life might vivify, were a timely ray of fortune directed to its recess of spirit. Perhaps these mind-endowed with the most transcendent qualities, have through every age passed with

with little notice, and without general esteem: the soldier who asked Miltiades, "wherefore he wore the laurel his country had won?" if he spoke not from envy, was of more intrinsic worth than Miltiades: some alloy is necessary to make a character current.

"The younger Pliny well observes, "that Genius cannot alone struggle into day; it must be drawn forth by season and circumstance; nor will these suffice, unless too it be abetted by the patronage of social favour and introduction." Is there a man so visionary, and so little practised in life, as not to know that the price of public notice is the abasement of many parts essential to the theory of exalted virtue? The candidate must often prostitute his opinion, if not his morals; it is the only key to the barrier of vanity; and if he disdain that path to the good graces of mankind, he had better forego all hopes of attainment: and after all, and even the most brilliant exertion of ability, the simple reason of preference will often prevail against him, which raised Poppæus Sabinus to the favour of the Emperor Tiberius; "*nullam ob eximiam artem, sed quod par negotiis, neque supra erat*;"—a policy in choice well deserving attention.

"The subtlety of intellect, or spirit of enterprize, or whatever else may enter into the composition of those we vulgarly term *great men*, are particularly to be guarded against in popular governments: ascendancy of private character may discompose the union, or corrupt the virtue of the people; favour to particular men may beget factions in the state, and social love recoil from the extent of patriotism to the narrow circle of party; then is it retreated midway to domestic and to self-interest; self-interest in its turn will quickly sway, and the commonwealth be distracted with various and private influences. Even a virtuous man too much distinguished and exalted above his peers may open this sluice to the ruin of his country. Let us draw a character more dangerous, as more fitted for self-elevation; let us delineate the hero of Salamis: his mind was of a sublimate and active spirit, that pervaded in a momentary course the past, the present, and the future; and had a command of experience, subtlety and foresight, for the exigencies of the hour, or the protractations of policy; quick in thought, and tardy to execute; or dilatory in purpose, and immediate and bold in perpetration, as juncture ne-

cessitated, or as season required: no scheme was too deep for his capacity; no enterprize too hardy for his courage; he had not the winning softness, but he had the force of eloquence; his tongue was not persuasive but commanding; its art was the simplicity of truth: when he spoke, it was not a plausibility of address, it was not a specious shew of argument, or an appeal to the pathetic, that drew the favour of the assembly; but a something comprehensive, intuitive, prophetic, a something of genius that rivetted the attention, and on the self-diffidence of the hearer raised an uncontrollable command; the minds of the audience were amazed and daunted into acquiescence, even when not argued into conviction, and the artful Rhetor forgot his act, and the opinionative were abashed before him: such and like pre-eminence of character was fatal to the commonwealth of Athens. Miltiades prepared the way for Themistocles; Themistocles for Pericles. Crouching to the successive ascendancy of their great men, the people were habitually brought to consider their popular state as dependant; and rather to confide their public weal to the abilities of a statesman, than to the wisdom of the constitution: they insensibly deviated from the sound and simple principle of conduct adopted by their forefathers, and to a free progress in the straight road of virtue, preferred a leading-string in the maze of politics; they were then often led to injustice, often bewildered in ruinous practices, often betrayed to bloody and useless expeditions; at length injured to subserviency, they were at times the means of glory and power to the ambitious, tools to the crafty, wealth to the avaricious, dangerous to good men, and a subterfuge to the criminal. We shall find other causes co-operate, but much of these evils is imputable to the ascendancy of great men."

The fourteenth chapter furnishes us with remarks on the principles of national and private happiness; on conquest, and on the acquisitions and power of Athens. Happiness, in Mr. Young's opinion, consists in the activity of our faculties; enjoyment is the result of motion; all would add to, or change something to-morrow of what they possess today; "the fear of Alexander, that there were no more worlds to conquer, belongs to every human eye in the private circle of difficulties surmounted or subdued." It is the ardor for acquisition which im-

pels an individual to gain, and a state to conquer; extensive conquests he however concludes, are destructive to a people whose form of government approaches to Democracy; and that among the principles of their decline is that instinctive activity pushing on to acquisitions dangerous to, and corruptive of the possessors. Ambition is but a prouder species of avarice; gain equally produces desire; possession is equally wide of content: the object not being enjoyed, in either case cannot satiate.

The fifteenth chapter contains observations on the manners of the people, and the state of the republic at the close of the Persian wars. In the commonwealth as instituted by Solon, and as re-established by Clisthenes, the larger mass of the people, though possessed of considerable privileges, had but little influence or authority; opulence, though regulated by Agrarian and sumptuary laws, and the pretensions of family, however obliterated by the spirit of the constitution, separated the noble and wealthy from the multitude; who, obliged to have recourse to the menial arts for subsistence, were willing to forego public occupation and consequence, and entrusted the direction of the state exclusively to those whose property made them more perfectly responsible.

But at the period they were now arrived at, such moderation could no longer be supposed to distinguish the commonalty, whom the circumstances of the times had approximated to the higher classes. Riches now flowed from various sources, and afforded leisure as well as competence to each citizen; the workshop was given up for the assembly, more citizens crowded into action, more individuals became public men, and the state of Athens became more democratic. This growing taste of the people for political interference, was cherished and promoted by those leaders who counted their favour and applause, and the obstacles to popular ambition were removed by successive decrees.

Speaking of the effect of public habits on the domestic demeanor of the Athenians, our author remarks, that at this era national pride was connected with philanthropy, and the strict republican character softened by social intercourse; men's minds became enlarged, and they were taught to comprize others as well as Greeks within the circle of their benevolence.

This complacency of manners, how-

ever, implied no depraved or luxurious habits of life: private luxury, or even private ostentation seems to have gained but little ground in this age. But the accumulated riches of the state, or of its citizens, lay not hidden in coffers; though private temperance rejected their abuse, the superfluities resulting from economical management were employed in aggrandizing the state, or increasing the splendor of the city.

The remaining chapter of this book is dedicated to the Arts, the progress of which in this republic Mr. Young has traced, and added some pertinent remarks on the subject.

The second book opens with a detail of the administration of Pericles, whose character is drawn in a masterly stile.—This is followed by an account of the dominion of Athens and of the Peloponnesian war to the Argive alliance. The succeeding chapter treats of the Sicilian expedition, and contains observations on navigation and commerce, and on the spirit of trade, well deserving the attention of the reader.

“That a state should by degrees mould to the spirit of its constituents; that an humane and impartial legislation, tending to favour the occupation of the citizen, should attract the foreigner; that the public polity should profit of the concurrence and increase in funds and population; that industry should lead to riches, and riches to authority; that each citizen should seek that channel through which his pride, his pleasures, his ambition, his every passion was to be gratified; that, in a word, from the advantages of trade and navigation, a commonwealth should become powerful, and its constituents polished and opulent, are subjects too well understood to need farther detail. But this over-nutritious stimulative to greatness, bears it not something poisonous and destructive in its consequences?—Runs not such a state the career of a midnight revel, progressive through the various steps of civility, wit, and spirit, to the conjoined weakness and hot passion of ebriety; till grown drivelling and torpid, it is oppressed without resistance and removed at pleasure? In the moral as in the physical world, the point of maturity is but that of a moment, whilst increase and decrease have their periods, and in general of reciprocal duration: with the same haste a commercial nation accedes to empire, it speeds to dissolution; and the very circumstances which

first

first opened the prospect of its success, prove the cause of its downfall.

"Application and frugality, the first promoters of trade, finally become victims to the very success of enterprise; the importation of luxuries gradually enervates the industry that is in pursuit of them; the influx of money at once enhances the value of the manufacture, and renders the artificer indolent; other nations, not yet emerged from competency, undersell the articles of life; some subterfuge or resource must be found to evade the rivalry.—The liberal arts have perhaps followed commerce to her elevation; their assistance is now required, invention is racked, and workmanship studied of the most exquisite kind, to allure the sense, and put the comparison of price at a distance; then too the mere underling artificer grows idle and monied, and puts in his claim with the rest to be dissolute and luxurious;—thus the whole community becomes corrupt, and begins to weigh light in the scale of nations. The last resource from immediate ruin is the restriction of what it actually possesses to domestic circulation; nor can this preserve it long; a marine armament is its only defence, and such a navy is not to be supported but on the basis of a commercial one.

"Wealth, though the least certain mark of happiness, is the surest object of envy; avarice and impatience of inferiority beget envy and discontent in the neighbouring states; the pride of riches knows not how to concede; a private agreement becomes a public quarrel; war is declared; the fleets are found on the decline; the number of artizans is multiplied tenfold; of sailors, decreased; no longer invincible at sea, the commonwealth must have forces too by land: but whence are they to be drafted? The selfish citizen pleads occupation; the countrymen are but few; mercenaries must of course be collected; still the republic is wealthy, and under hiring banners it opens a campaign at least with splendour; but these troops fight not their own cause; they are quickly dispirited by loss, they are mutinous in success, they are insupportable to the country, they are exhausting to the state, and whether victorious or not the war concludes in ruinous debt and impoverished resources.

"Such is the obvious career of every state subsisting on its commerce, and depending on its navy, without enumerating the intermediate casualties to which it

is more especially and in its very nature exposed; of these some, and the most fatal too, may originate in its very force and opulence:—such is the facility its navy affords of great and distant enterprise, too often suggested by a vain people, and adopted by a corrupt administration; little considerate that the wealth and power of the nation are then on a single venture, and, as what is idly undertaken is seldom wisely pursued, are generally on the worst of ventures. To the general tendency towards a decline, and to the phrenzy of expedition, let us add fortuitous losses and a defective government, and we then have in view the evils which co-operated to hasten on the republic of Athens in its ruinous course, and which accelerated the hour of dissolution. The town, thronged with slaves, merchants, allies, and foreigners, of all sorts, exposed not to immediate view the ravages which pestilence and war had made in the number of the citizens; fourteen thousand and forty were numbered in the census of Pericles at the commencement of hostilities, but five thousand were the most that ever from this time assembled on the most general and important concern; yet the streets wore the appearance of plenty and population, the commonalty were delighted with the view, and maddened with that elation which each demagogue for private purposes had artfully wrought up, and now coloured afresh with the Argive treaty, they gave ear to every flattery, and, filled with the admiration of the speaker and of themselves, harmonized their vanity with his ambition, and accorded to the most extravagant projects of new and extensive conquest."

The author next characterizes the leaders who conducted the unfortunate Sicilian expedition, on which ten thousand talents had been expended, and in which the Athenians lost 40,000 of their best troops, and a fleet of 240 sail; and concludes with these reflections, which recent experience has but too fully proved to have been well founded.

"Athens was weakened by domestic dissensions, by the intrigues of leading men, and by the fluctuation of popular assemblies; but even had its superiority abroad been decisive, and its interior administration able and firm, great were the dangers and difficulties to be obviated in such distant enterprise: the invidious appearance of aggressorship, the alienation of general good-will ever attending it,

the

the desperate resistance of those who fight for property and liberty, the languor of troops so far removed from their own country, the difficulties of recruiting, the casualty of stores, the hazard of shipping, and, lastly, the advantages which may be taken by rival states of each disaster, or even of the occasions which so great expenditure and the ab-

sence of so much national force may too frequently afford: in the course of this war each of these had its influence, and they combined together to crush the power of Athens, and to leave an awful lesson to future statesmen and to maritime powers."

(To be concluded in our next)

Lucubrations: consisting of Essays, Reveries, &c. in Prose and Verse. By the late Peter of Pontefract. 8vo. 3s. 6d. London. Doddsley. 1786.

THESE *Jeux d'Esprit* are by no means calculated to injure the literary reputation established by the author of the *Spiritual Quixote*; many of them possess considerable merit; we do not, however take Politics to be Peter's forte, nor can we subscribe to this doctrine:

"Things are not right"—what's that to me?

"Good subjects MUST obey the powers that be:"

it favours too strongly of *passive obedience* and *non-resistance*.—We have selected some extracts from the Prefatory Essay, on the power of habit, as they will serve in a double capacity, as the author's apology for writing these Lucubrations, and as a specimen of the work. "The influence of habit on the actions of men, cannot have escaped the notice of the most inattentive observer; and its general tendency to produce either a virtuous or vicious conduct, has been so frequently the subject of moral writers, that nothing very new can be said upon the occasion.

"The effects of habit both on the bodies and minds of men, are indeed as mechanical, as on those animals which are governed by mere instinct.—A sober citizen goes with the same regularity, and with as much satisfaction, to his usual seat in the coffee-room, as a pack-horse to the inn where he has been used to feed, and is miserable if any business intervenes to deprive him of his evening recreation.

"A lady, long accustomed to cards, sits down with as keen an appetite to the whist-table, as an epicure to a haunch of venison: and I was not surprised, that an old dowager, some time since, at Bath, should expire with the cards in her hand.

"Instances are unnecessary on so trite a subject; yet I cannot forbear mentioning one more, which shews, that by indulging themselves in idle habits, men may lose all relish for the beauties of na-

ture, and every amusement but that to which they have been long accustomed.

"I some years since accompanied an old bachelor, of a genteel profession, in the Strand, to a gentleman's seat in St—dshire, with whose family he had some connection. After coffee, in the evening, we took a walk together on the lawn: when the declining sun had tinged with its golden beams the neighbouring hills, and gave a rich lustre to every object,—"Well," said I, "this place is quite an Elysium, and the family are extremely agreeable; we shall spend a week here quite to our satisfaction."

"I don't know that," replied my friend;—"the place and the people are well enough; but I shall be glad when we get back to our club at the *Five-Bells*."

"Thus do people who are habitually attached to any one mode of life, lose all taste for every other enjoyment.

"There are many amusements, innocent enough in themselves, become really criminal when indulged, as they too frequently are by solitary people, to a culpable excess: of this kind are smoking tobacco, taking snuff, and scribbling—whether in prose or verse. Of these, the two former are most injurious to the health of those who practise them; but the latter proves frequently more pernicious to society, as it is too often employed in corrupting or unsettling the principles of pious christians, or peaceful citizens; in disturbing the tranquility of families, or injuring the characters of individuals.

"And when once a man, whether from pique or disappointment, or any other cause, has been engaged on any subject, especially of the polemic kind, for some time, he continues it from habit, even when the cause is removed, or on very dissimilar occasions. Thus Cato concluded every speech with *Delenda est Carthago*—and every patriotic paragraph-writer, though his subject be the *Queen's Birth-day*, or the *Lord Mayor's Show*, ends

ends with the complaint of the infringement of our liberty:—nay a *disappointed* ecclesiastic, whether churchman or dissentor, even in a *charity* sermon will growl at the *establishment*, and give a snap at the Trinity.

“To this inveterate habit I would willingly attribute many of the later works of Bolingbroke and Voltaire against religion and the moral attributes of the Deity; as one cannot conceive any person to be actuated by so diabolical a motive, as at the age of seventy or eighty intentionally to strike at the foundation of all morality, and of course at the very existence of society and the general happiness of mankind.

“The later rhymes of Swift, upon every the most trifling occurrence, must, I am persuaded, have been almost the involuntary effects of the same habitual indulgence.

* * * * *

“The author of the following ebullitions of an idle fancy, would willingly shelter himself under these respectable examples; and as custom has been considered as a second nature,” would hope, that his having unfortunately contracted a *habit of scribbling*, might be deemed as good a plea as that of a gentleman, who being reproved for swearing, replied, “that he was *born so* :”—for though few people are born either of a *rhyming* or of a *swearing* constitution, yet the author had actually got a trick of rhyming before he had learned his Catechism.

“But though it should be admitted as some alleviation of a man’s folly, who by indulgence has acquired an habitual thirst, that it is become *morally* impossible for him to abstain from drinking—is that any excuse, you will say, for his appearing in *public* in a state of intoxication?—“Ah! there’s the rub”—The apology for one’s amusing one’s self in *private*, runs on fluently enough; but—“why then publish it?”

“Pope himself, after many plausible reasons for a poor d—ned poet’s perseverance in scribbling, has no other re-

source than the partial judgment of friends:

“Congreve approv’d, and Swift endur’d my lays.”

“The author of the following Lucubrations has not even this to plead; he has therefore ventured them into public, to take their chance, with all due submission to the candour of his readers.

“For an author to say, that he publishes nothing *immoral*, is like Horace’s slave, who plumed himself that he had stole nothing; and may expect a similar answer: “Well, then, you shall not be hanged in chains.” The author, however, flatters himself that some of the pieces in this volume have at least the merit of a moral tendency; and declares, that throughout the whole, he never intended making any one unhappy or less pleased with himself: he likewise humbly cautions the reader not to consider the poetical part of the collection as always expressive of his serious opinion (“for who will swear to the truth of a song?”); and concludes with the following serio-comic caution to young people against this habit of *rhyming*.

“They may consider it,” he says, “as a kind of dying speech of an old offender; who would exhort them to beware of rhyming company and handsome women, and never to profane the sabbath by reading any other poetry on that day than Sternhold and Hopkins—or such pious strains as have no tendency to elevate and inflame the imagination.—Let them, if they find themselves inclined to it, try their hand at a sonnet or a stanza on their first love; but by no means indulge that inclination, unless they are conscious of a truly poetical genius; in which they are very likely to be deceived. Young people, however, of this turn are like adventurers in a Lottery—every one fancies himself a favourite of the Muses; and though the world rarely bestows more than one or two laurel crowns in an age, he flatters himself that his is the fortunate ticket.”

Cary’s Actual Survey of the Country fifteen Miles round London, on a Scale of an Inch to a Mile; wherein the Roads, Rivers, Woods, and Commons, as well as every Market-Town, Village, &c. are distinguished, and every Seat shewn, with the Name of the Possessor, preceded by a General Map of the Whole. To which is added, an Index of all the Names contained in the Plates. 8vo. 1786.

THE title of this work so amply sets forth its design, that nothing more needs to be said on it. The utility of the performance is manifest, and a similar one, though less extensive, by the same author, was, we think, published in the month of January, which met

with general approbation. This being an enlargement and improvement of the former, cannot fail of being at least equally acceptable, and will be particularly useful to foreigners or country gentlemen who come to London, as it will serve them for a complete Directory to

all the places within fifteen miles of the metropolis; so that nothing worth seeing within that distance will escape their notice.—The work is equally elegant, and so far as we have examined it is equally accurate with the preceding; and as that comprehended none of the roads to the Eastward or Southward of London, and extended only twelve miles to the Westward and Northward, this cannot fail of being much more useful. It is likewise to be remarked, that both have this advantage, that from the accuracy with which they are engraved, the several

parts may be pasted together so as to form one large map of the country, proper for a room; or they may be made up in the manner of a pocket map, for such travellers as would rather shufe them in that form than in a book. It is likewise to be observed, that the distance of fifteen miles round London is reckoned in a right line; so that many places are comprehended in the survey, which, by the common method of reckoning, are considerably above twenty miles distant from it.

The Triumph of Benevolence: occasioned by the National Design of erecting a Monument to John Howard, Esq. 4to. 1s. 6d. Dilly.

THIS Poem is addressed to the Committee for erecting a Statue to the benevolent Mr. Howard, and is published by their order and at their expence, with a view to promote this truly virtuous design.

As a specimen of the author's abilities we shall select the four last stanzas:

True to the awful charge by Justice giv'n,
Fame still *will* follow with her clarion
high,
On Rapture's plumage bear the sound to
Heav'n,
Nor suffer virtue such as thine to die:
And oh, that wondrous virtue has been
sung *
In deathless lays by Britain's loftiest
bard,
Hymn'd by a lyre that Seraphs might
have strung,
For HAYLEY'S MUSE has given *her*
fair reward.
But feeble all that mortal man can raise,
Feeble the trump that peals each hon-
our'd name,
Feeble an Hayley's lyre, a nation's praise,
And all th' applausive notes of human
fame.

Yet *take our pledge*, tho' mix'd, alas,
with earth:

' Then hear the power that whispers in
thy breast.

That voice from Heav'n alone can speak
thy worth,

A recompensing GOD will give thee
rest.

The pamphlet likewise contains a Sonnet to Dr. Lettson, by W. Upton, and several pieces relative to the design of paying a public tribute to the character of Mr. Howard, re-published from the Gentleman's Magazine, together with a state of the subscriptions for erecting the Statue and raising a fund for prison charities and reforms. For this last purpose it appears that the Committee had on the 28th of August "funded 500l. three per cent. Consols, which will continue as a perpetual fund for prison charities." We conclude with our hearty wishes for the success of this benevolent plan, the projectors of which merit the warmest thanks of the public; and it is with pleasure we hear that the above fund is now more than doubled, upwards of 1000l. being already subscribed.

The Gamesters: a Novel, in three Volumes. By the Authoress of Burton Wood and Joseph. Baldwin. 1786.

THE fatal consequences resulting from a propensity to that too fashionable vice *gaming*, are here painted in strong colours, and held up as a beacon to guard the unwary from running on a coast, where not only every finer feeling is blunted, and every tender tie dissolved, but where fortune, reputation, health and

peace must in the end be inevitably lost. Such being the evident design of these volumes, the author is entitled to commendation for her endeavours in so laudable a cause, and the goodness of her intention will more than compensate for any little defects which may occur in the work.

Alluding to Mr. Hayley's very beautiful Ode inscribed to John Howard, Esq.

ACCOUNT of the MANNER of SILVERING LOOKING-GLASSES; and of the TIME when that ART was DISCOVERED.

[From Vol. IV. of Dr. WATSON'S "Chemical Essays."]

THE mixture of quicksilver with gold, or silver, or lead, or tin, or copper, or any other metallic substance with which it is capable of uniting, is called an *amalgam*, and the operation by which the union is effected is called *amalgamation*. Authors are not agreed as to the derivation of the word *amalgam*: some think that it is composed of two Greek words (*αμα* and *γαμμα*) by which the intimate union, or *marriage*, as it were, of the two metals is denoted; others are of opinion, that it ought to be written a *malagma*, and that it is derived from a Greek word (*μαλασσω*) signifying to soften, inasmuch as the metal, be it what it may, is always softened by its union with the mercury. An amalgam, made of four parts of tin and one of quicksilver, in the form of a ball, is used by some under the pretence of purifying water: it cannot, I think, contribute in any manner to that end; but as the ball is always boiled in the water, the seeds of vegetables, or the fish spawn, or the animalcules, &c. with which water is often polluted, may be precipitated by the action of boiling. But there is another purpose to which a mixture of tin and quicksilver is applied with great utility—the silvering of looking-glasses.

Tin may be beat out into leaves not thicker than paper, called *foils*; on tin foil, finely disposed on a flat table, quicksilver is poured, and gently rubbed with an hare's foot; it soon unites itself with the tin, which then becomes very splendid, or, as the workmen say, is quickened: a plate of glass is then cautiously slid upon the tin leaf, in such a manner as to sweep off the redundant quicksilver, which is not incorporated with the tin: leaden weights are then placed on the glass, and in a little time the quicksilvered tin-foil adheres so firmly to the glass, that the weights may be removed without any danger of its falling off. The glass thus silvered is a common looking-glass. About two ounces of quicksilver are sufficient for covering three square feet of glass.

It is generally believed, that the art of making looking-glasses, by applying to their back surface a metallic covering, is a very modern invention. *Muratori* expressly says, that glass *specula*, such he means as are now in use, are not of any great antiquity.—*Sæpe autem antiquitati novimus fuisse specula, quorum usus nunquam desit; sed eorum fabricam apud Italos unice forsitan Veneti per tempora multa servarunt et adhuc servant; quæ tamen alio translata nunc in aliis quoque regnis floret* *.—The authors of the *French Encyclopædie* † have adopted the same opinion, and quoted a *Memoir* printed in the 3d vol. of the Academy of Inscriptions, &c.—Il est d'autant plus étonnant que les an-

ciens n'aient pas connu l'art de rendre le verre propre à conserver la représentation des objets, en appliquant l'étain derrière les glaces, que les progrès de la découverte du verre furent, chez eux, poussés fort loin.—*Mr. Nixon*, in speaking of the glass *specula* of the ancients, says, "before the application of quicksilver in the construction of these glasses (which I presume is of no great antiquity) the reflection of images by such specula, must have been effected by their being besmeared behind, or tinged through with some dark colour, especially black ‡." I have bestowed more time in searching out the age in which the applying a metallic covering to one side of a looking-glass was introduced, than the subject, in the estimation of many, will seem to deserve; and, indeed, more than it deserved in my own estimation; but the *difficiles nugæ*, the *stultus labor ineptiarum*, when once the mind gets intangled with them, cannot be easily abandoned: one feels, moreover, a singular reluctance in giving up an unsuccessful pursuit. The reader would pardon the introduction of this reflection, if he knew how many musty volumes I turned over before I could meet with any information which could satisfy me, in any degree, on this subject; I am not yet quite satisfied, tho' I take the liberty to say, in opposition to *Muratori*, and the other respectable authorities which I have quoted, that the applying a metallic covering to looking-glasses is now a modern invention;—it is probable it was known in the first century, if not sooner, and it is certain, I apprehend, that it was known in the second.

The Romans, before the time of the younger *Pliny*, not only used glass, instead of gold and silver, for drinking-vessels, but they knew how to glaze their windows with it, and they fixed it in the walls of their rooms to render their apartments more pleasant. Now a piece of flat glass, fixed in the side of a room, is a sort of looking-glass, and if the *stucco* into which it is fixed be of a dark colour, it will not be a very bad one. And hence I think the Romans could not fail of having a sort of *glass specula* in use: but this, though admitted, does not come up to the point; the question is, Whether they covered the posterior surface of the glass with a metallic plate? It has been observed before, that the Romans knew how to make a paste of gold and quicksilver, and it appears from *Pliny* also, that they knew how to beat gold into thin leaves, and to apply it in that state both on wood and metal; now there is a passage in *Pliny*, from whence it may be collected, that the Romans began in his time to apply a coat of metal to glass specula, and that this coat was of gold. The passage occurs in the very place where *Pliny*

* *Muratori Antiq.* Vol. II. p. 393. Vol. X.† *Art. Miroir.*

C e

‡ *Philos. Tran.* 1758, p. 608. pro-

professes to finish all he had to observe concerning specula *. An opinion, says he, has lately been entertained, that the application of gold to the back part of a speculum, renders the image better defined. It is hardly possible that any one should be of opinion, that a plate of gold put behind a metallic speculum, could have any effect in improving the reflected image; but supposing Pliny (whose transitions in writing are often abrupt) to have passed from the mention of metallic, to that of *glass specula*, then the propriety of the observation relative to the improved state of the image is very obvious. If we suppose the Romans in Pliny's age to have simply applied some black substance to the back surface of the glass, or even to have known how to put tin behind it, yet the observation of the image being rendered more distinct by means of gold, might have been made with more justice than is generally supposed; for Buffon is of opinion, that a looking-glass made with a covering of gold and quicksilver, would reflect more light than one made in the ordinary way with tin and quicksilver †; and hence Pliny's expression, *certiorem imaginem reddi auro appposito averfis*, will be accurately true.

Alexander Aphrodisicus flourished towards the end of the second century; he wrote several works in Greek, and amongst the rest, two books of problems: one of his problems is this ‡:

Δια τι τα ὑλινα καθόπιζα λαμπρῶσι αγαν;

The only part of the answer which we are concerned with, is,

Οτι ενδοθεν αυλα χριται κασσιτηρω.

Because they besmear the inside of them with tin.

The Greek word which I have here rendered *besmear*, does not clearly point out the manner in which the operation of fixing the tin upon the glass was performed. Pliny uses a Latin word (*illitum*) of exactly the same import as this Greek one, when he speaks of copper vessels being tinned; and as in that operation, tin is melted and spread over the surface of the copper, I see no difficulty in supposing, that the tin may have been, in the time of Alexander Aphrodisicus, melted and spread over the surface of the glass, when previously heated.

* Atque ut omnia de speculis peragantur hoc loco. Optima apud majores fuerant.
 dustina stanno et ære mixta. Præparata sunt argentea. Primus fecit Praxiteles, magni Pompeii ætate. Nuper credi cæptum certiorem imaginem reddi auro appposito averfis. Hist. Nat. L. XXXIII. S. XLV.

† Ou pourroit trouver le moyen de faire un meilleur étamage, et je crois qu'on parviendroit en employant de l'or et du vis-argent. Hist. Nat. Buffon. Sup. Tom. I. p. 451.

‡ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΥ ΑΦΡΟΔΙΣΕΩΣ ιατρικα απορηματῶν και φυσικα προβληματα. Parisiis, 1541.—If there be any doubt concerning the authenticity of these problems, I leave it to be discussed by the Critics.

|| Aliud (vitrum) statu figuratur, aliud torno teritur, aliud argenti modo cælatur, Sydona quondam iis officinis nobili, siquidem etiam specula excogitaverat. Hist. Nat. L. XXXVI.

§ Magia Nat. L. IV. C. XVIII.

** Page 246.

Having carried up the invention of covering glass specula with a metallic coating to the second century, we may be the more ready to admit that the *Sydonians* possessed this art, before Pliny wrote his Natural History; for in that work, he not only praises them for their former ingenuity in various glass manufactures, but he adds—and they had invented specula also ||.—Now, there is some reason to think, that if the *Sydonians* had only invented the art of using a flat piece of glass as a speculum, without knowing how to give it a metallic coating, on which its excellency chiefly depends, they would not have merited the mention which Pliny makes of them; for their looking-glasses must have been inferior to the metallic mirrors then in use at Rome. There seems to be but one objection of any consequence to this conclusion,—had the method of giving a metallic covering to plates of glass been known, at least to the Romans, (for it might have been known in *Asia* long before it was known in *Italy*) it seems probable, that the metallic specula would have fallen into general disuse, much sooner than there is cause to think they did; for it would have been much easier to make a looking-glass, than to polish a metallic mirror; and the image from the glass would have been superior to that from the metal, and on both accounts the mirrors would have become unfashionable.

The first mode of fixing a coat of tin on a looking-glass, I suspect to have been that of pouring the melted metal on the glass; and I have some reason, not now to be insisted on, to think, that this mode was not disused in the fourteenth century.—*Baptista Porta* lived in the fifteenth, and died towards the beginning of the sixteenth century; he gives us a very accurate description § of the manner in which looking-glasses were then silvered; it differs from that now in use only in this, that the tin-foil, when silvered, was taken up and gently drawn upon the glass. *J. Maurice Hoffman* published his *Acta Laboratorii Chæmici* in 1719; he there speaks ** of a mixture of one part of tin with three of quicksilver, which some time ago, he says, was usually applied to the back-surfaces of looking-glasses; although the *Venetians* did then make looking-glasses by pouring quicksilver upon tin-foil placed on the back surface of the glass.—This mode of silvering

the glass was not *then* invented by the *Venetians*, as appears from what Baptista Porta had advanced above two hundred years before; though the mode of silvering the tin-foil, when laid upon the glass, was an improvement on that prescribed by Baptista Porta, just as the mode now in use, is a great improvement on that practised by the *Venetians* in the time of Hoffmann.

The men who are employed in silvering looking-glasses often become paralytic, as is the case also with those who work in quicksilver mines: this is not to be wondered at, if we may credit Mr. Boyle, who assures us, that mercury has been several times found in the heads of artificers exposed to its fumes*. In the Philosophical Transactions †, there is an account of a man, who having ceased working in quicksilver for six months, had his body still so impregnated with it, that by putting a piece of copper into his mouth, or rubbing it with his hands, it instantly acquired a silver colour. This, though a surprising, is not a fact of a singular nature; it

is well known that sulphur, taken inwardly, will blacken silver which is carried in the pocket; and I have somewhere read of a man whose keys were rusted in his pocket, from his having taken, for a long time, large quantities of diluted acid of vitriol. I remember having seen at Birmingham, a very stout man rendered paralytic in the space of six months, by being employed in fixing an amalgam of gold and quicksilver on copper; he stood before the mouth of a small oven strongly heated, the mercury was converted into vapour, and that vapour was inhaled by him. A kind of chimney, I believe, has of late been opened at the farther side of the oven, into which the mercurial vapour is driven, and thus both the mercury is saved, and the health of the operator is attended to. The person I saw was very sensible of the cause of his disorder, but had not courage to withstand the temptation of high wages, which enabled him to continue in a state of intoxication for three days in the week, instead of, what is the usual practice, two.

ON THE

EXCELLENCIES and DEFECTS of the PRESENT SYSTEM of EDUCATION.

[From the Same.]

OF all the amusements or employments in which country gentlemen are engaged, that of superintending with intelligence the cultivation of a farm is one of the most useful to the community, as well as to the individual who applies himself to it. Great improvements have been made in agriculture within the last fifty years. There is a chaos of printed information on the subject, which wants to be digested into form, in order to be made generally useful. The several agricultural societies which have been established by gentlemen in different parts of the kingdom, have done great service; we owe to their endeavours, and to the patriotic exertions of one deserving citizen ‡, the present flourishing condition of our husbandry; but far more gentlemen would, probably, have been induced to turn their thoughts that way, and all of them with better prospects of succeeding in their enquiries, had they, in their youth, been carefully instructed in the *principles of vegetation*, in the *chemical qualities of soils*, and in the *natures and uses of different manures*.— But I mean only to give a hint concerning an institution, which I have no manner of expectation of seeing established, though I am fully persuaded it would be both a public benefit, and highly useful to that class of persons of whose education I have been speaking.

Young men of fortune feel not the want of personal merit during the short time which they spend at the Universities; they see consequence and respect, it is true, an-

nexed in those seminaries to learning and talents, but in the world they see little respected but wealth; and possessing that, or expecting to possess it from their ancestors, they are easily allured by the inducement which is natural to the human species, and by the improvidence which is incident to their time of life, to shrink from the task of acquiring accomplishments really honourable, really useful, and really their own. When they are called to the legislation of their country, or when they become masters of families, or are in any way settled, as it is called, in the world, then they begin to be sensible of the deficiencies of their personal acquirements; they cease not to lament through life their own want of foresight, in neglecting the opportunities of improvement which were offered to them in the Universities; or the supineness of those who had the care of their education, in not having stimulated them to the pursuit of useful studies. This is only the general account, for there are some to whom it is not applicable: and though it may not be in our power to counteract the indolent propensities of nature, or to stem the torrent of fashionable levities, to which young men, by a too early introduction into the world, are fatally exposed; yet it is our duty to endeavour to augment the number of those, who at so green an age have learned to make a proper estimate of their future intellectual wants; and I know no method better adapted to effectuate this desirable end, than to propose to them entertaining objects of

* Boyle's Works, Vol. III. p. 330.

† 1665.

‡ Arthur Young, Esq. study,

study, of which they may clearly perceive the immediate utility, in the application of the knowledge they attain, to the important purposes of legislative policy and rural oeconomica.

I shall be told, that there is not time for this; that even classics, ethics, mathematics, and, God forbid I should omit what is of infinitely more value than all the rest, the institutes of christianity, can be but superficially attended to during the few months which these young men reside in the Universities. I will not attempt to obviate this objection by making an invidious comparison between the utility of classics, ethics, or mathematics, and the branches of study here hinted at; I admit the force of it in its full extent. But I beg leave to ask, whose fault is it that young men of fortune stay not more years with us, and reside not amongst us more months in every year? Why must they, as soon as they have huddled through six or eight terms, be hurried abroad as if it were from an apprehension, that they have learned as much as an English University can teach them? Foreign travel is of great use, when it is undertaken by men who have learned to bring their passions under the controul of reason and religion; who have had some experience in life, acquired some knowledge of the manufactures, policy, revenues, and resources of their own country: the acquaintance of such men will be sought after by persons of character and learning in every country they pass through; they will be in a condition to receive, because they will possess the ability of communicating knowledge. But the present mode of sending our young men into France

and Italy tends only to fill Great-Britain with dabblers in Virtu, pretenders in Taste, sciolists in Literature, and infidels in Religion.

But I perceive myself insensibly falling into what I mean to avoid—a discussion of the excellencies and defects of our System of Education. Our excellencies are greater, perhaps, than those who know us not are apt to suppose; and our defects are not so much defects in our institution (though I have never scrupled to profess an humble opinion that it might be amended) as in our discipline; and the defects in our discipline are not so properly our defects, as the defects of the Manners of the Age. If a young man at seventeen be accustom'd at home to have horses always at his command; to follow country diversions without restraint; to mix in long convivial familiarity with persons of advanced age; to drink as much as he pleases at his father's table; to hear improper connexions with the sex spoken of in all companies as venial levities, and not to hear them seriously censured in any as offences against christian morality; and if to all this he be supplied, through a destructive indulgence, with sums of money excessive for his age, and far superior to his wants; can it be a matter of wonder, that it is not in the power of an University to rectify the disorders of such a domestic education? I have no intention to mislead the opinion of the world concerning us, nor to exculpate ourselves by criminating others. If we yield to the corruption of the age, we yield as slowly as we can; and it is not, perhaps, possible for us wholly to escape the malignity of its influence.

An ACCOUNT of the METHODS of making ARTIFICIAL PYRMONT or SELTZER WATER.*

[Illustrated with an Engraving, representing THREE DIFFERENT APPARATUS for that Purpose.]

PYRMONT Water may be imitated very nicely by art in the following manner: Take a quart of the purest and lightest water, add to it thirty drops of a strong solution of iron made in spirit of salt, a drachm of oil of tartar per deliquium, and thirty drops of spirit of vitriol, or a little more or less, as is found necessary, not to let the alkali of the oil of tartar prevail too strongly, though it must prevail a little. Shake all briskly together.

The basis on which this is founded, is the analysis and trial of the true Pyrmont water; by which it is found to contain a

subtile aqueous fluid, a volatile iron, and a predominant alkali, all joined together into one brisk pungent spirituous water. The artificial Pyrmont thus made, if the proportions be carefully minded, will extremely resemble the natural, and will have the same effect as a medicine.

But the best method of forming artificial Pyrmont water is by impregnating common water with fixed air, for which we are indebted to Dr. Priestley. The first idea of this kind occurred to him in 1767, when, having placed shallow vessels of water within the region of fixed air, on the surface of the

* It is now well known that the Pyrmont Water, and other mineral waters of the same kind, owe their acidulous taste, and peculiar virtues, to the fixed air they contain. The recent discovery, therefore, of an easy method of imitating this medicinal water, or of impregnating common water with fixed air, has proved of the greatest service to society; water thus impregnated, having been demonstrated to be a very powerful antiseptic, not only resisting, but correcting putrefaction; and having been given, consequently, with great success, in putrid fevers, the sea-scurvy, &c.

fermenting vessels of a brewery, and left them all night in that situation, he found that the water had acquired a very sensible and pleasant impregnation. He proceeded to accelerate the impregnation by pouring the water from one vessel into another, while they were both held within the sphere of the fixed air. The method of effecting this by air dislodged from chalk, and other calcareous substances, did not occur to him till the year 1772, when he published his Directions for this purpose, together with a drawing of the necessary apparatus, which he had before communicated to the Board of Admiralty. This apparatus is represented in No. I. of the annexed Plate. Fig. 1. consists of a glass vessel *a* with a narrow neck, so formed that it will stand upright with its mouth downwards. this vessel, when filled with water, and covered with a slip of paper or thin pasteboard, pressed close to it, to prevent the admission of common air, is inverted into another vessel *b* with a little water in it, so that the slip of paper or pasteboard may be washed down, and the end of the pipe introduced into it. This pipe is flexible and air-tight, and best made of leather, sewed with shoemaker's waxed thread. It is kept open at both ends by a piece of a quill, while one of them is introduced into the vessel of water, and the other into the bladder *d*, the opposite end of which is tied round a perforated cork kept open by a quill, and the cork is made to fit a phial *e*, two-thirds of which should be filled with chalk just covered with water. Dr. Priestley has since found it most convenient to use a glass tube, and to preserve the advantage which he had of agitating the vessel *e*, he makes use of two bladders, communicating by a perforated cork, to which they are both tied. He also observes, that the flexible pipe is not necessary, but instead of this bent tube of glass must be ready to be inserted into the hole made in the cork when the bladder containing the fixed air is separated from the phial in which it was generated. The extremity of this tube being put under the vessel of water, and the bladder being compressed, the air will be conveyed into it, as in the other case. Instead of the bladder, a small phial may be interposed between the phial containing the chalk, &c. and the vessel of water. for thus the chalk and water that may be thrown up the tube communicating with this phial will lodge at the bottom of the other, while nothing but the air will get into the pipe communicating with the water. The apparatus being thus prepared, let the phial containing the chalk and water be detached from the bladder, and the pipe also from the vessel of water; pour a little oil of vitriol upon the chalk and water; and having carefully pressed all the common air out of the bladder, put the cork into the bottle presently after the effervescence has begun. Also press the bladder once more after a little of the newly gener-

ated air has got into it, in order the more effectually to clear it of all the remains of the common air, and then introduce the end of the pipe into the mouth of the vessel of water, as in the Drawing, and begin to agitate the chalk and water briskly. This will presently produce a considerable quantity of fixed air, which will distend the bladder; and this being pressed, the air will force its way through the pipe, and ascend into the vessel of water, the water at the same time descending, and coming into the basin.

When about one half of the water is forced out, let the operator lay his hand upon the uppermost part of the vessel, and shake it as briskly as he can, not to throw the water out of the basin, and in a few minutes the water will absorb the air, and taking its place, will nearly fill the vessel as at the first. Then shake the phial containing the chalk and water again, and force more air into the vessel, till, upon the whole, about an equal bulk of air has been thrown into it. Also shake the water as before, till no more of the air can be imbibed. As soon as this is perceived to be the case, the water is ready for use, and if it be not used immediately, should be put into a bottle as soon as possible, well corked and cemented. I will, however, very well, if the bottle be only well corked, and kept with the mouth downwards.

It may be proper to observe on this process, that the phial should always be placed considerably lower than the vessel *a*, that the water to which the chalk is put should be changed after every operation, that with a vessel of water holding three pints, and a phial containing the chalk and water of ten ounces, a little more than a tea-spoonful of oil of vitriol will produce enough to impregnate such a quantity of water, that the whole process does not take up more than a quart of an hour, and the apparatus need five minutes, and that in this method the water is easily made to imbibe an equal bulk of air; whereas Dr. Brownrigg found that Pyramont water at the Spring-head did not contain so much as one half. This apparatus has received considerable improvements, which we shall briefly rectify, but in justice to the merit of the original inventor, his method deserves to be recorded, and besides, it requires less time, and is much less expensive than those that are now generally used.

This apparatus contrived by Dr. Nott, is represented by Fig. 2. It is made of glass, and stands on a wooden vessel *dd* resembling a tea-board; the middle vessel *B* has a neck which is inserted into the mouth of the vessel *A*, to which it is ground in tight. This lower neck of the vessel *B* has a glass stopple *S*, composed of two parts, both having held a sufficient jet a good quantity of air pass through them. *B* between these two parts is left a small space *e*, containing a plano convex lens, which acts like a valve, in letting the air pass from below upwards, and hindering its return into the vessel *A*. The upper vessel

vessel C terminates below in a tube *r t*, which, being crooked, hinders the immediate ascent of the bubbles of fixed air into that vessel, before they reach the surface of the water in the vessel B. The vessel C is also ground air-tight to the upper neck or the middle vessel B, and has a stopple *p* fitted to its upper mouth, which has a hole through its middle. The upper vessel C holds just half as much as the middle one B; and the end *t* of the crooked tube goes no lower than the middle of the vessel B.

For the use of this apparatus: Fill the middle vessel B, with spring or any other wholesome water, and join to it the vessel C. Pour water into the vessel A (by the opening *m*, or otherwise) so as to cover the rising part of its bottom: about three-fourths of a pint will be sufficient. Fill an ounce phial with oil of vitriol, and add it to the water, shaking the vessel so as to mix them well together. As heat is generated it will be best to add the oil by a little at a time, otherwise the vessel may be broke. Put to this, through a wide glass or paper funnel, about an ounce of powdered raw chalk, or marble. White marble being first granulated, or pounded like coarse sand, is better for the purpose than powdered chalk, because it is harder; and, therefore, the action of the diluted acid upon it is slower, and lasts to a considerable time. On that account, the supply of fixed air from it is more regular than with the chalk: and besides, when no more air is produced, the water may be decanted from the vessel A, and the white sediment washed off, and the remaining granulated marble may be employed again, by adding to it fresh water, and a new quantity of oil of vitriol. The funnel in this process is made use of, in order to prevent the powder from touching the inside of the vessel's mouth; for if that happens, it will stick so strongly to the neck of the vessel B, as not to admit of their being separated without breaking. Place immediately the two vessels B and C (fastened to each other) into the mouth of the vessel A, as in the figure, and all the fixed air which is disengaged from the chalk or marble by the oil of vitriol, will pass up through the valve in S into the vessel B. When this fixed air comes to the top of the vessel B, it will dislodge from thence as much water as is equal to its bulk; which water will be forced up through the crooked tube into the upper vessel C.

Care must be taken not to shake the vessel A when the powdered chalk is put in; otherwise a great and sudden effervescence will ensue, which will perhaps expel part of the contents. In such case it may be necessary to open a little the stopple *p*, in order to give vent, otherwise the vessel A may burst. It will be proper also to throw away the contents and wash the vessel; for the matter will stick between the necks of the vessels, and cement them together. The operation must then be begun afresh. But if the chalk be

put into the vessel loosely wrapt up in paper, this accident will be still better guarded against. When the effervescence goes on well, the vessel C will soon be filled with water, and the vessel B half filled with air; which will easily be known to be the case by the air going up in large bubbles through the crooked tube *r t*.

When this is observed, take off the two vessels B and C together as they are, and shake them so that the water and air within them may be much agitated. A great part of the fixed air will be absorbed into the water; as will appear by the end of the crooked tube being considerably under the surface of the water in the vessel. The shaking them for two or three minutes will be sufficient for this purpose. These vessels must not be shaken while joined to the under one A, otherwise too great an effervescence will be occasioned in the latter; together with the ill consequence above mentioned. After the water and air have been sufficiently agitated, loosen the upper vessel C, so that the remaining water may fall down into B, and the unabsorbed air pass out. Put these vessels together, and replace them into the mouth of A, in order that B may be again half filled with fixed air. Shake the vessels B and C, and let out the unabsorbed air, as before. By repeating the operation three or four times, the water will be sufficiently impregnated.

Whenever the effervescence nearly ceases in the vessel A, it may be renewed by giving it a gentle shake, so that the powdered chalk or marble at the bottom may be mixed with the oil of vitriol and water above it; for then a greater quantity of fixed air will be disengaged.

When the effervescence can be no longer renewed by shaking the vessel A, either more chalk must be put in, or more oil of vitriol; or more water, if neither of these produce the desired effect.

Mr. Magellan has still further improved this contrivance. He has two sets of the vessels B and C. While he is shaking the air and water contained in one of these sets, the other may be receiving fixed air from the vessel A. By this means twice the quantity of water may be impregnated in the same time. He has a wooden stand on which to fix the vessels B, C, when taken off from A, which is very convenient. He has a small tin trough for measuring the quantity of chalk or marble requisite for one operation, and a wide glass funnel for putting it through into the vessel A, to prevent its sticking to the sides, as mentioned before.

He has also contrived a stopple without a hole, to be used occasionally instead of the perforated one *p*. It must be of a conical figure, and very loose; but so exactly and smoothly ground as to be air-tight merely by its pressure. Its use is to compress the fixed air on the water, and thereby increase the impregnation. For by keeping the air

on the water in this compressed state, the latter may be made to sparkle like champagne. And if the vessels are strong, there will be no danger of their bursting in the operation.

The water thus impregnated may be drawn out at the opening *k*. But if it is not wanted immediately, it will be better to let it remain in the machine, where it has no communication with the external air. Otherwise the fixed air flies off by degrees, and the water becomes vapid and flat. But it may be kept a long time in bottles well stopp'd, especially if they are placed with their mouths downwards.

Dr. Withering of Birmingham has lately contriv'd a new apparatus for impregnating water with fixed air, which, he says, is preferable to that in common use, because it can be made at less expence, and is more easily prepared; because the whole quantity of fixable air produced is converted to use, without any waste of the vitriolic acid; because it impregnates three times the quantity of water at one time, more completely and with less trouble; and the impregnated water will always retain its virtue, if the joints and cocks of the machine are made perfectly air-tight; for which purpose they should once a year be supplied with a small quantity of unsalted lard. This apparatus is exhibited by Fig. 3, and consists of a glass vessel *A*, about ten inches high in the cylindrical part, and six inches and a half in diameter; another glass vessel *B*, about twelve inches high in the conical part, one inch and a half in the neck, and five inches in diameter at the bottom; a copper pipe *C* passing through the stopper of the vessel *B*, and tied fast in the flexible tube *D*, made of strong leather, air-tight, and kept hollow by means of a spiral wire passing through its whole length; a conical brass pipe *E*, with a stop-cock fastened to the tube *D*; another conical pipe *F*, with a stop-cock *G*, into which the end of the tube *E* is accurately ground so as to be air-tight, and cutting off all communication with the atmosphere when the pipe *E* is removed; two large hog's bladders *H, H*, each of which ought to hold two quarts; a stop-cock *I* to prevent the water rising into the bladders, when the vessel *A* is agitated; a bladder *K*, tied to the crooked tube with the stop-cock *L*, which occasionally opens or shuts the communication with the vessel *B*; a glass funnel *M*, accurately fitted with the glass stopper *N*; an aperture *O*, fitted with a glass stopper or a silver cock, from which the impregnated water is to be drawn for use; and, lastly, the tube *P* opening into the vessel *A*. When this apparatus is used, let the vessel *A* be filled with pure water, and any other ingredients that are required, in a proper proportion; into the vessel *B* put as much marble or whiting, in small lumps, as will cover its bottom to the height of about two inches, and pour in water to the height represented by the dotted line; let the mouth of the

vessel *A* be well fitted with a cork, and thro' a hole in the cork pass the tube *P*, putting upon the cork melted sealing-wax of the softest kind, or modelling-wax, so as to make the whole air-tight. The modelling-wax may be procur'd at the engravers, or it may be prepar'd by adding to half a pound of melted bees-wax two ounces of tallow, and one ounce of Venice turpentine: to this mass add a sufficient quantity of red-lead or Spanish-brown to give it a colour, and let the mixture be stirr'd till it is cold: let the mouth of the vessel *B* be stopp'd with a piece of mahogany, turn'd into a conical figure in a lathe, and of a size somewhat larger than the mouth of the glass will admit; put this of wood into melted bees-wax, and heat the wax till the wood begins to grow black: when cool, turn it again till it fits the mouth of the vessel: the tubes *C, L* and *M* are fitted into holes and bored thro' the wooden stopper, previous to its being immersed in the wax; push these tubes through the holes, and press the stopper into the orifice of the vessel *B*, and cement the whole with sealing or modelling-wax; shut the stop-cocks *I* and *L*, having previously press'd the air out of the bladder *K*; open the stop-cocks *G* and *E*; then squeeze the air out of the bladders *H, H*, and afterwards press the conical pipe *F*; pour about a large spoonful of oil of vitriol through the funnel *M*, and stop it with its stopper *N*. The fixable air let loose by the effervescence in the vessel *B*, rising through the tube *C*, passes into the bladders *H, H*, and distends them. In this case open the stop-cock *I*, and from the aperture *O* draw out about a quart of water; and the space before occupied by the water will be fill'd with fixable air, which soon begins to be absorb'd by the remaining water, and is still supplied from the bladders *H, H*, and from the effervescing mixture in the vessel *B*. When the bladders are considerably collaps'd, more vitriolic acid must be added through the funnel *M*, so that they may be always kept pretty fully distended. When an impregnation is speedily required, turn the stop-cocks at *G* and *E*, and open that at *L*; then separate the pipe *E* from the tube *F*, and agitate the vessel *A*; the fixable air will pass into the bladder *K*, and may be press'd into the two other bladders, when the parts of the apparatus are united. During the agitation, the stop-cock at *I* should be clos'd, and open'd only occasionally to supply out of the bladders *H, H*, the fixable air absorb'd by the water. If a strong impregnation be required, this process should be carry'd on in a room, the heat of which does not exceed forty-eight degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Dr. Withering observes, that the impregnated water receives no taste from the bladders; and that if the vessel *A* with its impregnated water be separated from the vessel *B*, at the conical parting *E, F*, it may be included in a pyramidal mahogany case, out of the lower part of which

which the silver cock at O projects; and thus serve for an ornamental as well as luxurious and salubrious addition to the side-board, particularly in the summer and autumnal seasons.

The artificial mineral waters thus made, are more pleasant to the taste than the natural Pyrmont or Seltzer waters; which, besides their fixed air, contain saline particles of a disagreeable taste, which are known to contribute little or nothing to their medicinal virtues, and may, in some cases, be hurtful. They are likewise considerably stronger. According to Sir John Pringle, these waters may be made more nearly to resemble genuine Pyrmont water, by adding to each pint of them from eight to ten drops of *tinctura martis cum spiritu salis*. Or this may be done, by adding to the water in the middle vessel B, (Fig. 2.) in the proportion of about thirty grains of Epsom salt, ten grains of common salt, a scruple of magnesia alba, and a dram of iron filings of iron wire, clean and free from rust, to one gallon of spring water, and impregnating the whole with fixed air in the manner already described. Let them remain till the other ingredients, and as much of the iron as is necessary, are dissolved, which will be in two or three days; or the magnesia may be omitted, and then the operation will be finished in less than half that time. These waters may be rendered ferruginous or chalybeate very easily, by putting in the middle vessel two or more slender phials, filled with cuttings of fine iron-binding wire, or with small iron nails; because the impregnated water will dissolve the iron so fast, as to become well saturated with it in a few hours, according to the experiments of Mr. Lane. But the method of rendering these artificial waters chalybeate, used by Dr. Hulme, is to add one grain of salt of steel to each pint (sixteen ounces) of water already impregnated with fixed air.

But the ingenious Mr. Bewley has invented a still better method of exhibiting fixed air as a medicine. He directs a scruple of alkaline salt to be dissolved in a sufficient quantity (a quarter of a pint, or less) of water, which is to be impregnated with as much fixed air as it can imbibe: this is to be drank for one dose. Mr. Bewley directs it to be prepared in larger quantities at a time, and calls it his mephitic julep. If immediately after it a spoonful of lemon juice, mixed with two or three spoonfuls of water, and sweetened with sugar, be drank, the fixed air will be extricated in the stomach; and thus a much greater quantity of it may be given than the same quantity of water alone can be made to imbibe. Fixed air acts as a corroborant; and, therefore, may be given with success in weakness of the stomach, and in vomitings arising from that cause. It has also been given with success in the stone, and in nephritic complaints. When the lungs are purulent, fixed air, mixed with the air drawn into the lungs, has repeatedly been found to perform a cure. The bark also may be given with advantage in water impregnated with fixed air, as they both coincide in the same intention. Fixed air may be applied by means of a syringe, funnel, or otherwise, to inflamed breasts, putrid ulcers, mortified parts, ulcerated sore throats, and has been found in such and similar cases to have very remarkable efficacy. It may also be given internally at the same time. In putrid dysenteries, and in putrid stools, fixed air may be given by way of clyster. Fermenting cataplasms are of service chiefly as they supply fixed air to the part. In cases of putridity, fixed air has been successfully applied to the surface of the body, exposed to streams of it. It is also found an excellent cooling as well as strengthening beverage in hot relaxing weather, and has the advantage of being pleasant to the taste.

Illustration of the APPARATUS for IMPREGNATING WORT and other FERMENTABLE LIQUORS with FIXED AIR, represented in No. II. of the PLATE annexed*.

FIG. 1. A A The Cask in which the Wort is to be impregnated.
(d d) The Strings by which the Vessel is to be let down.
(e e) The Pegs to which the Strings are to be fastened.

FIG. 2. D D The Air Vessel, similar to the bottom Part of Dr. Nooth's Glass Machine, to be made of Glass or Earthen Ware.
(c c) A Glass Stopper, ground in to fit the Mouth of the Vessel, having a Number of Capillary Tubes running from bottom to top in a diverging Direction, so as to spread the Air in its Passage through the Liqueur.

FIG. 3. The Stopper viewed separately to shew its Capillary Tubes.

* See page 107 for Dr. HENRY'S "Experiments and Observations on Ferments and Fermentations," &c. of which this PLATE is illustrative.

A DIALOGUE between a PHILOSOPHER and his GARDENER*.

By Mr. M E R C I E R.

Paradoxist. **W**HAT's the news with thee, Maturin?

Maturin. Good news, sir! The good wife is lately brought to-bed of a chopping boy, who is to be baptized this night; and this business being well over, I feel I shall work better to-day than usual.

Par. Why then I find you are well pleased, Maturin?

Mat. Lord, sir! who would not be so in my situation? If I had time I would dance by myself.

Par. But how canst thou be so merry, just when thy child is come into a scene of misery and trouble?

Mat. Oh! let him not be more unhappy than his father, and all will go well.—If he has troubles, he will also have some pleasure. Can one be without the other? If he is not lazy, if he works, he will not be sorry to have been born. For my part, I am not sorry to find myself here.

Par. What! you are happy?

Mat. And why not, pray? Yes, I am happy.

Par. Poh! you only fancy so.

Mat. But why not? I feel, I hope, what I feel. Do you want to make me believe I am miserable? No, no, I am very well satisfied, especially now the good woman is delivered; for I am relieved from a burden. I don't complain of what I cannot help; I chuse rather to enjoy what God Almighty sends me, than to be murmuring and grunting to no purpose; that is the reason I married, because it is a great satisfaction to have a pretty little woman who loves and caresses one, and a greater still to kiss the child she nurses on her lap.

Par. Dost thou know how thy child came into the world?

Mat. Ouds bobs! he came in like all others; the King's children don't come otherwise; 'tis all one; and, zooks! when I think on it, 'tis a good lesson for your proud folks.

Par. But that's not what I would say.—How dost thou think thou hast been able to beget a being like thyself?

Mat. That's a very strange question! When I plant a tree, I put the shoot in the earth, and then go about my business; it grows when God gives it a blessing. It is not those that make the finest arguments are the wisest men.

Par. But what idea hast thou of the mystery of generation?

Mat. Since you say it is a mystery, I cannot know any thing of the matter. It has

pleased God to conceal his secrets from us, since he executes them before our eyes, and we cannot see into them.

Par. But still what dost thou think on this subject?

Mat. I know nothing, I think nothing: I only know when to plant a tree, but I do not know how it grows. It is the same with children, I suppose: after having been fond of one another of a night, one must send of a morning for the midwife, and the child cries. How those children came into the world, is beyond our conception; in short, they do come; that is the principal business: what signifies the rest to us?

Par. How! what signifies it to us? Dost thou not know, then, if this science was thoroughly known, it would furnish us the means of bringing the human species to greater perfection; and instead of so many silly fools, we should have nothing but people of genius and philosophers?

Mat. But if every one was a wit and a philosopher, there would be no more black-heads; then who would there be to admire learned men and philosophers? Truly, sir, they would be finely taken in. But they are a good sort of people necessary to have about us, like you, my dear master; for observe me, you are a very good man: and give me leave to tell you, I like your actions more than your speeches.

Par. Psha, if am not better, the reason is, I am not yet enlightened enough. But I wish you would tell me freely your thoughts on generation.

Mat. Why, I tell you, I have none; it is your business, that know all about it, to tell me. But, between ourselves, it would be better to get a child than rack your brains how it is got.—But since you have got so much knowledge, let us hear, tell us all your doctrine. In the mean time I will go on with my work, not to lose time.—Now for it. How do you settle the fabricating of man? Have you ever been in the manufactory?

Par. Why, pretty nearly.

Mat. What the devil! what's that you say?

Par. I have opened some two or three hundred goats after copulation, and by the assistance of the scapel, I have pursued, in the ramifications of the veins—

Mat. What! you have made those cruel experiments! you are become an executioner to be learned! Instead of sparing those poor animals, you have committed a slaughter that has answered no purpose.—By Jove!

* The author exposes the different systems on generation, by exhibiting the ridiculousness and futility of them.

I am glad of it; for it is not by destroying that one will discover the cause of life.

Par. I am pleased with thy good sense. It is with regret I made this philosophical slaughter, but the desire to know nature—

Mat. Remain in ignorance rather as I am, and do no harm to any thing. Zooks! if you was suffered to go on with the curiosity that excites you, perhaps you would begin to embowel our — excuse my freedom — and only to see better.

Par. Oh! always speak thy mind. I like that words should be as free as thoughts; and I prefer thy conversation to that of many of the learned.

Mat. Well, then, listen to me.—You are a very good man while you are not curious.—You would not hurt a child.—But when the demon of knowledge possesses you, you are more cruel than all the huntsmen together.—They are in the right to say all over the village you are a little cracked.—You laugh.—I said nothing of it to any one; but I know the ugly experiments you made with those glasses that make every thing so large. Fie upon it! the operations of the black art are not so diabolical. All the secrets in the world are worth nothing when compared to the shameful means of acquiring them. I have often blushed for you.

Par. Well, faith, friend Maturin, I never thought of blushing; I have seen all those things philosophically, as a scrutinizer of nature; and every thing that has existence is formed to be seen and considered by man.

Mat. Come, come, that is not the way to become learned.—Go see where—But you will be punished for your curiosity; you will know nothing. Here you are in the world; what the devil signifies it how you came here?

Par. I wish to discover the origin of so extraordinary an animal as man. The instant of casting a statue is that which impresses for ever its grace and beauty. If we knew well the mould of the human species, we might shape it; and art, which in every thing else wonderfully assists nature, might second her in this circumstance. If thou didst but know all that has been thought on this subject, it would seem to thee very curious, and would certainly make thee have a better opinion of those experiments.

Mat. Well, relate them all to me: I shall then be as knowing as you, and shall have nothing to reproach myself with.

Par. That is a very subtle distinction, matter Maturin; you will know every thing and pay nothing.

Mat. You make arguments; that's your trade; I grow cabbages; you eat my cabbages, let me taste of your arguments.

Par. That is all right.—Well, my friend, you must know it was a mere chance that

thou and all the human race never had existed.

Mat. Ah! Ah! egad that's very comical.—The world had a great escape then: But how happened that?

Par. We must proceed regularly. Listen to me. There are millions and hundreds of millions of shoots more innumerable than the sands of the sea, which being formed to expand themselves, perish and never come into life. Thy shoot fortunately or unfortunately, I do not know which, has expanded.

Mat. I am not sorry for it—

Par. Thou art grown, thou hast understanding, whilst so many millions of others have sunk into nothing. All proceeds from the first men, and even the universe was originally but a favoured shoot among so many thousands of others.

Mat. What! did the world grow as I did? How! do you believe that?

Par. Yes, the world may have begun by a shoot no bigger than an egg.

Mat. (*laughing*) This same philosophy is a very comical thing! But the hen that laid this egg?

Par. The sun, the moon, the earth, the sea, present and future generations, all those things, I tell you again, depended, as thou didst, on small beginnings.

Mat. (*laughing louder*) But the hen, I say the hen?

Par. Very well; thou, for example, wert in thy father; and thy father was in thy grand-father; and thy grand-father and father were in thy great grand-father; and thy great great grand-father and thy great great great grand-fathers and thou were in the loins of our father Adam when he walked in the garden.

Mat. What, then, I was walking with him? By Jove, then, I have followed my father's trade—I am a gardener too.

Par. Right. But what was thy dependance then, thee and the whole human species?

Mat. Oh, heavens, I was so small then!

Par. Why you wretch! do you think yourself bigger now? What is thy form of five feet four inches on the globe? Thou wilt scarcely have appeared before thou art swept away. The first step thy child takes pushes thee towards the grave. There is no rest in nature; as thou walkest through life thou art hastening to death; an irresistible power drives thee on; thou sufferest through thy state, and thou diest through necessity.

Mat. A fine consolation, truly! And is this what you call philosophy? It does not wear a rose-coloured complexion at least.

Par. Do you want to be deceived?

Mat. No.

Par. Well, attend to truth.

Mat. Let us for once, then, see her countenance.

Par.

Par. Thou art like the flowers thou didst dress;

Mat. Who me?

Par. Yes. Thou art a walking plant; they shoot forth, they grow, they perish in thy garden by the same laws that make thee live.

Mat. What! I am a walking plant then?

Par. Doubtless. Thy stomach, which thou fillest with gross food, represents the roots that suck the juices in the earth which makes them grow. Flowers respire and perspire as thou dost; they feed and discharge their superfluities as thou dost; they visibly unite together and make love.

Mat. My flowers make love! Oh, no! that won't do.

Par. Yes, thou fool, that hast eyes and canst not see.

Mat. Into what, master?

Par. Lay down thy spade, draw near, and learn to reverence philosophy.

Mat. I do not understand a word;— I ought to reverence?

Par. Look on the calyx of that tulip; the top of the stamina, or rather the little male flower that leans amorously towards the female flower, and endeavours to dart its dust. Thou wilt every where see the eagerness of the male flower to find out the one of the other sex: if thou hast an inclination to see this amusement, squeeze dextrously and suddenly a clove male flower, and thou wilt see spout from it a smoky dust that will cover the pistil. Palm trees incline towards and embrace each other, notwithstanding every obstacle; they squeeze and compass one another forcibly: thus flowers come by the same principle thou art come into the world. There is an uniform system in generation: and minerals, which are so hard, or rather appear so, experience in themselves a perpetual action; every thing is animated and alive in this matter which you think lies dormant. Stones, marbles, are produced exactly like man, all by the help of a matrix, shings, cuticles and placenta.

Mat. Lord! my head is distracted with all those hard names. What, my spade is come into the world just as I did?

Par. Yes, and the iron in the mine is expanded by the same laws that have expanded thy body. Fire, water, and earth, are sprung from particular atoms; they are all gifted like thee with the faculty of reproducing themselves. The innumerable number of vortices, of suns, of habitable earths, a system which I explained to thee the last time—

Mat. Oh! I remember it well; I did nothing but dream all night of stars bigger than the village.

Par. Be sure, then, remember my lessons. All this, I say, (no, thou wilt not be-

lieve it yet) all this may formerly have been contained in a grain whose bigness would scarce equal a pea.

Mat. Say a bean, at least, my dear master.

Par. No.— The milky way I shewed thee with my telescope is a group of little worlds that are only come out of the shell about sixty or eighty years ago. Planets produce planets, and the great st globe has had an embryo like the smallest fly, or the smallest insect, the sport of the winds. The winds scatter the universal seeds of being—

Mat. And make the apricots fall.

Par. What's that to the purpose? Do not interrupt me — It seems Venus has lately produced a satellite; our earth formerly brought forth the moon; a nation called Egyptians have the certificate of its birth, which has since been lost. But as the earth is not yet worn out with age, it may very possibly procreate a second moon.

Mat. And who will make good to us the expence of lanterns which we have lately purchased so dear? Will they return us our money again, sir?

Par. Money is never returned, let what will happen, my honest fellow.

Mat. In that case, you would do better to exert yourself in recovering it than in racking your brains with planets which get children.

Par. Why will the magnitude of this globe hinder thee from seeing and acknowledging what thou every day perceivest in the beings which surround thee? Thou canst not conceive that every thing in nature unfolds itself as well as in the confined space of thy garden; that the sun generates other suns, as the seed of the sallading generates salad? Even thyself would suffice, if the entire race of mankind were destroyed, to renovate their existence.

Mat. What, I alone?

Par. Yes, I mean with thy fat wife.

Mat. Very well— let it be so, for goodness sake.

Par. Thou art a world in miniature, having in thyself every thing necessary for its re-production; and the universe is a great living being, subject to the same laws which direct thee. In the mean time, it is only more or less of matter; and what thou callest great or small, is no more than an illusion of thy eyes. From the moment thou hast existence thou art as great as the greatest thing in the world. There is no standard to measure thee by, thou art both totality and part.

Mat. Devil take me if I understand a single word of all you say!

Par. Listen to me, however.— Sometimes a vortex sickens, dissolves, and decays, like a peach thou wouldst pick up; sometimes it is in the vigour of youth. Its duration

ration is some millions of years, and thine is eighty or a hundred; that is all the difference. But no reason why this vortex had not a beginning, as I told thee, by an egg, as well as thee.

Mat. What! was my beginning in an egg?

Par. Yes; that is thy origin. It is common to all beings. The size is nothing!—There must have been a beginning, whether it is the fun or a gnat.

Mat. (*pausing*) I began by being shut up in a shell! I have before now heard some of your companions, when walking with you, say so. But I am not of that opinion, I must tell you. I do not like the notion of being a prisoner in a shell, I am afraid of having a beak, I prefer the opinion of those who are for breaking all those eggs, and leave me a round, unpointed visage.

Par. No had reason. I very well knew I should make something of thee. Thou preferrest the system of organical particles of matter!

Mat. What is that, pray?

Par. They are small, similar, and material points, which form a nose, an eye, an arm, a foot, a finger, a toe, and gather together through affinity.

Mat. Through affinity! what does that mean?—I do not understand it.

Par. Didst thou never play at prison bars?

Mat. Yes, when I was a school-boy; and since too, at the village feast.

Par. Well, at this play thou knowest the comers take their stations and dislodge those who come after them. Thus, then, the brisk eye and vigilant nose drives away all the heavy eyes and lazy noses. They place themselves wonderfully in order in their mould when they are not double and of equal strength; for then there is a great struggle, and the result is the production of a monster with two heads and four arms. But most commonly those particles of matter, as polite as the most civilized persons, who will not intrude themselves in a chair already taken up, place themselves on one side, or retire if there is no room; they take possession under a form similar to that they had when they floated in the individual that furnished them; they frame themselves on this individual.

Mat. But if all those little beings are alive, why do they sacrifice themselves to form only one and the same animal? If they have life, let them play their gambols by themselves; if they are dead, being reunited, they can do nothing of themselves. Moreover, when placed, something will be necessary to unite them. There must be cement with stones which form a building.

Then where is the cement of your organized particles? I confess I cannot comprehend it.

Par. Since thou wilt not believe in the production of several small, distinct, and similar beings, made to compose man, wouldst thou rather admit, that the primitive parts of matter should have sentiment and intelligence? It costs nothing in the supposition; and, in proportion to their mass and their power, they co-ordinate together from the ideas they have had.

Mat. This is all Hebrew to me, and to you also, perhaps.

Par. Well, wouldst thou rather have a successive progression by exaltation of the seed?

Mat. I shall not get a child the more with all those fine words.

Par. Then wouldst thou prefer the human brain, which gradually forms the rest of the machine?

Mat. I do not concern myself much about what is said on that subject.

Par. Let us try one more system to satisfy thee—What dost thou think of the entire man being originally abridged to an incomprehensible smallness, and that, in proportion to the contraction he experiences, he tends to dilate himself, and actually does dilate with the greatest spring, when the compressive power ceases to act?

Mat. Stop a little; I understand this something better; but it is not yet quite clear enough.

Par. Well, then, thou must be satisfied with the *spermatic animalcules*, that are every where in the atmosphere, that we swallow, more especially when we are hungry, and which are afterwards so friendly to the philosophy of love. Thou knowest how to distinguish celery from another plant?

Mat. When you talk of celery, I know what that means.—But I will prepare you a salad this night to cool your blood; for, with your good leave, my dear master, you are a little mad or so.

Par. How, when I argue with thee?

Mat. All you have said to me is certainly only to be laughed at.—If I knew how to write as well as read, I could soon strike out a dozen systems like your's.

Par. Who, thou?

Mat. Yes, me. We can give things what meaning we please. It is so with nature; she says nothing to any one, and still your learned gentlemen will make her speak.—Why the secret to destroy dormice that eat our fruits, is, by many degrees, more useful than guessing how we came into the world; for we know nothing of the matter, either coming or going out of it. I kill no goats
out

out of curiosity. I destroy as many caterpillars as I can, because they really are our enemies; if we were to let them go on, we should not have a pear left. Tell me now why your academicians do not employ themselves in finding out a way to destroy this cursed breed, instead of gazing all night at stars that fly from them in the morning? Is not the peach one eats better than the world one can scarcely see at the end of a glass? for you have filled my head with all those fooleries, and we see worlds above us now as thick as apples in Normandy.

Par. You see, then, there is some pleasure in contemplating the universe in its full extent; thou breathest more freely when thou lookest up to heaven; and sayest to thyself, There are gardeners above there just like me, who dig the earth and plant vegetables.

Mat. Zooks! I wish I was in a planet in summer, where it would rain only half an hour every day.—What joy it is to see a fine small rain now and then! That would be charming, and every thing would be the better for it in our garden; we should not be obliged, then, to be always fatiguing ourselves with drawing water; which hinders us also from musing on your fine systems.

Par. You enter now, master Maturin, on a very great subject. What, do you complain of physical evil and moral evil?

Mat. What is all that, I pray you, sir?—We have never heard of those disorders, do you see; they may be fit for your city libertines.

Par. Thy mistake makes me smile, although it is not yet so great.—Well, my honest Maturin, some other time I will explain to thee how every thing is connected in the origin of things; I will shew thee the concatenation of beings.

Mat. The concatenation of beings!—But would it not be better to enjoy what we have than to be raving on such flighty matters?—I'll tell you what, when I embrace my wife, I hold a most charming truth, I will not seek any other. There is one thing, however, I would be glad to know, and after that another: Why does the Lord of the Manor despise me so much as he passes along? and why are we so many months without rain?—If I could come at the knowledge of this, I think I should know enough.

Par. My honest fellow, that Lord, with all his pride, has a gloomy countenance, has he not?

Mat. Yes, truly, he never smiles.

Par. He is not pleased with himself, and, therefore, swells with pride.—Believe me, thou art worth more than he, by thy utility in life, and, above all, by the goodness of thy heart.

Mat. Come, now, I love you when you speak to me so. Yes, I feel I am better than he; for if I was as rich, I think I

would do a great deal of good; and he gives all the neighbourhood a deal of trouble, what with his hunting, which tears up all our ground, and his footmen, who corrupt all our girls. That sheet should have remained in its primitive nothingness as well as those of dormice and caterpillars.

Par. Thou shalt know another time why his breed is come into the world.

Mat. No matter why; it is the means to destroy them I would wish to find out.

Par. At our next conversation I will explain every thing to thee.—At present I must go meet a comet that is coming to pay us a visit.

Mat. And I will go pick a salad.—But now I think on't, master, ought I to be afraid of this same comet? They say, the tails of those ladies are apt to bring inundations upon us.—Do endeavour to make her shew us her face.

Par. There is not the least appearance, my honest fellow, that it can do us any harm; but if it should approach a little too near the earth, make yourself easy before-hand, it would be only the business of a moment. An universal earthquake of a minute or so, and all would be over.—Thou wouldst perish with all the emperors, potentates, and philosphers of the world.

Mat. A fine consolation, truly! But is it not still putting an end to us? I value my life as much as they do theirs.—I beg, sir, you will remove my fears about this comet; otherwise I shall have no heart to work.

Par. Do not be frightened; the road those planets travel in is so broad there is no danger of their justling one another.

Mat. So best; for if they should take a fancy to make love to one another, as you was saying a while ago, and should draw near each other in a little game some spot, like my flowers what would become of us?

Par. Poh, those majestic planets, in their vast and magnificent rotation, send each other tokens of tenderness at immense, not to say immeasurable distances.

Mat. Very good. I am much obliged to their majesties; but I would not be a planet, because at my wife's uprising we shall come to a right understanding together; we won't make love as your planets do.

Par. Well, thy thick head is more useful to her than all the suns and planets in the world, which are incapable of thought.

Mat. Well, sir, you have stunn'd this poor head. You will tell me the rest by and by before we go to bed. Supper is almost ready, and you will not have a dessert unless I leave you.—Adieu.

Par. Think of my strawberries.

Mat. (going) Thank God, I think more of them than of all your worlds.

COVETOUSNESS: A VISION.

By THE SAME.

I THOUGHT I was in an obscure wood, not knowing which way to bend my steps. The moon, obstructed by the leaves of the trees, shot a pale glimmering light which made the darkness of the night still more terrific.—I was as weak as a child forsaken in a desert. Every thing affrighted me; every shadow appeared a phantom; the least noise made my hair stand on end, and I stumbled at every root of a tree.

Aerial spirits, that I could neither see nor feel, were my unfolicted guides. They related a thousand ridiculous stories to me, to which they would have had me give credit, they led me into brambles and thorns; then insulting my ignorance, laughed at their tricks and my credulity. Not satisfied with this, they caused deceitful sparks of light to pass before my eyes, to stun or drive me to madness. I was always endeavouring to approach a clear but weak ray, which I could see at the end of an immense walk. I quickened my pace; but at the end of this avenue, which I thought the termination of the forest, found a little void space, barricaded with impenetrable woods still darker. What tears did I not shed this long night! Yet courage and hope reanimated me, and time and patience at length brought the dawn to my relief. I got out of the dismal forest, where every thing had terrified me, only to enter another place where every thing astonished me.

I perceived vast plains enriched with all the gifts of fruitful nature; no prospect so charming had I ever beheld. I was tired, I was hungry; the trees were loaded with the finest fruits, and the vines rising under their branches encircled them with grapes, which hung in festoons. I sprang forward, overjoyed to allay my thirst, returning thanks from the bottom of my soul to God, the author of these blessings, when a man, very oddly dress'd, opposed my passage with an iron arm. "Simpleton," said he, "I plainly see thou art still a child, and art a stranger to the customs of the world; read on that stone patio; its laws are engrav'd there; thou must submit to them or die."

I read with inexpressible astonishment that all this vast fine country was either hired or sold; that I was neither allowed to eat, drink, walk, nor even repose my head, without the express leave of the master: he was the exclusive possessor of all those fruits my empty stomach so much longed for; and that I had not a single spot of shelter on the whole globe, nor the property of an apple; every thing was usurped before my arrival.

I was likely to die of hunger, for want of certain little balls of quicksilver, very apt to be lost on account of their subtilty, which this hard hearted man demanded in exchange for the nourishing fruits the earth produced. I said to myself "He has no better right than I have to this ground; he is certainly a tyrant; but as I am the weaker I must submit."

I learned, that in order to get some of those gliding balls, a man was obliged to put a large iron chain around his body, at the end of which there was still to depend a leaden bullet, a hundred times heavier than all the little balls one could ever receive, and, indeed, I observed the man who had stopped me was according to order. He saw my distress, and told me in a tone charitably haughty, "If thou wantest to eat, come hither; I am good-natured; draw near; put a ring of this great chain round thy neck, until thou art a little used to it."—As I was dying with hunger, I did not hesitate to comply.

As he offered me something to eat, he accompanied his gift with a severe fillip on the nose.

I murmured a good deal, and ate a good deal. I was still muttering between my teeth, when I was surpris'd to see another man, more heavily laden than the first, give him a violent box on the ear, which he received with great humility, kissing the hand that struck him; however, he received at the same time a great many of those little balls of quicksilver, which he seem'd to idolize.

Then forgetting my resentment, I could not avoid saying to him to whom I was fattened, "How can you bear such an affront! Why had that man the insolence to insult you?" He looked at me, and said with a sneer, "My friend, thou art still a novice; but thou must know it is the custom of the country: every man who gives, always indulges instantly his pride or his inhumanity, at the expence of him that receives; but it is only as they say, a thing lent retained. Although I am enraged at the box, I do not seem to take notice of it, because he who gave it me has received many in his time, and I expect one day to bestow them at pleasure; but as yet I have been rather unfortunate, having only given here and there some fillips on the nose.—What! you seem surpris'd at this!—Poor lad! your time for astonishment is not yet come. You will see things that will surpris'e you much more. Come, and follow me."

I followed him.—“Do you see,” said he, “those steep mountains at a distance? One of their tops almost reaches the clouds. Observe, there resides the perpetual object of all mens’ desires. From between the rocks there springs a copious fountain of this subtle silver, of which, alas! I have but a small quantity—Come along with me; let us surmount all difficulties; let us engage.—Do you support half the chain I am going to take up—the heavier it is, the sooner we shall make our fortune. If ever I succeed according to my wishes at this happy fountain, I swear I will give you a share.”

Curiosity, still more than the fatal necessity I was under, drew me after him. Oh, heavens! what a difficult road! what a tumult! what affrights and distresses did I experience!—I concealed my blushes under the weight of my chains.—My leader affected a smiling countenance; but sometimes I surprised him biting his lips till the blood issued, and quite disappointed, muttering in a low tone, whilst he called on me aloud, crying, “*Ubear up, my lad, all is well*!”—Eagerneis gave him supernatural strength, and as my chain was fastened to his, he dragged me along.—We arrived at the foot of the mountain; but there the croud was infinitely greater. The vallies were full of a multitude of men, all rattling their chains, who snatched from each other with all the civility imaginable some drops of the quicksilver which flowed from the fountain.

I thought it almost impossible to get through this impenetrable crowd, when my conductor, with the most daring effrontery, began to break the rules of decency. He knocked down all on the right and left with the greatest violence—he inhumanly trod under foot those he overset. I felt for this behaviour, and shuddered as I walked—I trod upon the trembling bodies of those unhappy people, whilst I wished to go back, but could not; I was dragged forward in spite of me—we were covered with blood—the horror of their plaintive cries rent my heart. In this manner we having gained a little hill, my companion looked on me with a complacent air. “We go on well,” said he; “the first difficulty is got over, the rest must not deter us. Did you observe how we made them roll one over another? Here it is not so. We are near the fountain; but must not proceed so fast any longer. We must know how to elbow at a proper time with artifice and dexterity; but always without giving quarter; we nevertheless bring down our man: but scandal must be avoided with the greatest care. Such is the art of a courtier.”

My heart was too full to utter a single word in reply. I was stupified to consider

I was still fastened to him. I dreaded every minute he would take it into his head to prove upon me that he was right in acting thus; for he had a great many examples that seemed favourable to him—What a spectacle! What a tumult! What scenes, all variously frightful! All manner of passions came to bargain with all manner of crimes. Those who had virtues came to dispose of them, and without this traffic they were looked on as ridiculous. A black phantom had put on the mask of justice, and filled her scales with mercenary weights. There were men, also, who were still covered with the mud from whence they sprang, who were honoured, and who insulted public misery.

Others, rubbed their bodies with those balls of quicksilver, and strutted with lofty heads, pride in their looks, and debauchery in their hearts. They fancied themselves superior to others, and despised those who were not whitened like themselves. If they did not always give a box on the ear to those they met, yet their gestures were offensive, and even their smiles insulting: but this quicksilver often wore off; in which case those haughty, hard-hearted men became, mean, submissive, and groveling. Then the contempt of which they were so lavish was retaliated on them with usury. They were inwardly devoured by rage, and they stopped at no criminality to regain their former situation. Indeed, it appeared, that this fatal quicksilver had got into their heads, so that they were deprived of reason. I saw one who was descending from the summit of the hill, oppressed with his weight, and motionless, and, as if in ecstacy, he admired his silver body, and would neither eat nor drink. I wished to assist him. He thought I intended to rob him. He opposed me with all his might, to guard his quicksilver, at the same time that he held out his hands in a supplicating manner, with a piteous look, begging I would help him to another small ball, and he would die contented.

A little higher, forty insatiable men, with eager looks, carried off a prodigious quantity of this metal in hogheads.

It was not drawn from the fountain head; it had been wrenched from the feeble grasp of women, children, old men, husbands, and the poor; it was unclured with their blood, and sprinkled with their tears. Those extortioners had an army in their pay, who plundered by retail, and pillaged the indigent habitations. I observed those who possessed large quantities of this matter were never satiated; the more they had of it, the more hardened and the more untractable they appeared.

Yet my conductor only found in all these things still stronger motives for emulation.

“Come,

"Come, come," said he, "I believe thou art dreaming, with thy fixt and observant eye; let us go on. Dost thou observe what an enchanting sight through those rocks? Dost thou see that dazzling spring, with what strength it flows? How it falls in cascades? Let us run! I am afraid it will dry up. What crowds are with each other! But at the same time let us take care of ourselves, we are not at it yet; the last steps are the most dangerous—How many, for want of prudence, have fallen from the summit into the abyss! In throwing others down, let us guard against a fall so terrible. We must skilfully improve by the misfortunes of others. Come on; I have discovered a road that will lead us in more safety to the wished-for spot."

So speaking, he led me through a by-path, where few people would dare to follow; it was a sort of narrow, crooked gallery, cut out of the rock, and vaulted. We went forward some time; but our passage was obstructed by three figures of the finest white marble. Nothing but their astonishing whiteness could efface the idea of their being alive, so strongly were truth and gracefulness expressed in them. These figures, whose ~~faces~~ were interwoven and united, seemed to stop the passage to imprudent mortals. They represented Religion, Humanity, and Probity. Beneath was written, "*These images are the master-piece of human understanding; the originals are in heaven. O mortals! reverence these images; let them be sacred to you; for they are made to stop you in the perilous road which leads to the abyss. Woe be to him who will not be affected, and cursed for ever be the sacrilegious hand who dares to spoil them!*"

At this sight I was filled with a respectful emotion, blended with love. I looked at my conductor; he seemed for a moment much disturbed and irresolute: but having heard some shouts on a fresh eruption of the fountain, his countenance was flushed with a gloomy redness—he seized a stone, which he loosened from the rock—I endeavoured in vain to stop him—he broke this sacred monument with furious impiety, and passed over its ruins. I now redoubled my efforts, in opposition to his, and at length broke the odious chain that linked me to this monster.—"Go," said I, full of indignation, "go, unbridled man—fly—satisfy thy inordinate passion; the thunder of Divine Justice is ready."—He no longer heard me. I followed him with my eyes. The wretch, blinded by his crime, endeavouring too eagerly to draw from this fatal fountain, was hurried into it. Being carried away by the torrent which he had made his god, he was dashed to atoms on the points of the rocks, and his blood for some moments stained its former splendor.

Struck with fear, I, trembling, contemplated those adorable ruins scattered on the ground, not daring to move, lest I should tread upon them. Afflicting tears trickled down my cheeks. I looked to Heaven with uplifted hands, my heart oppressed with sorrow, when a Divine Power suddenly collected the relics, as beautiful, as majestic as before. I prostrated myself before those sacred images. Glorious! eternal! they never can be destroyed by the sacrilegious hands of impious mortals.—

THE DEAN OF BADAJOZ. A TALE.

FROM THE ABBE BLANCHET.

THE Dean of the cathedral of Badajoz was more learned than all the doctors of Salamanca, Coimbra, and Alcala, united. He understood all languages, living and dead, and was perfect master of every science, divine and human, except that, unfortunately, he had no knowledge of magic, and was inconsolable when he reflected on his ignorance in that sublime art. He was told, that a very able magician resided in the suburbs of Toledo, named Don Terribio. Immediately he saddled his mule, departed for Toledo, and alighted at the door of no very superb dwelling, the habitation of that great man.

"Most reverend magician, said he, addressing himself to the sage, I am the Dean of Badajoz. The learned men of Spain all allow me their superior, but I am come to request from you a far greater honour, that

of becoming your pupil. Deign to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and doubt not but you shall receive a grateful acknowledgement, suitable to the benefit conferred and your own extraordinary merit."

Don Terribio was not very polite, though he valued himself on being intimately acquainted with the best company in hell. He told the Dean, he was welcome to seek elsewhere for a master in magic, for that, for his part, he was weary of an occupation which produced nothing, but compliments and promises, and that he would not dishonour the occult sciences by prostituting them to the ungrateful.

"To the ungrateful!" cried the Dean; has then the great Don Terribio met with persons who have proved ungrateful? and can he so far mistake me as to rank me with such

such ministers? He then repeated all the maxims and apophthegms which he had read on the subject of gratitude, and every refined sentiment his memory could furnish.

In short, he talked so well, that the conjuror, after having considered a moment, confessed he could refuse nothing to a man of such abilities, and so ready at pertinent quotations. Jacintha, said he, calling to his old woman, lay down two partridges to the fire; I hope my friend the Dean will do me the honour to sup with me to-night. At the same time he takes him by the hand, and leads him into his cabinet; there he touches his forehead, muttering three mysterious words, which I must request the reader not to forget, *Orotolan, Pistafrier, Onagriouf*; then, without further preparation,* he began to explain, with all possible perspicuity, the introductory elements of his profound science.

His new disciple listened with an attention which scarcely permitted him to breathe, when, on a sudden, Jacintha enters followed by a little man, in monstrous boots, and covered with mud up to the neck, who desired to speak with the Dean on very important business.

This was the postilion of his uncle, the Bishop of Badajoz, who had been sent express after him, and had galloped quite to Toledo before he could overtake him. He came to bring him information that, some hours after his departure, his Grace had been attacked by so violent an apoplexy, that the most terrible consequences were to be apprehended. The Dean heartily cursed (inwardly that is, and so as to occasion no scandal) at once the disorder, the patient, and the courier, who had certainly all three chosen the most impertinent time possible. He dismissed the postilion, telling him to make haste back to Badajoz, whither he would presently follow him; after which he returned to his lesson, as if there were no such things as either uncles or apoplexies.

A few days after, he again received news from Badajoz, but such as was well worth hearing. The principal chanter and two old canons came to inform the Dean that his uncle, the Right Reverend Bishop, had been taken to heaven, to receive the reward of his piety; and that the chapter, canonically assembled, had chosen him to fill the vacant bishoprick, and humbly requested he would, console, by his presence, the afflicted church of Badajoz, now become his spiritual bride.

Don Torribio, who was present at this harangue of the deputies, endeavoured to derive advantage from what he had learned,

and, taking aside the new Bishop, after having paid him a well-turned compliment on his promotion, proceeded to inform him that he had a son, named Benjamin, possessed of much ingenuity and good inclination, but in whom he had never perceived either taste or talents for the occult sciences. He had therefore, he said, advised him to turn his thoughts towards the church, and had now, he thanked heaven, the satisfaction to hear him commended as one of the most deserving-divines among all the clergy of Toledo. He therefore took the liberty, most humbly to request his Grace to bestow on Don Benjamin the deanry of Badajoz, which he could not retain together with his bishoprick.

I am very unfortunate, replied the prelate, apparently somewhat embarrassed. You will, I hope, do me the justice to believe, that nothing could give me so great a pleasure as to oblige you in every request. But the truth is, I have a cousin, to whom I am heir, an old ecclesiastic, who is good for nothing but to be a dean; and if I do not bestow on him this preferment, I must embroil myself with my family, which would be far from agreeable. But, continued he, in an affectionate manner, will you not accompany me to Badajoz? Can you be so cruel as to forsake me just at the moment when it is in my power to be of service to you? Be persuaded, my honoured master; we will go together; think of nothing but the improvement of your pupil, and leave me to provide for Don Benjamin; nor doubt but, sooner or later, I will do more for him than you expect. A paltry deanry, in the remotest part of Estremadura, is not a benefice suitable to the son of such a man as yourself.

The canon law would, no doubt, have construed this offer of the prelate's into simony. The proposal, however, was accepted; nor was any scruple made by either of these two very intelligent persons. Don Torribio followed his illustrious pupil to Badajoz, where he had an elegant apartment assigned him in the episcopal palace, and was treated with the utmost respect by all the diocese, as the favourite of his Grace, and a kind of grand vicar.

Under the tuition of so able a master, the Bishop of Badajoz made a rapid progress in the occult sciences. At first, he gave himself up to them with an ardour which might appear excessive; but this intemperance grew, by degrees, more moderate, and he pursued them with so much prudence that his magical studies never interfered with the duties of his diocese. He was well convinced of the truth of a maxim very important to be remembered by ecclesiastics, whether addicted to foreery or only philo-

sovereigns and admirers of literature, that it is not sufficient to assist at learned nocturnal meetings, or adorn the mind with the embellishments of human science, but that it is also the duty of divines to point out to others the way to heaven, and plant in the minds of their hearers wholesome doctrine and christian morality.

Regulating his conduct by these commendable principles, the learned prelate was celebrated throughout Christendom for his merit and piety, and promoted, when he least expected such an honour, to the archbishoprick of Compostella.

The people and clergy of Badajoz lamented, as may be supposed, an event by which they were deprived of so worthy a pastor; and the canons of the cathedral, to testify their respect, unanimously conferred on him the right of nominating his successor.

Don Torribio did not neglect so alluring an opportunity to provide for his son. He requested the bishoprick of the new Archbishop, and was refused with all imaginable politeness. He had, he said, the greatest veneration for his old master, and was both ~~and~~ ashamed it was not in his power to grant a thing which appeared so very a trifle; but, in fact, Don Ferdinand de Lara, con-
table of Castile, had asked this same bishoprick for his natural son; and, though he had never seen that nobleman, he had, he said, some secret, important, and, what was more, very ancient obligations to him. It was, therefore, an indispensable duty to prefer an old benefactor to a new one; but that he ought not to be discouraged at this proof of his justice, as he might learn, by that, what he had to expect when his turn arrived, which it certainly would be the very first opportunity.

This anecdote concerning the ancient obligations of the Archbishop the magician had the goodness to believe; and rejoiced, as much as he was able, that his interests were sacrificed to those of Don Ferdinand.

Nothing, therefore, was thought of but preparations for their departure for Compostella, where they were now to reside; though these were scarcely worth the trouble, considering the short time they were destined to remain there; for, at the end of a few months, one of the Pope's chamberlains arrived, who brought the Archbishop a Cardinal's cap, with an epistle, conceived in the most respectful terms, in which his Holiness invited him to assist, by his counsel, in the government of the Christian world; permitting him, at the same time, to dispose of his mitre in favour of whom he pleased.

Don Torribio was not at Compostella when the courier of the holy father arrived. ~~He had been~~ to see his son, who still con-

tinued a priest, in a small parish at Toledo; but he presently returned, and was not put to the trouble of asking for the vacant archbishoprick. The prelate ran to meet him with open arms.

My dear master, said he, I have two pieces of good news to relate at once. Your disciple is created a Cardinal, and your son shall shortly be advanced to the same dignity. I had intended, in the mean time, to have bestowed on him the archbishoprick of Compostella; but unfortunately for him, or rather for me, my mother, whom we left at Badajoz, has, during your absence, written to me a cruel letter; by which all my measures have been disconcerted. She will not be pacified unless I appoint for my successor the archdeacon of my former church, Don Pablos de Salazar, her intimate friend and confessor. She tells me, it will occasion her death if she should not be able to obtain preferment for her dear father in God; and I have no doubt but what she says is true. Imagine yourself in my place, my dear master. Shall I be the death of my mother?

Don Torribio was not a person who would incite or urge his friend to be guilty of a parricide; nor did he indulge himself in the least resentment against the mother of the prelate.

To say the truth, however, this mother he talked of was a good kind of woman, nearly superannuated, who lived quietly with her cat and maid-servant, and scarcely knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely, then, that she had procured Don Pablos his archbishoprick? Was it not far more probable that he was indebted for it to a Gallician lady, his cousin, a young widow, at once devout and handsome, in whose company his Grace the Archbishop had frequently been edified during his residence at Compostella? Be it as it may, Don Torribio followed his Eminence to Rome. Scarcely had he arrived in that city, before the Pope died. It is easy to imagine the consequence of this event. The conclave met. All the voices of the sacred college were unanimous in favour of the Spanish cardinal. Behold him, therefore, Pope!

Immediately after the ceremonies of his exaltation, Don Torribio, admitted to a secret audience, wept with joy while he kissed the feet of his dear pupil, whom he saw fill with so much dignity the pontifical throne. He modestly represented his long and faithful services. He reminded his Holiness of his promises; those inviolable promises, which he had renewed before he entered the conclave. He hinted at the hat which he had quitted on receiving the tiara; but instead of demanding that hat for Don Benjamin, he

he finished, with most exemplary moderation, by renouncing every ambitious hope. He and his son, he said, would both esteem themselves too happy, if his Holiness would bestow on them, together with his benediction, the smallest temporal benefit; such as an annuity for life, sufficient for the few wants of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

During this harangue the sovereign pontiff considered within himself how to dispose of his preceptor. He reflected that he was no longer very necessary; that he already knew more of magic than was sufficient for a pope; that it must be highly improper for him to appear at the nocturnal assemblies of forcerers, and assist at their indecent ceremonies. After weighing every circumstance, his Holiness concluded, that Don Torribio was not only a useless, but a troublesome, dependant; and, this point decided, he was no longer in doubt what answer to return. Accordingly, he replied in the following words: "We have learned, with concern, that, under the pretext of cultivating the occult sciences, you maintain a horrid intercourse with the spirit of darkness and deceit; wherefore we exhort you, as a father, to expiate your crime by a repentance proportionable to its enormity. Moreover, we enjoin you to depart from the territories of the church within three days, under pain

of being delivered over to the secular arms, and its merciless flames."

Don Torribio, without being disconcerted, immediately repeated aloud the three mysterious words which the reader was desired to remember; and, going to the window, cried out, with all his force, Jacintha, you need spit but one partridge, for my friend the Dean will not sup here to-night. This was a thunderbolt to the imaginary pope. He immediately recovered from a kind of trance, into which he had been thrown by the three magic words, when they were first pronounced, and perceived that, instead of being in the Vatican, he was still at Toledo, in the closet of Don Torribio, and saw, by the clock, it was not yet a complete hour since he first entered that fatal cabinet, where he had been entertained with such pleasant dreams. In that short time he had imagined himself a magician, a bishop, an archbishop, a cardinal, a pope; and at last he found he was only a dupe and a knave. All was illusion, except the proofs he had given of his deceitfulness and evil heart. He instantly departed, without speaking a word, and, finding his mule which had left her, returned to Badajoz, without having made the smallest progress in the sublime science in which he had proposed to become an adept.

P O E T R Y.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ODE on a DISTANT PROSPECT
of ROME.

YE awful wreck of ancient days,
Proud monuments of ages past,
Now mould'ring in decay!
Vainly ye glitter in the parting rays!
Alas! like ev'ry fleeting blast,
Your splendor hastes away:
Yet yonder sun, with equal beam,
Has glow'd upon those dread remains,
Stupendous arcs, and tott'ring fane,
When Rome of old, terrific Queen,
High plac'd on Victory's sounding car,
With arm sublime, and martial mien,
Brandish'd the flaming lance of war;
Low crouch'd in dust lay Afric's swarthy
crowd,
And silken Asia sunk, and barb'rous Britain
bow'd.

Ah! what avails thy fame?
Vain mistress of the world!
Where are the legions now, that took the
field
In all the pomp of warlike pride,
The close-form'd cavalry and cohort wide?

* These historical facts are introduced without any regard to chronological exactness.

To time invincible they yield,
The chiefs alone have left a name,
The rest to dark oblivion hurl'd:
Yet, like the transient meteors of an hour
Were e'en the heroes of thy haughty line,
Whose bosoms felt the sacred lust of pow'r,
From wolf-nurs'd Romulus to Christian
Constantine.

To Fancy's retrospective eye
What visionary forms appear!
* There bloody Nero dooms mankind to die:
Deprav'd Tiberius madly riots here;
Aspiring D. dius brings his gold,
And, lo! th' indignant empire's fold.
Hark, thro' the altitud' d Senate's dome,
The spreading murmurs run,
That speak a deed of glory done:
'Twas Cæsar fell! stern Brutus gave
A death to him he wish'd to live:
Proudly methinks ye roam,
Patriot conspirators! and waving high,
Thy banners fair are seen, celestial Liberty!
Now I turn my eager sight
To long-past scenes of vain delight,
Where exultation wakes the note;
The voice of triumph fills the air,
And rapt'rous measures wildly float,
Mixt with the wailings of despair.

See advance the throne of gold,
 And the fiery steeds behold,
 While the fetter'd monarchs groan,
 While the female captives moan ;
 There, with victory's garland grac'd,
 Is the mighty conqueror plac'd ;
 Rome, that humbles greatest kings,
 There her vanquish'd treasure brings ;
 All that pride unbounded knows,
 In the general bosom glows ;
 Tropics spread of conquer'd towns,
 Laurel wreaths and ravish'd crowns ;
 Glory's shout, and mulick's lays,
 Join to swell the hero's praise :
 This is Rome's distinguish'd hour,
 Shews her wealth, and speaks her pow'r.
 But long, alas ! the gorgeous scene is o'er,
 Her grandeur past, she charms no more ;
 Yet mournful Memory still reveres,
 With wat'ry eye, and heaving breast,
 Th' illustrious greatness of her brighter years,
 When half the then known world her sway
 supreme contest.

Again methinks the Rostrum pours
 A stream of classic eloquence around ;
 The list'ning multitude adores,
 Won by the captivating sound ;
 And as the nervous periods rise,
 amaz'd Conviction opens her eyes :
 'Tis Tully, orator divine !
 Indignant utters truth severe,
 That strikes with deep dismay the conscious
 ear

Of shameless Antony and desperate Cati-
 line.

There too unhallow'd Worship wore
 An idiot walk, of ore ;
 But tho' in error's fatal cloud,
 E'en Paganism yet avow'd
 One God supreme, almighty Jove.
 O blind mislaken zeal !
 How wast thou wont to kneel
 Before th' unworthy shrine
 By ignorant mortals deem'd divine ;
 How didst thou supplicating rove
 From Mars with lifted spear,
 From Pluto all-severe,
 To hail the god of light,
 With ray benignly bright,
 Or melting lyre, or bended bow ;
 To Pallas, Saturn, and the throng
 Of countless deities below,
 And Bacchus ever young.
 But now these phantoms all are fled,
 The mystic oracles, and sugars dead.
 Enlighten'd Europe with disdain
 Beholds the rev'renc'd heathen train,
 Nor names them more in this her clearer day,
 Unless with fabled force to raise the poet's
 lay.

What vision preys my aching sight,
 Of foreign war, domestic fight ;
 Of luxury vain, its end destroy'd
 E'en by the means it self employ'd ;
 Of public pleasures stain'd with blood ;
 Of harden'd Tyranny, with eye severe,

Who midst his slaughter'd subjects stood,
 Nor felt a blush, nor dropp'd a tear.
 Yet sure, whatever great has been,
 Whate'er majestic, or sublime,
 Has mark'd the Roman register of time.
 Lo ! yonder is the alter'd scene,
 By ruthless Destiny's decree become
 Th' feeble shadow now of once imperial
 Rome.

But Art still there delights to stray,
 Reflecting on her changeful day ;
 To think what whilome Egypt brought,
 And all that perfect Athens taught ;
 To mark, in hoary pride elate,
 The sam'd Pantheon's awful state,
 And while the wond'rous pile she views,
 The vigour of her youth renews ;
 E'en as the phoenix shews her crest,
 Reviving on her fun'ral nest ;
 And most admir'd, where ancient structures
 rise,
 The lov'd Apostle's dome high tow'ring
 seeks the skies.

Now busy thought discerns the shade
 Where, Horace ! erst thy limbs were laid,
 And sweetly flow'd the lyric verse,
 Which only thou hadst pow'r to breathe,
 Crown'd by the grateful music's wreath.
 O there again rehearse
 Gay songs to Lalage the fair,
 With wanton eye, and floating hair :
 When Winter brought his chilling woes,
 When Summer's baleful heats arose,
 Her presence could each hour beguile,
 With winning voice, and rapt'rous smile.
 And Virgil too shall join
 His manly lays to thine :
 The Sabine wine of brightest glow,
 The rich Falernum there shall flow ;
 Phillis shall jocund beat the ground,
 Her locks with ivy chaplets bound ;
 And fleeting Time shall think he sees restor'd
 The laughing scenes he lov'd, the days he
 most ador'd.

But ah ! how sadly chang'd,
 How dreary is the plain !
 Beneath the groves where Learning rang'd ;
 Beneath the calm retreats of Love,
 Where once the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Sweet Pleasure's train, were fond to rove,
 And cull gay Nature's fairest flowers ;
 Amid the vales where Valour glow'd,
 And oft his crimson current flow'd ;
 Amid the wide domain
 Where Wealth unbounded rul'd of yore ;
 The human breast exults no more :
 For sorrowing Time with scythe severe
 Has wreck'd unwilling vengeance here *,
 Lo ! Poverty with numbing hand
 Spreads desolation round,
 E'en Agriculture hence is fled,
 And yonder melancholy band
 Can scarcely force the niggard ground
 To yield them scanty bread,
 Let Pride here pause a while to gaze
 With grief unfeign'd, and sad amaze ;

* The original sketch of the above Ode was written in a situation not far distant from Rome, and under the immediate impression of those ideas which it attempts to describe.

So shall his humbled heart confess,
That wealth, and pow'r, each earthly
scheme,
Is shadowy as the way-worn trav'ler's
dream,
That human hope is vain, and transient
happinefs.

O D E on A P A T H Y. ¹

ACCURS'D be dull, lethargic APATHY!
Whether at eve she listless ride
In sluggish car by tortoise drawn,
Or at the orient blush of dawn
Enwrap her brow with ling'ring clouds of
night:

With mimic air of senseless pride,
She feebly throws on all her with'ring sight,
While too observant of her sway,
Unmalk'd the dioning subjects lie,
Alike to her who murmur or obey.

Ye midnight storms that dwell
In dreary Alpine cell,
Rush from your chill abode in frozen band,
Pierce the soft tyrant with your breath,
And bid her feel at least the icy pang of
death:

Or amidst Atric's sultry sand
Drive her the ray intense to meet;
There fix her solitary seat;
There let her opiate sceptre wave,
To curb the bloody tyger's ire,
Or damp the fell hyena's fire,
And from their hungry rage the shrieking
trav'ler save.

O would the sons of Italy arise,
And shake the leaden slumbers from their
eyes;

Gaze on their fertile plains by nature blest,
And rouse the latent fire that warm'd their
breast;

That dauntless energy of soul
Which fav'd the tot'ring Capitol,
When on Tarpeian height, with glory's
crown,

Brave Manlius stood,
And hurl'd indignant decads down
The redd'n'd Tiber's flood.

To calm the factious rage that tore
Each Guelph and Ghibeline of yore,
Must they be lull'd in such repose
As manly w'gour never knows;
Retire from martial fame, from glorious
strife,

And shun the busy scenes of life,
To waste with thee, O Apathy! their days,
Heedless of right or wrong, of censure or
of praise?

No; let them now the proper medium
find;

And prove to all mankind,
That virtue still can charm the present hour,
Not less admir'd, nor dear,
Than when pale Catiline felt Tully's power,
And violating Appius learn'd to fear:

† - - - - il bel paese

Ch' Appennin parte, e l' mar circonda e l' Alpe.

So radiant Glory's beams divine
Shall once again transcendent shine
On this proud land of old renown'd,
† Which Appenines divide, and Alps and
seas surround.

S O N N E T to the M O O N.

Written on an Eminence near DISSEZ, in
FRANCE.

HERE by thy midnight beams I love to
stray,

And court the musit of the waves below;
Those waves to me sad melodies convey,
And modulate my soul to strains of woe.

For oft remembrance paints the parting
hour,

And brings those trying scenes again to
view;

And oft I think on that relentless power
Which bade Cecilia breathe a long adieu.

Ah long indeed!—yet my fond heart pour-
trays

Her artless love, still faithful and sincere,
And taught by Hope's reanimating rays,
The lov'd idea prints its image there:

These shall it dwell, and nurs'd with tender
care,

Remove each doubt—and quell each rising
fear.

M. S. 1786.

S O N N E T to the LYRE of PETRARCH.

O! for that shell, whose melancholy
sound

Rung thro' Valclusa by the lucid stream
Of laurel-shaded Sorga!—its dear theme
Spread and yet spreads in Fancy's ear, around
High-built Avignon, to the rocky mound
That stems the dashing Rhone; for in pure
dream

Elysian, its soft strains the senses bound,
And gently wak'd the Muses. Since I seem
Studious of song like thee, and O! too like
In sad complaint of ill-requited love!

Sweet shell! if mine thy matchless harmony,
Then might I, hopeless now, have power to
strike

Notes, which love-soothing tears wou'd
sanctify,

And cold Fidele's melting sighs approve.

Sept. 7, 1786. JUSTINA AMATOR.

The C H E R R Y T R E E.

Written at WRITTLE-HALL, in ESSEX.

By Mr. P R A T T.

ALL kneel to Shakespeare's *Mulberry*!
I bow to thee, blest *Cherry Tree*!
For tho' no muses deck thy shrine,
Nor planted by the bard divine;

PETRARCH.

Yes

Yet oft' within thy verdant bound,
 The social sound and lay went round;
 And oft' the hospitable board
 With all thy ruddy gifts was stor'd;
 Friendship, and Worth, and decent Wit,
 Beneath thy branches oft' would meet,
 And Zephir, heav'n-descended gust,
 Attended fair Pomona's feast;
 And hither too has Flora stray'd,
 To breathe her fragrance o'er the flow'rs;
 While Pity meek, and Frolick gay,
 Or wept or smil'd the hours away:
 But sweet the smile and sweet the tear
 That Mirth and Pity mingled here:
 'Twas Joy sincere gave this to glow,
 And sabled Grief bade that to flow;
 The moving lay, or tender tale,
 Where all the Charities prevail!
 Oh long may those, blest *Cherry Tree*,
 Whose gen'rous hearts incircle thee,
 A destiny so partial share,
 As *actual* bliss and *fancied* care;
 And long as these fair woodbines twine
 Around this russet coat of thine,
 May I to all thy friends be join'd,
 In fondest union of the mind;
 Firm as this rosy pair, which twin
 Appear, than brothers more a-kin;
 And every summer may I see
 My favorites of the *Cherry Tree*!
 Then flourish long, thou genial shade,
 Whose pleasure, love, and friendship made;
 Still may thy social foliage grow,
 To guard the feast that smiles below!
 So shalt thou share, dear *Cherry Tree*,
 The homage of the *Mulberry*.

E L E G Y

On the DEATH of WERTER.

I.

WHENCE are those groans that pierce
 the midnight air?
 Those shrieks that rend yon high and
 stately dome?
 Say, can the loss of beauties heavenly fair
 Bid the pale lover leave his earthly home?

II.

Why thro' the sorrow-boding gloom of
 night
 Hear we death's engine melancholy sound?
 Why shrinks pale Charlotte, victim of affright,
 And falls a lifeless lump upon the ground?

III.

Mark you domestic posting o'er the mead,
 Despair and wildness fluttering in his gait;
 His looks expressive of the bloody deed,
 His haste sure omen of approaching fate.

IV.

Thrice hath he rung at Albert's castle gate,
 Thrice hath the dome return'd the dreary
 sound;
 Th' illusive echo big with Weter's fate,
 Sports the gay meads and varied lawns
 around.

V.

Not the dark-plum'd raven's flapping wing
 Beating incessant at the noon of night,
 Such terrors could to Charlotte's fancy bring,
 Or shake her conscious bosom with affright,

VI.

"Al! woe is me! for Weter is no more!"—
 Swift to her ear the fatal errand flies;
 She falls extended on the marble floor,
 And temporary darkness seals her eyes.

VII.

Devoted pair! the gentlest of your kind,
 Whole fate-divided love such horrors
 knew,
 Well had your wishes and your hearts combin'd,
 W'ere sentiment and social feelings grew.

VIII.

Fortune alone forbade the mystic rite,
 She, churlish fair, those blessings could
 deny;
 Oft doth she intervene with ranc'rous spite,
 Regardless of the Lover's ardent sigh.

IX.

Self-conscious both in love and friendship
 grew,
 Lost to the world and all its joys beside,
 The fatal bar to happiness they knew,
 The doom that one day must their hopes
 divide.

X.

No ray of hope to light them on their way,
 No gleam of happiness in years to come;
 So the tur'd traveller views the close of day,
 Far from his wife, his children, and his
 home.

XI.

At length the fatal day arriv'd, that gave
 To Albert Charlotte's hand and plighted
 love,
 Ill-match'd they were as beauty and the
 grave,
 As the fierce vulture and the gentle dove.

XII.

Her hand she gave, while her estranged heart
 Lodg'd in her gentle Weter's constant
 breast;
 But plighted vows and honour bade them
 part,
 Each of their sex the noblest and the best.

XIII.

Beneath yon yew-tree's shade pale Weter
 lies,
 Dishonest wounds his death untimely tell;
 If mercy for such failings Heav'n denies,
 His only crime was having lov'd too well.

XIV.

Bold and aspiring is the man, that dares
 Pluck from the hand of Heaven th' aveng-
 ing rod;
 Weter's misfortunes and his Charlotte's
 pray'rs
 May meet compassion at the hands of God.

C. A.

O D E

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE

" TRIUMPH OF BENEVOLENCE ".

WHAT Muse sublime, of angel birth,
Rides on a sun-beam down to earth?
Does GRAY forsake the seraph choir,
To strike again his lofty lyre?
Or *Him*, to whom that lyre was giv'n,
When GRAY's blest spirit soar'd to Heav'n,
MASON, does MASON pour the lay
Congenial to his darling GRAY?
Or does PHILANTHROPY himself descend
To grace "the Prisoner and the Mourner's
friend?"

Ah Muse sublime, all hail thy art,
That triumphs o'er the yielding heart!
Ah Muse sublime, whose angel wing
Drops dew from a celestial spring,
Oh Helicon, surpassing thee,
Pure fountain of HUMANITY!
The SPIRIT OF THE ISLE shall rise,
And greet thy passage from the skies;
And fair BENEVOLENCE herself toward
The tuneful TRIUMPHS of her HOWARD'S
Bard.

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

The POINTER, the LAPDOG, and the
HOUND.

A F A B L E.

HOW oft in idle whim we see
Folks given to wrath and ribaldry;
How oft on frivolous pretence
Do men assert pre-eminence;
So ready, like some snarling cur,
Each his own merits to prefer,
Each eager with presumption rude
On others' province to intrude,
That we with justice may define
Their manners selfish and canine.

The dinner smokes, the table's spread,
And Nanny handing round the bread,
The parson rises from his place,
And mutters something of a grace,
With napkin tuck'd up to his e' in;
When strait a leash of dogs brush in—
Trim, station'd at his mistress' side,
Ogled the beef with nostrils wide,
When strait from t'other side the board
Thus Carlo with impatience roat'd;

"Hence, lapdog, what dost thou do here?
Go, and maintain thy proper sphere—
Wrapp'd up all night in madam's muff,
Of rolls and cream you've had enough.
Do you affect an appetite,
Who dream all day and snore all night?
At dinner-time dost thou presume?
No! to thy betters now give room,
To dogs of higher breed give place,
And hide that mean unthinking face."

Thus far with patience Trim bush heard,
His spirit now within him stirr'd—

"What dost thou here, thou angry snarler?
Such railers ill become a parlour;
Are not my merits great as thine?
Why, Carlo, may not lapdogs dine?"

Pray when has Trim forgot to bark
When strangers enter'd in the dark?
When has he fail'd to give alarm
To save the house from nightly harm?
Who taught thee, friend, to be so free
To cavil and to snarl at me?
Those many ears and monstrous paws
Were never made to tumble gauze,
Or take a nap upon the trimming
Of fine and fashionable women.
'Tis Nanny's care to comb my hide,
And daily scrub me, back and side.
In kind return for all my service
Behold my picture done by Jervis;
See on my back those curls as big
As any moderate judge's wig;
Then how dar'st thou thy brags to make,
Such monstrous liberties to take?
And since you talk of making room,
Go to the stable with the groom;
For, on my soul, I can't determine
What place is properest for such vermin."

Quoth Carlo, "Merit in the field
To curriish sloth shall never yield;
Is't fit that I abroad should roam,
And starve on my returning home?
How oit at day-break am I seen
In stubble field or hedge-row green!
My better judgment never fails
In pointing partridges or quails;
To me the dainty pamper'd guest
Owes many a rich and favoury feast;
Yon brace, that on the table smok,
But lately felt the fatal stroke;
For them each field and mead I try'd,
And stood them at the woodland side.
Own Carlo has a just pretence,
Nor here usurp pre-eminence."

At this young Phœnix rose, a hound
The favourite of the country round,
For swiftness fam'd, of truest scent,
Who thus explain'd her heart's intent:
"Each has his separate merits shewn,
And each in preference held his own,
But who with Phœnix can compare,
Swift to pursue the timid hare?
The windings of her course to trace,
For ever foremost in the chase?
Should merit on this point be try'd,
And simple worth alone decide,
E'en Carlo's self to me might yield
The honours of the sportive field."

Here doubtless had ensued a fray,
But Phœnix spy'd the parting tray,
As Nanny took the things away,
Here hunger made the discord cease,
And each devour'd his meal in peace.

So when the thunder big and loud
Bursts sudden from an angry cloud,
Vollies on vollies dreadful roll,
And all disjointed seems the pole;
Anon a calm succeeds; the air
Gilds the prospect bright and fair;
Hush'd is the tumult of the skies,
And straight the boisterous whirlwind dies.

Great-Malvern, Worcester-
shire, 1786.

C. A.

Just published for the benefit of the HOWARDIAN FUND.

An

AN EPILOGUE.

Written by H. REPTON, Esq; and spoken by Mr. SCRAGGS, at the Theatre (a Barn) at Aylsham.

[He comes on dressed as a Thresher, with a flail, supposed not to see the audience till the sixth line.]

WELL, easter all, the hardest work that's done,
Is threshing in a bearn.—Hey! what's this
fun,

To *hiver* all the goaf with painted cloath?
I ne'er zeed such a trick, I'll take my oath;
The floar beant much amifs—let's try how't
sounds.

What have they *hiver'd* to the goaf—Odds
zounds!

[First discovering the audience]
What's here?—I'm not asleep, nor drunken
neither!

Why all the town of Aylsham's got together.
A pretty crop of *corn*—Why out upon it,
The straw is all made *petticoat* and *bonnet*.
My *ineaster bod* me come to work fortooth,
Leod here's *work* enough cut out in truth;
He *bod* me come and *throgh*—by goles, I'll
shew him

~~But~~ Robin beant no *sule*—thoaf he don't
know him;

A jecring, jocking, jibing son of tinder,
To bid me come and *throgh*—all them folks
thinder. [Pointing to the gallery.]

But haud a bit—I'll do my best endeavour,
So to't I go—I'll strip me howsomdever.—
[Throws off the disguise.]

Nay, don't be frighten'd, having doin'd my
rags,

Behold your humble servant, — Measter
Scraggs.—

But now, methinks, a harder task I've found,
While with a grateful heart I gaze around;
To tell you all I see, nay, all can see't—
Trade without meanness—Law without de-
ceit—

Beauty without affected airs to please—
Birth without pride—and with true *greatness*
ease.

Such crops of virtue fill our barn to-night,
A glorious harvest—Oh! 'tis a glorious sight.
I thank you all—accept my thanks, I pray,
But chiv'ly you *, Sir, for the crop to-day.
Oh! I forgot—next week again we play.

SENSIBILITY.

LO! where the tear soft stealing glides
From 'neath the grief-dejected eye,
There SENSIBILITY resides,

There heaves full oft th' unconscious sigh:
She forms the heart to scenes of woe;
She hears th' internal tempest blow;

She hears, and melts at ev'ry breeze,
While thro' the soul a shiv'ring train,
Her white-rob'd offspring, roam in vain,
In vain attempt to find a momentary ease.

X.

The following EPI T A P H, for his own tomb,
was written at Ramsgate, a few days before
his decease, by the late Judge NARES.

I N hope of future bliss content I lie,
Tho' pleas'd to live, yet not dispicac'd
to die.

Life has its comforts, and its sorrows too;
For both to all-wise Heaven our thanks are
due;

Else thoughtless man would fix his place of
rest,
Where nature tells him he can ne'er be
blest.

How far my hopes are vain, or founded
well,
God only knows, but the last day will tell,

E P I T A P H

In St. George's, Hanover-Square, Burying-
Ground.

Near this place lyes the Body of
The Rev. LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.
Died Sept. 13, 1768, aged 53 years.

“ Ah! molliter ossa quiescant.”

I F a sound head, warm heart, and breast
humane,

Unfully'd worth, and soul without a stain;
If mental powers could ever justly claim
The well-won tribute of immortal fame;
STERNE was the man, who, with gigantic
stride,

Mow'd down luxuriant follies far and wide.
Yet what, tho' keenest knowledge of man-
kind

Unscal'd to him the springs that move the
mind;

What did it boot him? Ridicul'd, abus'd,
By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd!
In his, mild reader, view thy future fate;
Let him despise what 'twere a sin to hate!

“ This monumental stone was erected to
the memory of the deceased by two Brother
Ma'ons; for although he did not live to be
a member of their society, yet all his in-
comparable performances evidently prove
him to have acted by rule and square: they
rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating
his high and irreproachable character to alter
ages.”

The following Lines, placed on the Monu-
ment lately erected in Bow Church to the
memory of the late Dr. NEWTON, are
from the pen of the ingenious Miss
CARTER.

I N thee the fairest bloom of op'ning youth
Flourish'd beneath the guard of Christian
Truth;

That guiding Truth to Virtue form'd thy
mind,

And warm'd thy heart to feel for all mankind.
How sad the change my widow'd days
now prove,

Thou soul of Friendship, and of tender Love!
Yet holy Faith one soothing Hope supplies,
That points our future Union in the Skies.

* Bowing to the Gentleman who bespoke the Play.

S O N G.

Written by PETER PINDAR, Esq.

THOU told'st me, dear perfidious Maid,
That Spring should lose her varied
Bloom;
That Cynthia's silv'ry Beam should fade,
And Sol no more the World illumine,
When thou, the pride of ev'ry Grove,
Should'st cease to bless me with thy Love.
Spring boasts her Bloom, and Cynthia's
Rays

Still chase the solemn Shades of Night,
Whilst Sol, with undiminish'd Blaze,
Pours on the Globe his golden Light.
And yet! my trembling Lips declare,
That thou art false as thou art fair.
But some will say, "Ah! silly Swain,
How darest thy Love to her aspire;
For whom a thousand sighs in vain,
And kindle with a hopeless fire?"
I own the Folly, but what Breast
Swells not with Wishes to be blest!

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Copenhagen, Aug. 9.

THE Prince Royal has just given a striking proof of his judgment. His Royal Highness was applied to a few days ago, "to check the liberty of the press." An increase of the number of censors was recommended. The Prince answered, "That since it was impossible to restrain the liberty of thinking, it would be to little purpose to restrain the liberty of the press."—Since this answer, writers with less reserve have gone great lengths. It is true, that they have not exceeded the limits of propriety. It is also true, that some regulations may be adopted, if they should think proper to abuse the fair liberty, which the patronage of a young Prince, who almost alone sustains the weight of the government of a kingdom, allows them, with a view to oppose ancient prejudices, and expose the folly and danger of them. This Prince is no more than eighteen years of age.

Paris, Aug. 15. The first of this month Bernard Roze and Catherine Bossel, Jean Marquiaux, and Marie Teiffier, of Castell, in Perigord, celebrated the fiftieth year of their marriage at the castle of Rocque, the birth-place of the Archbishop of Paris; the Abbe Prunis, Prior of St. Cyprian, with

his whole chapter, assisted at the ceremony; the Sieur Maraval, curate of the place, pronounced a discourse upon the occasion; the Comte de Beaumont, Commandant of Perigord, Lord of the parish, gave an entertainment, at which were present several Noblemen of the neighbourhood, the two old couples, with 50 of their children, grand children, and great grand children. Marie Dieuffet did the honours of the table, which consisted of 266 covers. This woman, at the age of 115 years, has never had any material illness; she eats, drinks, and sleeps well; her only remedy when she has any little ailment is to drink some spring water. She came four leagues to assist at the above ceremony, partly on foot, and partly in boats; when she arrived upon the estate of the Comte de Beaumont, one of that Nobleman's carriages carried her to the castle, attended by a band of music.

Berlin, Aug. 19. The King of Prussia, having at intervals fallen into a kind of lethargy for the two preceding days, expired on the 17th inst. at three o'clock in the morning, in the 75th year of his age, having reigned forty-six years, two months, and seventeen days*.

* Some particulars respecting the late King of Prussia.

His late Majesty of Prussia, who died on the 17th ult. at Berlin, was born on the 24th of January 1712. He married on the 12th of June, 1733, Elizabeth Christina, of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttle, born the 8th of Nov. 1715. Having died without issue, he is succeeded by Frederick William, now Frederick the Fourth, son of William Augustus, brother to the late King by the Princess Louisa Amelia of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle. Frederick IV. was born on the 25th of September 1744; he married July 14, 1765, first, the Princess Elizabeth Christina Ulrica, of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle; and secondly, on the 12th of July, 1769, Frederica Louisa, of Hesse Darmstadt, and he has issue by both marriages.

The late King of Prussia, when in his prime, was five feet six inches in stature; by the depression of age, his Majesty lost part of that height. When of the age of 48, his hair still retained a fine dark chestnut colour, which he took a pleasure in dressing himself, and was always worn in a queue; after this period, it gradually became grey. His voice was musical and articulate, and he scarcely ever spoke, but with a smile. French was his accustomed language; he spoke it with the utmost fluency, and more correctly than the German. In his dress he was extremely regardless when out of the field, and never wore a night-gown, night-cap, or slippers, unless when indisposed. Three times in the year he appeared in a new suit of the uniform of the first battalion of his guards, which was blue faced with red, and silver brandenburghs, after the Spanish manner; his waistcoat was plain yellow, a point d'Espagne hat and white feather. He was so attached to boots, that he never, even on his public court days, wore shoes.

Some hours afterwards this event was publicly announced to the garrison of Berlin by the Governor, (the gates being shut) who at the same time caused the oaths of allegiance to his present Majesty to be tendered to the different regiments.

The King arrived here yesterday morning, and gave audience to his Ministers

His Majesty always rose at five in the summer, and about seven in the winter. He usually remained uninterrupted for an hour after he was up, during which time he took his breakfast; he then received letters, memorials, and other documents, and minutely the answers. From nine to eleven he gave audience to the officers of state and domestics. After these ceremonies he generally visited the parade, and gave the word himself; correcting the least error in the discipline, and requiring the utmost exactness in the exercise.

From the parade he usually retired to the great hall of the palace, to give public audience to his subjects, who were always encouraged to present their own petitions; and so strictly desirous was his Majesty of doing justice, that the least delay in his executive officers, always drew forth his reproofs.

His hour of dining was usually at half an hour past twelve. His party was constantly, when not indisposed, his own ministers, those from other courts, and the officers of his first battalion of guards. His table was established to 24 covers for dinner, and eight for supper, for which his Majesty allowed 33 German crowns, or five guineas and a half English money. The dinner-time was limited to an hour, after which he arose, walked about for half an hour with some of the company, and then retired to his study.

He always continued in private for three hours; after which he was constantly visited by his reader, who attended him till seven, when the concert commenced, and lasted till nine. His concert was chiefly composed of wind instruments and singing. He played extremely well on the flute, was a good judge of music, and extremely nice in the selection of vocal performers. Madam Mara was a disciple of his school, besides whom he had three other treble singers and a counter-tenor.

His supper was always served at half past nine, and he was cautious that his parties at this season never exceeded eight; among whom the most distinguished in letters at his Court always found a place. Voltaire, Algarotti, Maupertuis, Lord Chesterfield, and others, were of this selection. On the moment the cloth was removed, all restraint was thrown off, and the *bons mots* came into circulation, without respect to person or condition. His fruits and wines were always of the rarest quality, and he was pleased to see the bottle go round. Though he himself did not drink much, he was particular that his company should partake of the bottle from which he filled his own glass. His remark was, "It may be poison; but if I lose my life, I'll not lose my friends." Voltaire in reply once told him, "That for his own part, he wished he was as well qualified to attend his Majesty as Shadrach, Meshach, or Abednego."

The last fifteen years of his reign were employed in the prosecution of measures, for which his fame will be immortalized. During that period, Frederick was a protector of the commercial interests of his people. The dignity of his empire he maintained, by keeping a force adequate to the security of his dominions; and with 200,000 militia, together with the same number of regulars, he overawed his powerful competitors. He formed a new code of legislation, reforming the prevalent abuses in the system of jurisprudence; population he particularly encouraged and on the promotion of commerce he bestowed the utmost attention.

The King in his will has left the following legacies:

"To the Queen Dowager, besides her annual revenue, an augmentation of 10,000 rix-dollars a year. A sum of 200,000 rix-dollars to Prince Henry; 50 hogsheds of Hungary wine, and the finest crystal lustres of the palace at Potsdam. Fifty thousand rix-dollars to Prince Ferdinand; his Majesty's finest coach and six of his finest horses. A pension of 10,000 rix-dollars to Princess Amelia, and a service of plate. A pension of 6,000 rix-dollars to the Princess Consort of Prince Henry. To the Princess Consort of Prince Ferdinand, 10,000 rix-dollars, and a very rich gold snuff-box. To the Dowager Duchess of Brunswick, 50,000 rix-dollars, and a service of plate. A superb ring, and two beautiful saddle-horses with their harness, to the reigning Duke of Brunswick. To Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, 10,000 rix-dollars, and a gold snuff-box. To the Dowager Duchess of Wurtemberg, 20,000 rix-dollars. To the Dowager Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel, 10,000 rix-dollars. To each soldier and subaltern officer of the horse and foot guards, two rix-dollars. To each officer of the two regiments of guards, a gold medal, on which shall be engraved the finest action of the seven years war."

The following is handed about as the preamble to the will:

"I give back to Nature the breath of life I had received from her, and my body to the elements of which it is composed. I desire my successor to remember that chance of birth makes a king. I would have him shew great regard to his uncles, especially Prince Henry. The legacies I have left are from my privy purse, and not from the state treasury, which I neither can nor ought to touch."

General

General Officers, and other persons of distinction, when his Majesty was pleased to confer the Order of the Black Eagle on Count Hertzberg. *L. Gazette.*

The king being on the parade on the morning after his accession to the throne, addressed the generals assembled there in the following short speech, which at once shews both a firmness of character and a sensibility of mind.

“ I thank you, gentlemen, for the fidelity, the honour, and the zeal, with which you served my predecessor. I thank you for the eagerness which you shewed to renew your oath of fidelity to me, and to grant me that confidence and love which have ever decided the glorious success of the Prussian arms. Our nation has ever been the terror of its enemies, and we will endeavour to preserve

that glory. I shall always keep up a severe discipline; it is indispensable for our troops. You shall find me grateful and beneficent to those who do their duty, and when I am obliged to punish I shall do it with great regret.”

The body of the late king, according to his own particular desire when living, was not embalmed, but only laid in state during the 18th, on which day upwards of 20,000 people were admitted into the apartment, and by order of the reigning king the regiment of guards was also conducted into the room, and not one of those brave fellows could refrain from tears on beholding the corpse of the hero who had so often led them on to glory.

The will of the late monarch was opened the day after his decease; it is dated in 1769.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

AUGUST 22.

ON Friday the 4th a trial was made on Blackheath, Sir Joseph Banks and several Gentlemen of the Royal Society being present, of a machine to sail by land, which went at a great rate till the mast broke, and by that accident the rudder and some other parts received material injury. It is, however, soon to be repaired, and a second trial is to be made of its performance.

24. Major Scott, Lieutenant Governor of St. Helena, who had a few days ago arrived here for the recovery of his health, was arrested by two Sheriff's Officers, at the Carlton Coffee-house, Pall-mall, for the amount of 2800*l.* The Major was in bed, and in so weak and dangerous a state, that he declared his total incapacity of being moved, or even of stirring, and the master of the house confirming the truth of his declaration, offered every accommodation which his house could afford, and full permission to bring as many of their assistants as they thought proper; but the officers refused every proposal, and insisted upon carrying their prisoner to a spunging-house. By this time the physician who attended the Major arrived, and gave his opinion also; but nothing could avail, the officers persisted, and compelled the unfortunate gentleman to get out of bed, but in putting on his cloaths he expired!

26. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from Kingston upon Hull, Wakefield, Northumberland, Durham, Newcastle upon Tyne and Great Yarmouth, Westminster, Bedford, Canterbury, Exeter, Chichester, Cambridge, Reading, Maidenhead, Maidstone, Stamford, Portsmouth, Nottingham, Bedford, Cornwall, Balmouth, Hunningdon, Taunton, Plymouth, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Meath.

* *Extract of a letter from Hertford, Aug. 28.*

“ I wondered at not seeing in any of the papers* an account of the remarkable wind in this neighbourhood on the last day of July, about six o'clock in the evening. Its effects were most conspicuous in Sagem park, the seat of Timothy Caswall, Esq. where many very large trees were almost instantaneously torn up by the roots, and many others snapped in two and carried to a considerable distance from where they had been standing in perfect security for some centuries. The blast came in a north-west direction, and defied all opposition. The walls of Mr. Caswall's kitchen garden, though strong enough in appearance to withstand a storm of cannon balls, fell before it; and a man at work in it concluded that the end of the world was come.”

By a letter from Bury, in Suffolk, dated Aug. 26, we learn, that the above extraordinary phenomenon was equally violent at Saxham, Wesley, and Faruham, near Bury, about six o'clock in the evening of that day.

29. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from Berkthir, Liverpool, Pool, Bridgnorth, Hastings, Walsingham, Bridport, Truro, Kingston-upon-Thames, Ipswich, New Woodstock, Merionethshire, the island of Jersey, Gravesend and Milton.

30. A correspondent assures us, that the following very singular affair is strictly true. On the 29th of June, 1782, one Mr. Stammers, being in company at the Half-Moon at Clare, had ninety-nine guineas picked out of his pocket, without the least suspicion of the person who stole them. On Sunday the 6th instant, he received a letter, without any signature, which informed him, that if he went on the Windmill-Hill, he would there see three flakes standing in a
F f 2 tri-

triangular form, between which stakes he would perceive a loose clod of earth, under which he would find the ninety-nine guineas that he had lost, and 11 guineas for the use of them. Mr. S. accordingly went to the place, accompanied by a friend, where he found the clod of earth, as described in the letter, and, to his great joy, 110 remarkable good guineas.—*Camb. Chron.*

SEPTEMBER 1. The Ratifications of the Convention between his Majesty and the King of Spain, signed the 14th of July last, were this day exchanged by the Marquis of Carmarthen, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with the Marquis del Campo, Minister Plenipotentiary from his Catholic Majesty. *L. Gazette.*

2. This day came on at the Old-Bailey, the trial of James George Semple, alias Harrold, alias Kennedy, a noted swindler, who assumed the title of Major, for stealing a post-chaise, value 50l. the property of John Licet, in Whitechapel, on the 1st of September, 1785.—Mr. John Licet deposed, that the prisoner hired a post-chaise, in the name of Major Harrold, to Barnet, for seven days. On his return the 17th of July, 1785, he informed Licet, that he should shortly want another, and expected it upon cheaper terms, as he should want it for three weeks to make a tour to the North. It being agreed for that time at five shillings per day, Semple desired it might be fitted up with pistol holsters, a net at the roof, and a platform, and he would pay for the extra expence. The prisoner sent horses from the Saracen's Head, and on the first of September the chaise was taken away, and the prosecutor has never seen or received it back, nor heard the least tidings of it.

The prisoner made a very able defence, urging that he had actually purchased the chaise conditionally, had agreed to pay for the alterations, and had actually deposited 10l. in the hands of the prosecutor for that purpose. The Jury found a verdict guilty, with a felonious intent. The prisoner received the verdict very coolly, and walked off quite composed. He is a genteel young man, of about twenty-seven years of age.

Same night's Gazette contains Addresses from the Archbishop and Clergy of the Diocese of Canterbury; Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese of Salisbury; Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese of Worcester; also from Reverly: Counties of Huntingdon, Norfolk, and Essex; Durham, Leicester, King's Lynn, Newark, Chester, Stafford, Hythe, Sandwich, Lime, Henley, and Great Marlow; Counties of Dublin, Queen's, and Westmeath, in Ireland; and City of Glasgow, in Scotland.

3. This day the Archduke of Austria, brother to the Emperor, with his suite, arrived at a house taken for him in Dover-street, last from France.

On Thursday last his Grace the Duke of

Bedford arrived from the Continent, at his house in Bloomsbury-square.

5. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the County of Somerset; the Inhabitants of Manchester; Island of Guernsey; Borough of Lymington; Port of New Romney; Borough of Preston; Borough of Pontefract; Borough of Scarborough; Burgeses of Radnor, Rhyader, Knighton, Knucklas, and Kevenellys; Borough of Andover; Borough of Totnes; and Town of Trowbridge.

St. James's Sept. 6. His Majesty in Council was this day pleased to order, that the Parliament, which stands prorogued to Thursday, the 14th day of this instant September, should be further prorogued to Thursday, the 26th day of October next.

6. The sessions ended at the Old-Bailey, when fifteen convicts received sentence of death; 34 were sentenced to be transported; 15 to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the house of correction, several of whom are also to be whipped; three to be imprisoned in Newgate; nine to be whipped and discharged; and 32 discharged by proclamation.

Major Semple was ordered to the bar to receive sentence for the offence of which he was convicted on Saturday last. A motion was made to postpone judgment until next sessions, but which was over-ruled by the Recorder, whose sentence was, that Semple should be transported for seven years beyond the seas to wherever his Majesty, with the advice of his privy council, might judge it proper to send him.

Amongst the above convicts was John Shepherd, who has been tried four times for capital offences, and was once reprieved at the foot of the gallows, when just upon the point of being executed for forgery.

7. The Gatton estates sold on Thursday, at Christie's, for sixty-five thousand one hundred pounds. The Earl of Hertford is said to be the purchaser.

Same day the elegant pleasure yacht of the late Mr. Sharp was sold. Christie happily said of it, that it comprehended all the advantages of the most finished country villa, besides many which were peculiar to itself. It had all the accommodations of a house, and was free from the inconveniences of bad neighbourhood, for its site could be changed at pleasure; it had not only the richest but also the most various prospects; and it was a villa free from house duty and window lights; it paid neither church tythe nor poor's rate; it was free both from government and parochial taxes; and it had not only a command of wood and water, but possessed the most extensive fishery of any house in England.

8. The Archduke and Duchesse of Austria went to Kew, and breakfasted with their Majesties, the Princess Royal, the Princess Augusta, in the great room in the Palace.

After

After breakfast, the royal company went to Richmond Gardens; and after a promenade in that delightful spot, they viewed the observatory and cottage, and then returned to Kew Gardens. While the royal visitors were in Kew Gardens, his Majesty drove one of his garden carriages with two horses; the Archduke sat at the King's left hand; the Duchesse on the Queen's right hand.

At a numerous meeting of the merchants and traders of London, at the London Tavern, for talking into consideration the proposed alteration of the hour of the departure of the mails; it was resolved, that Mr. Palmer be at liberty to complete his plan before any alteration be made, which may prevent an earlier delivery of the letters.

9. The Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the Bishop of London, Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and Clergy of London and Westminster; the Bishops, Dean and Clergy of Gloucester. Hereford and Bangor; the counties of Hereford, Northampton, Radnor, Anglesea, and Chester; the cities of Bath and Wells; the towns of East-Retford, Dover, Maldon, Calne, Shaftesbury, Leeds, Doncaster, Beaumaris, Penryn, Tiverton, Wigan, Ripon, Derby, and Wilton.

This Gazette also gives a list of the members of a new Committee of Privy Council, for the consideration of all matters relative to trade and foreign plantations.

We hear from Morriston in Glamorgan-shire, that when the colliers came to work at Lockwood and Co's colliery, at Landore, a dreadful explosion took place; whereby five men were killed, viz. W. Young, aged 21, Edw. Williams, 45, William Williams, 55, Morgan Geey, 32, and Morgan Harry, 31. They have left four widows and seven children. David John had his thigh broke by two of the men who were killed being blown against him.

The following extraordinary phenomenon was observed to take place about a fortnight since, at Ewhurst, in Suffex: All the foliage of two large oaks, in the space of one night and a day, turned entirely white, which exhibited an appearance that was beautiful beyond description: At the height of their change, the trees appeared exactly as if covered with snow; and what makes the circumstance still more extraordinary is, the leaves are now recovering again their original verdure. Such a sudden alteration in the vegetable creation, whether termed a *Lusus Nature* or not, we apprehend will puzzle naturalists to account for.

11. Lord Carmarthen, in his answer to the requisition of his excellency John Adams, Esq; &c. on the 20th of February, respecting the British posts held on the territories which were ceded, by the last treaty

of peace, to the United States, says, "That when America shall manifest a real determination to fulfil her part of the treaty, Great Britain will not hesitate to prove her sincerity to co-operate in whatever points depends on her to carry every article of it into real and complete effect."

He then states the grievances complained of "by merchants and other British subjects having estates, property, and debts due to them in the several States:—that a British merchant is in some States positively, in others virtually, prohibited by their legislatures from recovering his property, which is a violation of the 4th article of the treaty of peace. In several States, judgment for interest for more than seven years is actually suspended by law, whilst in others, although the courts appear to be open, the lawyers are afraid to prosecute for British debts."

14. This day in the high wind the Brighton stone stage was blown over on its way to town, and one of the passengers had his arm broke.

The same day another stage-coach was overturned by the high wind near Waltham; the coachman had his shoulder put out, but none of the passengers received any hurt.

The high wind did considerable damage in London, Westminster, and Southwark, and the adjacent villages. A boy was killed in the city by the fall of a stack of chimneys; and several persons wounded by tiles, bricks, &c. that fell from the roofs of houses. In Hyde-Park several trees were torn up, and the wall of a gentleman's garden was thrown down at Kentish-Town.

A person lately having an Earwig crept into the ear, and knowing the peculiar fondness that insect has to apples, immediately applied a piece of apple to the ear, which enticed the creature out, and thereby prevented the alarming consequences which might have ensued; for,

Commission'd by th' Almighty Will,

A fly, an earwig, or a worm can kill.

Mr. St. Croix attempted a second aerial excursion from the marker-place, Salisbury, but was benighted before his balloon was filled; he however ascended to the top of the council-house, where he remained *perched* till the mob had dispersed.

16. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the Archbishop and Dean and Chapter of York, the Bishops and Clergy of Bath and Wells, Rochester, Winchester, Chester, Landaff, Peterborough, Exeter, Ely, Limerick, Ardferit, and Agabdoe; the Dean and Chapter of Westminster; the Ministers, &c. of the French and Dutch churches; the corporation of the Trinity-house of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; the counties of Flint, Kilkenny, Longford, Wick-

low,

low, Oxford, and Lancaster; the cities of Aberdeen and Limerick; and the towns of Barnstaple, Sudbury, Camelford, and Thetford.

And also from the Protestant Dissenting Ministers in and about the cities of London and Westminster, presented by Dr. Samuel Stennet, attended by 17 other ministers of that body.—On receiving the above address, his Majesty was pleased to return the following answer:—"I thank you for this dutiful and loyal address, and for your affectionate congratulations on my providential escape from the attempt which was made upon my person. I have a firm dependence upon your steady attachment to my family and government, and you may be assured of the continuance of my protection in the enjoyments of your civil and religious liberties."

Te Deum has been sung in all the Catholic chapels, on account of the happy deliverance of our most gracious Sovereign.

This afternoon a man genteelly dressed rode up to the shop of Mr. Warner, in Alderfergate-street, and asked if he was at home? Mr. Warner said No, but expected him in two hours; he then desired to speak with her, and accordingly got off his horse, and was introduced into the parlour, when he said, "Madam, do not make a noise; if you do, you are a dead woman (having a pistol in his hand) but deliver your money." He then robbed her of four guineas and a half, mounted his horse, and rode off full speed.

19. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the Bishop, Dean, and Chapter of Lincoln and Coventry; the counties of Linlithgow, Pembroke, and Rutland; the boroughs of Tewksbury, Newbury, Northampton, Appleby, Ashburton, Kirkby in Kendal, Christchurch, Westbury, and Arundel; and from the Corporation of Trinity-house of Deptford-Strand.

20. Notice was given at the Stock Exchange, that the interest upon India bonds, which has hitherto been 5 per cent. will at the expiration of six months be reduced.

A number of convicts under sentence of transportation are to be sent to the new settlement at Botany Bay, in New South Wales, which was discovered by Capt. Cook.

On Saturday se'nnight at the final close of the poll for a representative in Parliament for the city of Norwich, in the room of Sir Harbord Harbord, created Lord Suffield, the numbers were, for the Hon. Mr. Hobart 1450; for Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart. 1383. Majority for Mr. Hobart 67. The contest was the most violent ever known at that place.

21. On Saturday last Thomas Robson was executed at Carlisle, for sheep-stealing.

When the executioner attempted to put the halter about his neck, he said, "Do your business like a gentleman, and be d——d to you." On the ladder he made the following speech:—"Gentlemen, I was asked to make a confession, but I have made none; there is one printed, but I beg you will not buy it, for it is all lies."—He smoked his pipe through the city as he went to the gallows, seemingly without the least concern. It is said he has stolen upwards of 2000 sheep.

Extract of a Letter from Newcastle upon Tyne, Sept. 19.

"In consequence of an advertisement yesterday, that Mr. Lunardi would ascend with his balloon from Spittal, should the weather prove favourable, he would have proceeded, but the wind blew so much from the West, that it was deemed unsafe to attempt ascending. This day at noon, being a very fine day, a multitude of people from all parts assembled in the Spittal Ground; when the balloon was nearly full, and most of the ropes which held it were let free, by some means the vitriol took fire, and Lunardi called out for water, but none being ready, the balloon burst from the remaining cords, and went up with great velocity. Unfortunately Mr. Heron, attorney, had his hand entangled in the valve cord, which drew him up after the balloon to the height of about 200 feet, when the cord gave way, and the young man came to the ground. He was taken up alive, was sensible, and spoke, but only survived three hours.

"Mr. Heron was between 21 and 22 years of age; he was not out of his clerkship with his father, who is an attorney, and the Under Sheriff for the county of Northumberland."

22. The foreign mails which arrived yesterday contain the following intelligence from Holland: That extraordinary meetings of two of the States had been held for the purpose of deliberation, and that the result was, a determination to transmit specific orders to all the troops of the two Provinces to hold themselves in momentary readiness to march, and to refuse yielding obedience to any person, power, or authority, except that which should issue from the command of the States. Thus far the popular party. The Stadtholder, on the contrary, had sent a detachment to the town of Elbourg, the burghers of which refused admission to the troops; but after some cannon were fired, rather with a sign of intimidation than of injury, it was thought prudent to cause the gates of the town to be opened; and the volunteers abandoning their arms, the troops entered without injury to a single inhabitant. A fi-

miliar event took place at Hattem*, another Dutch town, where, after a little altercation, the military entered, on the gates being opened for their reception.

This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the Bishop, Dean, and Clergy of Bristol; the Bishop, Precentor, and Chapter, and Archdeacon and the rest of the Clergy of St. David's; the Bishop, Dean, and Chapter, the Archdeacons and Clergy of Norwich; the Bishop and Clergy of Durham; the German Reformed Protestant Congregation in the Savoy; the French Protestant Refugees; the Merchant Adventurers of England residing in Holland; from the port of Sunderland; the counties of Stafford, Fife, Buckingham, and Antrim; the university of Glasgow; the boroughs of Aylebury, Malmesbury, Tamworth, and Irvine; the Mayor and Corporation and the Inhabi-

tants of Worcester; and the Catholics of Ireland.

26. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the boroughs of Minehead and Grantham, and from the counties of Waterford and Wexford in Ireland.

COUNTRY NEWS.

York, Aug. 29. On Wednesday, at forty minutes after one o'clock, Mr. Lunardi ascended with his balloon from Kettlewell's Orchard, behind the Minster, York. He descended an hour after his ascent in a corn-field, and observing people flocking from every quarter towards him, by which he was apprehensive that the corn would be injured, he therefore rose again and went out of sight. At three o'clock he finally descended between two hills, in a place called Greenock, in the parish of Bishop-Wilton, about eighteen miles from hence.

BIRTHS, SEPTEMBER, 1786.

THE Marchioness of Graham, of a Son and Heir.

The Lady of Lord Clive, of a Daughter.

The Lady of the Bishop of St. Asaph, of a Son and Heir.

Lady Harriet Elliot, of a Daughter.

PREFERMENTS, SEPTEMBER 1786.

THE honor of knighthood on Charles Maith, of Reading, in the county of Berks, Esq.

On Michael Nowell, Esq; Sheriff of the county of Cornwall.

On Wm. Appleby, esq; of the city of Durham.

On William Altham, of the Borough of Thetford, Esq;

On Jonathan Phillipps, of St. Stephens near Luncelton, in the County of Cornwall, Esq

On Lawrence Cox, of the city of Westminster, esq;

And on Isaac Pocock, esq. Sheriff of the county of Northampton.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Clarendon, to the office of one of His Majesty's Post Masters General, vice Lord Tankerville.

Custody of the Seals of the Duchy and County Palatine of Lancaster to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Hawkebury.

Lord Mornington, one of the Lords of the Treasury, vice John Buller, Esq; deceased.

Grey Elliott, Esq; the office of an additional clerk of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council in Ordinary, for the particular service of the Committee of Privy Council appointed for the consideration of all matters relating to trade and foreign plantations.

His Grace the Duke of Northumberland to be his Majesty's Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Northumberland.

Phineas Bond, esq; to be Consul at New-York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, and also Commissary for commercial affairs within the dominion of the United States of America.

Thomas Pechell, esq; to be gentleman usher and quarterly waiter to her Majesty, in the room of Tho. Fauquier, esq; a gentleman usher and daily waiter.

Mr. Tho. Romanell to be Operator for the Teeth to his Majesty, in the room of Mr. Wm. Rae, deceased.

Joseph Smith, esq. to be Comptroler of the Mint, vice J. Buller, esq. deceased.

* The little town of Hattem, lately taken by the Prince of Orange's troops, stands upon the banks of the Yssel, twelve miles from the Palace at Loo, and five miles from Elbourgh. It was formerly a strong place; but when the French took it in 1672, they demolished the fortifications. However, it has always been considered as a citadel, in the time of war, from its situation, which commanded, or might command, the interior country.

Elbourgh stands upon the bank of the Zuyder Sea, and was formerly one of the Hans-Towns. It is a town of square figure, with three gates, and a small river running through it, over which river there are three bridges; and the fish-market is kept upon one of them. The Zuyder Sea makes the port. It is a place of some trade, and therefore of some note.

MARRIAGE*.

MARRIAGES, SEPTEMBER 1786.

AT Edinburgh, Sir George Ramsay, of Banff, bart. to the Hon. Miss Eleonora Frazer, daughter of the late Right Hon. George Lord Saltoun.

At Richmond, the Rev. James Cowe, to Miss Elizabeth Palmer Wollaston, daughter of the Rev. George Wollaston, rector of Aldermary.

Lieut. James Murray, of the 9th regiment, to Miss Iveson, of Norwich.

The Rev. Benjamin Spry, vicar of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol, to Miss Huntley, daughter of the Rev. Richard Huntley, of Boxwell in Gloucestershire.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mestayer, late of Bengal, to Miss Mary Brisot, of Walthamstow, Benjamin Norton, esq; of Hillsborough in Norfolk, to Miss Spencer, daughter of Dr. Spencer of York.

Tho. Turton, esq; of Jesus college, Cambridge, to Miss Michell, only daughter of the Rev. John Michell, of Thornhill in Yorkshire.

Ross Mahon, esq; of Castlegar, to Lady Elizabeth Brown, second sister to the Earl of Altamont.

At Abergavenny, Robert Morgan Kinsey, esq; to Miss Caroline Harrington, youngest daughter of Sir Jas. Harrington, bart. of Penpound.

At Hington, Mr. John Heylyn, son of Edward Heylyn, esq; to Miss Cogan, daughter of Thomas Cogan, esq.

Mr. Batty, surgeon, of Great Marlborough-street, to Miss Braithwaite, daughter of Daniel Braithwaite, esq; of the General Post-Office.

Robert Thornton, esq; Member for Bridgewater, to Miss Eyre, of Clapham.

At Windfor, - —Reade, esq; lately returned from India with a fortune of 90,000l. to Mrs Anne Angell, of Stockwell.

Robert Harvey, esq; of the Inxthilling Dragoons, to Miss Bickerdyke, daughter of the late Thomas Bickerdyke, esq; of Knaresborough.

The Rev. Mr. Attwood, of Winchester, to Miss Cotton, second daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Cotton, many years master of Winchester Grammar School.

Stuckley Shuckburgh, Esq; brother to Sir George Shuckburgh, Bart. to Miss Tydd, daughter of Thomas Tydd, Esq; of Penzance-castle, Cornwall.

Tho. Gray, Esq; of Harley-street, to Miss Henrietta Armytage, of Wimpole-street.

Capt. Thomas Larkins, commander of the Warren-Hastings East-Indiaman, to Miss Mary Anne Sampson, daughter of Brook Sampson, Esq; Captain of one of his Majesty's packets at that place.

Lieutenant Colonel Haultain, to Miss S. Stert.

At Landilo, William Towers, esq; barrister at law, to Miss Carrett.

Wm. Greene, esq; late private Secretary to Lord Macartney, to Miss Yorke, only daughter of the late Rev. Philip Yorke, of Oundle, in Northamptonshire.

Capt. Milner, of the third regiment of guards, brother to Sir William Milner, bart. to Miss Fitzgerald, of Park-street.

BANKRUPTS.

WILLIAM Hooper, of South Town, otherwise Little Yarmouth, in Suffolk, shipwright. John Howell, late of Trefarclawdd, Salop, maltster. James Roberts, of Liverpool, merchant. Thomas Akerman, late of Winchcomb, Gloucestershire, mercer. William Flower, late of Broad-street, in the Parish of St. George in the East, Middlesex, merchant. Jonathan Briggs, of Whitechapel High street, cheesemonger. Wm. Hunt, of Dorset wharf, lime-merchant. Stephen Turner, of Eardisley, in Herefordshire, pig drover. Robert Johnston, of Kighley in Yorkshire, shop-keeper. William Heming, of Birmingham, dealer. Peter Sparrow, of Wolverhampton, butcher. Richard Dodd, of Liverpool, merchant. John Parsons, of New Shoreham, draper.

Thomas Cheeke Lea, of Oxford-court, London, merchant. Pontus Lunroth, of Kingston upon Hull, merchant. Edward Appleby, late of North Shields, Northumberland, porter-merchant. Henry Greenwood, of Brentford, Middlesex, engineer, millwright, and pump-maker. Samuel Huole, of Moorfields, London, money-scrivener. Francis Little, of Rickergate, in the parish of St. Mary, Carlisle, dealer. Robert William Rye, of Kingston upon Hull, china-man. Henry Major, late of Folkestone, in Kent, merchant. Joseph Milner and Thomas Binge, of Alford in Lincolnshire, grocers. Henry Nelson, late of Penrith, in Cumberland, money-scrivener. John Meader, late of Hermitage street, merchant. Thomas Gwatkin, of Hereford, grocer.

* * * *The List of Deaths, &c. is unavoidably postponed to next Month.*



T H E European Magazine,

A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

C O N T A I N I N G T H E
L I T E R A T U R E , H I S T O R Y , P O L I T I C S , A R T S ,
M A N N E R S , a n d A M U S E M E N T S o f t h e A G E ;

B y t h e P H I L O L O G I C A L S O C I E T Y o f L O N D O N ;

F o r O C T O B E R , 1 7 8 6 .

[Embellished with, 1, A Striking Likeness of the late Dr. GILBERT STUART: And 2, A Perspective View of the RUINS of the CITY of OUD, in HINDOSTAN.]

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;

And J. DEBRET, Piccadilly.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. X.'s piece shall be inserted, if he desires it; but we must inform him, that the favours of our Correspondents are too numerous to permit us to pay for any performances that are sent us.

Phil-Glossus—C. T. O.—Conclusion of *Hanway's Memoirs* in our next.

We are obliged to *A. Z.* for his offer; but at present we cannot accept it.

Acryticks are never admitted into the *European Magazine*.

D.'s Journal is not complete. As soon as we can see the whole together, he shall have an answer. We are only afraid of the length of it.

We have received several Letters this Month, for which the postage has not been paid; we have therefore returned them to the Post-office.

E. T. P.'s pieces have been by accident mislaid: they will appear in our next.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Oct. 16, to Oct. 21, 1786.

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

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	4	3	0	1	2	7	2	0	2	1
Suffolk	4	3	2	1	1	2	8	2	0	3
Norfolk	4	2	2	10	2	5	1	1	0	0
Lincoln	4	7	2	10	2	6	1	1	3	3
York	4	10	3	4	3	1	2	1	4	8
Durham	4	10	3	6	3	1	2	0	4	0
Northumberland	4	9	3	6	2	9	1	1	4	3
Cumberland	6	0	3	9	3	0	2	1	4	8
Westmorl.	6	5	4	0	3	3	2	0	0	0
Lancashire	6	1	0	3	3	2	3	5	0	0
Cheshire	5	6	3	8	2	10	1	1	0	0
Monmouth	5	5	0	3	2	0	0	0	0	0
Somerset	5	1	3	6	2	1	2	2	4	6
Devon	5	6	0	2	7	1	5	0	0	0
Corwall	5	0	0	2	8	1	8	0	0	0
Dorset	5	1	0	2	9	2	1	4	5	
Hants	4	7	0	2	9	2	3	4	2	
Suffex	4	7	0	2	10	2	1	3	1	
Kent	4	6	0	2	1	2	5	3	2	

WALES, Oct. 9, to Oct. 14, 1786.

North Wales	5	4	4	3	3	1	1	9	4	6
South Wales	5	4	4	2	2	10	1	6	4	6

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER. SEPTEMBER,

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
29—29 — 89	64	5 W.N.W.
30—29 — 83	62	W.

OCTOBER.

1—29 — 91	64	W.
2—29 — 86	62	W.S.W.
3—29 — 94	62	S.
4—30 — 91	65	W.
5—30 — 90	56	S.
6—30 — 10	49	W.N.W.
7—30 — 02	68	S.S.W.
8—29 — 07	56	S.S.W.
9—29 — 45	54	E.N.E.
10—29 — 56	55	E.S.E.
11—29 — 61	54	E.S.E.
12—29 — 53	53	N.N.W.
13—29 — 66	56	W.
14—29 — 96	40	W.
15—30 — 34	41	W.
16—30 — 19	47	N.
17—30 — 23	49	N.
18—30 — 00	30	W.
19—30 — 38	37	N.
20—30 — 47	45	5 N.N.E.

21—30 — 44	46	5 N.N.E.
22—30 — 30	47	5 N.N.E.
23—30 — 30	46	— N.N.E.
24—30 — 38	45	— E.N.E.
25—30 — 34	43	— N.N.E.
26—30 — 46	40	— E.N.E.
27—30 — 40	43	— E.N.E.
28—30 — 38	47	— E.

PRICE of STOCKS, Oct. 28, 1786.

Bank Stock, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$	per Ct. Ind. Ann.
New 4 per Cent. India Bonds,	—
1777, shut 94 a 93 $\frac{1}{2}$	New Navy and Vict.
a 94 ex div.	Bills 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dif.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785,	Long Ann. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5-16ths
112 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 113	ex div.
3 per Cent. Bank red.	10 years Short Ann.
shut 75 $\frac{1}{2}$ ex div.	1777, shut
3 per Cent. Ann. 1761,	30 years Ann. 1778,
3 per Cent. 1785,	shut 18 15-16ths
South Sea Stock,	7-8ths ex div.
Old S. S. An. shut	Exchangeer Bills, —
New S. S. Ann.,	Lot. Tick. 56. 3s.
India Stock, —	India Scrip, 9; prem.

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE



GILBERT & SUTHERLAND, LONDON

Published by Isambard Brunel

T H E

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

For O C T O B E R, 1786.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

LIFE and WRITINGS of the late GILBERT STUART, LL. D.

Æmen in primis arduum videtur res gestas scribere: primam, quid facta diis sunt exequanda; deinceps, quia plerique que delicta reprehenderis, malevolentia et invidiam putant.

SALLUST.

THERE is no species of literature more useful to mankind than the narration of historical facts. No exertion of the human mind deserves greater praise. By it the barbarous state of society has been civilized and improved; for, by being persuaded to relinquish a considerable portion of our original ferocity, its happy consequences must be acknowledged. We have thrown off the veil of ignorance and the chains of superstition, and been better adapted to act as rational beings. It is the faithful page of history which has served as a mirror, and enlightened our understanding. In it we can discern the causes and effects of the various revolutions which have happened to empires; and, by a comparison of the times, we may form no inaccurate judgment of the important projects in agitation. The poet may revel in the fields of fancy, and give a full scope to a vigorous imagination—he may, like the bee, sip the sweets of every flower,—and, by judiciously blending his beauties, transfuse his sentiments into the hearts of his votaries;—but when we compare his works with the useful productions of the historian, we must considerably abate our eulogy. To penetrate into the private designs of statesmen, to discover the secret springs of government, to discriminate between truth and falsehood, are qualities of inestimable

value, and rarely acquired by an individual. We shall however, after an impartial enquiry, find, that the subject of these Memoirs possessed those accomplishments in a very eminent degree.

GILBERT STUART, LL. D. was born at Edinburgh, in the month of November 1745*. His father, Doctor George Stuart, who is still living at Musselburgh, is a native of Banff, a northern district of Scotland. This gentleman obtained, at an early period of life, the friendship of Sir Gilbert Elliot, through whose interest he was advanced to the Professorship of the Humanity Class in the University of Edinburgh. Here he continued a number of years, and his learning and abilities were eminently conspicuous. His son Gilbert received his grammatical education under the care of Mr. Munde], by whom Mr. Boswell and several other literary characters were initiated in the fundamental principles of literature. He studied the French and Italian languages with Mr. Murdoch, the particular friend of his father. During the whole course of his education, he did not evince any acuteness of mind; but, like many other eminent characters, was, in his youth, remarkable for dullness and an apparent want of comprehension. His father alone was the first who discovered the strength and solidity of his understanding;

* Lord Buchan, see p. 184, says 1742.

and, in opposition to the uniform opinion of his teachers, who were troubled with their pupil to a proverb, he prophesied, that his son would one day rise to considerable eminence. How far this affection has been realized, the world has already determined.

At the age of fourteen, Gilbert Stuart was articled as an attorney with Mr. M'Kenzie of Delvin. In this situation he continued between four and five years; when his inclination leading him to the study of history and antiquities, he left that profession in pursuit of literary fame. His application was ardent and successful. It was then his faculties began to expand, for he felt and expressed that noble emulation of mind which is the source of every excellence.

By the judicious corrections and amendments which he made to Wait's *Gospel History*, his taste was first discovered; but from the time he published his "*Dissertation on the Constitution of England*," may be dated the commencement of his reputation as an author. This happened in the year 1767. The work was read with avidity, and considered as an extraordinary performance for so young a man. Encouraged by this undertaking, he expressed a wish of visiting London, as the grand mart for literary merit; and, in order to render him more respectable, he was presented with the degree of Doctor of Laws. His father received the like honour on the same day.

In the year 1768, he arrived in London. The character which he had acquired was the best recommendation, consequently he found no difficulty in obtaining lucrative employment from the booksellers. He now formed the resolution of dedicating his time entirely to literature as a business, and few ever gave more satisfaction. He sold his "*Dissertation on the Constitution of England*" to Messrs. Strahan and Cadell, who continued to be his strenuous supporters till Dr. Robertson's interest overturned their friendship. Another edition was printed, which was dedicated to Lord Mansfield, who spoke of it in high terms; but, excepting empty praise, bestowed through the medium of a secondary channel, the author received no particular testimonies of approbation. For the six subsequent years, he, Dr. Langhorne, Mr. Griffiths, and a few other literary characters, held the direction and management of the "*Monthly Review*." It is worthy of observation, that the department of that

publication which was assigned to Dr. Stuart had been formerly superintended by Mr. Jenkinson, now Lord Hawkebury, who declined his connection with Mr. Griffiths when appointed to an inferior situation in the Treasury. But this happened many years previous to Dr. Stuart's engagement. Lord Hawkebury's official talents have deservedly procured him very honourable places in the State; and, considering his present eminence, it may not be amiss to contemplate his progress from obscurity and indigence to power and affluence.

In 1772, Dr. Adam, rector of the High School at Edinburgh, published a Latin Grammar, which he intended as an improvement of the famous Ruddiman's Grammar. Ruddiman's book had been universally recommended for a series of years, and its principles so highly extolled, that it was translated into most of the European languages, and acknowledged to be the best and most expeditious method of acquiring a knowledge of the Latin tongue. Dr. Stuart saw the absurdity of Dr. Adam's attempt, and was resolved to chastise the arrogance of the pedant. His mind, indeed, was actuated by stronger incitements. Ruddiman, the best Latin scholar since the days of the celebrated Buchanan and Dr. Samuel Clarke, was nearly related to his father. He felt all the operations of family pride and consequence, and could not remain in silence when he saw a plan formed to strip Ruddiman of all his well-earned bays. To pluck one sprig surreptitiously, he looked upon as a heinous sin; but deliberately to concert measures for the total destruction of his fame, was viewed as an act of sacrilege. Dr. Stuart entered with a becoming zeal and alacrity into the defence of his relation. He attacked Dr. Adam with such spirit, ingenuity, and success, in a pamphlet fictitiously fancioned by the name of *Envy*, that his antagonist was obliged to leave him in the possession of victory, having been forced to confess, that Dr. Stuart's knowledge of the Latin language was infinitely superior. Dr. Adam in this attempt was contented to follow Ruddiman at an humble distance. Dazzled by deceptive appearances, seduced by that strumpet Envy, he wished to shine in borrowed feathers. Like many to whom nature had denied the vigour of thinking, he was determined to be an Author, whatever might be the consequence. Posterity is indebted to Dr. Stuart for a just ex-

position

position of the fallacy, which precipitated the pragmatic schoolmaster from his self-created greatness.

To a man fond of literary pursuits, the interruptions and disappointments experienced in the metropolis, are more disagreeable and irksome than to any other individual. Dr. Stuart felt the truth of this remark. There are some men of such flexible and accommodating dispositions, as to resist the allurements of the gay, and to refuse the pleasures of society. Happy are they, who, spurning the frivolity and confusion incident to a great city, adhere rigidly to a regular system. The country, however, is the proper place for study and retirement. Satigged with the town, the Doctor was anxious to return to Scotland, that he might indulge himself in his favourite objects of literature; in consequence of which he left London in the year 1774, and began a periodical publication called "The Edinburgh Magazine and Review." It stood in that country a considerable time the test of criticism. It contained ingenious strictures on the liberty and constitution of Great Britain, and was remarkable for a masterly enquiry into the character of John Knox, the Reformer, whose principles were reprobated in severe terms. This drew upon him the displeasure of many religious enthusiasts; and various clerical gentlemen denounced war; but the Doctor could not be intimidated from speaking the dictates of an honest mind, and, in defiance of malice and superstition, he boldly stood forward as a friend to truth and liberty.

Soon after his return to Scotland, he published his "View of Society in Europe, in its Rise and Progress from Rudeness to Refinement." This work was highly commended, and to those who delight in the calm paths of philosophy, by investigating the manners of the times, and the causes of important events, an ample source of information is afforded. About this time he revised and published "Sullivan's Lectures on the Constitution of England" with great additions and amendments. His laudable ambition was not satisfied with the reputation which he had acquired. He looked around for new objects by which he might exercise his mental powers. Perceiving into what doubts and perplexities the history of his own country had been thrown by the abortions of the historic muse, and fearing that future authors would quote spurious books as sufficient authority, he resolved, by ac-

tivity and perseverance, to discover the real state of affairs, and unfold the page of truth. The records of early periods had been obscured by fabulous accounts and puerile hypotheses. Malice and envy, ignorance and superstition, had nearly sunk them into endless darkness. It required a bold and vigorous mind to dispel the clouds, and introduce the day. There were many men of great ability, but few who took any pains to examine with minuteness and accuracy the essential documents. Dr. Robertson, whose celebrity had extended considerably, had propagated certain dangerous doctrines, and had wandered into a field of legal speculation, where his weakness and imperfection were discerned by Dr. Stuart. To detect his fallacious arguments, and to expose his imbecility, Dr. Stuart, in the year 1776, published Observations on the Constitutional History of Scotland; and succeeded so far as to make many proselytes among Dr. Robertson's admirers. Having heard that the latter is now preparing an answer, convinced that his character as a historian has suffered by the doctrine set forth in that performance, we more particularly lament the death of Dr. Stuart, as a controversy between men of such eminence would have certainly been productive of much information and ingenuity. We are sorry that the Reverend gentleman is not actuated by manlier principles than to wage war with the dead.

We are now arrived to a very interesting period of our author's life. The victory which he had so easily obtained over his contemporary encouraged him to follow up the blow, and to commence new acts of hostility. Receiving some extraordinary and unaccountable marks of enmity from the Reverend gentleman alluded to, when he was advised to stand a candidate for a professorship in the University of Edinburgh, it was found that the lapse of many years had not eradicated them from his memory. There are certain insults of life which it were better to pass over in silent contempt, than to experience, by opposition, an accumulation of grievances. The restitude of this maxim had been admitted. Dr. Stuart, suffered his resentment to remain in a temporary oblivion; but it had not entirely subsided. He watched an opportunity for announcing the vindictive spirit of his enemy. The time was now come when he deemed it necessary and prudent to appear in armour; therefore, a few months after he

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THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

published his "History of the Reformation in Scotland," (which happened in the year 1780) he favoured the public with his "History of Queen Mary." The former production, containing many ingenious illustrations, was read with great attention, and by none more than the clergy, who were, according to custom, divided in their opinions; but the latter work being a richer and more curious fund of literature, opened a wider field of speculation. Party-prejudices had been carried to the greatest extremity, and popular clamour and private animosity had wounded the character of the unfortunate Scottish Princess. Her beauty and accomplishments, her affability and tenderness, her unjust persecution and unmerited misfortunes, which in any other woman would have persuaded mankind to sympathize, drawn a veil over her imperfections, served only as an incitement to their malice. Conscious that the best human creature is an imperfect being, they exposed every inadvertency of conduct, distorted every feature of her character, and aggravated every circumstance. When alive, she who was the admiration of all Europe, had an host of enemies among her own subjects: when she was dead, their rancour became so great, that they would not suffer their enmity to be buried with the victim of their vengeance. Her principal calumniator was the celebrated Buchanan, whose venal pen had rendered uncommon services to corruption and treachery. Few possessed the ability and fortitude of mind necessary to combat such an able writer; and the greater number of subsequent historians contented themselves with the adoption of his sentiments. Dr. Robertson may in some degree be ranked in this class. Dr. Stuart met him upon this ground, and proved that his rival had committed a multiplicity of unpardonable blunders. Our author, by a train of ingenious discussions, has vindicated the honour of Queen Mary from the aspersions of her enemies, and added many valuable elucidations to the annals of the country. This vindication will be read with pleasure as long as the English language is known.

He returned to London in the year 1782, and during his last residence in the metropolis, was chiefly engaged in superintending periodical works. Besides the publications already mentioned he was concerned in several others.

Upon the death of Mr. Hooke, he was entrusted with his manuscripts, from which he collated and wrote the latter part of the Roman History which is known by that gentleman's name. He began a translation of Tacitus, but never finished it, which is certainly a deserved subject of regret, as there is not a good translation of that author in the English language. He projected and conducted for some time "The English Review;" and afterwards, with the assistance of an intelligent friend planned and superintended "The Political Herald," a pamphlet entirely devoted to the interest of Messrs. Fox and Sheridan.

About ten months ago he was attacked with the jaundice, which was followed by a dropsy. His physicians advised him to retire to Hampstead for the benefit of the air; but here his disease rather increased than abated. Being persuaded that a voyage to his own country would tend to the re-establishment of health, he embarked about the end of July for Berwick, and arrived there in a very decayed state. His constitution becoming more and more enfeebled, he died on the 13th of August last, at his father's house in Fisher-row, near Edinburgh, in the 42d year of his age.

His friend and companion, Dr. William Thomson, the celebrated continuator of Watson's History of Philip of Spain, attended him during his voyage. He met his dissolution with the greatest serenity of mind, and the most perfect resignation.

Dr. Stuart possessed very eminent qualities. In history, politics, and criticism, he discovered a profundity of thought seldom to be met with in the productions of his cotemporaries. He had an uncommon portion of learning, untinctured with pedantry, or the affectation of transcendent abilities. Wherever he perceived the appearance of genius, he was anxious to expand the latent powers, and bring them forth into action. To the young and inexperienced who happened to be precipitated into the busy world, few evinced greater pleasure in affording them admonition. There are some cynical wretches who wish to detract from his merits by dwelling on his nugatory foibles. Whatever they were, they affected himself only; and perhaps it may with justice be observed, that he who writes to please posterity, had a right to live to please himself.

P. S. EDINENSIS.

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for OCT. 1786.
No. XXXII.

EARLY in this month, the long-promised Spanish treaty made its appearance in the form of a mere convention, by way of explanation of the 6th article of the late treaty of peace, concerning the cutting and carrying away logwood, mahogany, and other unmanufactured productions of the Mosquitos, and nothing else: not one other article of mutual commerce between the Spaniards and us once glanced at. If the merchants and mariners concerned in that branch are satisfied with the contents, little is to be expected from us on that hitherto much litigated subject. One thing we observe, that our ministers have taken effectual care to prevent all future strife about the right and title to that privilege, by surrendering up to the Catholic King all appearance of any claim of right, and accepting the present boon as the free grace and favour of his Most Catholic Majesty's friendship towards His Britannic Majesty and the British nation. How long this warm and generous friendship has subsisted between the two nations and their august sovereigns, is easily deducible from the Gazettes and public records of both kingdoms, and the annals of Europe and America. How long-lived this newborn friendship will be, is in the womb of time, to be brought forth to public view at the good-will and pleasure of his Most Christian Majesty, who has the supreme power of turning the Spanish cabinet which way soever he pleases. Whenever the Grand Monarch thinks proper to call the Spanish nation to arms against the haughty Islanders, down goes the friendship, and all its beneficial effects; and in a future negotiation we shall not have a colour of a claim upon the Mosquito shore or the Bay of Honduras.—Let our logwood-cutters see to it.

The London Gazette has announced a commercial treaty with France, without mentioning one scrap of the nature or tendency of the same, leaving the whole nation to guess at the contents; consequently at a loss to know whether it is a very good thing, or a very bad thing, or a thing of nothing. A pretended abstract indeed has been bandied about in all the morning and evening papers; but as no man, that we know of, has vouched for the authenticity of it, or staked his reputation on its veracity, we take upon us to say, that the man who made the

abstract, either did not understand the original, or did not mean to convey to the inquisitive public an adequate idea of the treaty, or the intentions of the treaty-makers: consequently we pronounce it unworthy of our animadversion or notice; therefore, not having the matter in a proper state before us, we can form no opinion of it for ourselves, much less offer to our readers any investigation of it, as hinted in our last.

The Minister's new plan of paying the national debt, by doubling the national expence, has expanded itself in this month, by the appointment of an additional Ambassador to that already resident at the court of Portugal, professedly for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty with that kingdom. This gentleman may, from his intimate official connection with the minister, be considered in the nature of those spiritual Ambassadors sent by the Pope to temporal princes, on extraordinary and solemn occasions, commonly called *legatos a latere*, entrusted with the heart ~~of~~ of the sovereign pontiff. We are ~~sure~~ the minister will want three or four Ambassadors-Plenipotentiary, or be obliged to go himself to soothe, by his persuasive eloquence, the Empress of Russia into a reciprocal beneficial commercial treaty with Great Britain.

If we could have had the honour of proffering advice to our Premier, it would have been to recommend strenuously a renewal of the old treaty, or a formation of a better new one with Russia first; with Portugal and our other old friends next in proper turn; and last of all, to attempt, by slow degrees and cautious steps, to negotiate a new treaty of friendship, commerce, and what they please to call it, with our old adversary, on such a fair and firm foundation as not to clash or interfere with our engagements with the other powers. But our hardy adventurous statesman takes a bolder flight, quite out of sight of all us plain common politicians; and we may gaze ourselves blind before we can see either him or his plans, views and designs. One thing we know, that the stocks, on which the minister values himself so much, have been gradually sinking ever since the French commercial treaty was known here to be signed at Versailles.—Let his friends draw their own inferences from this unexpected circumstance.

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The rumour of transporting our felons to Botany Bay, has been hitherto unnoticed in these our lucubrations; because the report was but young last month, and at its first promulgation appeared to us extremely improbable, consequently unworthy of our animadversion: the report strengthens and gains ground in the publick confidence daily, so as to lay us under a kind of necessity of saying something about it, although, for want of authentic information of the plan or scheme, we are much at a loss what to say about it. According to the representation of it in the various newspapers (and we have no other authority) it appears to us romantick and visionary, and not strictly just or humane; a scheme attended with an immense immediate expence, accompanied with a very remote, precarious and undefined prospect of any real, solid or permanent benefit redounding to individuals, or the community, in return for that expence of mens' lives, money and the necessaries of life which must inevitably take place in the first experiment. The real scheme when developed by authority may assume a very different aspect, concerning which we advise to ourselves a right of giving a different opinion. In the mean time, we think ministry would act very imprudently in putting such an expensive, perhaps dangerous, enterprize in execution without the approbation of Parliament; unless they think those times are past, never to return again, when Parliament would have called ministers to a severe account for such an expence of publick money on their own authority.

Notwithstanding the multiplicity of business our newspapers have prepared for the consideration of the legislature, the ministry seem to be in no hurry to make a beginning of the arduous work before them.—In all probability the session will not commence before the latter end of January, which will occasion a sweating time of it under the influence of the mid-summer solstice, perhaps farther on towards Autumn, to finish all the principal business of the nation in very thin houses.

Of Ireland we have little to say more than in our last statement of affairs there; only the conduct of the Right-boys has been more moderate, or the accounts of their proceedings less exaggerated this month than in some preceding.

The political storm which has raged for a considerable time in Holland seems

to have abated a little of its fury, by the intervention of the mediatorial offices of some of the pacific provinces between the contending quarrelsome provinces. What effect this friendly interference will have ultimately we cannot tell; it throws, however, a momentary calm over the States, which may be productive of happy consequences, if some of the leaders of the parties are not madly bent on their country's ruin. We cannot but admire the Address of the States of Friesland to the States of Holland on that subject, as the best piece of penmanship we have yet seen come from Holland since the commencement of these troubles. May it have the desired effect!

The other Powers of Europe seem all to wait with anxious expectation the result of those internal Dutch broils, unwilling to embark in any other enterprize until the event is known, or until some foreign power shall join one side or the other. Let who will meddle or who will stand still, we renew and continue our fervent wishes that this nation may not be involved in the domestic quarrel, for various obvious reasons too copious to be enumerated in this place.

The Grand Admiral of Turkey has not put his fleet in motion for nothing: his rapid and sudden conquest of the kingdom of Ægypt has acquired him high reputation, and raised the drooping spirits of all true Mussulmen; an excellent preparation for and introduction to his future intended operations on the Black Sea or elsewhere.

The cabinets of the two Empires of Germany and Russia have employment enough to look two different ways at once,—to watch the motions, views and designs of the Porte, and also the public actions of the Dutch, as well as the secret springs which put them in motion. These two different prospects on both sides of them may help to keep them both quiet for a time, whatever the future event may be. We cannot believe the Emperor would make a handle of such a trivial incident as the irregularity of a few drunken soldiers at an alehouse on the borders of his dominions, to brew up a fresh quarrel with the States General in their present embroiled state. Nor can we readily believe that any of the United Provinces would at this time renew the dispute with the Emperor about the navigation of the Scheldt; but that must be left to time to discover.

FRAGMENT by L E O. No. IX.

The CRITICAL CLUB—A PROFOUND GRECIAN.

I HAVE often thought that Criticism carelessly thrown out in literary conversations during the hours of conviviality, had some advantages over the elaborate and generally more accurate disquisitions which challenge our attention in print. Except when the critic is naturally opinionated and petulant, as is often the case, the printed essay favours more of the infidelity of caution than the extempore volleys of sudden emotion, when we are struck with the beauties or blemishes of an author; and the freedom and spirit with which the latter are usually given; constitute no small part of their superior merit. Many gentlemen, for that reason, take memorandums of particular conversations at which they have been present; and if no other advantage may be allowed to the practice, one benefit may certainly accrue from such notes; they may amuse a solitary hour either of sickness, or of reluctance to company, by recalling to our minds in a forcible manner former evenings and absent friends, when the hours passed in agreeable conversation, good-humour and pleasantry, seasoned at times with literary disquisition and laughing satire. My last memorandum was committed to paper (*See our Magazine for April last*) on these ideas, and I now sit down to extend it by noting some particulars that occurred at the next meeting of our club, in consequence of Tom Triplet's triumph over Distich on the former evening. Dick Distich had this night been the first man at the club, and had brought with him a stranger of a grave and most consequential deportment. His age seemed a little under sixty, but though pale he seemed of a robust constitution, and was above the middle stature, and of no small corpulence. His brows were remarkably heavy, and kept exact symmetry with his squat nose and thick lips, the under one of which it seemed as difficult for him to keep in contact with the other when he sat silent, as it was to move his milk-and-water-coloured eyes in their sentry boxes, which when he brought to pass, only frowned contempt and disdain on such as dared to dispute his opinions. This gentleman, who was dressed in the half-worn-out habit of a country clergyman, was introduced to us by Dick Distich as

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the most profound Greek Scholar of the age, and Dick with a very serious countenance advised Tom Triplet in a whisper loud enough to be heard by all the company, to take care how he talked of Greek, and presumed to find the smallest blemish in Homer, before so great a judge and scholar as Dr. Omieron, who was now present. I respect you, says Dick, for a good-natured fellow, but do not swim out of your depth, and abuse Homer as you did at our last meeting; for if you do, what a humbling will you get! I really tremble for your hanging yourself in your garters before to-morrow-morning. Tom thanked him with a dry smile, but cast a jealous and embarrassed eye on the Greek, *Wah*, an eye that at once discovered the desire and dread of grappling with such a champion. The whole company indeed felt over-awed, as an American would say, in the redoubted presence of our profound Grecian, and the evening passed dully enough till it grew rather late, no one caring to venture either opinion or observation; and our great Oracle himself preserved a supercilious silence, till the fumes of some good punch began to enliven him, which beverage he said he preferred to wine, because he said it resembled in its acid the ancient wines of Greece, which inspired Homer, Pindar, Socrates and Plato, Epaminondas, and the whole groupe of those immortal and never to be rivalled names of literary and warlike heroes. From the ancient culture of the vine, the loss of which, he said, could never be recovered, he came to the Grecian literature, the pronunciation of which he said was also lost, but he hoped not irretrievably. He then roundly asserted that it was in his power to restore the true pronunciation of Homer and Plato, and taking an Euripides out of his pocket he read some passages in his restored manner; but finding that it sounded as an unknown language to us, he closed the book, and addressing Tom Triplet, "Young Man," says he, "I have reason to believe, that from the want of a proper attention to Greek literature you have been led to suppose that Homer in some instances was to blame, when in truth the only fault lay in your own want of discernment, and ignorance of the beauties of the Greek
I i modes

modes of expression. You objected to Homer, I am informed by my learned friend Mr. Distich, that the flight of Hector round the walls of Troy when pursued by Achilles was unnatural; but you wholly forget the machinery of the Iliad and Odyssey, where every thing is done by the intervention of the Gods. In the Odyssey, Ulysses is described as partly bald and grey-headed, but Minerva makes new curls of bushy auburn spring up on his temples in a minute. Now Apollo is the God that protects Hector, and Apollo, no doubt, must be supposed to keep Hector in breath while he makes this supernatural flight from the fury of the revenger of Patroclus. And Homer's suppression of any mention of Apollo in this instance, leaving it to the reader's imagination to suppose, &c., is one of the greatest beauties and choicest *arcana* of the Iliad. But this our age, sadly degenerated, and except a very few, such as Lord M——do, and I might add myself, the true understanding and genuine relish of the Greek is totally lost. And one great reason of this deplorable declension is the preposterous labour which some people have taken to render the acquirement of ancient languages much less difficult than it was in our celebrated schools a century or two ago. We have now Greek Grammars in English, as if it had not been enough to give the explanatory part in Latin, which in reality was a step towards that barbarism which now prevails; for I would have even the instructions in a Chinese Grammar to be given in no language but Chinese, by which means the learner would have every thing more forcibly impressed upon his memory. It was a piece of great wisdom in our ancestors, that when our parish-officers made their Easter processions to ascertain their boundaries, the schoolboys should receive a good flogging at the different marks at the various limits of their parishes, in consequence of which they would never forget them. The same will hold good with the acquirement of any language. The more trouble and difficulty, the better the remembrance. And had your schoolmaster, Mr. Triplet, given you a sound flogging for every blemish you found in Homer, and set you a severe penance till you had found out both the art and beauty of the supposed fault, you might have been as great a critic as M——do or myself. But, alas, alas, what a perversion of your acumen have

you unhappily fallen into!—Indeed, I pity and lament your misfortune. But I hope you are still recoverable. And now, Sir, to shew you the extreme nicety of the Greek language, I beg you to pay attention to the following remarks, which I committed to paper this very morning. And as I cannot bear that Greek should be commented upon in such a Teutonic, Selavonic, mongrel and barbaric tongue as English, I have made my remarks in Latin, according to the practice of Wormius, Vossius, Scaliger, and all the great men of the two last centuries: but I will explain as I go along, for the benefit of the company."

Thus saying, Dr. Omicron very gravely spoke, and read as follows:

"Observe now, Gentlemen, what nicety it requires to understand Homer perfectly. I have noted some thousands of instances that exemplify my assertion. Let one suffice at present. The 728th verse of Iliad N. runs thus,

Τυχεα καὶ βουλῇ ἰθάλεις περιιδμενας
ἄλλων;

Idcirco simul consilio vin' te scire plus quam alios? ubi MS. Baroccianus περιέμμενας. And Eustathius acknowledges two different readings, *περιέμμενας ἄλλων, ἢ περιιδμενας.* Scholiastes tamen *Περιιδμενας. Περισσῶς ἰδέναι.* And Homer himself confirms it, *Odyss. T. 244.*

—*ἴπειε περίοιδε δικας ἠδὲ φρόνιμ ἄλλων.* which Eustathius most excellently explains ἦτοι *περισσότερον των ἄλλων* [*super alios*] *δικαίος ἴσι καὶ φρόνιμ*. For *ἰδέναι δικας* in Terence is *æqua noscere*. *Adelphi. III. 5. 58.*

Tam maxime vos æquo animo æqua noscere

Oportet—

where *æqua noscere* is *æquos esse*. Thus *Odyss. T. 285.*

Ὡς περί κέρδεια πολλὰ καταδνητῶν ἀνδράπων

Ὀϊδ' Ὀδυσσεύς—

on which Eustathius remarks, "Ὅτι κέρδαιεν ἀνδράπων ἴπαινοι ὁ ξείνου Ὀδυσσεύς ἰαντῶ ἱπιδαιεν. Infomuch as *ὡς κέρδεια οἰδ' Ὀδυσσεύς* may be rendered *Ulysses tam astutus est*. And Hesiod may be added, in *Ergis, v. 54.*

"Ἰαπετιοῖδην —"

Here our learned Grecian, with great indignation, stopped short; for the company, tired with his Greek, had divided into five or six different *tab-à-tête* parties, some of them laughing too loud to fail

fail of giving offence to Dr. Omicron's gravity; who, bouncing from his seat, said with great chagrin, that he was justly punished for his neglect of our Saviour's precept, and repeating the sacred text, *Μη δώτε τὸ ἄγιον τοῖς κυσὶ, μηδὲ βαλεῖτε τὰς μαργαρίτας ὑμῶν ἐμπροσθεν τῶν χοίρων, μήποτε καταπαλήσωσιν αὐτὰς ἐν τοῖς ποσίν αὐτῶν καὶ γραφίδες ῥήξωσιν ὑμᾶς.* Matt. ch. vii. ver. 6.

The learned Doctor left the room, and to all our surprise was cordially accompanied by Tom Triplet. About half an hour after Tom returned, and told us, he hoped he had gained the Doctor's good-will; that he had brought an old nurse's carol, printed in black letter, on purpose to persuade the doctor that it was translated from a Greek Idyl by William Caxton, the learned father

of English printers; that he had shewn it to him with his own critical conjectures; that the good doctor had with great pleasure promised his opinion upon it; and that notwithstanding the cholera he had expressed, we should certainly see him again on the next club evening.

Our Correspondent who favours us with the above observes, that before his friend Leo went to the West-Indies, where he is now a physician (See our Magazine for May 1785), some of the Edinburgh philosophers had asserted, that to attain the proper knowledge of ancient languages the study of them ought to be made as different as possible. And the whole of the above is evidently a satire on those sons of dullness who pretend to relish nothing but Greek, and of which in reality they have no taste.

An ACCOUNT of the late JONAS HANWAY, Esq.

(Continued from Page 150.)

IN 1756, Mr. Hanway printed "A Journal of Eight Days Journey from Portsmouth to Kinglton upon Thames, thro' Southampton, Wiltshire, &c. with Miscellaneous Thoughts, moral and religious; in a Series of sixty-four Letters, addressed to two Ladies of the Party. To which is added, an Essay on Tea, considered as pernicious to Health, obstructing Industry, and impoverishing the Nation: With an Account of its Growth and great Consumption in these Kingdoms. With several political Reflections and Thoughts on Public Love, in twenty-five Letters to the same Ladies," 4to. 1756; which was afterwards reprinted in 2 vols. 8vo. 1757. His strictures on Tea in this work occasioned him to fall under the reproof of Dr. Johnson, whose very severe reply to him we have already preserved in our Magazine of January 1785, page 17, and to which we refer our readers.

At this juncture Great Britain was on the eve of a war with France, the event of which was very important to the nation at large, and required every effort of patriotism and prudence to ward off the impending danger. In this year Mr. Hanway published "Thoughts on the Duty of a good Citizen with Regard to War and Invasion, in a Letter from a Citizen to his Friend," 8vo. About the same time, several gentlemen formed a

plan, which was matured and made perfect by the assiduity of Mr. Hanway, for providing the navy with sailors, by furnishing poor children with necessaries to equip them for the service of their country. The success and propriety of this scheme soon became apparent. Mr. Hanway wrote and published three pamphlets on this occasion: the one entitled, "A Letter from a Member of the Marine Society;" another, "Motives for the Establishment of the Marine Society;" and a third, "Three Letters on the Plan." On the 7th of May, 1757, Mr. Thurnton, Treasurer of the Society, accompanied by Mr. Hanway, waited on the King, and presented his Majesty with the two former tracts. On this occasion the Society received 1000l. from the King, 400l. from the Prince of Wales, and 200l. from the Princess Dowager. This excellent Institution through life was the favourite object of Mr. Hanway's care, and continued to flourish under his auspices greatly to the advantage of the community.

The next year he became an advocate for another charitable Institution, which derived considerable emolument from his patronage of it. This was the Magdalen Charity, and to assist it he published "A Letter to Robert Dingley, Esq. being a Proposal for the Relief and Employment of friendless Girls and repenting Prostitutes," 4to. He also printed

* i. e. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rent you.

other small performances on the same subject. In 1759, he wrote "Reasons for an Augmentation of at least Twelve Thousand Mariners, to be employed in the Merchants Service and Coasting Trade, in thirty-three Letters to Charles Gray, Esq. of Colchester," 4to. The next year he published several performances: viz. 1. "A candid historical Account of the Hospital for the Reception of exposed and deserted young Children; representing the present Plan of it as productive of many Evils, and not adapted to the Genius and Happiness of this Nation," 8vo.; which being answered by an anonymous Letter from Halifax, in "Candid Remarks," 8vo. 1760, Mr. Hanway replied to it, and the Remarker rejoined. 2. "An Account of the Society for the Encouragement of the British Troops in Germany and North America, &c." 8vo. 3. "Eight Letters to — Duke of —, on the Custom of Vails-giving in England," 8vo. 4. "The Sentiments and Advice of Thomas True-man, a virtuous and understanding Footman, in a Letter to his Brother Jonathan, setting forth the Custom of Vails-giving in a candid and most interesting Point of View, with Regard to the private and public Happiness which depends on this Practice," 8vo. In 1761, he produced "Reflections, Essays, and Meditations on Life and Religion; with a Collection of Proverbs, and twenty-eight Letters written occasionally on several Subjects," in 2 vols. 8vo. On the 17th of July, 1762, he was appointed a Commissioner of the Victualling-Office, a post which he held above twenty-one years. In this year he published "Serious Considerations on the Salutary Design of the Act of Parlia-

ment for a regular uniform Register of the Parish Poor Infants in all the Parishes within the Bills of Mortality, in two Letters addressed to a Churchwarden," 8vo. In 1763, he produced a very useful compilation, called, "The Seaman's faithful Companion; being religious and prudential Advice to Sea-Officers, Masters in the Merchants Service, their Apprentices, and Seamen in general, &c." 12mo.; and in 1766 again directed his attention to the Infant Poor, in "An earnest Appeal for Mercy to the Children of the Poor, particularly those belonging to the Parishes within the Bills of Mortality, appointed by an Act of Parliament to be registered; being a general Reference to the deserving Conduct of some Parish Officers, and the pernicious Effects of the Ignorance and ill-judged Parsimony of Others," 4to. In the next year he collected from the Newspapers, where they originally appeared, "Letters on the Importance of the rising Generation of the labouring Part of our Fellow-Subjects; being an Account of the miserable State of the Infant Parish Poor; the great Usefulness of the Hospital for exposed and deserted Children, properly restricted; the Obligations of parochial Officers; and an Historical Detail of the whole Mortality of London and Westminster, from 1592 to this Time," in 2 Vols. 8vo.; and also published "Letters to the Guardians of the Infant Poor to be appointed by the Act of last Session of Parliament; also to the Governors and Overseers of the Parish Poor, recommending Concord, Frugality, Cleanliness, and Industry," 8vo.

(To be continued.)

The following Performance is by a Writer of so much Eminence in the Literary World, and is given to the Publick in a Work so little likely to travel beyond the narrow Circuit of one of the Provinces, that it cannot fail to be acceptable to our Readers. As Mr. Walpole says of Mr. Gray, we may say of the present Author, "The Parnassian flame, which had prophesied from the mouth of the Bards, could condescend to be a Compiler."

AN HISTORICAL and CRITICAL ESSAY on CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

[From the Rev. Mr. MASON'S "Collection of Anthems," lately published.]

AT the time of the Reformation Cathedral Music was extremely intricate. Abstracted harmonical proportions, which had neither common sense nor, in this case a better judge, the approbation of the common ear for their support, were universally and diligently studied. Hence arose a multifari-

ous contexture of parts, a total disregard of simple melody, and, in consequence, a neglect even of syllabic distinction; inasmuch that notes originally set to any words, in any language, might readily be adapted to different words in that or any other; being altogether inexpressive of sentiment, they were

as well, or rather as ill, calculated to answer the purposes of praise as of penitence, of sorrow as of joy. Accordingly, we find that the thirty-two Commissioners who were appointed to reform the Ecclesiastical Law in the time of Henry VIII. and who executed their Commission in the day of his son Edward VI. justly condemned this species of singing, as causing confusion in the audience, and rendering the very language it was meant to express unintelligible*.

This intricate, or, as it was then termed, curious music had, it seems, at this time, taken possession of the whole Church Service; it not only was joined to the psalmical and supplicatory part, but even with those few fragments of Scripture which were selected from the New Testament, and admitted into the Liturgy under the title of Epistle and Gospel; these were all sung, not merely in simple intonation or chaunt, but in this mode of figurate descant, in which the various voices following one another, according to the rules of an elaborate Canon, were perpetually repeating different words at the same time. One example of this kind may suffice, and a more ridiculous one can hardly be conceived. The genealogy in the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, was thus set to music: while the Bass was holding forth the existence of Abraham, the Tenor, in defiance of nature and chronology, was begetting Isaac; the Counter-Tenor, begetting Jacob; and the Treble, begetting Joseph and all his brethren.

It does not appear that King Henry VIII. did any thing towards reforming these absurdities; and indeed he could not have done it without sacrificing a part of his own science, which we may suppose he held va-

luably †; for he was himself in this mode, as an Anthem left behind him sufficiently proves; which as Dr. Boyce chose to give it in complete score, as the first piece in his Cathedral Music, is placed also the first in this collection; yet it is so devoid, not only of syllabic, but metrical distinction, that the skilful editor of that score seems not to have discovered that it was metre; for he has printed the first line, *O God, the maker of all things*, which destroys the subsequent rhyme. I throwly suspect that King Henry was the author of the words as well as the music, for they certainly are very Royal Poetry.

In the reign of his son Edward VI. John Marbeck, an Organist of Windsor, noted the new Liturgy in English, and his notes were printed in the year 1550 †: it is not, however, clear that in the short reign of that King, his music was universally established in our Cathedrals, or had the royal sanction. However this be, the Service which Thomas Tallis composed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth §, was so very similar to Marbeck's, with respect to its plan, that Dr. Boyce was certainly in an error when he gave to Tallis the merit of being the first composer of the musical part of Divine Service in the English language ||.

One thing is very remarkable in these two compositions, that those parts or verses which are meant to be pronounced by the Priest in a kind of chaunt that frequently varies very little from a monotony, are yet syllabically distinguished by notes of different musical duration; and this with such exactitude, that if we consider them merely as marks of the length of syllables, and of due pauses, without any reference whatever

* The words are, "Itaque vibratam illam et operosam musicam quæ figurata dicitur auferri placet, quæ sic in multitudinis auribus tumultuatur ut sæpe linguam non possit ipsam loquentem intelligere." I was some time at a loss to find out what was the meaning of the epithet *vibratam* in this passage, but the verb *tumultuatur* seems to explain it; for when we consider that this music was constantly choral, it was necessary each performer should, in order to do justice to his part, make it audible; hence each voice, struggling with the rest for audibility, the result was mere noise. I would therefore translate it *noisy music*, which choruses, as commonly performed, continue to be at this day. The epithet *operosa* clearly means difficult to be learned, which this music certainly was, and withal not worth the pains of learning. See *Ref. Leg. Eccl.* c. 5.

† Luther, in like manner, retained that species of music which we call *Cathedral*, because he was himself an adept in the science, and very fond of it. See *Luther's Colloquia Mensuralia*, cap. lxxvii. Calvin, who was probably no musician, rejected it, and adopted common psalmody.

‡ It is to be found in Sir John Hawkins's History of Music, vol. III. p. 470. who has also given many curious anecdotes of this singular person.

§ In the intervening reign of Queen Mary, all the old Popish Missals and Liturgies were reprinted at considerable cost, and their use ordained. The instance I have given of a gospel set to music, is taken from a Breviary or Missal printed in her reign, and still preserved in the Library of York.

|| See his succinct account of musical composers prefixed to the first volume of his Cathedral Music,

to music, they may still be looked upon as good guides to a Speaker, or reciter of those parts of the service. In the responses also, which are noted for various voices, this syllabic distinction is sufficiently attended to: but in the *Te Deum* and other hymns, where somewhat more than intonation or chaunt is introduced, it is greatly if not entirely disregarded. Figurate descant here begins to take place; which, if not so intricate and curious as it was in the Popish Liturgy, is yet too much so to convey to the hearer the words with sufficient distinctness, for him to go easily along with the choral performers, and comprehend what sentence they are singing: a defect which, as it certainly arises from the species of music there employed, ought to have been remedied by one which was united more closely with syllables and their accents. Yet the remedy for this is still to seek; for the numerous composers who succeeded Tallis, in setting the same parts of the Liturgy, rather increased than diminished this indistinction of the words, by introducing more elaborate harmonies, and by making the sense, in consequence, still more subservient to the sound; and the later composers, tho' more intelligible than their predecessors, have not yet had the courage to simplify their music, so as to make it perfectly answer its purpose.

That musical sounds, when applied to express words, should have this ill effect, does not certainly arise from the intrinsic nature of those sounds, we have many reasons for concluding. Little as we know of the ancient Greek and Roman Music, we may yet be certain, from the concurrent voice of all antiquity, that it highly assisted the sense, and marked the measure so precisely, that without its aid the higher species of poetry were found defective*. We know too that our own simple melodies, when they are really simple, and not broke into too many divisions of notes, never induce any degree of obscurity. Our harmony also, when it proceeds equably and regularly, is generally as intelligible as a chorus would be when performed in unison; and when it is otherwise, the defect arises rather from the inarticulate manner of the performer than from the species of composition. It is, therefore, only the misapplied art, which combines a variety of parts in various intricate manners, and gives to the different voices that perform those parts different words to express at the same time, which occasions this confusion; a confusion which constantly perplexes the common ear, and which the most practised in harmony cannot always easily develope.

The disregard of melodious air was a necessary consequence of this affectation of harmonical science, just as at the same time plain and solid reasoning gave place to metaphysical subtilities, among the learned: for I am speaking of an age when every thing was scholastic; when there were Schoolmen in Music as well as in Letters; and when, if learning had its Aquinas and Smiglecius, music had its Master Giles and its Dr. Bull, who could split the seven notes of music into as many divisions as the others could split the ten Categories of Aristotle. A descant of thirtie-eight proportions of fondry kind was the wonderful work of Maître Giles; but Dr. Bull could produce to the astonished reader (not hearer, for the hearer would know nothing of the matter) a piece of harmony of full forty parts. I should not have taken pains to put down this nonsense, were not an absurd multiplication of more than four parts even still affected by professed harmonists.

But before I proceed further, I would wish to premise, that whatever I say critically on this subject, I mean to confine not only to vocal music, but to that particular species employed in our Cathedral Service. The title of this Essay might perhaps sufficiently denote this: but as I shall frequently use the general term music, without any epithet of discrimination, I think it right here to explain my precise meaning, and also to intimate that it is the defect of intelligibility that I mean chiefly to lay to its charge; a defect which, if it did not really subsist, would give, as I have hinted in the Advertisement, no occasion to supply the congregation with an Anthem-Book, as the ear would not then require the assistance of the eye, in order to be convinced (as a good Protestant ought) that what was sung was not sung in an unknown tongue.

And I chuse to explain my meaning thus particularly, because I am well aware that many profound Harmonists may be disgusted at what I have already advanced, and think their craft in danger, when I seem to attack the very citadel of music. But I mean no such thing; I mean only to restrain them to a more simple kind of harmony when they compose for the service of the Church. In their Catches, their Gleees, and their secular Canons, I leave them the free use of this complicated science: I only wish them to be more sparing of it when employed for the purpose of divine public worship.

Neither is my opinion a novel one: Dr. Tudway, a school-fellow of Purcell, Organist extraordinary to Queen Anne, and consequently a composer by profession, had

* See a note on Mr. Gray's Poems, vol. I. p. 219. last edition in small octavo. —

the boldness to declare, "that the practice of fuguing in vocal music obscured the sense." Sir John Hawkins (from whom I take this and many more of my anecdotes) deems this a "singular opinion, because it is contradicted (as I own it is) by the best masters;" and adds, "this obscurity is either the case or not, as the point is managed *." But till this laborious compiler tells us how to manage the point, I shall be apt to think Dr. Tudway in the right; and rather suppose that the mediocrity of genius which Sir John imputes to him (I know not whether truly or falsely, being but little acquainted with his compositions) arose rather from some defect of original faculty than from this singularity of opinion. But be this as it may, I have a much greater authority on my side than Dr. Tudway's, and this is no less than that of the celebrated Benedetto Marcello, who though, in subserviency to custom, he has set some of his Psalms in a harmony of many parts, yet owns, "that this kind of composition, which is rather to be called an ingenious kind of counterpoint than any other, is more likely to please the learned reader who peruses it than the ordinary hearer, as well from the perpetual conflict of fugues and imitations, as from the multiplicity of mixed consonances which accompany them in order to complete and form the chorus †;" therefore, when the subject requires that the words and sentiments should be clearly and properly expressed, we find the music of this great master for the most part composed for no more than two voices; and when he wishes to be more peculiarly pathetic (as in his *Miserere*) for only one. On his authority, surely, I may safely rest the merits of the cause, and shall proceed to adduce a few more anecdotes taken from this writer's exhaustless store, to prove, that the earlier masters had not the least idea of what we now call Vocal Expression; and that those who succeeded them were too much misled by the affectation of musical science duly to attend to it.

The first Anthem set to English words, after the Reformation, I believe was that of Dr. Tye, beginning, *I will exalt thee*. This composer was musical preceptor to Edward VI. who also for his pupil's use set the first fourteen chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, having first translated them into very conscientious poetry; for he says of his work, in his dedication to his Royal disciple,

Unto the text I do not ad,
Nor nothyng take away;
And though my style be gross and bad,
The truth perceave you maye.

† See his *History of Music*, vol. V. p. 92

* See Marcello's Preface, translated in Mr. Garth's English edition of his *Psalms*.

His moral motive for doing it is also delivered in a subsequent stanza:

That such good things your grace may
move,
Your lute, when ye assaye,
Insteade of songs of wanton love,
These stories then to playe.

Yet, after all, his good sense may be called in question for thinking *bispherical narratives* a proper species either to be converted into literal verse, or set in regular canon. He had, however, some authority to support him, for it seems the "boke of Kings," as well as the "boke of Psalms," (as he tells us) had been already verified, if not set to music; and this the good Doctor, who saw no difference between the two, because they were both parts of Holy Scripture, thought sufficient.

But to do justice to the age in which so absurd an attempt was made, it does not appear that these musical Acts of the Apostles received either the royal or the public sanction; and although the music to the genealogy of Christ was received into the Liturgy by Queen Mary, yet it was probably old Popish music revived, not new composed. In Elizabeth's reign no historic portions of the Scripture were thus treated; and, if we except the Creeds, no part of the service was accompanied by music, which was not either of the supplicatory or thanksgiving species.

I might here quit Dr. Tye, did not a curious story, which Sir John Hawkins has given us from Anthony à Wood, tempt me to transcribe it. "The Doctor, it seems, was a peevish and humourous man, especially in his latter days; and sometimes playing on the organ in the chapel of Queen Elizabeth, what contained much music, but little delight to the ear, she would send the Verger to tell him that he played out of tune; whereupon he sent word that her Majesty's ears were out of tune." In this story Anthony à Wood, without knowing it, and his Transcriber, without confessing it, has told us precisely what the merit and demerit of Dr. Tye's music and that of his contemporaries was; they had all the learning of their profession without knowing or aiming to make it useful. The primary use of music is to please the ear, and of vocal to convey the words it is joined to in a pleasing and intelligent strain; the secondary yet much more essential use is to convey sentiment, and to affect the passions.

But as the art of the old Masters was deficient in both these points, many men of learning, who were either actual reformers or well-wishers to that cause, reprobated it. Amongst these the great Erasmus declares

himself an enemy (not to Church Music in general, as Sir John Hawkins supposes him to be, but) to a music "brought into divine Service, in which you cannot hear any word or voice distinctly; nor the performers have leisure to attend to the sense of what they sing. The tinkling or din of the voice only strikes the ear, and entertains it with a transitory, and slightly pleasurable sensation *."

Tallis and Bird, though they were contemporary with Tye, survived him so long (particularly Bird) that they may be called his successors. In Mary's reign they were of the court religion, and composed their Church Music to Latin words, but in her successor's they were Protestants. Dr. Aldrich has adapted the music of two of their motets to English words; but when I say

adapted, I mean only syllabically, which, with regard to such music, is a matter of much facility; yet the intelligent hearer will find cause to commend the ingenious Dean for his taste, in finding words more suited to the original strain than those to which they were set; that is, if he carefully peruses the words which he hears sung; otherwise I can tell him, from repeated experience, that he will find them almost utterly unintelligible †. Yet it must be confessed, that when the words are attended to by the eye, there is a plaintive cast in the strain which makes the celebrated Anthem, *I call and cry*, somewhat affecting; I think, however, a modern composer would judge ill if he chose to set the same words chorally.

[To be continued.]

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
An ACCOUNT of the CITY of OUD.
[With a BEAUTIFUL VIEW of the RUINS of it.]

AT a time when the East-Indies and the concerns of that part of the globe forms so interesting a part of the politics of Great-Britain, and when the prospect promises that future events will render them still more important, we are happy to be enabled to present our readers with a view which belongs to a series of which the first number only is published, by Mr. HODGES, of Queen-street, May-Fair. Of this work we think ourselves warranted to say, that it does credit to the artist, and will, as it is more known, to the country. The plate we have given is the first of the series; and we hope in a short time to present our readers with a second from the same excellent work.

The city of Oud has long been famous: it is said to have been the first Imperial city in Hindostan, and founded by Krishen. We find Oud mentioned as the capital of a great kingdom in Dowe's

translation of Ferithaw's History, 1209 years previous to the Christian Æra.

It is also frequently mentioned in Mahabarath, under the name of Ajudea, which is one of the names it bears at present.

It is considered as a place of great sanctity by the Hindoos, who annually make pilgrimages to it from all quarters of India. The late Vizier Sujah Ul Dowlah made this city and Fizabad adjoining the seat of his government, and embellished them with many magnificent buildings: gardens, &c.

This View of Ruins on the site of the old city, includes the house of Nevil Roy, Deputy to the Nabob Vizier Sudfer Jung, father of the late Sujah Ul Dowlah. Nevil Roy was killed in an action with the Patans of Furrochabad, at a place called Callinuddie, near Lucknow, in the province of Oud, in the beginning of the year 1748.

The PAINTER: An ALLEGORY.

A PAINTER, Fame tells us, having acquired a peculiar skill in delineating female figures, determined no longer to use the pencil but in favour of the sex. Long had not this resolution been formed, however, when it afforded cause for regret. The few who were handsome, became friends, but the many who were ugly, became enemies, to the unfortunate Painter.

"Reader, dost thou perceive the allegory?"—"Not clearly," you add. Then know that this Painter is TRUTH; that the handsome are they who, endowed with prudence, listen to the dictates of that unerring monitor; and that the ugly are the foolish and vicious, who carp at every thing, even TRUTH, when opposed to their own wayward humours, caprices, and habits.

* So I translate, "nox peritura dilectationicula melcotr" Sir John Hawkins renders it "an empty sound which glides delightfully into their ear." For the Latin text. see Series II. p. 11. It seems fully to support my explanation of the terms *agnosca* and *vibrata* in the course of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

† The same may be said of that celebrated piece of full harmony, *Nun nobis Dominus*.

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

History of the Voyages and Discoveries made in the North. Translated from the German of John Reinhold Forster, J. U. D. and elucidated by several new and original Maps. 4to. 11. 1s. London. Robinsons. 1786.

DR. Forster, whose reputation as a naturalist has long been established, seems particularly well qualified for the task he has undertaken. His studies have not only been in a great measure directed to the geography of the northern parts of Europe, but he has himself made a long and successful voyage of discovery in the coldest climates. Those advantages, united to an excellent erudition, have enabled him to display great depth of reflection and philosophical investigation on a subject, which, though highly interesting and of great importance, does not admit of the graces and ornaments of style. This deficiency is, however, amply made up by the many and curious researches the author has entered into, particularly in the ancient part of this History, and that which treats of the middle ages. He has bestowed uncommon pains in settling the orthography of proper names; but he will, we apprehend, in the opinion of many, be thought to have been sometimes bewildered in the labyrinths of etymology. With a view of elucidating the subject, he has laid down three new maps.—The first exhibits the countries about the North Pole, as far as the fiftieth, and in some places the fortieth degree, and comprises the latest discoveries.—The second, we are informed, was drawn up in the year 1772, to illustrate the Anglo-Saxon version of Orosius, published in 1773 by the Hon. Daines Barrington, who, by omitting to mention the Doctor's name in that edition, incurred his displeasure: this he expressed with no inconsiderable degree of acrimony in a note, which the translator has very prudently omitted, as not thinking a work intended for instruction and amusement a proper vehicle for obloquy. The third map is entirely new, and is intended to exhibit the geography of the middle ages, relative to the parts therein mentioned, and is the result of many critical researches. A complete index is added, enabling the reader without difficulty to find any passage he wishes to refer to.

The work is divided into three books. In the first, he treats of the discoveries and voyages of the Phœnicians, Grecians, and Romans. The second contains an account of the discoveries made in the middle ages by the Arabians, Saxons, Franks, Normans, Italians, and some other nations; and concludes with a general view of the state of affairs at this period, to which are added strictures and remarks. The third book relates to the discoveries made in the North in modern times, by the English, Dutch, French, Spaniards, Portuguese, Danes and Russians, with general observations on the discoveries made in the North, and physical, anthropological, zoological, botanical, and mineralogical reflections on the objects occurring in those regions.

Among all the discoveries which have contributed to enlighten mankind, to extend commerce, and to advance Europe to the height of power and refinement it now enjoys, our author asserts, that navigation has principally contributed, and that on this account it is justly entitled to rank high, if not claim a decided preference among the arts. His introduction contains several observations on this subject, for which the reader is referred to page 273.

After offering some reasons in support of the opinion, that a canoe, however imperfect a piece of mechanism, is considerably superior to the first rude vehicle contrived to convey its inventors across such waters as they were unable to ford over, the author proceeds to compare this specimen of the art in its improved state, with a large majestic floating edifice, the result of the ingenuity and united labours of many hundred hands*.

That the consideration of these circumstances alone is sufficient to excite the most serious reflections in a contemplative mind, we readily admit; but we cannot avoid observing, that our author's descriptions are in general not only prolix and triflingly minute, but the style is so

* For this Comparison the reader is referred to page 273.

embarrassed and replete with tautology as to be frequently disgusting: the former part of this observation may apply to the author; for the latter the translator is certainly accountable, as well as for the grammatical errors which too frequently occur in the course of the work.

The author next proceeds to enumerate the various discoveries which have contributed to the improvement of the art of navigation, traces the successive gradations through which it has arrived at its present state of perfection, and shews the influence it has had in extending knowledge and promoting civilization by facilitating the intercourse between distant nations.

"It is only," he observes, "in consequence of repeated intercourse between nations that the knowledge of countries has been developed. The greater the distance of the discovered countries was from the respective seats of learning and civilization at any particular period, the longer time it was before any certain information concerning them was diffused through these more refined and cultivated parts of the world. This knowledge of distant nations was, likewise, always in proportion to the state in which the discovering nation itself was, with respect to learning, culture, and refinement of manners. It was at a late period only that the Romans learned that Great Britain was an island; and even in the days of Homer, it was supposed that a total darkness pervaded *Crimea*, or the land of the *Cimmerians*; because in that country the nights were much longer than in Greece. The cold induced the *Arimaspians* to wrap themselves up in such a manner that there appeared but one aperture in their heads for them to look through: this cir-

cumstance gave occasion to the Bosphorians Scythians to inform Herodotus, that these people had but one eye. In like manner, too, they told him, that beyond the country of the *Arimaspians*, there was nothing but feathers, by which they meant nothing more than a great quantity of flakes of snow.

"The most remote northern regions could not possibly have been discovered all at once, but only one after another, and by degrees; and so long as upwards of 3270 years ago, the Phœnicians and Egyptians had some knowledge of *Tartessus*, or *Tarshish*, for at that time lived Moles, who makes mention of *Tarshish*; and Herodotus, who was alive so long as 2191 years ago, was acquainted, though imperfectly, with Great Britain and Prussia. The first he knew to be the country of Tin, and the second that of Amber. So early as about 2106 years ago, Pytheas of Massilia had knowledge of the same countries, as also of Thule, or Iceland.

"In less enlightened times, a great deal of this knowledge was lost, and accordingly, in the time of Vespasian, they thought they had made a discovery, when they found that Britain was an Island.

"In still darker times, geographical knowledge became yet more contracted, till at length in our days new discoveries have been made, which have brought us better than ever acquainted with the North, and have left us little more to discover with respect to those regions."

The variety of articles in this Month's Review, and the unavoidable length of some of them, prevent our giving any more extracts from the body of the work at present, but we propose doing it in the ensuing number. (To be continued.)

ΕΠΕΑ ΠΙΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ; or, The Diversions of Purley. Part I. By John Horne Tooke, M. A. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Johnson. 1786.

(Continued from Page 173.)

AFTER the article and interjection, Mr. Horne Tooke introduces an advertisement, to shew that "the four following Chapters (except some small alterations and additions) have already been given to the public, in *A Letter to Mr. Dunning*, in the year 1778; which, though published, was not written on the spur of the occasion. The substance of that letter, says our author, and of all that I have further to communicate on the subject of language, has been amongst my loose papers upwards of twenty years, and would probably have been finally consigned with myself to oblivion, if I had not been made the miserable victim of—two propositions

and a conjunction." Then follows the state of his case.

Chap. II. Of the word *That*. Mr. Harris and other grammarians have said, that there are some words which, according to the different manner of using them, are sometimes articles, and sometimes pronouns; and that it is difficult to determine to which class they ought to be referred. Hence it was asked, whether any general rule could be given by which to distinguish when they are of one sort, and when of the other? To this our author answers, "Let them give the rule, who thus confound together the manners of signification of words, and the abbreviations in their

their construction; than which no two things in language are more distinct, or ought to be more carefully distinguished. I do not allow that *any* words change their nature in this manner, so as to belong sometimes to one part of speech, and sometimes to another, from the different ways of using them: the words themselves appear to me to continue faithfully and steadily attached each to the standard under which it was originally enlisted." Are we then to conclude from hence, that no article was ever a pronoun, and that no pronoun was ever used as an article? that the one is always very distinct from the other? Perhaps Mr. Horne Tooke would say, that he never asserted any such thing. Be it so. But if he did not really mean something very like this, how can he shew that the article is *necessary* for the communication of our thoughts, while the pronoun is not so? How can he prove that the article supplies the place of words which are *not* in the language; while the pronoun, as its name intimates, supplies the place of words which are in the language? If he did not really mean to consider them as distinct from each other, why the above assertion, in opposition to other grammarians? If he supposes that articles and pronouns were originally of the same class, and that there is no other difference between them but what their different *manner* of signification, and the abbreviations in their *construction*, has occasioned, in what then does he differ from those whom he so severely censures? But, says Mr. Horne Tooke, "I desire to wave this matter for the present, because I think it will be cleared up by what is to follow concerning the other sort of words." Where is it, and when is it to be cleared up? for this volume closes with a confession that the conjunction *That* is left undecyphered; that the articles themselves are left unclassified and unexplained; and this reason is assigned: "Mr. Burgess himself has undertaken to explain the *pronouns*. Now the articles, as they are called, trench so closely on the pronouns, that they ought to be treated of together." So then it is to be done; but at present, for certain reasons, *non in animo est*. And for the very same reasons, most of the foregoing Chapter, the beginning of this, and all the censures, ought to have been delayed till the proper time; for they are at present like incoherent dreams, a baseless fabric.

Our author next proceeds to consider what is called the conjunction *That*. "In my opinion," says he, "the word *That*

(call it as you please, either article, or pronoun, or conjunction) retains always one and the same signification." He says, we may examine any languages we please, and see whether they also, as well as the English, have not a supposed *conjunction*, which they employ as we do *That*; and which also is the same word as their supposed article or pronoun. Hence he justly supposes, that there is some general reason for employing the article in this manner; and that there is always some connection and similarity of signification between it and this conjunction; and then he shews us how to find out what that connection is. "Example. I wish you to believe *that* I would not wilfully hurt a fly. Resolution. I would not wilfully hurt a fly; I wish you to believe *that* (assertion). Example. You mean *that* we should never forget our situation, and *that* we should be prudently contented to do good within our own sphere. Resolution. We should never forget our situation; you mean *that*: and we should be contented to do good within our sphere; you mean *that*. Example. Thieves rise by night, *that* they may cut men's throats. Resolution. Thieves may cut men's throats, (for) *that* (purpose) they rise by night." In the same manner our author supposes all sentences may be resolved, in all languages where the conjunction *That*, or its equivalent, is employed; and that it is in fact the very same word which in other places is called an *article* or a *pronoun*. To the last example an objection was raised, that in the Latin *ut jugulent homines*, from whence it was taken, the word *ut* is used, and not the neuter article *quod*. Mr. Horne shews, that *ut*, originally written *uti*, is nothing but the Greek *ὄν*, the *o* being changed into an *u*, from that strong propensity which the ancient Romans had to pronounce even their own *o* like an *u*; so that *ut*, and *quod*, and *ὄν*, are all words of the same nature, and of the same meaning. Here many things are said worthy of attention. Next follows a second advertisement, wherein an apology is made, and some reasons given, for inserting the Anglo-Saxon and Meeso-Gothic characters.

Chap. VII. Of Conjunctions. A difficulty had been started, near the close of the sixth Chapter, concerning the phrase *if that*; and our author is asked, how he will bring out the word *That*, when two conjunctions come in this manner together? The solution of this matter begins the seventh Chapter. He observes, that *if* is merely the imperative of the Gothic

and Anglo-Saxon verbs *to give*. He then resolves some examples, and states others, in order to shew in what instances *that* is neither understood, nor can be inserted after *if*; and in what instances *that* is understood and may be inserted after *if*. Other difficulties arise respecting the terms *if* and *an*, which our author resolves with his usual clearness and precision; and then says, "That those words, which are called *conditional conjunctions*, are to be accounted for in all languages in the same manner as I have accounted for *if* and *an*. Not indeed that they must all mean precisely as these two do,—*give* and *grant*, but some equivalent word, as *be it, allow, &c.*" Mr. Horne Tooke means to discard all supposed mystery, not only about these *conditionals*, but about all those words also which have been distinguished from prepositions, and called *conjunctions* of sentences. "I deny them," says he, "to be a separate sort of words, or part of speech, by themselves; for they have not a separate *manner of signification*, although they are not *devoid* of signification; and the particular signification of each must be sought for from amongst the other parts of speech, by the help of the particular etymology of each respective language." Then follow many interesting and some humorous remarks, in which very respectable writers are named, and almost as often censured. He then gives a list of such conjunctions in our language as can cause any difficulty, together with those Anglo-Saxon verbs of which they are the imperatives. These etymologies he afterwards explains and confirms; but concludes this chapter with the following praise-worthy declaration: "I have nothing to do with the learning of mere curiosity; nor am any further concerned with etymology, than as it may serve to get rid of the false philosophy received concerning language and the human understanding."

Chap. VIII. Etymology of the English Conjunctions. On this part of the subject Mr. Horne Tooke conducts himself with great learning, with clearness of judgment, and with that kind of success which the impartial public must acknowledge, even notwithstanding his indefensible severities on respectable characters. Our author goes through all the conjunctions referred to above one by one; and, like a truly skilful herald, traces each home to its own family and origin, without having recourse to contradiction or mystery, till he comes at length to *As*. Etymologists, for the most part, derive *as* from *as*, or from *als*; but still, it is said, this explains nothing;

for what *as* is, or *als*, remains likewise a secret. To this Mr. Horne Tooke answers. "The truth is, that *as* is also an article, and (however and whenever used in English) means the same as *it*, or *that*, or *quod*. In the German, where it still evidently retains its original signification and use, it is written *es*." In a note is the following passage: "Mr. Tyrwhit, indeed (not perceiving that *al-es* and *al-fo* are different compounds), in a note on the *Canterbury Tales*, says, Our *as* is the same with *als*, Teut. and Sax. it is only a further corruption of *also*. But the etymological opinions of Mr. Tyrwhit (who derives for the *nones* from *pro nunc*) merit not the smallest attention." Such a dismissal, indeed, on this occasion, was not merited. But Mr. Horne Tooke goes on: "*As* does not come from *als*; for *als*, in our old English, is a contraction of *al* and *es*, or *as*; and this *al* (which in comparisons used to be very properly employed before the first *es* or *as*, but was not employed before the second) we now, in modern English, suppress. She glides away *als* swift as darts; that is, as swift as darts: it means with *all that* swiftness *with which*—" It may be so. But all this brings neither conviction nor light to our minds: we are by no means satisfied, for many reasons that cannot be here given. *Als, sicut, ceu*, was not originally an Anglo-Saxon term, but was introduced from the Teutonic, perhaps not much earlier than the 12th century, and was by the Anglo-Saxons thus written, *alze*, though the *e* was dropt long before the time of Chaucer. *Aze, sicut, ceu*, denoting similitude, and answering to our *as*, in that sense is also found in the Anglo-Saxon tongue; but it does not appear to have been native: it might, perhaps, be originally derived from the Gothic pronoun relative *ize*, or *izei*, who, which, that. In very early times *is* was used among the Anglo-Saxons in the very same sense with *als, aze*, and our *as*; and their *ealswa* very often answers to *as, sicut*, and our *as*. Our own *as* evidently comprehends the import of the Teutonic *als*, of the Saxon *aze*, of the Gothic *ize* or *izei*, and of the Anglo-Saxon *ealswa*, and is as extensive in its application as all these, even in their fullest meaning. How far the fate of *as* may resemble that of *but*, which is a corruption of more terms than one, it left for Mr. Horne Tooke's own determination, who is undoubtedly equal to the subject. But surely this assertion of Mr. Tyrwhit's, "Our *as* is the same with *als*, it is only a further corruption of *also*," did by no means merit that con-

tempt which our author has treated it with; and this assertion of Mr. Horne Tooke, "*als* in our old English writers is a contraction of *al* and *es*, or *as*," should have been supported by some example or decisive evidence. In saying this, we neither mean to vindicate Mr. Tyrwhit's opinion, nor yet to *assert* that our author's is wrong. Some respect is due to worthy characters. All attempts to investigate the primitive meaning and use of common but important terms appear to be acts of pure benevolence, and are not to be treated with insult, when they happen either not to fall in with our fancies, or to be unsuccessfully conducted.

Chap. IX. Of Prepositions. Mr. Horne Tooke, after many sensible remarks on various improprieties, lays it down as a rule, that, of different languages, the least corrupt will have the fewest prepositions; and, in the same language, the best etymologists will acknowledge the fewest. Our author will by no means allow the preposition to be an indeclinable word. He says, that the prepositions, as well as the conjunctions, are to be found amongst the other parts of speech; that they are in fact either common nouns or verbs; that the same sort of corruption, from the same cause, has disguised both them and conjunctions; and that ignorance of their true origin has betrayed grammarians and philosophers into mysterious and contradictory language on this subject; but that etymology will give us, in all languages, what philosophy has attempted in vain. Concerning the necessity of prepositions, Mr. Horne Tooke's language is too expressive to be abridged, and too important to be omitted. He says, "As the necessity of the article (or of some equivalent invention) follows from the impossibility of having, in language, a distinct name, or *particular term* for each particular individual *idea*; so does the necessity of the *preposition* follow from the impossibility of having in language a distinct *complex term* for each different *collection of ideas* which we may have occasion to put together in discourse. The addition or subtraction of *any one idea* to or from a collection, makes it a different collection; and it is still more impossible to use in language a different and distinct *complex term* for each different and distinct *collection of ideas*, than it is to use a distinct particular term for each particular and individual *idea*. To supply, therefore, the place of the complex terms which are wanting in a language, is the preposition employed; for having occasion, in communication, to mention

a collection of ideas for which there is no one single *complex term* in the language, we either take that complex term which includes the greatest number, though not *all*, of the ideas we would communicate; or else we take that complex term which includes *all*, and the fewest ideas *more* than those we would communicate; and then by the help of the preposition, we either make up the deficiency in the one case, or retrench the superfluity in the other. Thus: 1. A house *with* a party-wall. 2. A house *without* a roof. In the first instance, the complex term is deficient; the preposition directs to add what is wanting. In the second instance, the complex term is redundant: the preposition directs to take away what is superfluous." Here also, in his etymologies and illustrations, Mr. Horne Tooke is clear, decisive, interesting, and superior to all that have gone before him; nor can less well be said of him in the discussion of adverbs. From hence we have every reason to hope that he will not desert himself in what yet remains to be published.

We have long been of opinion, that whenever the true theory of the human understanding is attained, it will be thro' the medium of grammatical enquiries, and not by means of philosophical disquisitions on matter and spirit. The great Lord Bacon well observes, that words are the footsteps of reason, and that footsteps do give sure indications of the body. Mr. Horne Tooke very properly makes words, together with the things which they stand for, the great instruments of human knowledge; and, by connecting universal Grammar with this important subject, has rendered his work truly interesting; while all his remarks, every where, on Mr. Locke's Essay justly merit the highest attention. The public are much obliged to our author for shewing that they are not ideas, but merely terms, which are *general* and *abstract*: that there is no such thing as a composition of ideas: that every purpose for which the composition of ideas was imagined, is more easily and naturally answered by the composition of terms; while it clears up many difficulties which we were involved in: and that it is an easy matter, upon Mr. Locke's own principles, and a physical consideration of the senses and the mind, to prove the impossibility of the composition of ideas. If Mr. Horne Tooke be right, and we can have no doubt but that he is right, what a world of knowledge, then, was imprudently risked by a great writer, in the fol,

following short sentence:—"If the ideas of compound objects be not compounded things, and consist of as many parts as the objects of which they are the ideas, I am unable to conceive any thing about ideas." When our author has Mr. Locke's Essay before him, he tells us the force of a word depends upon the number of ideas of which that word is the sign: but in the course of reasoning, nature prevails, and he speaks of words as the signs of *real objects*. Thus, speaking of prepositions, he excellently says, they were originally invented by artless men, who did not sit down like philosophers to invent little words, in order to be placed before nouns; but they took such and the same words as they employed on other occasions, to mention the same *real objects*. For prepositions also are the names of *real objects*; and he calls them the names of *real and unchangeable objects*, as common names and verbs are. Now and then, Mr. Horne Tooke seems to be inconsistent with him-

self; and he always appears fond of parade, chusing, without any sort of necessity, to shew the extent of his reading, in the use of foreign tongues rather than his own. It will be difficult to assign any other reason why he should give that excellent Chapter on the different parts of speech, in Plutarch's Platonic questions, in Amyot's French translation, rather than in an English one; especially since the whole of it is so favourable to his own system, except in the case of the article. Many of our author's severities might be vindicated, yet one cannot help wishing them away. We meet with some things foreign to the general subject of the book, which might have been spared; but this would have been a sacrifice which the writer was under no obligation to make, nor has the reader any reason to complain of them. Upon the whole, this treatise must be considered as a truly valuable acquisition to the republic of Letters.

The History of Athens politically and philosophically considered, with a View to an Investigation of the immediate Causes of Elevation and of Decline operative in a free and commercial State. By William Young, Esq. London. 4to. 15s. Robson. 1786.

(Continued from Page 190.)

CHARITY, says our author, covers not more sins in religion, than affability in worldly intercourse. An attentive complacency is a refined kind of flattery that is irresistible; nor is it wonderful that every man should be in good humour with a talent, which puts every man in good humour with himself. There is no one who practises assiduously the art of raising the self importance of those he may accept, but reaps a good profit in proportion to the dexterity of his address. The truth of this doctrine was strikingly verified in Alcibiades, who was a most successful professor of this species of practical adulation; and, in Mr. Young's opinion, owed his reputation, in a great measure, to his superior skill in the art of *polite and assiduous insincerity*. By these means he ingratiated himself with Themistocles, and induced him to take part in the disturbances of Greece; which ultimately brought about the subversion of the commonwealth, and established the oligarchy.

However instructive the detail of events that lead to the oppression of a free people, and the subversion of their once-flourishing state, may be, a general account of their miseries can form no lesson either to enlighten the mind or to im-

prove the heart: the author, therefore, instead of relating the various acts of despotism exercised by the Tyrants of Athens, confines himself to a particular instance of it, in their barbarous treatment of Socrates, whom he styles "*one most wise and good!*"

In the fifth chapter we find an account of the expedition of the Ten Thousand, and their wonderful retreat, on which our historian makes the following remarks: That a Spartan army, led forth by a veteran king, and flushed with conquest, should defeat the numerous but enervate tribes of Persia, may easily be conceived. "But that a number of men, collected from distant parts, driven by misfortune or crime from their paternal hearth, much alienated from patriot sentiments, and long disused to their national virtues, should under the predicament of casual connection recall to mind the social spirit and unanimity which distinguished their once-loved homes, and form a brotherhood in their distress, faithful in its integral constitution, and brave and united in its exterior efforts; that all should so suddenly lose sight of mercenary views and of foreign habits; and in a moment recover the spirit of old Greece, and assume the deportment of its independent soldiery

soldiery of yore ; all this surely proves, how deeply was rooted, and of how pure a nature was the germ of martial virtue fostered by republican principles and practice, which no season could corrupt, no difficulties appall, and no time *obliviate*." The remaining part of the chapter contains a parallel between the Commentaries of Xenophon and Cæsar. The sixth chapter treats of the restoration of the commonwealth, of its dominion, and of its corruption ensuing this success.

After the famous battle of Mantinea, the Thebans, by the advice of their dying general, forewent the hopes of empire for a well-timed and honourable peace ; and all the other great and leading states of Greece having, in their turns, experienced the vicissitude from power to humiliation, readily came into it. Peace, however, like a feast after long abstinence, brought on gross corruption, and a whole train of disorders : men, because disgusted with war, gave themselves up to habits that incapacitated them for future exertion ; the fund set apart to answer any unforeseen exigencies of the public, was voted for public dissipation ; their late brave and successful generals, disregarded by the people, and carped at by their factious leaders, fled from envy and disgrace, and settled in distant parts. Greece in general was too indolent or too exhausted to attend to and profit by the weakness of others ; and did not conceive that a petty northern prince would surmount every obstacle that opposed him, and in the end attain that sovereignty which had so long been the object of contention. " Athens in particular was lulled in the most supine security. Attack was so little thought of, that every precaution for defence was diverted into some other channel ; their army was neglected, their arsenal and shipping left to wreck and ruin, and the funds applicable to their support wasted on scenery and actors."

Mr. Young, in the seventh chapter, gives an estimate of manners in the decline of the empire, and of the constitution of the republic of Athens. After premising some general reflections equally applicable to the manners of every great city, he proceeds to remark some peculiarities that distinguished Athens ; from its free commonwealth having survived its virtue ; and from its democracy having become a tyrant, to which even pride and opulence bowed in obedience ; to which arts and literature offered their incense, and to the caprices of which the extraor-

dinary connections of grossness and elegance, of courteousness and oppression, of philanthropy and injustice, which is discoverable in its manners, may be attributed. Having traced the corruption and venality which prevailed in the state to its source, he draws the following forcible description of the effects of intrigue and ambition in such a republic.

" Men of eloquence and ability became demagogues, and embroiled the state with new parties : clamours for one and clamours against another were heard on all sides, and favouritism and faction divided the business of each day : public measures then were administered with views to self-interest, and approved or condemned with views to party. Virtue and wisdom were no longer motives of election, and therefore could not be expected in the minority of those chosen. Either from idle partialities, or from venal influence, the power of the people was thus exerted in delegating and in resuming it ; whilst a sense of collective dignity, and of the principles of their constitution, was lost in obsequiousness to, and in admiration of the great man whom themselves had made great ; till caprice or corruption suggested the promotion of a rival ; or till the feelings of public calamity were vented in the disgrace and persecution of the quondam favourite ; for on such tenure each partook in turn of popular favour and a temporary elevation. The old compact and union of the democracy was thus broken into pretensions and pleas of individuals, and of their partisans : the people no longer held a collective self-regard ; power, glory, and wealth, were no longer the boast and object to each as a citizen for the commonwealth, but to each as a selfish man for self. I read with feeling the words of Demosthenes, when he observes, " that in the good old times of the republic, it was not said that *Miltiades had conquered at Marathon, but the Athenians ; nor that Themistocles had been victorious at Salamis, but the Athenians : now the language is, that Iphicrates has cut off a detachment, that Timotheus has taken Corcyra, and that Cœabrias beat the enemy at Naxos.*" The prevalence of personal attachments induced some to enter the lists ; but observing the vicissitudes of popular favour, many nobles kept aloof from the dangers of the assembly : the most active spirits served in the wars ; others lived in the schools of the philosophers ; — but in this luxurious and polished capital, we may believe Ilocrates, (I think) when

he says, "the greater part spent their days at dice, and their nights with harlots."

The acuteness and information which the commonality of Athens possessed, was chiefly owing to the number, diversity, and importance of the questions that came under daily cognizance, to the eloquent harangues and laboured arguments of the orators, and to the public recitals of the sophists in the Lyceum.

Speaking of the seclusion and distance at which the fair-sex were kept at Athens, the author has a remark which we think not altogether well founded. The deficiency of polite assiduity, he thinks, towards the other sex in every nation may in some degree be measured by its degree of commerce and marine; together with that of political importance, which the

constitution of government allows generally to its constituents.--According to the rule, Spain and not France should be termed *le Paradis de Femmes*.

From a general review of the character and temper of the people, Mr. Young infers, that "viewing the society of Athens in some lights, virtue, wisdom, and learning, seem to constitute the only distinctions; viewing it in others, avarice and vice bear unqualified sway: complicating the general scene, we behold the picture of Parrhasius, who, in framing his personification of the Athenian assembly,—" *voluit varium, iracundum, injurium, inconstantem, eundem exorabilem, clementem, misericordem, excelsum, gloriosum, humilem, fugacem, & omnia pariter ostendere* (To be concluded in our next.)

Poems on several Occasions. Written in Pennsylvania. By William Moore Smith, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Dilly. 1786.

FROM a country like America, where Nature lets before the eyes of the poet the most luxuriant and the most terrific scenes; where the people, yet unaccustomed to those refinements which, while they subtilize the understanding, and refine what, in modern times, is called *taste*, cramp the imagination; we might expect wild effusions of fancy, and those nervous glowing thoughts and expressions, whose irregular beauty and sublimity set criticism at defiance. But our author seems, from what we will venture to call a culpable diffidence in his own powers, seldom to have ventured to give the reins to his imagination. Instead of copying from Nature he has generally copied from the copiers of her copyists, and those Europeans. However he is, when he pleases to exert himself, by no means deficient in energy or even elegance. But we will venture to say, that the American poets are yet far distant from the time when they can venture, instead of painting the stronger emotions of the soul, to sport with its more delicate feelings. To make a trifle interesting, one of his countrymen would say, requires a levity of mind which shews a degenerate nation.—In an age in which Greece was, *mutatis mutandis*, nearly in the same state that America is now; when, divided into a multitude of small states, the people was but half polished, and scarcely breathing from a dreadful war, which, though they were victors, had brought them to the brink of destruction; Homer painted to them the great scenes of Nature, and the

effects of the strongest passions of the human soul. The age, the circumstances favoured him, and his poems have been the admiration of all posterity. If an American poet should start up now, who would follow Homer in this respect, his works too might become the delight of the world; but till they shake off the trammels of Europe in poetry as well as European government, they will not rise above mediocrity.

As a specimen of Mr. Smith's poetical talents, we shall give his

ODE TO INSENSIBILITY.

IMPROMPTU. AT THE REQUEST OF Miss V—.

DREAD Goddess of the tearless eye,
And marble heart, to thee I fly,
Insensibility!

Before thy lion-guarded throne,
Where pity's plaint was never known,
I bend the suppliant knee!

May I, unmov'd by beauty's charms,
Ne'er feel those tender, soft alarms,
Which love-sick wretches know!
Should tears bedew her radiant eyes,
Should beauty's bosom heave with sighs,
I'd smile at all their woe.

Dread Goddess then, to me impart
The best of all thy gifts, an heart
Insensible as stone;
Should Anguish rend e'en MIRA's breast,
Soft as on down, I then could rest,
Nor heed her piercing groan!

Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Vol. II. Cadell,

(Continued from page 182.)

Remarks on the Origin of the Vegetable Fixed Alkali; with some collateral Observations on Nitre. By M. Wall, M. D. Praeceptor in Chemistry in the University of Oxford. Read 19th of November 1783.

THE subjects of this paper, whether we view them in a public or private light, are equally important. The immense sums which are annually paid for these two necessaries of life render them objects of national importance; and when we consider that not only cleanliness, and consequently health, but our freedom and independency rest principally upon them, they become subjects of the highest consequence to every individual.

The paper before us, though nothing practical immediately results from it, is valuable, as serving to establish the theory of these two subjects upon enlarged bases.

Vegetable fixed alkaline substances, such as Pot-ash, Barilla, Kelp, and other ashes of vegetables, are produced simply by incineration; that is, burning the vegetables in an open fire.

Some theorists have considered their alkalescency "as a production of the fire, formed by some secret combination of the earthy, and, perhaps, some portion of the inflammable part of the plant, with the native acid, the aqueous part being dissipated in the process:" others, "that the alkali exists in vegetables perfectly formed previously to the combustion; and that the operation of the fire is nothing more than a perfect separation and dissipation of the other principles, by which it was entangled and concealed." But Dr. Wall thinks "it is much more probable that the alkali, wherever it is found, whether in consequence of combustion or otherwise, is formed by some transmutation of the native acid of plants, or by a particular combination of it with the earthy and inflammable principles."

Dr. W. continues, "I am inclined to adopt this doctrine, from the three following circumstances, the two last of which will also shew, that this transmutation may be effected without combustion, and therefore, that this alkali cannot be any longer considered as the *creature* or *spring* of fire.

"First, Those vegetable substances, which contain the largest portion of the native acid, afford the largest quantity of alkali by incineration: and the quan-

ty of alkali obtained is very considerably increased by particular modes of applying the heat, which can only be understood to operate, by bringing the several component principles of the vegetable substance into closer contact, and within the sphere of each other's action.

"Secondly, This alkali is produced in a very considerable quantity by the process of fermentation, to which only the saccharine and acceftent parts of plants are liable. And,

"Thirdly, It is produced in the putrefaction both of animal and vegetable matters.

"In the two last of these cases, we have not indeed hitherto obtained the alkali separate, but in combination with acids forming nitrous and other neutral salts."

In support of these positions the learned Praeceptor adduces a variety of facts: 1st, "No vegetable substances furnish a larger quantity of alkali than the extracts of plants, or their native essential salts." 2d, "The vegetable alkali is produced copiously in the natural process of vinous fermentation;" the celebrated Mr. Scheele having evinced by experiments that the tartar of wine is a neutral salt with a vegetable alkaline base. 3d, "The vegetable alkali seems also to be in some instances generated or formed by putrefaction; for nitre, of which it is an essential part, is often the production of a putrefactive process." Among other evidences of this position the Dr. produces the following curious incident, which not only strengthens his position, but shews that the accidental circumstances which sometimes offer themselves spontaneously to those who will condescend to observe them, are not less helpful in philosophical enquiries than are preconceived experiments.

"That nitre is produced in the putrefaction of animal matters, has been confidently asserted by some chemists, and as confidently denied by others. Instances are alledged on the one hand, of nitre procured from putrefied blood, urine, &c. On the other hand it is argued, that these substances will not supply the materials of nitre, without the concurrence of some vegetable matter. To discuss this point thoroughly, would take a great deal of time, and requires extensive abilities; but I think there is a common and familiar fact, which may be adduced to illustrate it. It will at least prove, that if nitre (and of course

the vegetable alkali) is not obtainable from the putrefaction of animal matters only, the addition of a very small quantity of vegetable matter is sufficient for its production. I argue from the quality of the saline efflorescence found on old walls, which are exposed to impregnation from animal matters in a state of putrefaction. The wall of one end of my chemical school, or laboratory, is almost entirely covered with such an efflorescence. The laboratory is a large vaulted room under ground, into which the sun seldom has admission. It is built of stone, and therefore, except when the fires are kept up for the lectures, or occasional experiments, is liable to be damp. The wall, to which I allude, is immediately under a retired passage, a very convenient place of retreat to passengers under certain circumstances of necessity. The ground, therefore, and the adjacent wall have been for years largely impregnated with excrementitious animal fluids, in all the different stages of putrefaction. The saline efflorescence on such walls is sometimes supposed to be alkaline, and really to be the fossile alkali; but that in this instance, with which others of a similar sort probably have some analogy, it was perfect nitre, the following remarks will evince.

"The salt desflagrates readily with charcoal, or sulphur, and leaves an alkali exactly similar in taste to that of the nitrum fixum. It does not desflagrate per se—it does not give out the smell of hartshorn, or the volatile alkali, when lixivium tartari is poured upon it either in a dissolved, or a dry state. A filtered solution of it suffers no precipitation, on the addition of lixiv. tartari. A small quantity of this solution evaporated to crystallization shoots into long, filamentous, not cubical, crystals, exactly the same as those obtained from an equal quantity of solution of nitre, by the same mode of treatment; and indeed, the efflorescence on the walls, where it can be seen free from dust, examined with a magnifier, appears to be formed by a congeries of spicula of this oblong hexædral form, a mode of crystallization which neither the fossile alkali nor cubic nitre affect. These experiments shew, that the nitre thus collected, has neither a calcareous, nor a volatile alkaline, nor a fossile alkaline, base, but is in every respect perfect nitre, generated principally by the putrefaction of animal mat-

ters, certainly without the artificial addition of any prepared vegetable substance. (prepared at least by fire,) to supply the vegetable alkali."

Remarks on the Knowledge of the Ancients respecting Glass. By Dr. Falconer. Read 17th of Dec. 1783.

After adducing the evidences of a variety of ancient writers respecting their knowledge of glass, Dr. Falconer says, "Pliny, however, seems to have had the most complete information concerning glass. He mentions its being of Phœnician origin, like many other great discoveries. It was first made of sand, found in the river Belus, or Belcus, a small river of Galilee, running from the foot of Mount Camel, as is testified by a variety* of authors. The invention of it is said to have been owing to some merchants, who, coming thither with a ship laden with nitre, or fossile alkali, used some pieces of it to support the kettles in which they were dressing their meat upon the sands. By this means a vitrification of the sand beneath the fire was produced, and thus afforded a hint for this manufacture."

It appears, however, from the evidences produced, that the glass of the ancients, though it might have the texture of that of the moderns, wanted in general its transparency. "The colours principally in use were an obscure red glass, or, perhaps, rather earthen ware, called hæmatinon; one of various colours called myrrhinum; a clear red, a white, a blue, and indeed most other colours. The perfectly clear glass was, however, most valued. Nero gave for two cups, of no very extraordinary size, with two handles to each, upwards of six thousand sesteria, or above fifty thousand pounds sterling! But though the finest kinds of glass were so valuable and rare, yet I apprehend, from the frequent mention of glass in Martial, and from what Pliny says, that glass for drinking vessels had nearly superseded the use of gold and silver; so that the inferior sorts must have been common enough."

The ancients seem to have had some knowledge of the *Lens* and the *Prism*; but whether glass was used for windows or for mirrors, "does not appear."

But the use of *metallic Specula* (upon which likewise Dr. F. has bestowed some pains in this paper) is of great antiquity

* Strabon. L. XVI. Joseph. L. II. C. 10. § 2. Plin. Hist. Natural. L. XXXVI. C. 26. Tacit. Hist. L. V. C. 7.

and what is remarkable, the composition appears to have been sometimes the same as that which is in general use at present; namely, tin and copper. "Pliny mentions various forms of them in use, as concave, convex, multiplying, distorting, &c. Their burning quality, when opposed to the sun's rays, was likewise known to Pliny."

On the different Quantities of Rain, which fall at different Heights over the same Spot of Ground; with a Letter from Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. By Thomas Percival, M. D. Read 21st Jan. 1784.

This paper relates to the stale experiment tried at Westminster-Abbey more than fifteen years ago. Dr. Percival wrote a memoir concerning it; but could not, even with the powerful aid of electricity, account for the fact to his own satisfaction: he therefore distributed it among his literary friends, hoping that some of them might help him out.

Dr. Franklin, among others, favoured him with his sentiments on the subject. This truly venerable philosopher begins by saying, "I wish I could, as you desire, give you a better explanation of the phenomenon in question, since you seem not quite satisfied with your own; but I think we want more and a greater variety of experiments in different circumstances to enable us to form a thoroughly satisfactory hypothesis:"—and after making some modest attempts at a theory, concludes his sensible but ineffectual remarks with acknowledging candidly, that "upon the whole I think, as I intimated before, that we are yet hardly ripe for making one." Yet this letter, which appears to have been written in 1771, is published in 1785, without being accompanied with a single experiment, or any other fresh matter whatever, to render it in any degree useful or even interesting to the public.

Speculation on the Perceptive Power of Vegetables. By Thomas Percival, M. D. &c. &c. Read 18th of Feb. 1784.

In this well-written paper are brought together a variety of facts relative to the nature and economy of vegetables. That the author of it means by the perceptive power, or, as he repeatedly calls it, the *perceptivity* of vegetables, does not clearly appear; nor does he in-

deed attempt to draw any direct inference from the circumstances which he adduces;—and which he arranges under the following heads: 1. Structure. 2. Instinct. 3. Spontaneity. 4. Power of Motion.

That the *first* bears a strong analogy to the animal kingdom is evident; and the reality of the *second* needs no adduction of evidences to prove it: it is self-evident in every stage of vegetation. What else directs the several species to form their leaves and construct their fruits in this or that particular manner, conformably to the laws which nature has delivered to them? The vegetable life is altogether instinctive. We speak of perfect vegetables. With respect to corallines and a few other productions, something superior to instinct has been discovered: *therefore*, these productions are no longer considered as mere vegetables; *because they enjoy, or are understood by naturalists to enjoy, some faint emanations of the faculty of PERCEPTION.*

It is therefore no wonder that our author should not be able to place under his *third* head any thing bearing the likeness of SPONTANEITY. The incident of the sprig of mint, which being hung up by its roots turned its head upwards; and the plane-tree, which sent out roots to seek for succour, as mentioned by Lord Kaimes; are incidents which occur daily, and are evidently the effect of the same GENERAL LAW OF INSTINCT, which directs the infant germ and radicle; and which guides the rising plant through every stage of its *instinctive* life; whether it be employed in its own preservation merely, or in the propagation of its species.

Under the *fourth* head, the POWERS OF MOTION, we have corals and corallines, scapens and oysters, the water-lily, and the sensitive plant set before us. The first four are animals, or intermediate beings, and are therefore not in point. The efflorescence of the water-lily is pure instinct applied to the propagation of the species. The affection of what is called the sensitive plant is *wonderful*; but is that a proof of *perceptivity*? There cannot be a stronger proof of its motion being *involuntary*, than that of its requiring to be stimulated to produce it.

But our ingenious author produces another, a new plant, unknown to Linnæus, "which constantly and uniformly exerts a self-moving power."—"The lateral

teral leaves are smaller than those at the extremity of the stalk; and all day long they are continually moving either upwards, downwards, or in the segment of a circle: the last motion is performed by the twisting of the foot-stalks; and whilst one leaf is rising, its associate is generally descending: the motion downward is quicker and more irregular than the motion upward, which is steady and uniform." This we allow is extremely curious, and enlarges our idea of the œconomy of nature: but does it tend in any way to establish even a probability of the perceptivity of vegetables? or, does any thing here advanced entitle us to speak of the "sensation"—the "enjoyment"—or the "felicity" of vegetables? Flights of fancy like those we allow may be poetical; but, we conceive, they are far from being philosophical. Indeed our author seems conscious of this himself. "Truth, indeed," says he, "obliges me to acknowledge, that I review my speculations with much diffidence; and that I dare not presume to expect they will produce any *permanent conviction* in others." Nevertheless Dr. P. has bestowed some pains upon a regular exordium, and a studied elegance of recital, embellished

with classical quotations, to do what? Why, to endeavour to give a speciousness and a *momentary conviction* to a mere poetical "jeu d'esprit." In a man of mean capacity—a mere creature of education—this might be excusable; but for a man of superior abilities, and a man of Dr. Percival's name, to throw away that time and attention upon unprofitable speculations, which might have been profitably employed in *philosophical and medical pursuits*, is at least reprehensible;—it might be mischievous;—but fortunately for the mowers of grass and the makers of hedges they do not read *philosophical speculations*.

It is not our intention to be either pert or peevish upon this occasion: we do not presume to say that vegetables are *not* blessed with the power of perceptivity; or that the oyster and the earth-worm are *not* endowed with the power of ratiocination; or that the pebbles with which the streets of this busy town are paved are *not* cursed with the power of sensibility; but we declare, in the greatest good-humour, that we cannot, at present, bring ourselves to *believe* any one of those equally great improbabilities.

(To be continued.)

An Essay on Humanity; or, a View of Abuses in Hospitals. With a Plan for correcting them. By William Nolan. 8vo. 1s. Murray.

THE author of this pamphlet points out a number of abuses *supposed* to exist in most of the Hospitals in or near the metropolis. Among these the perquisite of *wardage*, as it is called, seems not to be the least grievous, as, according to Mr. Nolan's account, it operates greatly to the disadvantage of the patient; not only as an immediate tax which he is little able to bear, but as it makes the *sister* look with an eye of anxiety on the patient during the course of his illness; not with an humane concern for the restoration of his health, but with an avaricious view of his making room for a successor, as her profits depend on the number of patients admitted.—Though tenderness be not the characteristic of the lower class of mankind, and a frequent intercourse with misery may make them still more callous; yet, for the honour of human nature, we are willing to suppose the author's account is in this instance a little exaggerated. He proceeds to make

some strictures on the food of the patients, which, in some cases, he thinks insufficient; of this, however, we should suppose those whose province it immediately is to superintend that business, must be by far the best judges. He next attacks the surgeons for want of feeling, and accuses them of being too fond of amputation. These charges we apprehend, however, to be in a great measure groundless, most of the gentlemen of that profession being no less eminent for their humanity than their abilities. That mismanagement will insinuate itself into the best regulated plans, is a truth that cannot be denied; nor is it less true, that every prudent measure should be adopted to obviate it: it is, however, much easier to point out a fault, than to provide a remedy; nor do we look upon Mr. Nolan (even admitting his charges) as at all calculated to correct them—*haud tali auxilio*.

. A concise

A concise Account of some natural Curiosities in the Environs of Malham, in Craven, Yorkshirc. By Thomas Hurtleſey. 8vo. 5s. Boards. Longman. 1786.

THE beauties and wonders of our own country have, till of late years, been unaccountably neglected; the rage, however, for foreign travel ſeems now in ſome meafure to have ſubſided, and a deſire of becoming acquainted with the many ſtupendous and maſtiffic ſcenes with which this kingdom abounds, has ſucceeded. As whatever tends to encourage ſo laudable a change deſerves commendation, the author of the preſent work is juſtly entitled to it. The ſcenes he has deſcribed are of different kinds; ſome of them ſublimely terrible, and others beautifully pictureſque, ſituated in the centre of the kingdom, in the neighbourhood of *Malham*, a ſmall country village, on the declivity of a large range of ſteep and craggy mountains, eleven miles north-weſt from *SKIPTON*, and fix from *SETTLE*, at the head of a fertile and extenſive dale, called *KIRKLEY MALHAM DALE*. The principal objects that here attract the attention of the traveller are the *COVE*, a moſt ſtupendous perpendicular liimeſtone rock, being not leſs than 288 feet from its central ſummit to its baſe. *MALHAM WATER*, a beautifully expanded lake, whoſe water is uncommonly transparent and pellucid, “embosomed,” to uſe Mr. Gray’s expreſſion, “in the cloud-capt mountains,” and affording a variety of moſt pleaſing and ſtriking proſpects. — *GORVALE*, a tremendous chafin, formed apparently by ſome dreadful elementary convulſion, through which a catacact ruſhes impetuoſly, the rocks riſing perpendicularly on each ſide, and ſloping forward in one black and awful canopy, overſhadowing above half the area below, and ſeemingly threatening immediate annihilation. — *AND GENNET’S CAVE*, a ſpacious and not inconſiderable cavern, having a dry ceſſellated floor, arched over with ſolid rock, reſembling an umbrella, ſurrounded with a verdant arbour. Our limits will not permit us to follow the author in his deſcription of theſe ſeveral natural curioſities; nor will they admit of being abridged, ſo as to give the reader an adequate idea of them; we muſt therefore refer them to the book itſelf, and content ourſelves with giving an account of an extraordinary phenomenon attending the *PERCH* in *Malham Water*,

the cauſe of which it may puzzle the naturaliſts to aſcertain.

“After a certain age they become blind — a thick, hard, yellow film covers the whole ſurface of the eye, and renders the ſight totally obſcured. When this is the caſe, the fiſh generally are exceedingly black, and although from the extreme toughneſs and conſiſtency of the membrane, it is evident that ſome have been much longer in this ſtate than others, yet there appears no diſtinction either in their flavour or condition.

“The old fiſhermen accuſtomed to this Lake, uſed to attribute this very curious circumſtance to their ſwimming always in ſhoals; and being armed with ſins as ſharp as the points of needles, the diſaſter was ſuppoſed to be occasioned by their piercing and wounding one another. This idea was alſo corroborated by the fact, that you find the oldeſt and largeſt fiſh blind only of *one* eye; but then it is alſo a fact, that the *ſmall ones* are never found in this condition, and always ſail indifferently with the largeſt.

“Another cauſe that has been aſſigned for this peculiar appearance, is the intenſe and uncommon coldneſs and hardneſs of the water. But then how is it that the *TROUT* are not ſimilarly affected, for they grow to a much larger ſize, live probably to as great an age, and upon the ſame ſeal at bottom as the *Perch*?”

An Appendix is added, conſiderably larger than the work itſelf. It is divided into three numbers. The firſt contains the roads from York through Craven, with the diſtances, and a ſhort account of the ſcenes of the neighbouring gentry: The ſecond, the heights of ſome of the higheſt mountains in Great Britain above the level of the ſea, as alſo the heights of *Mont Blanc*, the *Pike of Teneriffe*, and *Cotopaxi*, in South America. The third number contains the genealogy and life of *Lambert*, the parliamentary general during the civil wars, whoſe character is warmly defended againſt the attacks of Mr. *Hume* and others. Mr. *Hurtleſey* informs the reader that his anceſtors enjoyed a comfortable independence in the neighbourhood of theſe beautiful ſcenes, which he has deſcribed with all that warmth of attachment naturally feel for the place of their nativity,

vity, and therefore claims a kind of prescriptive right to commemorate them. This we readily admit, but with he had been content to do it in prose, as, if we may judge, from appearances, he seems to have mistaken his poetical talents.

“ Since fate relentless then has ta'en
my birth away,
Sure 'tis my right *their* beauties to display.
How'er—possessing his regard who now
it owns,
I envy not; nor care for Fortune's
frowns.”

I'll tell you What: a Comedy in five Acts, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. By Mrs. Inchbald. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Robinsons.

THIS Comedy, which was extremely well received on the stage, is not less calculated to please in the closet. The fable may be said to be a double one; the stories are however so happily connected, and the denouement so judiciously conducted, as to render the whole interesting and entertaining. The characters, though not strictly original, are well supported and strongly marked. Sir George Euston, an amiable and worthy baronet, having been unfortunate in his first matrimonial connection, is divorced from his lady, and marries again. At this period his uncle Mr. Anthony Euston returns from the West-Indies, and eager to embrace his nephew, whom he had left as he thought happily married, hastens to his house, and not finding Sir George at home, enquires for his niece, but is surpris'd at seeing a lady who is an utter stranger to him; he concludes, however, he has mistaken the house, and the lady, who supposes him to be the

first Lady Euston's uncle, does not undeceive him, but directs him to Sir George's former habitation. Here again instead of meeting his nephew, he is introduced to a gentleman whom he does not know, but who upon enquiry proves to be married to his nephew's first wife. The perplexity naturally arising to all the parties from these repeated mistakes, affords several highly entertaining scenes, which are well conducted. Major Cyprus, the person who had married the lady after her separation, in the true spirit of intrigue, attacks Sir George's second wife also, but is not only repulsed by her, but deservedly held up to ridicule. The scene between Mr. Anthony Euston, who had disinherited his son for marrying against his consent, and his daughter-in-law, whom, without knowing her, he had rescued from the greatest distress, is truly affecting, and shows that Mrs. Inchbald can equally command a smile or a sympathetic tear.

A Sentimental Journey through Spain, written in French by the Marquis de Langle, and translated from the Paris Edition. 2 Vols. S. Hooper. 1786.

THIS author is an humourist, and possesses a degree of whimsical originality, which gives a very grotesque appearance to his work. As great an egotist as Montaigne, *si parva licet conponere maus*, he omits no opportunity *a tort et à travers* to speak of himself; but alas! he has neither the depth, the wit, nor the genius of the lively Gascon, though he has no deficiency in animal spirits, and we shrewdly suspect is of the same province with that celebrated wit and philosopher. He attempts perpetually to interlard his facts with those shrewd epigrammatico philosophico politico reflections which are plants indigenous to France, and which were cultivated with such success by M. de Voltaire. *Il mele de l'esprit par tout*; but alas! his *esprit* is most frequently, to borrow an expression from Marmontel, *comme ces eter-*

nuemens qui ne viennent pas. But tho' the reader may more frequently laugh at the author than with him, we will venture to affirm, that in these Shandeyan volumes (Shandeyan we call them only in respect to their size) he will meet with some amusement and some information. It appears, indeed, that the author's principal design was to caricature the Dons; and from some words that escape him in the beginning of his second volume, he seems to have actually written on purpose to tempt the Spaniards to have it burned by the hands of the hangman; a fate which he most devoutly wished it might undergo, and which he has taken care in the title-page to inform us it did undergo. We need not observe that this circumstance has frequently given a temporary celebrity to many a work below that of the Marquis

quis de Langle.—As a specimen of this performance, we shall select what he says under the head of *Particular Observations*, from which the reader will be enabled to judge of this author's manner, premising at the same time that it is neither the best nor the worst part of his work.

“Almost all the Spanish women possess a wonderful sweetness of voice—it is a pleasure to hear them speak—I prefer the sound of their voice to the finest piece of music—*Gluck* could not improve the harmony of it—it is perfect music in itself.

“I fancy the King of Spain is never measured for his clothes—they are always either too long, too short, or too wide; one cannot tell what to make of them. If any other person were to dress so oddly, he would be laughed at.

“The dead are buried too soon here—they have scarcely time to be cold.—Why not wait two or three days? If a person be dead to-day, surely he will be so tomorrow; and then it will be time enough to carry him to the grave. In the Principality of Neuchâtel, none are buried until seventy-two hours after their decease.

“Some people say that the Spaniards are cheerful; I think them the reverse. I walk every evening the Prado, where there are near four thousand assembled; and yet I never heard the least sound of laughter.

“Madrid is perhaps the city where fewest people destroy themselves. One year with another there are not four who commit suicide there.

“The people of Madrid are great libertines. The matrons are said to be prone to gallantry: the young ladies are reputed to be very tender, but very reserved. The men, in general, are timid and bashful in courtship. The hearts of lovers frequently burn with love and desire for years; they often die of love; and all for want of coming to an explanation.

“Every wealthy Spaniard that is not buried in the habit of some religious order, is consigned to the grave in his best suit. It would be every whit as well, I think, to sell these fine clothes, clothe some poor person with the produce, and bury the deceased in a linen frock.

“What a pity it is that three-fourths of Spain should remain uncultivated! It is not certainly the fault of the soil: it is excellent in all parts. Sierra Morena is a proof of this. The dew had scarcely

fallen, and the sun shed his rays upon it, after the earth had been turned and sown, when it was covered with a rich produce.

“The Spaniards lose their teeth early. They seldom preserve any after fifty; or, if any remain, they are so few that they are hardly worth notice.

“One thing is very extraordinary, and which can hardly be conceived—It is said, that among the Spaniards there are a great number of Atheists, who believe in nothing, nothing whatever; and who openly maintain, that the existence of a God is a mere prejudice; that heaven and hell are imaginary places; and that all things are governed by chance. Ah! poor creatures! I most heartily pity them.

“I seldom meet two Spaniards together: the Spaniard seems to delight in being alone.

“Dry seasons are frequent in this country: water, on such occasions, grows scarce; and many die of thirst.

“A vast number of meritorious actions are performed at Madrid; and more virtuous men are to be found there than any where else: more truly virtuous men; men, I will venture to say, who are such models, that if all the rest of mankind resembled them, the world would be happy.

“I have met no where with such sweet-scented violets: I bought a bouquet of them yesterday, and it has perfumed my room ever since.

“Should a work that is written with any spirit of freedom come out here, it is immediately devoted to the flames: should mine make its appearance in this place, it will most certainly be reduced to ashes. So much the better, so much the better, I say; a thousand times the better; it will be a most lucky circumstance. Happy are the works that are burned! they are always favourites with the public.

“The Spaniards are of a middling stature, and very well proportioned; but they are in general black and ugly. What disfigures a great number of the Spaniards, is their ears; which are so large, that my gloves would scarcely contain them.

“Next to the kingdom of Naples, I believe there is no country where titles are so plenty as in Spain. Any one that likes may style himself Marquis, Count, or Knight. All titles seem to lie open *pro bono publico*, at the mercy of every one that pleases to assume them.

“The

"The part of education that is most neglected in Madrid, is the cultivation of the memory. The Spaniards perhaps are right in this; memory is frequently attended with ill consequences. There are indeed a hundred things, and a hundred persons, that I remember with pleasure; but there are a thousand that I should wish to forget: K—, for instance.

"The sacrament is carried with great pomp to the sick. The first person that happens to be passing in a carriage, is obliged to alight, and lend his coach to God.

"These vain ceremonies are the last planks on which sinking Religion, if I may venture to say so, endeavours to preserve herself from going to the bottom.

"I have no where observed so few pretty children. Infancy every where, in general, is pleasing and handsome; but the Spaniard, contrary to the usual rule, is already ugly before he has quitted the go-cart.

"The magnificence of the churches is incredible. On entering one of them you are dazzled, and almost blinded for some minutes, by the splendor and riches that surround you. The Spanish painters never fail to make their saints, of both sexes, the most beautiful figures. God himself, though dead on the cross, is represented with every personal grace and perfection of beauty that colours can bestow.

"I have, I think, already mentioned Spanish temperance; it is frequently carried to excess. I remember, one day, I called in on a very respectable family of Madrid: dinner was ready: they had just sat down to it: the company consisted of four persons; and all they had to dine on was one egg, with four apples.

"Spain is full of prophets, who ramble from village to village, one while predicting earthquakes or hurricanes, and at other times the end of the world. These predictions alarm and terrify the common people. Such prophets richly deserve chastisement.

"The most general reproach which I have heard against the Spaniards; is their want of distinctive character. If this be well founded, it is impossible to like them, or find much pleasure in their society. A man without a character of his own is nothing, is a useless being.

A man should have a character of his own, as well as a nose of his own.

"The Capuchins of Madrid never go out of their convent: they have every thing necessary there: a lay-brother fetches whatever is wanting.

"Every soldier sleeps alone. This regulation was made in the present reign. Spain is the only state where a soldier can sleep at his ease, and turn in his bed.

"The voice of the men is no less harsh and disagreeable, than that of the ladies is pleasing and harmonious. Every time the former speak, one would imagine that they are either angry, scolding, or hoarse.

"'Tis elegance of figure, beautiful eyes, but, above all, certain delicate, magical glances that distinguish the females of Madrid. It is there where the man who dreads falling in love, has reason most frequently to say to the pretty ladies of his acquaintance, "I pray and conjure you, do not captivate, do not enslave me."

"'Tis among the common people, among the poor, where the greatest number of devout christians is to be found. So true it is, that it is in poverty and distress we find a pleasure and consolation in praying to God.

"Though the apartments are very spacious, they are nevertheless dark, because the windows are improperly placed, the blinds and curtains always down: one would think that the Spaniards are afraid of day light; it seems as if they were yet to learn, that nothing furnishes a room so well as light.

"The bridge built over the Manzanera's cost near 800,000. and for nine months in the year there is hardly as much water in the bed of the river as would fill a few dozen of bottles.

"The Spaniards possess a thousand estimable qualities; among others, that of speaking their minds openly of ministers and men in office. I have heard above twenty people, who were talking of Mr. O'R—, express themselves in these words: "We do not hate him, he is not of consequence enough; we only despise him."

"The dead are buried with their faces uncovered in Spain. The custom should be universal. The bills of mortality are not sufficient to authenticate death. Thirty years ago an odious scene was exhibited in France. Count —,

* A river that runs through Madrid.

impatient to take possession of the fortune to which he was heir, seized upon his father, threw him into a hole under ground, and gave out that he was dead. The parish-bells next day gave notice of the funeral, and a stone was the corpse interred.

"The Spaniards are very fond of being saluted, but they never chuse to give the first salute. When they meet you they fix their eyes stedfastly upon you, as much as to say, "Take off your hat, and salute me; 'tis your duty." I was

near being involved in a quarrel on that account.

"The common people of Madrid are as much cockneys as those of London; They will trudge ten miles to see a prince, or any man of high rank. However, the passion of running after the tails of the great is pretty general every where. I shall, no doubt, be singular in my opinion; but all the sovereigns of the earth might pass in succession behind me, without interesting me enough, to induce me to turn my head to look at any of them."

The Innocent Rivals, a Novel; taken from the French, with Alterations and Additions. By a Lady. 3 Vols. 9s. Bew. London. 1786.

THIS story, though it sometimes borders not a little on the improbable, is upon the whole interesting, and affectingly told; it is briefly this. A young man of fashion marries a lady of his own age against the consent of her friends: a few months after he by chance sees another young lady, whose charms have so violent an effect on him, that he determines to sacrifice every thing to the gratification of his passion. His affections thus alienated from his wife, he behaves to her with such indifference as to render her miserable; she nevertheless endeavours to conceal her distress, and by so doing augments it. The hero of the Tale, in the mean time, addresses the young lady in the character of a single man, and makes an impression on her heart; but by an unguarded expression discovers his real situation, and is of course rejected with disdain, and the lady determines to see him no more. This resolution has such an effect on him, that he resolves to part with his wife. He accordingly compels her to retire into the country, where she is ob-

liged to assume another name, and has a guard placed over her to prevent her discovering her situation: all this she patiently submits to, and even consents to being removed in a mourning coach preceded by a hearse, the better to countenance the report of her death, which he causes to be circulated. He now again applies to Sophia by letter, who again rejects his addresses, in a manner that does honour to her sex. Perseverance, however, on his part, and the interposition of a friend, get the better of her resolutions, and they are united: but even the completion of his wishes cannot secure him happiness; his mind is perpetually disturbed by the consciousness of his guilt; and the fear of a discovery of his first wife being still alive, embitters every enjoyment. This dreaded event at length happens, the *innocent rivals* accidentally meet, and Melmoth, in consequence, dies repentant, the victim of remorse for his past errors, and a warning to others not to yield to the ungodly violence of their passions.

Sketches of the History of the Austrian Netherlands: with Remarks on the Constitution, Commerce, Arts, and general State of these Provinces. By James Shaw. 8vo. 5s. Robinsons. 1786.

THE Austrian Netherlands, owing to the efforts to restore them to their former consequence, though not attended with success, have of late engaged the attention of the public; whatever, therefore, may tend to throw a light either on their ancient history, or their present state, cannot fail of being acceptable. These provinces, though now declined from their ancient greatness, still exhibit a fair and flourishing country, as populous as any part of Europe of the

same extent. To this flourishing state, the situation and fertility of the soil and the industry of the inhabitants have partly contributed; but the principal cause of their ancient opulence, as well as present prosperity, is to be attributed to those privileges and that liberty which during so many centuries they have possessed. The author of these Essays, after describing the country, and giving a general view of the history of it since the age of Charlemagne, proceeds to consi-

der the political constitution of Brabant, to which that of the other states, tho' differing in some respects, yet having had the same original, and being founded on the same principles, upon the whole bears a general resemblance.

The great charter of the liberties of this province is named the *Blythe* or *Joyous Entry of Brabant*, because the sovereign, when he enters on his government, binds himself by an oath to govern according to this great charter, on which the happiness and security of his subjects depends. In this great instrument of liberty, the powers of the states of the province are ascertained; the constitution of the tribunals and courts of justice is determined; the magistrates and great offices of the state are described; the general rights and franchises of all the citizens are recited in many important particulars; even their exercises and amusements are not omitted; and a remarkable clause is added, that if the sovereign shall infringe any article of the *Joyous Entry*, his subjects shall be released from service and duty until due reparation be made.

The states of Brabant, who form an essential part of the constitution, are composed of the three orders—the clergy, the nobles, and the third estate, as it is called, or the commons. The entry into the states is not open to all without distinction who are born noble, nor can the prince introduce those whom he ennobles into this assembly. The nobles who enter into the states must exhibit proofs of their family having been noble during four descents on both sides, and must also possess estates in Brabant of a yearly value proportionable to their rank. Two prelates and eleven abbots form the order of the clergy; the nobles, at present, do not exceed the number of thirty; and the commons are represented by seven deputies chosen from the magistrates of Brussels, Louvain, and Antwerp.

No tax can be imposed or subsidy granted without the consent and authority of the states. When the sovereign requires a subsidy, his requisition is presented in the form of a Petition. The states deliberate; and the clergy and nobles, if they give their consent, do it in these terms, "provided that the third estate shall also consent." But the deputies can give no consent till they have collected the sense of the cities which they represent. For this purpose, the *Great Chamber* of the city is assembled, composed of the magistrates, the ancient coun-

cil, consisting of those who have been magistrates, and the rulers, or deans as they are called, of the communities of arts and trades, which are divided into nine bands. To this assembly the deputies report the request of the prince, and the consent of the clergy and nobles. The Chamber deliberates, and the plurality of voices decides. The deputies make their report to the states, and if the three principal cities are unanimous in their consent, the subsidy is granted.

Personal liberty and security, as well as property, are well guarded by the Constitution of Brabant. No arbitrary mandate can deprive a citizen of his liberty; his dwelling is sacred: if he is suspected of a crime, the officers of justice are not permitted to enter his house for the purpose of apprehending him, unless two magistrates are present. He cannot be detained in prison without just cause: within a short and limited time, he must be brought to trial. No foreign jurisdiction has any power over him, nor can he be tried by any other than his natural judges. In the cities, the magistrates are the judges, nominated by the sovereign, from a list of three for each magistrate, presented by the city: and to guard against undue attachment, this charter excludes from the magistracy, those who hold certain offices of profit and trust immediately under the prince. These magistrates judge in civil as well as criminal causes: in the latter, their sentence is final; but in the former, an appeal lies to the great tribunal of the province, the council of Brabant, which consists of a president and sixteen judges. To prevent the intrusion of strangers, it is provided, that the president, if not a native, must possess estates of a certain yearly value in Brabant, and all the other judges except two must be natives. The jurisdiction of this tribunal is extensive; appeals in all civil causes may be heard in it, and many fall under its cognizance in the first instance, particularly all accusations of treason. But the authority of this tribunal is not confined to the administration of justice, it likewise extends to legislation. The states of Brabant do not concur with the sovereign in enacting laws; but the *Joyous Entry* ordains that no edict of the sovereign shall obtain the force of a law, till it has been examined and approved by the judges of this tribunal, and subscribed by the chancellor.

"Such," says our author, "are the benefits the Austrian Netherlands enjoy from

from that wise constitution which they have established and maintained. Governed according to their own laws, secured in their property and personal liberty, and charged only with moderate taxes imposed by themselves, the Flemings enjoy the best gifts of a free constitution; nor have they cause to repine, in comparing their situation with that of other countries, when they behold around them either nations that are subject to arbitrary sway, or, that enjoying liberty are yet oppressed with burthensome taxes, from which those provinces are happily exempted."

Mr. Shaw in the following section describes the Austrian Provinces, and gives an account of their union under the House of Burgundy; an æra which constitutes the most brilliant part of their History, when their commerce flourished, and their country was the emporium of Europe. He next enumerates the various causes that have concurred to destroy their trade, and which at present there seems but little probability of their recovering, unless the intestine broils of their jealous neighbours procure them the free navigation of the Scheldt.

The manufactures, cities, and agriculture of the Flemings next engage our author's attention, and afford him an opportunity of making many pertinent remarks on each of these subjects, particularly the latter. Agriculture, he observes, "flourishes greatly in Brabant and Hainault, but it is in the province of Flanders that this art has attained its highest praise. Here were made the earliest improvements in husbandry. The fields of Flanders never repose or lie fallow; yet the rich soil fails not to repay the care of the farmer by a constant succession of fruitful crops. Nor is he satisfied only with the crops that summer ripens. Soon as the harvests are gathered, the earth receives again into its bosom new seeds, or plants, and new crops of greens and vegetables arise, that cover the fields through the autumn and the winter months, till the spring warns to prepare the ground for the ensuing season.

"The farms in Flanders are small, rarely exceed fifty acres, and frequently contracted within a narrower bound: to this he attributes in a great measure, the exact culture and populousness of Flanders. In a small farm, each part seen by the eye of the master has its due tillage: the work of husbandry is chiefly performed by the farmer and his family, who spare

no pains to cultivate that field which assures their subsistence; and the glebe, subdued and manured with assiduous care, makes a large return to that labour which is bestowed on its culture. A vast population springs up, and the land is covered with the dwellings of a multitude of cultivators, who find each in the produce of that small farm which he tills, a decent and comfortable maintenance. It happens otherwise in a country where the farms are of wide extent. In a large farm, many parts are overlooked or neglected, and a more negligent culture is bestowed by hired labourers, more remiss and less interested in the crop.

"The other provinces have remarked the advantages which Flanders has derived from the small extent of the farms, and have imitated that example. The states of Hainault have, by an express law, limited the extent of the farms in that province to an hundred and fifty acres, and the good effects of the regulation have been sensibly found; the lands are better cultivated, the country is more populous, and the villages encreasing draw nearer to each other.

"A contrary practice has for some time past prevailed in England, where the number of small farms is diminished, and where the proprietors of estates have adopted the plan of laying many small farms into one large farm. Agriculture has not profited by this alteration. The glebe, stinted in its tillage where a single master grasps a large extent of fields, has not yielded more abundant harvests; and the markets, less amply provided in some important articles, miss that supply which they were accustomed to draw from the small farms. The populousness of the country has fallen. While the mansion of the great farmer has risen more ostentatiously, those numerous tenements that were scattered through the fields, or that encircled the cheerful green, have disappeared, and the deserted village has furnished a theme for the poet's song. The ancient tenant finding no occupation in the fields where he spent his youth, and not caring, as a mercenary, to plough that land which he formerly rented, forsakes his native shore, and seeks with his family another climate, where his industry may be better required."

Mr. Shaw concludes his observations on this interesting subject with the following. "Agriculture, whilst it supplies materials to commerce and manufactures, is also more permanent than either, and

affords a more solid basis of national prosperity. The manufactures of Louvain have failed, and the trade of Antwerp is fallen; but the fields of Flanders keep a constant fertility. Agriculture also entertains a race of men temperate, hardy, simple, that withstand the attacks of luxury, and among whom virtue lingers long, when corruption has gained the other ranks of the state."

An account of the neighbouring states and their influence on the Netherlands is the subject of the next section. The following one treats of their religion; in which the author has given a circumstantial account of the suppression of the monasteries in that country, and displayed in his observations on that head great liberality of mind and much good sense. After some remarks on the present state of literature and the arts in those provinces, the author enters into a minute and interesting detail of the misfortunes of the Princess Jacoba, of Hainault, and the ambitious designs of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, with the unfortunate consequences which attended his rash schemes of empire, in

the pursuit of which he fell in the strength of his age, leaving his daughter and his states to feel the fatal effects of his ungoverned ambition. Under the reign of Albert and Isabella these countries, in some measure, recovered from the calamities they had experienced during the convulsions of a war of forty years. The Archduke possessed, in a high degree, the pacific virtues, so conducive to the happiness of mankind: during his administration the good laws of former princes were restored, and new ones enacted beneficial to the state; jurisprudence was placed on a firmer basis, and the tranquility of the citizen better secured; the country was well cultivated, and its inhabitants were happy.

These entertaining and instructive Essays, which have afforded us much pleasure in the perusal, conclude with an Enquiry, whether it would conduce more to the welfare of these provinces to compose a distinct principality, or remain a dependent part of a great empire? Plausible arguments are offered in favour of such opinion, but the question is left undecided.

Considerations on Lotteries, and Proposals for their better Regulation. Addressed to the Right Hon. William Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer. 4to. 18-Kearley. 1786.

THE author of these Considerations is a warm advocate in favour of Lotteries. He thinks more harm would result from their discontinuance than they are supposed to occasion; and at the same time the State would be deprived of a fruitful source of revenue. He affirms that lotteries are not only expedient, but even necessary, as the disuse of them would greatly injure the nation, by draining it annually of a considerable quantity of specie, as the people accustomed to lottery adventure would have recourse to foreign lotteries, if denied the opportunity of speculation at home. He next considers them in a moral point of view, and enquires how far they are useful to the people. "Imperfection," he says, is attached to every thing; to argue, therefore, against the propriety of a thing, because it may be perverted to bad uses, is unjust. His arguments, however, in favour of lotteries are more

specious than solid; and he is apt to draw false conclusions from true premises. The following may serve as a specimen.

"There is this further to be said in favour of gaming, considered in the worst light, that it serves to exclude many other vices, equally if not more pernicious; and since all endeavours towards a complete reformation, or every attempt to make men perfectly virtuous, must prove abortive, it is wisdom to adopt that system as the best, which is the most practicable; and it therefore becomes necessary to connive at certain faults, in order to prevent others of a greater magnitude and worse tendency."

The sophistry of this reasoning is easily detected; the veil is too transparent; truth, though artfully blended with falsehood, like oil will rise to the surface; and after all the writer's labour to establish the utility of lotteries, he only proves that, at best, they are NECESSARY EVILS.

A Treatise of Ancient Armour and Weapons; illustrated by Plates, taken from the original Armour in the Tower of London, and other Arsenals, Museums and Cabinets. By Francis Grose, Esq. 4to. Hooper.

THIS valuable and curious work, which reflects new honour on its author, though to justly celebrated for

his former publications on Antiquities, supplies a deficiency that was severely felt, not only by professed Antiquarians,

but by all whom business or amusement led to peruse the histories and other works of the middle ages; many passages in which, for want of such a help, were rendered obscure, some entirely unintelligible.

Artists in particular were much at a loss in this respect, and many gross errors are to be found even in the best performances of the most eminent painters, owing to their ignorance of this, to them an indispensably necessary branch of knowledge.

Indeed, it seems to have been in a great measure for them that the author published this work in its present form, as he tells us that he was led to the subject in consequence of a plan he had formed for writing a Military History of the British Army from the time of the Conquest to the reign of George I. and which he gives us hopes will soon be made public.

How interesting and useful such a work must be to all who study the art of war as a science, needs not to be insisted upon. Even the speculatist may find his account in it. There is something pleasing in contemplating the progress of human ingenuity in any art or science, from its first rude essays to perfection; and we feel the same kind though not the same degree of pleasure in tracing through various ages the gradual improvements even of the instruments of destruction, that we do in those of architecture and navigation; from the unhewn post that props the conical roof of the watted wigwam, to the sculptured column which supports the swelling dome of the palace; from the first outline of the human face rudely traced on the wall with a piece of charcoal, to the cartoons of a Raphael; and from the canoe hollowed by fire, to the first-rate man of war.

The design and plan of the work will be best understood from the author's own words. "Having," says he, in his Preface, "in the course of my researches into the military antiquities of this country, in vain sought for some treatise exhibiting a series of authentic delineations and descriptions of the different kinds of armour and weapons used by our ancestors; I conceived that a work of that kind would not be an unacceptable addition to the antiquarian and military libraries, and might also be useful to sculptors, painters, and designers, and enable them to avoid those anachronisms and violations of the *costume*, which

we too often meet with in works otherwise excellently performed.

"The chief sources from which I have drawn my examples are the armour and weapons themselves, preserved either in the public arsenals or private cabinets; but as several specimens are wanting in those repositories, I have, to supply the deficiency, occasionally availed myself of the assistance of sepulchral monuments, the great seals of our kings and ancient barons, and figures on painted glass; but these as cautiously and sparingly as possible, and only in the case above-mentioned. For the historical part I have consulted a variety of glossaries, military writers and ancient manuscript inventories of armour, both in the public libraries and those of my friends.

"Although I mean to confine this work chiefly to the consideration of English armour worn from the Conquest to the time of its disuse, I shall occasionally so far digress as to give a few plates of such pieces of ancient or foreign armour as are judged authentic, curious, and have not been before published.

"In order the more clearly to investigate my subject, I shall, in imitation of mathematical writers, define and describe every article or piece of armour piece by piece, its construction and use, and afterwards give a general history of armour and arms, shewing their original forms and materials, with their successive improvements, and the different laws and regulations made respecting them, with their prices; as also the alterations in defensive armour caused by the use of gunpowder; the armour directed by our statutes to be worn and kept by the different ranks of people, its gradual and final disuse.

"Such is the plan of this work, in the execution of which no pains have been spared. The plates being etched in a free and workman-like manner, will, it is conceived, give them a more picturesque appearance, than they would have derived from the stiffness of the graver."

This part of the work is indeed peculiarly elegant. The plates, which are 49 in number, exclusive of the Frontispiece and Vignette, do honour to the Engraver, Mr. Hamilton, Vice-President of the Society of Artists. We are sorry we cannot bestow the same praise on the letter-press, which is very incorrect, the greatest part of the explanation of plate 41 being unaccountably left out.

We intended at first to have given a large extract from this truly excellent work; but as we could not do justice to the author without transgressing the limits we are obliged to prescribe to ourselves in our Review, we find ourselves

obliged to defer gratifying the curiosity of our readers till a future Magazine, especially as our author's descriptions cannot be clearly understood without a plate, which is now in the hands of our Engraver.

Letters of Albanicus to the People of England on the Partiality and Injustice of the Charges brought against Warren Hastings, Esq; late Governor of Bengal. 8vo. J. Debrctt. 1786.

THE charges brought against Mr. Hastings, Albanicus observes, are so numerous and complicated, and the answers to them necessarily so much more so, that it requires more time and closer attention to understand them sufficiently, than the generality of people will be at the trouble to bestow; he therefore addresses these letters to the people of England, in which he professes to confine himself to representing facts simply as they are, and separating them from the unfair conclusions with which they have been clothed. The actions of a man, he asserts, ought to be viewed together, and not separated into different parts, for the purpose of different charges. Honour and character do not admit of being treated like personal property, be-

cause they are not like it *divisible*: he therefore contends that all the crimes and misdemeanors of which Mr. Hastings is accused, ought in justice to be debated *in one charge*, and balanced with whatever services he has done his country; for that if you separate the different parts of a man's conduct in this manner, no man can escape. In the subsequent letters the author enters largely into the merits of several of the charges alleged against the Governor, and defends his cause with much zeal; we however do not think that any arguments he can adduce will place the matter in a clearer light, or carry so much conviction to an unprejudiced mind, as what was offered by Mr. Hastings himself at the Bar of the House of Commons.

The ADVANTAGES of PUBLIC EDUCATION exemplified in the STORY of GEMINUS and GEMELLUS.

By R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

(Concluded from page 165.)

By Nature you're his father; I by counsel.

COLMAN.

THIS letter fixed the fate of Gemellus. Resentments are not easily dislodged from narrow minds; Euphorion had not penetration to distinguish between the characters of his children; he saw no meanness in the sly insidious manners of his home-bred favourite, nor any sparks of generous pride in the steady inflexibility of Gemellus; he little knew the high principle of honour, which even the youngest spirits communicate to each other in the habits and manners of a public school. He bitterly inveighed against his neighbour the lawyer for persuading him to such a fatal system of education, and whenever they met in company their conversation was engrossed with continual arguings and reproachings; for neither party receded from his point, and Gemellus's advocate was as little disposed to give him up, as his fa-

ther was to excuse him. At last they came to a compromise, by which Euphorion agreed to charge his estate with an annuity for the education and support of Gemellus, which annuity during his nonage was to be received and administered by the said lawyer, and Geminus left heir of his whole fortune, this moderate incumbrance excepted.

The disinterested and proscribed offender was now turned over to the care of the lawyer, who regularly defrayed his school expences, and never failed to visit him at those periods, when country practitioners usually resort to town. The boy, apprized of his situation, took no further pains to assuage his father's resentment, but full of resources within himself, and possessed of an active and aspiring genius, pressed forward in his business, and soon found himself at the head

head of the school, with the reputation of being the best scholar in it.

He had formed a close friendship, according to the custom of great schools, with a boy of his own age, the son of a nobleman of high distinction, in whose family Gemellus was a great favourite, and where he never failed to pass his holidays, when the school adjourned. His good friend and guardian the lawyer saw the advantages of this early connection in their proper light, and readily consented to admit his ward of the same college in the university, when Gemellus and his friend had completed their school education. Here the attachment of these young men became more and more solid, as they advanced nearer to manhood, and after a course of academical studies, in which Gemellus still improved the reputation he brought from Westminster, it was proposed that he should accompany his friend upon his travels, and a proper governor was engaged for that service. This proposal rather staggered Gemellus's guardian on the score of expence, and he now found it necessary for the first time to open himself to Euphorion. With this intent he called upon him one morning, and taking him aside, told him, he was come to confer with him on the subject of Gemellus—"I am sorry for it," interposed Euphorion. "Hold, Sir," answered the lawyer, "interrupt me not, if you please; tho' Gemellus is my ward, he is your son; and if you have the natural feelings of a father, you will be proud to acknowledge your right in him as such."—As he was speaking these words, an awkward servant burst into the room, and staring with fright and confusion, told his master there was a great lord in a fine equipage had actually driven up to the hall door, and was asking to speak with him. Euphorion's surprize was now little less than his servant's, and not being in the habit of receiving visits from people of distinction, he eagerly demanded of the lawyer who this visitor could possibly be, and casting an eye of embarrassment upon his gouty foot—"I am not fit to be seen," said he, and cannot tell how to escape; for heaven's sake! go and see who this visitor is, and keep him from the sight of me, if it be possible."

Euphorion had scarce done speaking, when the door was thrown open, and the noble stranger, who was no less a

person than the father of Gemellus's friend, made his approach, and having introduced himself to Euphorion, and apologized for the abruptness of his visit, proceeded to explain the occasion of it in the following words:—"I wait upon you, Sir, with a request, in which I flatter myself I shall be seconded by this worthy gentleman here present. You have the honour to be father to one of the most amiable and accomplished young men I ever knew; it may not become me to speak so warmly of my own son as perhaps I might with truth, but I flatter myself it will be some recommendation of him to your good opinion, when I tell you that he is the friend and intimate of your Gemellus. They have now gone through school and college together, and according to my notions of the world such early connections, when they are well chosen, are amongst the chief advantages of a public education; but as I now purpose to send my son upon his travels, and in such a manner as I flatter myself will be for his benefit and improvement, I hope you will pardon this intrusion, when I inform you that the object of it is to elicit your consent that Gemellus may accompany him."

Euphorion's countenance, whilst this speech was addressed to him, underwent a variety of changes; surprize at hearing such an unexpected character of his son was strongly expressed; a gleam of joy seemed to break out, but was soon dispelled by shame and vexation at the reflection of having abandoned him: he attempted to speak, but confusion choked him; he cast a look of embarrassment upon the lawyer, but the joy and triumph which his features exhibited, appeared to him like insult, and he turned his eyes on the ground in silence and despair. No one emotion had escaped the observation of Gemellus's patron, who, turning to the lawyer, said he believed he need not affect to be ignorant of Gemellus's situation, and then addressing himself again to Euphorion—"I can readily understand," said he, "that such a proposal as I have now opened to you, however advantageous it might promise to be to your son, would not correspond with your ideas in point of expence, nor come within the compass of that limited provision, which you have thought fit to appoint for him. This is a matter of which I have no pretensions to speak; you have disposed

of your fortune between your sons in the proportions you thought fit, and it must be owned a youth, who has had a domestic education, stands the most in need of a father's help, from the little chance there is of his being able to take care of himself. Gemellus has talents that must secure his fortune, and if my services can assist him, they shall never be wanting; in the mean time it is very little for me to say that my purse will furnish their joint occasions, whilst they are on their travels, and Gemellus's little fund, which is in honest and friendly hands, will accumulate in the interim."

The length of this speech would have given Euphorion time to recollect himself, if the matter of it had not presented some unpleasant truths to his reflection, which incapacitated him from making a deliberate reply; he made a shift however to hammer out some broken sentences, and with as good a grace as he could, attempted to palliate his neglect of Gemellus by pleading his infirm state of health, and retirement from the world—he had put him into the hands of his friend, who was present, and as he best knew what answer to give to the proposal in question, he referred his lordship to him, and would abide by his decision—he was glad to hear so favourable an account of him—it was far beyond his expectations; he hoped his lordship's partiality would not be deceived in him, and he was thankful for the kind expressions he had thrown out of his future good offices and protection.—The noble visitor now desired leave to introduce his son, who was waiting in the coach, and hoped Gemellus might be allowed to pay his duty at the same time. This was a surprise upon Euphorion, which he could not parry, and the young friends were immediately ushered in by the exulting lawyer. Gemellus commanded himself with great address; but the father's look, when he first discovered an elegant and manly youth in the bloom of health and comeliness, with an open countenance, where genius, courage and philanthropy were characterized, is not to be described: it was a mixt expression of shame, conviction and repentance; nature had her share in it; parental love seemed to catch a glance, as it were, by stealth; he was silent, and his lips quivered with the supprest emotions of his heart. Gemellus approached and made an humble obeisance; Euphorion stretched forth

his hand; he seized it between his, and reverently pressed it to his lips. Their meeting was not interrupted by a word, and the silence was only broken by my lord, who told Gemellus in a low voice, that his father had consented to his request, and he had no longer cause to apprehend a separation from his friend. The honest lawyer now could no longer repress his ecstacy, but running to Gemellus, who met his embrace with open arms, showered a flood of tears upon his neck, and received the tribute of gratitude and affection in return upon his own.

When their spirits were a little composed, Gemellus requested to see his brother; a summons was accordingly issued, and Geminus made his entrance. The contrast which this meeting exhibited, spoke in stronger terms than language can supply the decided preference of a public and liberal system of education, to the narrow maxims of private and domestic tuition. On Gemellus's part all was candour, openness and cordiality; he hoped all childish differences were forgiven; for his share, if he called them to remembrance, it was only to regret that he had been so long separated from a brother who was naturally so dear to him; for the remainder of their lives he persuaded himself they should be twins in affection, as well as in birth. On the side of Geminus there was some acting, and some nature; but both were specimens of the worst sort; hypocrisy played his part but awkwardly, and nature gave a sorry sample of her performances.

A few words will suffice to wind up their histories, so far at least as they need be explained. Euphorion died soon after this interview; Geminus inherited his fortune, and upon his very first coming to London was cajoined into a disgraceful marriage with a cast-off mistress, whom he became acquainted with. Duped by a profligate and plundered by sharpers, he made a miserable waste both of money and reputation, and in the event became a pensioner of his brother. Gemellus with great natural talents, improved by education and experience, with an excellent nature and a laudable ambition, seconded by a very powerful connection, soon rose to a distinguished situation in the state, where he yet continues to act a conspicuous part, to the honour of his country, and with no less reputation to himself.

The following Extract from the Introduction to Mr. FORSTER'S HISTORY of the VOYAGES and DISCOVERIES made in the NORTH, exhibits an excellent an Idea of the noble Art and Science of Navigation; and at the same Time furnishes us with several many curious Particulars, that it cannot but prove highly acceptable to an English Reader.

OF all the arts and professions which have at any time attracted my notice, none has ever appeared to me more astonishing and marvellous than that of Navigation, in the state in which it is at present; an art which doubtless affords one of the most certain and irrefragable proofs of the amazing powers of the human understanding. This cannot be made more evident, than when, taking a retrospective view of the tottering, unartificial craft to which navigation owes its origin, we compare it with a noble and majestic edifice, containing 1000 men, together with their provisions, drink, furniture, wearing-apparel, and other necessaries for many months, besides 100 pieces of heavy ordnance; and bearing all this vast apparatus safely, and as it were on the wings of the wind, across immense seas to the most distant shores. The following example may serve for the present to delineate at full length, as it were, the idea above alluded to. But first I must premise, that a huge, unwieldy log of wood, with the greatest difficulty, and in the most uncouth manner, hollowed out on the inside, and somewhat pointed at both ends, and in this guise set on a river, for the purpose of transporting two or three persons belonging to one and the same family across a piece of water a few feet deep, by the assistance of a pole pushed against the ground, cannot with any propriety be considered as the image of navigation in its first and earliest state. For it seems evident to me, that people in the beginning only took three or four trunks of trees, and fastened them together, and then, by means of this kind of raft, got across such waters as were too deep for them to ford over, and across which they could not well swim with their children, and various kinds of goods which they might wish to preserve from being wet. The canoe, however, is a specimen of the art in a more advanced state, as this kind of craft is capable of having direction given to it, and even of so capital an improvement as that of having a sail added to it. For this reason I choose this vehicle for a standard, in preference to a mere raft, to which, imperfect as it is, it is so much superior. Let us, then, compare this with a large majestic floating edifice, the result of the ingenuity and united labour of many hundreds of hands, and composed of a great number of well-proportioned pieces, nicely fastened together by means of iron nails and bolts, and rendered so tight with tow and pitch, that no water can penetrate into it. Now, in order to give motion and direction

to this enormous machine, some astonishingly lofty pieces of timber have been fixed upright in it, and so many moveable cross pieces have been added to it, together with such a variety of pieces of strong linen cloth, for the purpose of catching the wind and of receiving its impulse and propelling power, that the number of them amounts to upwards of thirty. For changing the direction of these yards and sails, according to particular circumstances, it has also been requisite to add a vast quantity of cordage and tackling; and nevertheless, even all this would not be sufficient for the perfect direction and government of the vessel, if there was not fastened to the hinder part of it, by means of hinges and hooks, a moveable piece of wood, very small indeed in proportion to the whole machine, but the least inclination of which to either side is sufficient to give immediately a different direction to this enormous large mass, and that even in a storm, so that two men may direct and govern this swimming island with the same or rather with greater ease than a single man can do a boat. But if, besides, we consider that, in a vessel like this, not a single piece is put in at random, but that every part of it has its determinate measure and proportion, and is fixed precisely in that place which is the most advantageous for it; that, throughout every part of it, there is distributed an astonishing quantity of blocks, stays, and pulleys, for the purpose of diminishing the friction, and of accelerating the motion of these parts; that even the bellying and vaulted part of the fabric, together with its sharp termination underneath, are proportioned according to the nicest calculations and the most accurately determined rules; that the length and the thickness of the masts, the size of the booms and yards, the length, width, and strength of the sails and tackling are all in due proportion to one another, according to certain rules founded upon the principles of motion: when we consider all this, I say, our admiration increases more and more at this great master-piece of human power and understanding. Still, however, there are wanting a few traits to complete this description. A man in health consumes in the space of 24 hours, about eight pounds of victuals and drink; consequently 8000lb. of provisions are required per day in such a ship. Now let us suppose her to be fitted out for three months only, and we shall find that she must be laden with 720,000lb. of provisions. A large forty-two pounder weighs about

about 6,100lb. if made of brass, and about 5,500lb. if of iron; and generally there are twenty-eight or thirty of these on board a ship of 100 guns, the weight of which, exclusive of that of their carriages, amounts to 183,000lb. On the second deck there are thirty twenty-four pounders, each of which weigh about 5,100lb. and therefore all together, 153,000lb. and the weight of the twenty-six or twenty-eight twelve-pounders on the lower deck amounts to about 75,400lb. that of the fourteen six-pounders on the upper deck, to about 26,600lb. and besides that, on the round tops even there are three-pounders and rapiers. Now, if to this we add, that the complete charge of a forty-two pounder weighs about 64lb. and that at least upwards of 100 charges are required for each gun, we shall find this to amount nearly to the same weight as the guns themselves. In addition to this we must reflect, that every ship must have, by way of providing against exigencies, at least another set of sails, cables, cordage, and tackling, which all together amount to a considerable weight. The stores likewise, consisting of planks, pitch, and tow; the chests belonging to the officers and sailors; the surgeon's stores, and various other articles requisite on a long voyage; as also the small arms; bayonets, swords, and pistols, are no inconsiderable load; to which we must finally add the weight of the crew, which is not very trifling; so that one of these large ships carries at least 2,162 tons burthen, or 4,324,000lb. and at the same time is steered and governed with as much ease as the smallest boat. Now, the consideration of these circumstances alone is sufficient to excite the most serious reflections in a contemplative mind; and yet, if such a ship sailed along the coast only, and never lost sight of

the shore, as the navigators of old used to do, we might still be tempted to look upon navigation as an easy and trifling business. But the finding the straightest and shortest way over an ocean of more than 60 or 80 degrees in longitude, and 30 or 40 in latitude; or across a track from 4000 to 6000 miles in extent, by day or by night, in fair weather or in foul, as well when the sky is overcast as when it is clear, and often with no other guide than the compass (which does not even point direct to the North in all places), and the being able to determine the true position of the ship at sea by the height of the sun, though this latter be enveloped in clouds, or to direct one's course by the moon and the stars with such exactness and precision, as not to make a mistake of the value of half a degree or thirty miles; this at least shews the progress and great perfection of an art practised by a set of people of whose understandings many conceited and supercilious landmen have but a mean opinion, and whose plain and simple manners they frequently take the liberty of turning into ridicule.

A violent storm of wind will make us tremble with fear, even in a strong well-built house, and in the midst of a populous city; yet we have seldom or never either seen or experienced the vast power of the enraged waves, when beat about by the winds, and dashed against each other till they seem transformed into froth and vapour, and the whole surface of the ocean presents to the eye a confused scene of immense watery mountains and bottomless precipices; and yet on such a sea as this the true seaman, provided he has but a good ship, rides with calm and unshaken courage, and thinks himself as safe in the midst of the ocean as in the best fortified castle.

COPY of an ORIGINAL LETTER, written by the late celebrated GEORGE ALEXANDER STEEVENS, to Dr. MILLER, of DONCASTER, dated from NOTTINGHAM GAOL, in the County of NOTTINGHAM, March 27, 1761.

S I R,
WHEN I parted from you at Doncaster, I imagined, long before this, to have met with some oddities worth acquainting you with. It is grown a fashion of late to write Lives;—I have now and for a long time have had leisure enough to undertake mine, but want materials for the latter part of it; for my existence now cannot properly be called Living, but what the painters term *still-life*; having, ever since March 13, been confined in this town goal, for a London debt.

As a hunted deer is always shunned by the happier herd, so am I deserted by the Company; my share taken off, and no support left me, save what my wife can spare me out of her's:—

“Deserted in my utmost need
“By those my former bounty fed.”

With an economy which till now I was a stranger to, I have made shift to victual himself to my little garrison, but then it has been with the aid of my good friends and allies—my clothes.—This week's eating finishes my

* Norwich Company.

left waistcoat; and next, I must atone for my errors upon bread and water.

Themisfoles had many towns to furnish his table, and a whole city bore the charge of his meals. In some respects I am like him, for I am furnished by the labours of a multitude. A wig has fed me two days: the trimming of a waistcoat as long; a pair of velvet breeches paid my washerwoman, and a ruffled shirt has found me in shaving. My coat I swallowed by degrees. The sleeves I breakfasted upon for weeks: the body, skirts, &c. served me for dinner two months. My silk stockings have paid my lodgings; and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer-like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a good stomach, but it is ill jesting with edge tools, and I am sure that's the sharpest thing about me. You may think I have no sense of my condition, that, while I am thus wretched, I should

offer at ridicule: but, sir, people constitutioned like me, with a disproportioned levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable; and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer the patient approaches his dissolution. However, sir, to shew you I am not lost to all reflection, I think myself poor enough to wait a favour, and humble enough to ask it here. Sir, I might make an encomium on your good-nature, humanity, &c. but I shall not pay so bad a compliment to your understanding, as to endeavour, by a parade of phrases, to win it over to my interest. If you could any night at a concert make a small collection for me, it might be a means of my obtaining my liberty; and you well know, sir, the first people of rank abroad will perform the most friendly offices for the sick: Be not, therefore, offended at the request of a poor (tho' a deservedly punished) debtor.

GEO. ALEXANDER STEEVENS.

A MELANCHOLY FACT.

YE who love anecdote, read the following beautiful lines:—when ye have read them, you shall know to whom they appertain.

To Miss L.—

Sweet Echo! vocal nymph, whose mimic tongue

Return'd the music of my Delia's song;
Oh! still repeat the soft enchanting lay,
That gently steals the ravish'd soul away!
Shall sounds like these in circling air be lost,

And in the stream of vulgar noises lost?
Ye guardian sylphs, who listen while she sings,

Bear the sweet accents on your rosy wings;
With studious care the fading notes retain,
Nor let that tuneful breath be spent in vain!

Yet if too soon the transient pleasures fly,
A charm more lasting shall their loss supply,

While harmony, with each attractive grace,

Plays in the fair proportion of her face,
Where each soft air, engaging and serene,
Beats measure to the well-tun'd mind within:

Alike her singing and her silence move,
Whose voice is music, and whose looks are love.

This little morceau was published a year or two ago in the newspapers—we will not say by Mr. Tickell, but in his name; and his wife was said to be the subject. As she

had been a public singer on the stage, (as well as her sister Mrs. Sheridan) and as Mr. Tickell had taken her from it, the lines were extremely to his purpose, and they were swallowed by the public as his. But they are to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for November, so far back as the year 1740—many years before most of us were in existence. They were inscribed to a Miss L. most luckily for those who wished to give the reputation of them to the husband of Miss Linley. But the fair, the unhappy object of them was called Miss Lynch; not a public singer, but of a genteel family in an eastern county.

“But why unhappy, sir?”—Listen to the story. Miss Lynch, with all that loveliness, all that sweetness, all that harmony, described in those verses, had many opportunities of marriage; but her heart was devoted, and she reserved her hand to bestow with it. The person thus honoured by her partiality was then in a learned profession—he is so still; but so high—so very high!—that it becomes not us to direct the finger of censure towards him. He was then a young man, and susceptible of the fascination to which the gloomiest characters, the haughtiest, and the most frigid, must at some period or other bow down. Miss Lynch, in yielding this personage her heart, believed herself only returning a pure and ardent passion.

Her father's house was within a few miles of a city, to which, in the course of his profession, this gentleman was frequently carried. He used to be invited to sleep there,

and

and received every mark of hospitality from its amiable inhabitants. His addresses to the young lady were open, and their marriage was looked forward to by her friends as an event not more desirable than certain. Whether the gentleman, in his conduct towards her, had formed a regular system of seduction, or whether accident and unlooked-for opportunity occasioned her ruin, was never known; but ruined she was. Her parents discovered that she was with child—they at first believed that a private marriage had taken place; and were piqued that a union, to which they had looked forward with so much pleasure, should be solemnized without their participating the felicity.

How, or at what period, the miserable lady made her parents acquainted with her misfortune, was never made public; but the agonies, the horrors which on every side attended the discovery, may be in some measure conceived. The lover was written to: he returned no answer. He was threatened—without avail. The lady herself wrote to supplicate, to plead for her FAME, for her LIFE! but all in vain. In this conflict the weeks and months wore away, and she became—a mother! a mother without a husband!

Some motive at length operated on the lover. Whether it was shame, or repentance, or fear that his practice might be injured by so black a trait of character, we know not—but surely it could not be love. He arrived, however, three days after the birth of his child, and presenting himself at the bedside of its mother—"I am come," he said, "to marry you." The lady replied with an indignant air—"You are come too late! My family are covered with disgrace, and my parents are sinking beneath their daughter's shame—a shame you cannot now wipe out. Had you married me before I became the mother of a b——d, and before my dishonour was divulged to the world, a whole life of grateful and submissive love should have repaid you; as it is, I refuse not only to be your wife, but I refuse to live. No sustenance has entered these lips since the excruciating hour of labour, and none shall enter there; the sorrows your name cannot hide, I am hastening to carry to the grave."—The lady kept her word—resolutely continuing to refuse food; and the man who was so tardy in his justice followed her in a few days to the grave.

A NARRATIVE of the Unfortunate VOYAGE of PIETRO QUIRINI, a Noble Venetian :

WITH

Several curious Particulars respecting the NATURAL HISTORY and COMMERCE of NORWAY, and the MANNERS and CUSTOMS of its INHABITANTS, in the Fifteenth Century.

[From the "HISTORY of the VOYAGES and DISCOVERIES made in the NORTH," translated from the GERMAN of JOHN REINHOLD FORSTER, LL. D. just published.]

PIETRO QUIRINI, a Venetian nobleman, was a merchant and master of a ship in the Island of Candia, which at that time was in the possession of the Venetians. With a view to acquire fame as well as profit, in the year 1431 he undertook a voyage from Candia to Flanders.

On the 25th of April 1431, he set sail from Candia, on a westward course, but, meeting with contrary winds, he was obliged to keep near the coast of Africa. On the 2d of June he passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and through the ignorance of his pilot ran upon the shoals of St. Petri, in consequence of which the rudder was thrown off the hinges, and the sea entered the ship at three places. In fact, it was with great difficulty that they could save the vessel from going to the bottom, and run into Cadiz, where they unloaded her, and in 25 days, having put her into perfect repair, took her sailing again. In the mean time, having heard that the republic of Venice was at war with that of Genoa, he augmented the num-

ber of his crew, so that in the whole it amounted to 68 men. On the 14th of July he set sail again, and bore up for the Cape of St. Vincent; but, by reason of a contrary wind, which blew from off the land in a north-east direction, and on that coast is called *Agions*, they were obliged to traverse for the space of 45 days at a great distance from the land, and indeed near the Canary Islands, in tracks which were very dangerous, and with which they were entirely unacquainted. But at length, just as their stock of provisions began to fail, they had a fair wind from the south-west, and directed their course to the north-east: some of the iron-work, however, gave way, on which the rudder was hung. In the mean time they mended them as well as they could, and on the 25th of August arrived safe at Lisbon.

Here having carefully repaired the iron-work of their rudder, and taken in a fresh stock of provisions, they set sail again on the 14th of Sept. They were now a second time tossed to and fro by contrary winds, till the

the 26th of October, when they reached the port of Mures, whence Quirini, with 13 of the crew, went to St. Jagu di Compostella, in order to perform their devotions. They returned with all possible speed, and setting sail with a fair south-west wind, kept, in hopes that the wind would continue, at the distance of 200 miles from the land, and Cape Finistere, till the 5th of November, when the wind shifting to the east and south-east, prevented them from entering the British Channel, and carried them beyond the Scilly Islands. The wind now increased in violence, and on the 10th of November, carried the rudder a second time from off its hinges. They flung it indeed by ropes to the quarters of the ship, but it soon got loose again, and was dragged after the ship for the space of three days, when they used their utmost efforts, and made it fast again. But their vessel now drove continually farther from the land; and as the crew consumed the victuals and drink without limits or moderation, at length two or three of them were set to guard the provisions, who twice a-day distributed to each man his share, Quirini himself not excepted. In this condition, by the advice of the carpenter, they constructed out of the main-mast and the spare yards, two rudders with triangular boarded ends, in order to prevent the vessel from going unsteady. These new rudders were properly fastened, and proved very serviceable, a circumstance which inspired them all with fresh hopes; but by the violence of the winds, likewise, this their last refuge was torn away from the ship. On the 26th of November, the storm increased to such a degree, that they had no doubt but that that day would be their last. The storm indeed, by degrees, became somewhat less violent; but they were driven out to sea, W. N. W. and the sails, which had been perpetually fatigued by the rain and wind, were now torn to shivers; and though they clapped on new ones, yet these did not last long. Now the ship drove without either sails or rudder, and was filled with water by the waves which beat over it, insomuch that the crew, debilitated by labour and anxiety, were scarcely able to keep the water under. Having hoisted the lead, and found ground at 80 fathoms, they spliced all the four cables together, and rode at anchor for the space of 40 hours. One of the crew, terrified at the dreadful working of the ship in consequence of the tempest and the swell of the sea, cut the cable at the fore-castle of the ship, which now drove about as before. On the 4th of December, four large waves breaking over the ill-fated vessel, filled it so full that it was almost ready to sink. The crew, however, summoning up all their re-

solution and spirits, baled the water out, though it reached up to their waists, and in the end quite emptied the vessel of it. On the 7th the tempest increased to such a degree, that the sea flowed into the vessel on the windward side, and their destruction seemed to them inevitable. But now they were of opinion, that if the main-mast were cut away, it would lighten the ship. They therefore set about this business immediately, and a large wave fortunately carried away the mast, together with the yard, which made the ship work less. The wind, too, and the waves, became somewhat more calm, and they again baled out the water. But now the mast was gone, the vessel would no longer keep upright, and lying quite on one side, the water ran into it in torrents, when, being exhausted with labour and want of food, and finding that they had not strength left sufficient for clearing the vessel of the water, they resolved at length to save themselves in the boats, of which the larger held 47, and the smaller 21 men. Quirini, who had the choice which boat he would go in, at last went with his servants into the great boat, into which he saw the officers enter. They took with them a stock of provisions, and as soon as the winds and the waves were become somewhat more calm, which was on the 17th of December, they quitted the ship, which, among other costly articles of commerce, was laden with 800 casks of Malmsey wine, and a great quantity of sweet-scented Cyprus wood, ginger, and pepper. On the following night the small boat, with the 21 men in her, was separated from them by the violence of the storm, and they never heard of her more. Indeed they were themselves obliged, in order to lighten their boat a little, to throw overboard their stock of wine and provisions, together with all their clothes, except what they carried on their backs. The weather proving fair for a time, they steered to the eastward, with a view to get, as they supposed, to Iceland; but the wind chopping about, drove them to and fro again. Their liquor beginning to fail, and besides many of them being exhausted in consequence of the preceding scarcity of provisions, as well as the incessant labour, long watchings, and other hardships they had undergone, a great number of them died: the scarcity of drink in particular was so great, that each man had no more than the fourth part of a cup (and that but a large one) every 24 hours. With salted meat, cheese, and biscuit, they were better provided; but this salt and dry food excited in them a thirst which they were not able to quench. In consequence of this, some of them died suddenly, and without having previously exhibited the least symp-

of any complaint; and in particular it was observed, that those were first carried off who had before this period lived in the most riotous manner, who had drank great quantities of wine, or entirely given themselves up to drunkenness, and had hovered continually over the fire, without stirring at all, but to shift from one side of the fire to the other. These, though they had externally the appearance of being strong and healthy, were yet least of all capable of bearing the hardships they were obliged to undergo, in consequence of which they died two, three, and four in a day. This mortality prevailed among the crew from the 19th of December to the 29th, the corpses being thrown into the sea. On the 19th the last remainder of the wine was served out, and every one prepared for death. Some of them drank sea water, which hastened their deaths, while others had recourse to their own urine, and this latter beverage, joined with the precaution of eating as little salt provision as possible, contributed most of all to the preservation of their lives. For the space of five days they continued in this dreadful situation, sailing all the time to the north-eastward. On the 4th of January, one of them, who sat at the fore part of the boat, descried somewhat to the leeward, as it were the shadow of land, and immediately informed the crew of it in an anxious tone of voice. Their eyes were now all turned to the object, and continued steadfastly fixed upon it, and by break of day they saw with extreme joy, that it was really land.

The sight of this inspired them with fresh vigour, so that they now took to their oars, in order to arrive the sooner at the shore; but this, on account of its great distance, as well as of the shortness of the day, which was only two hours long, they could not compass. Besides, they could not long make use of their oars, as they were so weak, and as the night soon overtook them, which, long as it was, seemed still longer to them from the impatience natural to men in their condition. The next morning, by day-break, they lost sight of the land; however, to the leeward, they discovered another mountainous country very near them. That they might not, on the following night, lose sight of this, they took the bearings of it with the compass, and then immediately set sail for it with a fair wind, and arrived at it about four o'clock in the evening. When they approached near to it, they observed that it was surrounded by a great number of shallow places, for they heard very distinctly the sea breaking upon them. They gave themselves up, however, to the guidance of the Almighty; and once their boat being brought upon a shoal, a vast wave came and carried

it off again, at the same time setting them entirely out of danger, and upon a rock, which now was their great security and preservation. This was the only place where they could land, as the rock was encompassed on every other side by other projecting rocks. They therefore ran their boat on to the land, when those that were in the fore part of the boat leaped directly on shore, and finding it entirely covered with snow, they swallowed the snow in immense quantities, filling with it their parched and burning stomachs and bowels. They likewise filled a kettle and water-pitcher for those that from weakness staid in the boat. I must confess, says Quirini, that I swallowed as much snow as I should find it very difficult to carry on my back. It seemed to me as though all my welfare and happiness depended on my swallowing it. However, this extravagant quantity of snow agreed so ill with five of our men, that they died that same night, though, indeed, we considered the sea-water they had swallowed as the cause of their death.

Having no ropes to fasten the boat with, and thus prevent it from being dashed in pieces, they remained in it the whole night. The next day, at dawn, these 16 poor wretches, the only remains of 46, went ashore and laid themselves down in the snow. Hunger, however, soon obliged them to examine whether there was not some provision still remaining of their stock; but they found nothing more than a few crumbs of biscuit in a bag, mixed with the dung of mice, a very small ham, and an inconsiderable quantity of cheese. These they warmed by means of a small fire, which they had made of the seats of the boat, and this, in some measure, appeased their hunger. The day after, having convinced themselves, beyond a doubt, that the rock they were on was uninhabited and quite deserted, they were going to quit it, and accordingly, after filling five small casks with snow-water, got into the boat, when the instant they entered it, the water ran into it in torrents through all the seams, as during the whole of the preceding long night the boat had been dashing against the rock, inasmuch that it went to the bottom immediately, and they were all obliged, quite wet through, to go ashore again. They now made of the oars and sails of the boat two small tents, by way of sheltering themselves from the weather, and with the knees and planks of it, which they hewed in pieces, they kindled a fire to warm themselves by. The only food that was now left for them consisted in a few mussels and other sea shells which they picked up on the shore. Thirteen of the company were in one tent, and three in the other. The smoke of the wet wood occasioned their faces and eyes

eyes to swell up to so great a degree, that they were afraid of losing their eye-sight; and what still added to their sufferings, was, that they were almost devoured by lice and maggots, which they threw by handfuls into the fire. Quirini's secretary had the flesh on his neck eaten bare to the sinews by these vermin, which, indeed, occasioned his death. There died also three Spaniards besides, who were of a very robust frame of body, but probably lost their lives in consequence of the sea-water they had drunk*. The 19 still remaining alive were so weak that they were not able, for the space of three days, to drag away the corpses from the fire-side, where they lay.

Eleven days after this, Quirini's servant going along the shore to pick up mussels, the only food they had, found on the farthest point of the rock a small house, built of wood, in which, as well as round about it, they saw some cow-dung. From this circumstance they had reason to conclude that there were both men and cattle in the neighbourhood of this spot; an idea that served to revive their drooping spirits, and inspired them with fresh hopes. This house offered them good shelter and house room, and all, but three or four of them, who were too weak, went to occupy it, taking with them several bundles of wood from the ruins of their boat. With great difficulty they crawled thither through the deep snow, the distance being about a mile and a half. Two days after this, going along the shore to seek their usual food of mussels and other sea shells, one of the company found a very large fish, cast up by the sea, which appeared to weigh about 200lb weight, and to be quite sweet

and fresh. This fish was cut into small slices, and carried to their dwelling, where they directly set about boiling and broiling it. But the smell of it was so extremely tempting, that they had not patience to wait till it was thoroughly dressed, and eat it half raw. They continued gorging themselves with this fish, almost without intermission, for the space of four days; but at length the evident decrease of this their stock taught them to be more economical with it in future, so that it lasted them ten days longer. Those three that staid behind in one of the first huts had sent one of their number to look for the rest, and as soon as he was refreshed with some of the fish, he carried a part of it to his companions, and now they all assembled together again in the wooden hovel they had discovered. During the whole time that they lived on the fish the weather was exceedingly tempestuous, so that they certainly would not have been able to look for mussels.

Having made an end of their fish, they were obliged to return to their first resource of picking up mussels wherever they could find them; and there being about eight miles from them a rock inhabited by fishermeu, it so happened, that a man, with two of his sons, came to this rocky islet, which was called Santi, to seek after some cattle which had strayed away from them. The sons went first to the hovel, where these unfortunate wretches were, for they had seen smoke ascend from it, a circumstance that greatly astonished them, and became the subject of their discourse. Their voices were heard, in fact, by the people in the house; but they supposed the noise to be nothing more than the screaming of the sea fowl,

* It is highly probable that this observation is founded on fact, as well as that mentioned a little before, viz. that the hardest drinkers, who at the same time were the most inactive people, were the first victims of death; for even now we find that in long voyages, such as are idle and inactive, and drink a great quantity of strong liquors of any kind, are always the first to be attacked with the scurvy, and are carried off suddenly by it. In the mean time I cannot refrain from relating an incident which actually happened, and which was communicated to me in England by persons of unquestionable veracity. A vessel on its voyage from Jamaica to England had suffered so much from the storm by which it was overtaken, that at last it was on the point of sinking. The crew had recourse in all haste to the boat. The great hurry they were in, having occasioned them to take with them but a small quantity of provisions and liquor, they soon began to be afflicted with hunger as well as thirst, in a high degree, when the Captain advised them by no means to drink the sea-water, as the effects of it would be extremely noxious; but rather to follow his example, and, thinly clad, dip in the sea. He himself practised this constantly, and not only he, but all those who followed his example, found that, when they came out of the water, both their hunger and thirst were perfectly appeased for a long time. Many of the crew laughed at him and at those that followed his instructions, but at length grew weak, exhausted, and died of hunger and thirst; nay, some of them, urged by despair, threw themselves into the sea; but the Captain, and such as several times a-day dipped into the sea, preserved their lives for the space of 19 days, and at the end of that period were taken up by a vessel which was sailing that way. It should seem that they absorbed, by the pores of their bodies, as much pure water as was sufficient for their nourishment, all the salt being at the same time left behind. In fact, I was told that the salt was deposited on the exterior surface of their bodies in the form of a thin pellicle, which they were obliged repeatedly to rub off.

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which had devoured the corpses of their deceased companions. Notwithstanding which Christopher Fioravante went out, when spying two youths, he ran in again in haste, and called to the rest aloud, that two men were come to seek them out. Upon this the whole company ran out immediately to meet the lads, who, on their parts, were terrified at the sight of such a number of poor famished wretches. Indeed, these latter had debated, with each other, whether they should not detain one or two of these visitors with a view to make themselves more certain of procuring assistance; but Quirini dissuaded them from putting in execution so very unadvisable a plan. They all accompanied the youths to their boat, and intreated the father and sons to take two of their people with them to their habitations, in order the sooner to procure them assistance from thence. For this purpose they chose one Gerard, of Lyons, who had been Purser of the ship, and one Cola of Otranto, a mariner, as these two men could speak a little French and German.

The boat, with the fishermen and the two strangers, went to the island of Rott, on a Friday. On their landing, the inhabitants were greatly astonished at their arrival, but were not able to understand them, though these latter addressed them in different languages, till at last one of the strangers began to speak German a little with one of the company, a German Priest of the order of the Monks Prebend, and informed him who they were, and whence they came. The 2d of February, the festival of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, fell on a Sunday, when the Priest admonished all the people in Rott to assist the unhappy strangers to the utmost of their power, at the same time representing the difficulties they had undergone,

and pointing to the two famished wretches present. Many of the congregation were softened even to tears, and resolved to bring away the rest of these miserable people as soon as possible, which they did the next day. In the mean while, to those that remained in Santi, the time of their companions absence appeared an age; and what with hunger and cold together, they were almost dead. Their joy at the first sight of the six boats that went for them is not to be described. The Dominican Priest enquired which of them was the ship's Captain; and when Quirini made himself known as such, the former pretended him with some yeast bread to eat, which he looked upon as manna, and some beer to drink. After this the Priest took him by the hand, and desired him to choose out two of his company to go along with him. Quirini accordingly pitched upon Francis Quirini, of Canoe, and Christopher Fioravante, a Venetian; when they all four went together in the boat of the principal man in Rott. The rest were distributed in the other five boats. Nay more, these good Samaritans went likewise to the first dwelling-place of these unfortunate people under the tent, and taking away with them the only survivor of the three men who had staid behind from weakness, hurried the others. The poor invalid, however, died the next day. The boats arrived at Rott, and Quirini was quartered with the principal person in the island. The son led him by the hand, on account of his great debility, to his father's dwelling; when the mistress of the house, with her maid, advanced to meet him, and Quirini going to fall at her feet, she would not permit him, but got immediately a halon of milk for him out of the house, by way of comforting him and restoring his strength.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OBSERVATIONS on MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS.

[From REMARKS upon the LANDED and COMMERCIAL POLICY of ENGLAND.]

MONASTIC Institutions are generally supposed to have been the product of persecution, and of the gloomy temper so natural to the natives of Egypt, where they took their rise, or were held in the greatest estimation. They imperceptibly made their way through the greatest part of Europe, and gained voluntary proselytes, where their progress was not aided by the same causes. The violence and barbarity of manners so common in the western parts of Europe, effectuated the same ends as the climate and persecution in other countries. Men were glad to retire into those places of security, where they might exercise all those forms of devotion which, among an ignorant people, will be always looked upon as of equal value with the practice of the moral and so-

cial duties of life. In the general estimation the monastic life was reckoned to be the most perfect; and the disorders of society gave some degree of authority to this opinion.

Nor was the building of monasteries totally useless with respect to the improvement of the lands. Many places in Britain were left by the Romans in their primitive uncultivated state; and the wars and devastations that ensued after the arrival of the Saxons, added to the number of wastes. These were proper places for the religious exercises of the first monastics, as affording the privacy which they thought essential to the worship of God. Erecting cells in these deserts, and collecting a number of followers by their admonitions, or admiration of the austerity of

of their lives, they afterwards built more spacious dwellings; and having obtained possession of the lands in their neighbourhood, by donations of the princes, or other benefactors, they improved them by their labour, and made them more salubrious and profitable. And, if we consider the general sloth and poverty of the people, it is easy to believe, that many tracts of land would have remained in the state of nature, and served only for shelter to wild beasts, if they had not been improved by the industry of the monks. On the first institution of religious houses in England and other countries, the Monks were generally obliged to labour, and to take their turns in the cultivation of the lands which belonged to their monastery. Learning was then a very rare accomplishment; and the interval of the devotional acts could not be more usefully laid out than in the business of husbandry. The Monks of Bangor, according to the accounts of historians, were employed in works of this kind. While a part of their fraternity was engaged in the management of their farms, the remainder was attending on the offices of the church. And similar regulations probably took place in other societies of this sort, on their first institution. In after-ages, when their acquisitions were sufficient to maintain them in idleness, they spent their revenues in decorating their buildings, or in hospitality and luxury. In the last instance they followed the example of the nobility and gentry; in others they excelled them. The learning and knowledge of those times, as scanty and trifling as they may appear, fell chiefly to their share; and, if we are offended at the legendary tales of their saints and founders, we are nevertheless indebted to them for transmitting and preserving many valuable writings of ancient authors, which no other order of men thought worthy of regard. In erecting their buildings, as well as ornamenting their churches and shrines, they generally employed the most skilful workmen that were to be found in Europe, and taught and preserved many arts, which, although simple, were extremely useful, and without their care would have been entirely lost. And the frequent visits which the Clergy and Monks made to the court of Rome, on account of business, or through a spirit of superstition, might be the means of importing some useful arts. Italy, though ravaged by the northern Barbarians, still maintained a superiority in all the arts of civilized life, and might give some useful instructions in commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, to the rude inhabitants of the western parts of Europe.

Upon the conversion of the Saxons to the Christian faith, many of their laws were borrowed from the Pentateuch. And the Christian religion, wherever introduced, by the practical virtues it inculcated, would amend the worst, and improve the best,

mode of government; but, being designed to incorporate with the civil constitution of every state, besides other reasons, it prescribed no particular form of a civil government: recourse was therefore had to the Old Testament; and such laws being singled out as were most applicable to the state and genius of the people, they were incorporated with their ancient customs. And as many of the Jewish laws were merely ceremonial, they would be more readily admitted by the clergy and laity. The Savage and Barbarian will be always attached to the forms of religion; and for a time these may be of use, by introducing a regard for it, and lay a foundation for a better knowledge of their duty to God and each other. And the moral duties of life, though infinitely preferable, on political as well as religious views, to rites and ceremonies, will neither be perfectly understood, nor can be successfully enforced, till men have attained to some degree of civility and refinement in the commerce of life, and made a progress in learning and knowledge. The churchmen, therefore, the chief law-givers in these ages, unacquainted with the models of government left by the Greeks and Romans, and biased in favour of the laws of Moses, took him for their guide in many of their civil and ecclesiastical institutions. And almost every part of Europe was at that time in so unsettled a state, as to afford no patterns of a regular government. And singular as some of the religious institutions of the Anglo-Saxons, after their conversion to the Christian faith, may appear to us, they were preferable to those barbarous rites observed by their countrymen abroad. The Christian religion, under the grossest abuses and corruptions, was more beneficial to the people, than the religious customs established by the Northern law-givers. Though debased by a mixture of superstitious practices, it preserved a regard for social manners; and, by keeping up a reverence for these, it provided in some degree for the order, peace, and happiness of society. It would be folly to plead for the superstitious modes of worship that prevailed in those ages of ignorance; and yet even on political views it was a fortunate circumstance to the people that the Christian religion took place of the Saxon, and taught, amidst all its corruptions, principles more consistent with reason, justice, and humanity.

Before this subject is dismissed, it may be proper to observe, that the religious houses were a kind of fortresses, to which the neighbouring inhabitants retired in times of public danger, and lodged there their most valuable effects. So that, if they sometimes protected such as fled from justice, they secured others from violence and oppression. Such as resorted thither on their accounts were commonly retained by the abbots, and employed in the capacity of labourers or soldiers. In the abbey of Croyland the

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number of these fugitives once amounted to two hundred. The laws, indeed, had prohibited the subjects from receiving the slaves of others; but the owners of boc-land, or charter-land, sometimes claimed an exemption from them. And the power which the abbots possessed, of imprisoning and trying offenders within their jurisdiction, enabled them to keep such a numerous and licentious body in some degree of order. The power of the clergy in those ages, usually

laid out for their own aggrandizement, was in this instance of public service, and by opening sanctuaries, afforded a place of refuge to the oppressed commons. It has been observed, that in more civilized countries the church has sometimes restrained the violence of the monarch, and put bounds to his tyranny; and in those barbarous ages the right of sanctuary must have been of equal utility, and almost necessary.

EULOGY ON SHAKSPEARE.

[From the Rev. M. SHERLOCK'S "Advice to a Poet," lately published.]

.... **A**LWAYS therefore study Nature. It is she who was thy book, O Shakspeare; it is she who was thy study day and night; it is she from whom thou hast drawn those beauties which are at once the glory and delight of thy nation. Thou wert the eldest son, the darling child, of Nature; and, like thy mother, enchanting, astonishing, sublime, graceful, thy variety is inexhaustible. Always original, always new, thou art the only prodigy which Nature has produced.—Homer was the first of men; but thou art more than man. The reader who thinks this eulogium extravagant is a stranger to my subject. To say that Shakspeare had the imagination of Dante, and the depth of Machiavel, would be a weak encomium. He had them, and more. To say that he possessed the terrible graces of Michael Angelo, and the amiable graces of Correggio, would be a weak encomium. He had them, and more. To the brilliancy of Voltaire he added the strength of Demosthenes; and to the simplicity of La Fontaine, the majesty of Virgil. But, say you, we have never seen such "a being." You are in the right; Nature made it, and broke the mould.

The merits of this poet are so extraordinary, that the man who should speak of them with the most rigid truth, would seem to the highest degree extravagant. But what signifies what I *seem*, it really *I be true*? I will therefore say, because a more certain truth was never said, "Shakspeare possessed, in the highest degree of perfection, all the most excellent talents of all the writers that I have ever known."

"Horace," says Bacon, "is the most popular of all the poets of antiquity, because he contains most observations applicable to the business of human life." Shakspeare contains more of them than Horace.

One of the chief merits of the Greek tragic poets (principally of Euripides) is, that they abound with morality. Shakspeare has more morality than they.

Dramatic poetry is a picture made to be seen at a certain point of view. This point of sight is the theatre. Moliere, who was an actor, had occasion when he was on the stage, to observe the effects produced during the representation. This advantage is one of the reasons of Moliere's being superior in theatrical effect to all the comic actors of his nation. Shakspeare had the same advantage; he was also an actor; and in that perspective of poetry (if I may be allowed the expression) Shakspeare is equal to Moliere.

Other poets have made men speak by means of words; Shakspeare alone has made silence speak*. Othello, a man of noble heart, but violent to an extreme, deceived by a villain, thinks that his wife, whom he adores, is unfaithful to him, and kills her. In such a situation, another poet would have made Othello say, "Good God! what a punishment! what miseries are equal to mine!"—Shakspeare petrifies his Othello; he becomes a statue, motionless, and dumb. Tacitus and Machiavel, together, could not have painted nor supported the character of a villain better than that of Iago. . . .

What is a poet, if he be stripped of his language and harmony? See then what Shakspeare is, deprived of these advantages. (He is speaking of two princes): "They are lost as the zephyrs which blow on the violet without moving its fragrant head; but, when their royal blood is kindled, they are furious as the storm which seizes by the top the mountain pine, and makes it bend down to the valley."

With other poets a simile is a principal beauty. In Shakspeare the most beautiful similes are frequently lost in a crowd of superior beauties.

I should not have said so much upon Shakspeare, if from Paris to Berlin, and from Berlin to Naples, I had not heard his name profaned. The words *monstrous farces* and *grace-eiggers* have been repeated to me in every town; and for a long time I could not

* Surely not alone, when we recollect the expressive silence of the Ghost of Ajax, in the *Odyssey*, imitated by Virgil in his *Dido*; both of which have been always justly admired. A Dissertation on the latter, by the Earl of Corke, was printed in the paper called *The O*

conceive why every one uttered precisely these two words, and not a third. One day, happening to open a volume of Voltaire, the mystery disappeared, the two words in question were found in that volume, and all the critics had learned them by heart. Voltaire is no less celebrated for the extent and variety of talents, than for his dishonesty, and for his practice of first pillaging, and afterwards plagiarizing, all the living and the dead. *Rad Zera d Othell*, and judge whether what I say be not true with regard to Shakspeare. If Voltaire has much reviled this poet, he had strong reasons. The highwayman who robs his strong reasons afterwards to murder Voltaire possessed the talents of murdering gracefully, and he well knew that a joke has more effect than twenty demonstrations. But if he has said some petty things against our poet, he has also said some in his favour. Take one which he once said to me. On my observing, that foreign nations do not relish our Shakspeare, "That," replied he, "is true; but they only know him by translations. Slight faults remain, yet beauties vanish, and a man born blind cannot persuade himself that a rose is beautiful when the thorns prick his fingers." A charming expression, and worthy of its author.

The only view of Shakspeare was to make his fortune, and for that it was necessary to fill the playhouse. At the same time that he caulk'd a duchess to enter the boxes, he would caulk her servants to enter the pit. The people have always money, — to make them spend it, they must be diverted; and

Shakspeare forced his sublime genius to stoop to the gross taste of the populace, as Sylla jested with his soldiers. Who is the glory and the honour of France? There is only one voice — Moliere. Let us see whether these two authors have met exactly at the same point, and for the same reason. It is a fact known to all Paris, that the masterpiece of the French stage, *Misanthrope* failed at the first representation, that, in order to raise it, and afterwards to support it, Moliere made *The Truiks of Scapin*, and that, in order to make eleven or eight excellent comedies succeed, he was obliged to compose as many farces.

Such is, literally, the history of Shakspeare, with this difference, that the buffooneries which Moliere annexed to his pieces, Shakspeare interwove into his. It was a happy circumstance for the French poet, that two pieces were acted upon the same day. It gave him an occasion of saying trifling things with impunity; an occasion of which Shakspeare was deprived, as, in his time, one piece only was exhibited. The little pieces of Moliere took up, in acting, an hour and a half; those of Shakspeare, in general, did not last above fifteen minutes: this, most frequently, was no more than two very short scenes, and that *mon-
sieur's farce of the Grave diggers* is a single scene, written in the manner of Moliere, to divert the people, — and for this single scene, which takes up eight minutes in the representation, the enlightened critics of this age have condemned ten volumes of the plays of Shakspeare.

The following is the SUM and SUBSTANCE of the ADDRESS in which LORD BUCHAN announced the DEATH of Dr. GILBERT STUART to the SOCIETY of the ANTIQUARIES of SCOTLAND.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM sorry to be obliged to acquit myself of the melancholy duty of informing you, that our eminent associate, Dr. Gilbert Stuart, died at his father's house in Fife-row, of a dropsy and deep decline, on the 13th of this month [August 1786].

It is fit that I should do honour to the memory of a man who was attached to this Society in its infancy, and was useful to it in its progress, and I shall acquit myself of this duty with pleasure, for I think myself peculiarly fortunate in being able either to praise or to censure without being suspected of partiality, and this happy posture I have obtained by having been the uniform friend of learning wherever I found it, and by shunning the prejudice and the violence of party.

Dr. Gilbert Stuart, gentlemen, was a man of great abilities and of high attainments, but he was unfortunate, and his misfortunes and his disappointments pressed upon his genius, his temper, and his character.

Is it possible that it should be otherwise? Shew me the man who is not irritated by invidious jealousy and opposition, and by losing

the road to professional fame and fortune, and I will shew you that he is not worthy of your care.

It was Stuart's misfortune to be in a situation in the University of Edinburgh, for which he was highly qualified, and in which, I think, he would have outshone his associates. This disappointment prevented him to display his talents at the expense of a group of our literary men in Scotland, who, by puffing one another, had contrived to damn every man of letters who was not willing to range himself under their standard.

These men bore down every thing before them, and forced their enemies either to leave the country, or to submit to be pointed at in the street as literary dissenters.

How disagreeable it is to remember that the good-natured Hume, whose classic works will be read after the memory of these little men, who abused his friendship, shall be completely washed away by the tide of time, was at the head of this despicable club?

After having thrown away his time and talents for some time in writing a Scotch Review at Edinburgh, Stuart went to London, and be-

* In the French it is "poesies."

came a professional writer, engaging himself in several periodical publications, in which, though he seemed to write for bread and for a party, he never deviated from his principles, which were friendly to the rights of humanity and to the liberties of his country. He lived in London without a patron, and yet preferred his independence without the means of fortune.

It was his happiness to love and to cultivate letters, and to be too proud to have any terror of his enemies. His *View of Society in Europe*, in its Progress from Rudeness to Refinement; his *Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the English Constitution*; his *Observations concerning the Public Law*, and the constitutional history of his own country, and his *History of the Establishment of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland*, though written without that complete leisure which is necessary to the production of great and classical undertakings, do all of them evince a bright understanding, a masculine genius, and a careful examination of the truth, for which time only was wanting to possess him completely of his subject. Of his *History of Mary*, 'tis needless for me to say much; its reception by the world after men were supposed to have made up their minds about that period of the Scottish annals and the guilt of the queen, and that superficial readers were satisfied with Dr. Robertson's History, are sufficient proofs of the merit of Dr. Stuart's. The book is now printing in Germany in the German language, and will be received on the continent, where historians are required to support their reputation by laborious investigation, and are not allowed to write novels for the entertainment only of the ladies.

In the year 1783, he had begun to write the lives of John Knox, George Buchanan, and Sir Thomas Craig, for a *Biographia Scotica*. To the last article he meant to have subjoined some thoughts upon the feudal and canon law, and to that of John Knox, some reflections on religious establishments.

At that time he also formed the resolution of composing a history of Scotland from the earliest accounts of time, till the rebellion in the year 1745.

Soon afterwards his engagements in the *English Review* and *Political Herald* diverted him from these nobler pursuits, and it is to be regretted that a man of his eminent abilities should have been forced to lend himself to occupations of so inferior a nature. But it is not fair to undervalue his merit on account of the hardness of his fortune.

That he came forth in the *Political Herald* as the bitter and determined enemy of a brother adventurer of his, connected with this country, and who is supposed to govern it, has excited great indignation among us Flanders of Power in Scotland; but let it be remembered that the worst that can be said of Stuart, is, that he was a violent satyrist,

and stopped at nothing to pull down a man whom he considered as a chief advocate for absolute power in this country and nation, whilst at the same time he continued the integrity of his political creed.—But of the sycophants of Dundas, it may be affirmed, that they support a man who despises them in his heart, derides them in his conduct, and has taught them to expect that he will leave them in penury and contempt whenever another *Temple* shall be erected on the platform of Royal favour.

For my own part, gentlemen, after more than twenty years of consistent conduct, I may be permitted to say, that brown and scarlet, or buff and blue, have no charms in my eyes independent of those who wear them; and I will venture to foretell, that when our Augustus shall have obtained the plenitude of power, by the corruption of our manners, and the consent of a degenerate people, he will loath, as Octavius did, the vile steps by which he ascended to the supreme power, and will prefer the old friends of the commonwealth, the Asiatici, Pollios, Virgils, and Horaces of *luxure days*, to the blustering unprincipled hounds that came in with him full cry to the death of a constitution of free government, which will remain in story the admiration, and the subject of regret to surrounding nations, and to the latest posterity.

These sentiments, gentlemen, do I freely venture to express, while one may yet venture to speak or to write in this degraded country.

Unconnected with party, I desire to shew on the one hand my respect for him whom the constitution has placed at the head of this nation; and on the other, that I will not stoop to please him by the sacrifice either of my opinions or my attachment to that form of government, which has been lately destroyed by the late misconduct or endeavours of those who ought to have united to save it by honest and lawful means, when they were in their power.

Concerning Dr. Stuart's family, I think it unnecessary to say any more than what I have reason to believe, that he was a gentleman by birth, as well as in character, and that he was the son of a learned father, and a worthy mother. He was born in the year 1742, a year which the whimsical author of the *Tableau de Paris* has set forth as productive of men of a fervid genius, remarkable for the peculiarity of their character, and of their pursuits.

I shall conclude this sketch with an expression of his own, in his famous letter to me, about Robertson:

"He might, indeed, have no title to be vainglorious; but he could not submit to be servile, and if hostile and angry individuals fastened rudely upon his name, he deserved not, I think, to be censured as either unjust or cruel if he rebuked their littleness, and pointed with scorn to resentments which they could not gratify, and to arts which they durst not avow."

A re-

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

A reproof lately of Mr. Walpole's elegant Anecdotes of Painting excited in me both surprize and concern at observing so many omissions in the accounts of several artists as may be pointed out in that ingenious publication. Were a revision of it to take place, I am convinced it might be much improved in many parts of it. The introduction of the manufacture of Tapestry is mentioned in Vol. II. p. 35. but the following letter* seems to have escaped Mr. Walpole's notice. It was addressed to King James by Sir Francis Crane.

I am, &c.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

I BESEECH your Majestie that the reasons which have begott this boldnes may excuse it, which are these: I. I cannot thinke but that your Majestie affects the continuance of the busines of the Tapistries, which in the eye of the worlde appears as a worke of your Majestie's greatnes, and brings with it both honor to your Majestie and profit to the kingdom. II. The Prince and my Lord Marquis † both (to whom a little before their journey I represented my necessities, and the impossibility of continuance the worke unless I were assisted in it) gave me commandment to keepe the busynes a foote, and promised me for the present to keep the fire goinge (which was the Prince's own phrase) that I should instantly receive the money layed out for my Lord Marquis, which was 3,200l. and that I should have besides the benefit of two serjants. III. The Prince gave me order to go in hande with a riche suit of the moneths, and to send to Genoa for certayne drawings of Raphaell of Urbain, which were designes for tapistries made for Pope Leo the Xth. and for which there is 300l. to be payed, besides their charge of bringing home.

Now, Sir, here is my case. I would not fayle (if it lay in my power) in the performance of any thinge, thus affected by your Majestie or commanded by them; but I am

out already above 16,000l. in this busynes, and never made returne of more than 2,500l. so that my estate is wholly exhaulted, and my credit so spent, besides the debts that I ye upon me, that I protest unto your Majestie (before Almighty God) I knowe not how to give continuance to the busynes one moneth longer, which I durste not but acquainte your Majestie withall; because if the course intended by your Majestie will not provide for it before that time, and that the busynes be dissolved, I may yet stand justified in your Majestie's royal judgment, that no endeavor of myne hath bin wanting either to serve your Majestie, or to obey those commandments that I hold equal with the life of

Your Majestie's most faithful and
most obedient subject and servant,

F. C.

It will be only necessary to add, that an estate at Stoke Park in Northamptonshire was given by the Crown to Sir Francis Crane in satisfaction of his claims in the time of Charles I. In 1630 Sir Francis began to build the house there, and finished it before 1636, in which interval he entertained the King and Queen there. The design of the house was brought from Italy, and in the execution of it some assistance was received from Inigo Jones.

REFLECTIONS ON THE EVIDENCE and IMPORTANCE of CHRISTIANITY.

[Addressed to PHILOSOPHICAL FREETHINKERS.]

Many of Dr. Priestley's Philosophical Friends having expressed their dissatisfaction at his devoting so much of his time to Theological Studies, which, according to their conceptions, might be much more beneficially employed in the researches of Natural Knowledge; the Doctor, in the Preface to the sixth volume of his "Experiments and Observations relating to various branches of Natural Philosophy," has taken the opportunity to surprize them, as it were, into a proper attention to the subject, by a discussion of the reality and importance of Christianity, where they might least expect to find it, the preface to a book purely scientific. He urges, in his vindication, the superior weight and importance of theological studies to any other whatever; that every rational being ought to distinguish, by the greater attention that he gives to them, those objects which are of the greatest importance to himself, and to mankind at large; and that if there be any just rule for estimating the value of a problem, or query, that is proposed to us, we must think it of infinitely more moment to discover whether there be a future, and especially an endless life after this, and how to secure a happy lot in that future life, than to make the best provision possible for themselves in this life, which is the ultimate object of all Natural Philosophy. Having then stated that he himself has the firmest expectation of a future life; and that this expectation is founded upon the plainest of all evidence, namely, that the Author of Nature had given us an absolute assurance of it, by persons authorized to speak in his name, and whose Divine Mission was proved by such works as no other than the Author of Nature could have enabled them to perform; he next proceeds to the following admirable reflections.

THAT such works have been performed, and for this important purpose, must, I apprehend, be true, if there be any truth in history. And there is no kind of evidence

more easily subjected to a rigorous examination than that which is of the historical kind, the maxims of which we are every day conversant with.

* Extracted from an imperfect work, little known, called "the History of Northamptonshire," p. 322. † Villiers, Marquis of Buckingham. Now

Now it appears to me, that we must either admit the truth of the gospel history, which contains an account of the doctrine, miracles, death, and resurrection of Christ, (on which the belief of a future life depends) or believe what is infinitely more incredible, viz. that several thousand people, present at the transactions, and who had no motive to believe them without sufficient evidence, but every motive to turn their eyes from them, or disbelieve them if they could, should yet, without such evidence, have given the firmest assent to them, and have entertained so little doubt of the extraordinary facts, as to maintain their faith in them at the hazard of every thing dear to them in life, and even cheerfully lay down their lives, rather than abandon their faith. Let Philosophers, as such, account for this great fact, without admitting more real miracles, and those of a more extraordinary kind, than the belief of christianity requires of me, and I will relinquish my present faith, dear as it is to me, and join them in exposing it.

As Philosophers, the question between us is, whole faith, strictly speaking, is more agreeable to present appearances? Whatever we may think of an *author of nature*, and of his attention to it, we equally believe in the *uniformity of the laws of nature*, and that man, whose constitution is a part of the system of nature, was the same kind of being two thousand years ago that he is now; as much as that a horse of that age, or an oak tree of that age, had the same properties with the horses and oaks of the present. Consequently, whatever was possible with respect to man in any former period, is equally possible now.

But will any man, who gives a moment's attention to the subject, say, that it is even possible that several thousand persons, in London or Paris could be made to believe that any man in London or Paris died and rose from the dead in their own life-time; that they should persist in this persuasion through life, without showing any sign of insanity; that they should gain numerous proselytes to their opinion, though it subjected all who embraced it to all kinds of persecution, and even to death; and that the benefit of it should establish itself against all opposition, without any person being able to detect the imposition?

Now I apprehend that this might take place more easily in London, or in Paris, at this day, than it could have done at Jerusalem in the time of our Saviour. Human nature could not have been the same thing then that we find it to be at present, if mankind could have been imposed upon. This I therefore think absolutely incredible, and consequently, as the less difficulty of the two, as believing a thing much less improbable, I

admit the truth of the gospel history, the admission of which makes the subsequent account of the propagation of christianity (which all history, and even the present state of things, proves to be true) perfectly easy and natural. Admitting these leading facts, all the rest follow of course, and all things came to be as they are without any farther miracle. But real miracles we must have somewhere, in order to account for the present state of things; and if we must admit miracles, let them be such as have a *general object*, and not such as have no object at all, but only serve to puzzle and confound us.

The history of the Jews, and the books of the Old Testament, furnish many facts, which no hypothesis besides that of the divine origin of their religion can explain. Let the Philosopher only admit as a *postulatum* that Jews are, and always were, *men*, constituted as other men are, and let him not deceive himself, by considering them as beings of another species. All I wish in this respect is, that persons who pretend to the character of *philosophers*, would be so throughout, and carry the same spirit into the study of history, and of human nature, that they do into their laboratories; first assuring themselves with respect to *facts*, and then explaining those facts by reducing them to *general principles* (which, from the uniformity of nature, must be universally true), and then I shall have no doubt of their becoming as firm believers in christianity as myself. They will find no other hypothesis, that can explain such appearances as they cannot deny to be real. Let Philosophers now say, whether there be reason in this, or not.

I therefore take the liberty, having been led to advance thus much, to address my brother Philosophers on a subject equally interesting to us as *philosophers* and as *men*. Do not disregard a question of infinite moment. Give it that degree of attention to which it is naturally entitled; and especially do not so far abandon the serious character of *philosophers*, as to *laugh* where you ought to *reason*. At least, do this great subject, and yourselves, the justice to consider the *facts*, and endeavour to frame some *hypothesis* by which to account for them; and do not decide in half an hour, on an inquiry which well deserves the study of a great part of your lives.

If I have a stronger bias than many other persons in favour of christianity, it is that which philosophy gives me. I view with rapture the glorious face of nature, and I admire its wonderful constitution, the laws of which are daily unfolding themselves to our view. It is but little that the life of man permits us to see at present, and therefore I feel a most eager desire to renew my

acquaintance with it hereafter, and to resume those enquiries with which I am so much delighted now, and which must be interrupted by death.

Could I imagine that the knowledge of nature would ever be exhausted, and that we were approaching to a termination of our inquiries, I could more contentedly shut my eyes on a scene in which nothing more was to be seen or done. But to quit the stage at present (and I believe the aspect of things will be exactly similar in any future period of our existence) without the hope of revisiting it, would fill me with the deepest regret. The General who, like Epaminondas, or Wolfe, dies in the arms of victory, dies with satisfaction; but not so he that is cut off in the beginning of a doubtful, though promising engagement. Thus I feel on the idea of ceasing to breathe, when I have but just begun to know what it is that I breathe.

Mr. Herschell's late discoveries in, and beyond, the bounds of the solar system, the great views that he has given us of the arrangement of the stars, their revolutions, and those of the immense systems into which they are formed, are peculiarly calculated to inspire an ardent desire of seeing so great a scene a little more unfolded. Such discoveries as these, give us a higher idea of the value of our being, by raising our ideas of the system of which we are a part, and, with this, an earnest wish for the continuance of it.

Besides, *civil society* is but in its infancy, the world itself is but very imperfectly known to the civilized inhabitants of it, and we are but little acquainted with the real value of those few of its productions of which we have some knowledge, and which we are only beginning to name, and to arrange. How must a *citizen of the world* wish to know the future progress of it!

To have no wish of this kind certainly argues a low, an ignoble, and, I will say, an unphilosophical mind. I consider all such persons, how superior soever they may be to myself in other respects, with pity and concern. They would have unspeakably

more satisfaction in their philosophical pursuits, if they carried them on with the views of things that I have. It has been justly observed, that great views indicate, and indeed constitute, great minds. What elevation of mind, then, would the prospects of the christian add to those of the Philosopher!

With men of reflection this apology for my conduct will, I doubt not, be admitted as satisfactory; and till I hear better reasons than have yet been offered to me for changing my conduct, I shall continue to give my attention to my different pursuits, according to my own ideas of their respective importance; and my friends have no reason to fear that I shall neglect *philosophy*. It has, perhaps, but too strong charms for me. I shall endeavour, however, to keep it in its proper place, and not so much attach myself to the study of the laws which govern *this* world, as to lose sight of the subserviency of *this* world, and of all things in it to *another* and a better; in which I hope to resume these pleasing philosophical pursuits, and to see, in a comprehensive view, those detached discoveries which we are now making here.

At present all our *systems* are in a remarkable manner unhinged by the discovery of a multiplicity of *facts*, to which it appears difficult, or impossible, to adjust them. We need not, however, give ourselves much concern on this account. For when a sufficient number of new facts shall be discovered (towards which even imperfect hypothesis will contribute), a more *general theory* will soon present itself; and perhaps to the most incurious and least sagacious eye. Thus, when able navigators have, with great labour and judgment, steered towards an undiscovered country, a common sailor, placed at the mast-head, may happen to get the first sight of the land. Let us not, however, contend about *merit*, but let us all be intent on forwarding the *common enterprise*, and equally enjoy any progress we make towards succeeding in it; and, above all, let us acknowledge the guidance of that Great Being, *who has put a spirit in man, and whose inspiration giveth him understanding.*

On the Application of CHEMISTRY to AGRICULTURE and RURAL OECONOMY.

By Dr. FOTHERGILL.

Having, from a Conviction of their reciprocal Connection and Usefulness, recently introduced some Subjects of Chemistry into our Magazine; actuated by the same important Views, we now lay before our Readers the following Article from the 3d Volume of LETTERS and PAPERS, &c. by the BATH AGRICULTURE SOCIETY.

Hæ tibi erant artes.

VIRG.

Verè scire est per causas scire.

VERULAM.

AGRICULTURE is undoubtedly the most ancient and honourable of all the arts, since it dates its origin from the highest antiquity, and appears to have been coeval with

the first parents of the human race. Though it has received all the improvements of a long succession of ages down to the present time, whence is it that its progress towards perfection

tion has been much slower than that of many others of a far more modern date?—The chief causes which have retarded advancement, seem to be the three following :

First, The extreme difficulty of the study of Agriculture.

Secondly, The want of proper masters to unfold its principles, as in other branches of Experimental Philosophy. And,

Thirdly, the great reluctance of farmers to quit the beaten track.

So complex is the study of Agriculture, that it involves a multiplicity of objects of the most abstruse and recondite nature, which never can be thoroughly understood without a previous knowledge of many other arts, and particularly of Chemistry. And yet this important science has been uniformly committed to the sole management of the illiterate part of mankind. These being unable to learn, for want of persons qualified to teach, have obstinately pursued a routine of random practice in imitation of their forefathers, without any settled principles. Innumerable errors have thus been transmitted from one generation to another, under the fallacious appearance of being the result of long experience. Can we wonder then that the theory and practice of agriculture are yet far, very far, from having reached the summit of perfection? Chemistry indeed has not till of late years been applied to agriculture and the economical arts, though the principal operations of each evidently depend on chemical principles.

It is not to be expected that every husbandman should be a profound chemist; but I will venture to say, that every gentleman who wishes to improve his estate, and to advance the art of agriculture, ought to be well versed, at least, in the principles of philosophical chemistry, without which he can neither conduct experiments properly, nor explain the several phenomena satisfactorily which result from them.

The uses which chemistry may be of in agriculture are great and extensive, but my present bounds will only permit me briefly to mention a few of them.

To this art it belongs, to distinguish the sundry kinds of earth, according to their natures and proportions;—to determine which of them are the fittest for different purposes;—to ascertain the different qualities of the various sorts of manures, and to point out proper methods of applying them;—to discover the best method of improving a barren soil; to effect by a suitable mixture of earths, what is not to be accomplished by manure alone.

The earths which most commonly occur are, clay, sand, and calcareous earth, none

of which alone is adapted to the support of vegetables. Hence in a good soil, they are therefore generally found mixed, at least two of them, together with a portion of decayed vegetable substances.

Clay retains moisture the best; after clay, calcareous earth; sand dries rapidly. Hence it follows, that from the different proportions in which they are mixed, result so many different capacities for retaining water. Hence too the inferior as well as superior strata of the soil ought to be examined, as well as the mean state of the weather with respect to draught or moisture, and opportunities of watering, &c. for the best soil will prove sterile without a due proportion of moisture.

To render land capable of producing a small crop of grain, requires no great skill; but to cause it to yield the greatest possible crop, demands no common management. Is it not disgraceful to behold the execrable husbandry which prevails in some parts of this opulent county, where it is no unusual thing to see corn and weeds struggling together for the superiority, till the latter, gaining the ascendancy, stifle the meagre crop, and spread triumphantly over all the neighbouring grounds!

To chemistry it appertains to suggest suitable means for preserving grain from smut, blights, or mildew; also for destroying, or driving away, insects, reptiles, and other noxious vermin, which are wont to prey on fruits, seeds, or vegetables.

When the products of agriculture are at length obtained, the aid of chemistry is still essentially necessary towards their preservation, and the means of fitting them for the various purposes to which they are destined.

Grain and farinaceous vegetables are convertible into flour, bread, starch, malt, &c. In proportion to the saccharine matter contained in them, they become subjects of the vinous and acetous fermentation; and hence the operations of baking, brewing, the making of wine, cyder, vinegar, &c. are so many chemical processes; which for want of the requisite stock of knowledge, in many cases either fail altogether, or are carried on with little advantage.

The preparation of flax and hemp for sundry uses, and the operation of bleaching and whitening linen; also of preserving wood from putrefaction, and preparing other vegetable productions for various economical purposes, depend all on chemical principles.

The productions of the animal kingdom afford a variety of raw materials which enrich the farmer, and which by suitable management constitute no inconsiderable share of the national wealth; such as meat, eggs, milk,

milk, butter, cheese, honey, wax, tallow, hues, &c. all which, by chemical art, may be preserved in a sound state for a considerable length of time, or even sometimes restored, in a great measure, after corruption has begun to take place. They may also be further improved, and converted to a variety of economical uses to the highest advantage, if their chemical properties are properly understood.

An eminent author has very justly observed, that the application of chemistry to arts and manufactures, is an object of a very interesting and extensive nature; because many of them consist of a series of chemical processes from beginning to end; others only in certain stages; the rest being performed by mechanical operations. Though arts and manufactures might owe their first origin to chance, or random experiments, yet the improvement and perfection of them must ultimately depend on certain facts and principles, which it is the province of chemistry to illustrate and explain.

Private interest indeed has long checked the progress of the arts, and selfishly monopolized the most lucrative employments by casting a veil of secrecy over the different processes; but chemistry assists us in drawing aside the veil; and oftentimes too in accomplishing the end by more simple and efficacious means.

In short, from the foregoing observations it appears, that both in public and private manufactories, and various articles of rural economy, a multitude of operations are continually going on, which undoubtedly depend on chemical principles. It were therefore earnestly to be wished, that an accurate inquiry into the present state of the arts throughout the kingdom were to be undertaken, and repeated at certain intervals with a view towards their improvement. This would supply many curious and useful facts, which before were not known, except in manufactories. Chemistry in its turn would unfold the principles on which the various operations are founded, concerning which even the artists themselves are generally observed to be grossly ignorant.

It seems evident, that no material change can be wrought in bodies, but either by separating something from them, or combining something with them: but it is by chemical attraction that both separation and combination are performed; consequently it is from the accurate knowledge of chemical laws, that the clearest lights, and ablest assistances, are to be obtained.

Knowledge, says the illustrious Verulam, is incomplete, and scarcely deserves the name,

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unless it enables us to explain the several phenomena. Is it not surprising then, considering the rapid progress which chemical science has been making for some years past, that its professors have not till very lately pointed out its application to the improvement of agriculture and rural economy? The late ingenious Dr. Lewis, in his Philosophical Commerce of the Arts, suggested many useful hints towards the improvement of various arts and manufactures by chemical inquiries: and it is much to be regretted, that these have not been pursued and extended by his successors with a particular reference to agriculture.

A course of lectures on this plan, delivered in a plain, familiar style, would be a great national acquisition, and convey the most interesting information to various ranks of men, and particularly to the country gentleman, the intelligent farmer, and curious artisan. Few there are, it is hoped, but would readily spare a small portion of the time that is generally devoted to the bottle or the chase, to partake of so useful, so elegant an amusement.

If a scheme of this nature was ever necessary, it seems to be peculiarly so at this juncture. Since we have been stripped of our American colonies, and many sources of our wealth and commerce been diverted into other channels, it surely behoves us to employ those which remain to the best advantage. If any thing can still enable us to support our present enormous burthens, or maintain our national character, it must be a strict attention to the improvement of Agriculture and useful Arts.

While our jealous rivals the French, intent on these great national objects, are exerting every nerve to outstrip us, by issuing royal bounties, and offering every flattering inducement that can kindle zeal, excite industry, or exercise ingenuity, shall we continue to indulge a fatal lethargy, and give ourselves up to indolence and dissipation?

Had one fiftieth part of the treasure which has been annually expended in raising and supporting distant colonies, or even one thousandth part of what has been still more wantonly lavished away in carrying on the ill-fated, ruinous war, been devoted to this truly patriotic purpose, the advantages would have soon been very apparent, and would most amply have repaid the expence.

Great-Britain might then, with its appendages, have justly excited the envy of all the surrounding nations, and long remained unrivalled in arts, as well as in arms!

A. FOTHERGILL.

P O E M S .

A M O N O D Y

TO THE MEMORY OF

F R E D E R I C K II.*

The Third KING of PRUSSIA.

By Miss ELIZA KNIFE, of LIVERPOOL.

NOW close the brazen gates; bid the harsh found
Of war's hoarse trumpet cease; the battle's Lord
Sleeps pow'rless in the dust; while, at his tomb,
The melancholy patriot's tear-full eye
A sad libation pours. Mourn, PRUSSIA,
mourn!

The fearless guardian of thy franchis'd rights
And regal state, thy native Jove, whose arm
Hurl'd vengeful thunders o'er the frozen north,

And made surrounding nations awe-struck bow,

No more leads forth thy hosts. No more,
wide spread,

His banners fan the glowing brow of War,
Or hover joyful in the ardent breath
Of Victory triumphant! Scarce unfurl'd,
They catch the cold sighs of the passing gale,
And, slowly waving, mourn their Master lost.

In the brave soldier's eye the lucid tear
Quick trembles, half repress'd; or, stealing
down,

Graces his manly weather-painted cheek.
He who undaunted heard the clang of war,
The thunder of the field, with dying groans
And shrieks of terror mingled; who un-
mov'd

Beheld the phantom Death stride o'er the plain

In form more horrid than the glancing eye
Of fancy pictures forth, now lowly bends
His vet'ran head; and half asham'd to weep,
Hides, in his bosom hides, the falling tear.
From rank to rank contagious sorrow flies,
Casting her thick and melancholy veil
O'er ev'ry face. What warrior but laments
A Master, Friend, and Father, now no more?
Where is the shining star whose radiant
beams

Led them to glory? Mighty FRED'RIC sleeps!
PRUSSIA's bright star, which, to contending
foes,

Appear'd a blazing comet threat'ning war,

Sets, 'midst the admiration of the world
And awe of nations, in the silent tomb.

Was he not strong in war? witness ye plains
Where Vict'ry hail'd him! witness they who
fled

Before his conquering arm! Mem'ry, awake!
And talk of glorious triumphs in the field,
Of cities won, and enemies subdu'd;
Of discipline establish'd, battles gain'd
Against unnumber'd hosts; of Rosbach's
plain,

Where Fame's unfading laurels deck'd his
brow!

Tell of the fiercest tumult of the war;
Then, while imagination ardent glows,
And fancy roams distracted o'er the scene
Where Mars is bath'd in blood, then check
thy voice;

While horror's sounds still vibrate on the ear,
Breathe the soft tones of calm domestic joy,
And own his People happy, and enrich'd.
Abroad the nations fear'd and honour'd him;
At home his People all rever'd and lov'd him.

Godlike in peace he shone! beneath his reign
Contending Arts to excellence aspir'd.

Fair Science, rising, own'd him for her Lord;
And, whispering her best precepts in his ear,
Gave grace to Majesty. In cloister'd wall
Pale Superstition curs'd the noble soul
That scorn'd her pow'r, and in her, secret
cell

Repin'd; while all the world applauding
own'd,

He was a King by nature form'd to reign!
He was a Monarch worthy to be lov'd!

Nor were his praises such as trembling slaves
Unwilling pay to soothe a tyrant's pride:

His were the wishes of the grateful heart,
And unfeign'd blessings of the gen'rous mind.

E'en now, when mingled with his native
dust,

In the chill bosom of oblivious death
He lies, admiring Europe sounds his fame!

He must deserve that honour; for the voice
Of Flattery reaches not the silent grave;

Scarce can the grace a favour'd tyrant's hearse,
And give his tomb a few unnotic'd lines,
So swift she hastes to greet new rising pow'r.

A Good King's monument is ever rais'd
In his own People's Hearts: his epitaph

With Mem'ry's unerring pen is trac'd
In the wide records of immortal Fame.

There, FRED'RIC, thine shall live, and
nobly brave

The efforts both of Malice and of Time.

* The Kings of Prussia being alternately Frederic and Frederic-William, the late King was Frederic the Second, as the present is Frederic-William the Second.

L I N E S

WRITTEN AT WALTERSHAM *.

FIRST EVENING.

WHERE Guildford's Dryads form a
shade,

For Poets and for Lovers made,
All on a sunny bank reclin'd,
Spontaneous each and unconfin'd,
I pour the distates of my mind.
Escaped from Pride, and Folly's noise,
I clasp sweet Peace, and own pure joys.

Yon elms majestically rise,
And soar ambitious to the skies,
Around whose airy heights convene
The babbling rooks, on slow wing seen.—
Peace! peace! ye babblers, as the Muse
Her song, which quiet loves, pursues.
How fair, in golden tresses drest,
Nature's kind parent decks the west;
And from mild Evening's beamy eyes,
What varied glories tint the skies!
Enrapt I view their magic power,
That fills with bliss the silent hour;
More pleasure to my soul conveys
I than all the noon-tide's splendid blaze.

As here reclined, attend, sweet maid!
That wont to lend thy fav'ring aid,
When in misfortune's gloomy hour,
With thee I sought Oblivion's bower.
Best Muse! attend!—and whilst, at ease,
I sing as Love and Fancy please,
O deign to aid a weak-strung lyre!
To pleasing notes my touch inspire;
Preserve the strains from dulness free,
But grace them with simplicity.—

Blest maid, who lov'st a silent train,
Yon clamorous rooks molest thy reign:
Peace! peace, ye babblers! as the Muse
Her song, which quiet loves, pursues.
O Peace!—attend the nymph's desire!
Your notes distract the soft-ton'd lyre;
So may the rustic spare thy young,
On yon top-branches pendent hung.

Let others waste the midnight oil,
And deep in Learning's mazes toil;
O'er Greek and Latin pore the eyes,
And jade the mind 'till temper flies,
To bind the aching brow with bays,
And pleasure lose in search of praise,
For me, to soothe my woes alone
I wake the lyre's beguiling tone;
Enough, if in this artless way
I cheat of care the lingering day.

The Dryads here that peaceful dwell,
And Fancy in her airy cell,
Lament that in this vale serene,
Ah, not a sedge-crown'd urn is seen!
No Naiad pours a silver wave,
Yon lawns or bloomy banks to lave,
To aid the murmur of the grove,
To echo Philomela's love,
Or to reflect pale Cynthia's beams,
And soothe a wandering lover's dreams.

The wood-nymphs droop—the warblers
plain,

The Muse shall swell the general strain,
For in this verdant haunt serene,
Ah not a sedge-crown'd urn is seen.
Ye various warblers of the grove,
With freedom blest and boundless love,
Happy ye range the hill, the vale,
And drink the fragrant-breathing gale;
A gale that wings its od'rous breath
From yonder blooming rosy wreath,
From yonder bank of violets blue,
From yonder beds of various hue.
These scenes O ever may I prize,
Above the reach of vulgar eyes;
Above the taste of Folly, Pride,
And all the bustling crowd beside!
Then were sweet Peace my constant guest,
Then Health would warm the languid
breast.

But see, in matchless splendor bright,
Appears the radiant orb of night!
Her pale rays glimmer thro' the trees,
Which tremble from the Zephyr's breeze.
Now silence reigns sole empress here,
And not a human step is near.
The little tenants of the grove
Have ceas'd a while their notes of love.
Yet soon this dusky haunt shall ring,
When Philomela deigns to sing,
And pour in varied strains her woe,
Now sweetly quick—now wildly slow.
My Muse,—the pleasing labour cease!
Adieu, ye scenes of Love and Peace!
Adieu! where Fancy loves to dwell!
Ye woodland wilds! farewell! farewell!

SECOND EVENING.

NOW twice the beautiful queen of night
Has raised o'er Earth her silver light,
Since to this Dryads haunt I stray'd,
And tuned my lyre beneath its shade.
Ah what can dreaming Fancy do,
And all the charms of nature too!
Can they each wishful thought remove,
If I am absent from my love?
No, Daphne! 'tis not time nor place
From Damon's mind thy form can chase!
The longest tale, if Daphne's near,
With pleasure I could stop to hear;
E'en cards so much by me abhorr'd,
Would bless—if Daphne grac'd the board.
The scenes I most condemn, despise,
Want but the lustre of her eyes;
Their presence every thought shall move,
And make me what I hated, love.
Ah, charmer! greater still thy pow'r!
These musc-sull wild walks bless no more;
These Dryads which to Fancy's ear
Oft grateful spoke their master's care,
And told their sorrows with a sigh,
That not a sedge-crown'd urn was nigh,
Alas, no more such visions move,
For I am absent from my love!

* A beautiful seat belonging to the Earl of Guildford.

† The want of a stream in this retreat must be the complaint of every visitor of taste.

Sweet Philonel's melodious tale,
That floated down the list'ning vale,
And fill'd with song the midnight grove,
The wildest strains of plaintive love!
No more, abrupt, I pause to bear,
For I am absent from my dear!
I come! I come!—sweet girl, I come!
O madness, madness! 'twas to roam,
When all my joys remain'd at home. }
Adieu! where Daphne does not dwell,
Ye woodland wilds, a glad farewell!
Dover. RUSTICUS.

THE CONVICT'S PETITION.
E L E G I A C.

I.

At length emerg'd from yon opprobrious cell,
This shameful front hath met the publick eye;
At length ye fleeting scenes of life, farewell,
And close upon a wretch prepar'd to die.

II.

What though the tide of complicated woe
Hath since the barriers sum of vice o'erborn;
What though pent up from all that's dear below,
My grief-rent heart hath never ceas'd to mourn;

III.

What though reflection hath a gloom o'er-spread,
Oft as it trac'd unnumber'd follies past;
What though my bonds have to repentance led,
And arm'd my self-resignant soul at last;

IV.

Compunction for a wife, the friend of truth,
Whose steady heart from virtue never swerv'd,
And sad remorse for my poor children's youth,
My firmness have disarm'd, my soul unnerv'd.

V.

O ye that throng and press to see my fall,
My latest pangs and penitence to scan,
O flight not now misfortune's latest call,
Nor shut your ears against a dying man.

VI.

Though terror-armed Justice lifts on high
Her angry rod and executive sword;
Though thoughts of death have rous'd the frequent sigh,
And oft in silence I've my fate deplor'd;

VII.

O spare my orphan babes and guiltless wife,
Suppress the tale of calumny and shame;
And let the day that robs their life of life,
From mem'ry's tablet wipe my guilty name.

VIII.

To screen from famine's too oppressive pow'r
The infant cluster that exclaim'd for bread,

I wrought a deed, O most disastrous hour,
When at affliction's summons virtue fled!

IX.

With-hold not then compassion's cheering flow,
I ask not for myself the precious boon;
For those, alas! I plead who need it more,
For death shall close on me and misery soon.

X.

Yet, yet, ye messengers of death, forbear,
One sentence more my justice would unfold;

A truth which well impatient youth might hear,
Nor less a lesson to the grave and old.

XI.

Drop not the reins of caution from your grasp,
But early quell each bold advance to vice;
Lest your imprudence like the veng'nd asp
Into the fatal snare your steps entice.

XII.

Heav'n grant my words the clouds of guilt dispel,
My fate instruct mankind this rock to fly;
And now, ye fleeting scenes of life, farewell,
Come, close upon a wretch prepar'd to die.

C. A.

J E U X D' E S P R I T.

To a man who deny'd ev'ry medical aid,
When worn-out by a tedious decline,
A friend and relation affectionate said,
"Surely never was conduct like thine.

"Fly to Bath or to Bristol, or haste to the Spa,
"Let Straker or Moysey prescribe;"
But still he in obstinate humour cry'd,
"Pha!

"How I hate all the physical tribe!

"What are Straker or Moysey to grim doctor Death,
"Who moves slowly, but perfects the cure?"

"Their prescriptions would rob me too soon of my breath,
"And heighten the pains I endure.

"Commend me to this fam'd physician of old,
"Who attends folks of ev'ry degree;

"Who is staunch to his patient, and ne'er quits his hold,
"But kills without bolus or see."

C. A.

There is no friendship with the wicked.

"G O O D master Satan, spare thy friend,"
(The sick Attorney cries,
As journeying to his dismal end
On his last bed he lies)

"Forbear

“ Forbear my tortur’d limbs to strain,
 “ Thy cause was e’er mine own;
 “ Forbear to aggravate my pain,
 “ And heighten every groan.
 “ Hah! hell lies gaping on my fight,
 “ The fiends their whips prepare;
 “ Why taught’st thou me my God to fight,
 “ Yet flight’st me in despair?”
 “ Præst thou of friendship, caitiff vile?”
 The fiend insulting cries:
 Beholding his malicious smile,
 Old *QUITAM* groans and dies.

C. A.

S O N N E T.

To Lady *KATHERINE POWLETT*.

THOUGH fashion, proud of such an en-
 vied part,
 Ma, wreaths prepare more worthy charms
 like thine;
 Oh yet disdain not him, whose humbler art
 A rural garland thus has tried to twine.
 Of violets ’tis made, that first appear,
 Types of thy maiden sweets, and early
 worth;
 Of jessamine, like thy virtue, white and
 clear,
 That needs no sun to draw its blossoms
 forth;
 And blooming roses, bath’d in gentle dew,
 That best of all the vernal show’ry race,
 Expressing loveliness and pity too,
 Like the soft lustre of thy beautiful face.
 O blest, to whom those looks propitious
 prove,
 Who myrtle boughs may add, the symbols
 sweet of love.

T H E G L O V E :

A T A L E.

MARK how the young *FABRICIUS*
 weeps,
 And beats his frantic head;
 How thuns the day that hateful peeps,
 Now fair *DOCILLA*’s dead!
DOCILLA sweet as op’ning flow’r
 That blushes in the Spring;
 As *blushing* too,—at that dear hour
 He cnote the wedding-ring;
 For wedding-ring and garments fine
 And licence all were bought;
 When cruel Death with fell design
 The tender maiden caught.
 Mark—mark, I say—how quick at dawn
FABRICIUS hastes away
 To yon drear wood (that skirts the lawn)
 Which scarce admits the day;
 Where perch’d alone, the widow’d dove
 Breathes forth her pensive lay,
 ’Till his loud griefs, his madd’ning love,
 Affright her from the spray.

Now near a brook that murmurs flow,
 In milder grief he’s laid;
 And fighting sad, his tears do flow,
 “ The needle’s stream to aid.”

Thus all the day in piteous plight
 He wears his hours away;
 And ne’er returns to human fight
 Until the ev’ning gray.

Then, then, it was, in pacing o’er
 The chamber of his Love,
 With down-cast eye upon the floor
 He spy’d a woman’s Glove.

To pick it up he eager bent,
 And brought it to the light;
 Then starting cry’d, “ What here is sent
 “ To bless my trembling sigh !”

“ The Glove! — the Glove! — *DOCILLA*
 “ wore,

“ A little ere she fell —
 “ My thrilling frame at ev’ry pore
 “ Confesses it too well!

“ Each well-known finger, taper all,
 “ Doth exquisite appear,
 “ As when her hand divinely small
 “ With glowing warmth was here!

“ A thousand kisses now proclaim,
 “ Thou dear, thou once-worn glove,
 “ A thousand sighs shall do the same,
 “ How ardent was my love!

“ And at my heart, where grief now calls,
 “ Be thou for ever near;
 “ Catch each sad drop that sorrow falls—
 “ Be wet with many a tear!”

Just then the chamber-door flew open,
 And in the house-maid popp’d;
 “ Dear Sir,” says she, “ I pardon hope;
 “ But sure my Glove I’ve dropp’d.”

“ No Glove is here, thou blund’ring beast!”
 The mad *FABRICIUS* cries,
 “ Save that which was thy Mistress’ dear,
 “ And now beside me lies.”

“ Good lack a day! — why that is it!”
 Exclaim’d the ruddy maid;
 “ The same that Tom last fair did sit—
 “ Returning through the glade.”

This honest truth too sure, alas!
 The yielding glove did show;
 Her large red arm with ease did pass—
 Her clumsy fingers too.

Take heed from this, ye *striplings* dear,
 Ye *Boys* who fondly love,
 And ere ye shed the mournful tear—
 Be certain of your—*GLOVE*.

A.

O D E.

HARK! along the sounding shore
 The wild waves dashing dreadful
 roar!
 Lo! on the vessels’ topmost mast
 Th’ affrighted sailor clinging fast

1220

Implores for aid.—In vain! death's icy dart
Points to the foaming tide below:
Aghast he views the vale of woe,
Whilst direful shrieks assault and rend his
languid heart.

Now loud the bellowing thunders roll,
Perch'd on the forked chariots of the sky,
Horror flies from pole to pole:
Before the sw'ring victim's haggard eye
Gleams the red lightning 'twixt the gloomy
wave;

Its pale tints gild the glaring grave.
Scar'd at the sight, his feeble form,
About to sink beneath the storm,
Strives to seize—but strives in vain!
The slender plank.—He strives again!
Vain his efforts! vain his cries!
Once more he strives, and striving—dies!
Above, below, his mangled corpse is driv'n;
His happier soul releas'd, her calm flight
wings to heav'n.

Lo! on yon rock, whose giant form
Braves the fury of the storm,
Soft Hope, in tear dew'd veil array'd,
Reclining weeps her useless power,
'Mid the dun havoc seems to fade,
As round her throne the thick clouds
low'r;

Faint and more faint her rays appear,
Dimm'd by the breath of black Despair:
Whilst fell Destruction's iron eye
Unmov'd surveys the sinking bark,
Her massy arm, prone to destroy,
Still pours its full stores thro' the bark;
Still on the tempest's wing upborn,
Led by her carc-confounding crew,
In dreadful pomp she sails sublime:
Old Ether groans beneath her weight,
Cold runs the blood chill'd by her fright-
ful view!

While on yon tott'ring tower sits hoary
Time,

And marks the demon as she flies,
And mourns his ancient, doubtful sway,
As fast approaching to the realms of day
Dark Chaos, frowning, threats his fate;
While from their fix'd foundations torn,
The heaving mountains crash, and mock the
angry skies.

But lo! what sudden change!—A calm suc-
ceeds!

'Neath the toss'd waves subsiding breast,
Sol's glimm'ring beam delightful peeps,
Nature her ev'ry charm regains:
In smiles appear the flower-clad meads;
While each rude billow, hush'd to rest,
Save silence nought remains.

The winds that erst so loud did roar,
Amid the dreary welkin's height,
With boist'rous blais no more affright,
But gently whistling, die along the shore:
While at th' approach of welcome day
Her rage Destruction blows away,
And Horror stretch'd supine on the calm
Ocean sleeps.

EFFUSIONS on quitting an ACADEMIC
L I F E.

[An original Communication.]

F R O M

Robinson's New Annual REGISTER
For 1785.

*Serò respicitur tellus, ubi, fune soluto,
Currit in immensum panda carina salum.*

OVID.

A DIEU, ye sacred walls, ye lofty tow'rs,
Imperial Learning's venerable seats!
Reluctant now I quit your peaceful bow'rs,
Your happy mansions, and your lov'd
retreats.

Here keen-eyed Science plumes her daring
wing;
Vent'rous she here essays her noblest flights:
Here, in each classic grove, the Muses sing,
And fill the mind with innocent delights.

Grateful I venerate those honour'd names,
Who patronis'd fair Learning's infant
cause:

Who nobly dar'd to vindicate her claims
To just regard, distinction and applause.

'Midst the illustrious group an Alfredness;
Alfred the just, the virtuous, and the great;
Who mingled with the wreath that conquest
twines,

The cares of science and the toils of state.
Tho' in those seats dim Superstition reign'd,
Clouding each mind, unerving ev'ry
heart;

Tho' monkish fraud its empire here main-
tain'd,
And wily priests here play'd th' impostor's
part:

Tho' here dull schoolmen vain debate pur-
su'd,
And the tree mind in abject fetters bound;
Tho' with thin sophistry, and jargon rude,
All common sense they labour'd to con-
found:

Yet now the scene in diff'rent guise appears;
All former traces, like a dream, are fled;
Religion now a liberal aspect wears;
Now genuine Science lifts her tow'ring
head.

Devious how oft in tranquil mood I've
stray'd,

Where Cherwell's placid stream irrigu-
ous flows;

Where Isis, wand'ring thro' the dewy
mead,

On the gay plains fertility bestows.
Oft have I view'd, immers'd in soothing
thought,

I'prear'd by ancient hands the massy pile;
The Gothic turret high, the Saxon vault,
The painted window, and the lengthen'd
aisle.

Achaian models too I've frequent trac'd,
Where genius blazes in the grand design;
The structure with Corinthian columns
grac'd,

Where Attic taste and harmony combine:
Where

Where the high roof attracts the studious eye,
The roof with Bodley's rev'rend name
incrib'd,

Where num'rous tomes in classic order lie,
And plenteous stores of knowledge are
imbib'd :

How oft, well pleas'd, I've turn'd the va-
ried page,

My mind detach'd from ev'ry futile joy,
From giddy vanities that life engage,
Follies that vex, and sorrows that annoy :

Forgot each busy care of active life,
Forgot the turmoils of the public scene,
Forgot all envy, pride, and jealous strife,
The starts of passion, and the fits of spleen.

Adieu, ye groves, where erst I went to
roam,

Where health attends the clear salubrious
air :

Retirement left, I seek a diff'rent home,
And to the gay metropolis repair.

ACADEMICUS.

LINES written by the late Mr. HENDERSON.
To ————

SHALL I, who so adore the sex,
To think their semblance can't be
found,

My heart and judgment both perplex,
In searching families and sound ?

What cadence in the Poet's choice,
Or figure of invention's art,
Can looth the ear like your sweet voice ?
Or paint your empire o'er the heart ?

In plain, in honest lines I'll tell
All I of Love or Friendship know ;
If then they chance to rhyme—'tis well—
No aid will I to fiction owe.

Angel nor Goddess—will I call,
Whose names are trite and common ;
To those who use them fair befall,
I like you better as a WOMAN.

I hate those idle fond conceits
Which make each beauty like some flower !
Your breath surpasses all the sweets
Which Milton gives to Adam's bower.

Talk not to me of straight or tall
As poplar, fir, or cedar tree ;
Faith, for your grace—if that were all,
The woods might keep you still for me.

Nor will I hear of breasts of snow—
Cheeks soft and blooming as the peach ;
Troth I should think you but so fo,
If these were all your charms could reach.

Nor sun nor stars,—will I employ—
To lend your eyes their lustre ;
My Muse avers a fuller joy,
And, Madam, you may trust her.

I've often thought those witty swains
Who ransack earth and star-land,
Should wed a comet for their pains,
Or else embrace a garland.

Join all that simile can lend,
In fairest order placed ;
My heart and tongue shall still contend,
Thy beauty is debas'd.

The true sublime, as Critics write,
Th' effect and cause describes ;
Thus Nature bids, " let there be light,"
And darkness light imbibes.

My Chloe thus directs my heart,
And bids it smile or grieve,
As she assumes the victor's part,
To punish or relieve.

L I N E S

Written (by Mr. HAYLEY) on a card in-
closed in a worked LETTER-CASE, em-
broidered by Mrs. HAYLEY, as a Pre-
sent to Miss SKWARD. One side repre-
sented a lyre, and the other a wreath of
laurel.

GO, graceful symbols of poetic fire
That Friendship's needle has with plea-
sure trac'd ;

Go ! thou emboidered wreath, and Muse's
lyre,

A gift to Genius, from the hand of Taste.
Thou taken volume, by ENZA wrought,
When Seward's venic is t'calur'd in thy
folds,

Shield that bright charge ; and may thy
form be thought

A casket worthy of the gem it holds.

PEG NICHOLSON'S KNIGHTS.*

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

HASTE coblers, postillions, coal-heavers,
and tinkers,

Ye makers of saddles and harness, and win-
kers,

Old coachmen and crimps, thief-takers
and jailors,

Bug doctors, bum-bailiffs, ye butchers and
tailors,

Haste away with addresses that pray for
the life

Preserv'd from Peg Nicholson's two-penny
knife ;

For 'so gen'rous the —, he now is more
willing

To give you a knighthood—than part with
a shilling.

Never herd the world's grin, let it laugh
if it please,

Thank God that now knighthoods are plea-
ty as fleas ;

Ev'ry corner we turn, how our eyes it de-
lights,

To meet a whole string of Peg Nicholson's
knights.

Nought is heard at the —, but Sir Nicholas
Pipe,

Sir John Hog, Sir James Manger, Sir Tun-
belly Tripe,

Sir Brandy-face Sneaker, Sir Anthony Wash-
tub,

Sir Gregory Garbage, Sir Benjamin Mash-
tub.

—'s sword is now brighter than silver,
with rubbing

On the shoulders of fellows imported for
dubbing ;

For

For each day a whole gang is to glory invit'd,

And some Thing or other is sure to be knighted.

Ye men who catch weasels, sell nostrums for rats,

And ye who fo' tuneful cry dog's meat and cats;

All, all are expected, whatever your trade,
To address, and become noble Knights of the Blade.

Wives, go to your husbands, and instantly wheedle 'em,

And make them march out for the honours of Bedlam.

See what women already asham'd of their shop,

Are be-lady'd, and into their carriages swop.

Lady Combuish and Tallow, and Fikin and Boot,

Lady Suds, Lady Sledge, Lady Link, Lady Soot,

Ladies Flounder and Dripping, and Mopp
lick and Broom,

Of Margate and Brighton now brighten each room.

Who would not be dubb'd then? So, men, leave your dwelling,

Never heed of addresses the sense or the spelling,

But mind that you swear, had — fall'n by Peg's passion,

There would not have been a dry eye in the nation.

Again let me beg, if you consequence prize,

To turn on Peg Nicholson's honours your eyes:

Nay more, to be nimble too let me implore ye.

Or the dogs and the cats will be knighted before ye.

ON A D D R E S S E S.

A Very curious volume might be compiled from the Addresses which have been presented to our different monarchs, and the answers they have given to their subjects. That from Coventry to Queen Elizabeth is well known, and is a model of simplicity and elegance.

We men of Coventry

Are very glad to see

Your gracious Majesty,

Good Lord! how fair you be!

The Queen's answer is in the same spirit, and cannot be objected to upon any ground, except that the thoughts are borrowed.

My gracious Majesty

Is very glad to see

You men of Coventry,

Good Lord! what fools ye be!

To the British Solomon, who succeeded her, an address was presented from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, the inhabitants of which seem even then to have been fraught with the true spirit of Eastern sublimity; for they wish his Majesty may reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endure. The King sagaciously remarked, that if their wishes should be accomplished, his son must reign by candle-light. On the same monarch's going to Salisbury. One of the active burghers of the day climbed up on the outside of the spire of the cathedral, where having fixed the British flag, he made three summersets in honour of his Majesty, descended by the same mode he had got up, and wrote an address congratulatory, stating his valorous achievements, and entreating a reward. The King thanked him for the honour, and offered to grant him a patent, by which he and his heirs male, being protestants, should have the exclusive right of climbing steeples, and making summersets on the tops of all and every of the spires in his Majesty's dominions.

When the old man Thomas Parr, of Shropshire, was introduced to Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, he presented an address, setting forth his great age, wishing long life to their Majesties, and praying such notice as they in their great goodness should see meet. "And pray, old man," said the Queen, "what have you who have lived so very long done more than other men?" "An please your Majesty," replied the Shropshire patriarch, "I did penance for a bastard child when I was above an hundred years old."

In a foreigner we forgive the want of idiom, though it sometimes occasions a whimsical combination of words. I think it was the Envoy from Morocco who boasted of having acquired a *perfect* knowledge of the English language by dictionaries and grammars, and to prove his capability wrote the following address to his Majesty: May you long enjoy your *speculative* situation, and may the God of our fathers *pick* your Majesty to the day of judgment. As a tree has once been your royal *roof*, may a tree be always ready for your Majesty; may you and your Counsellors *hang* together, and may you never want any *good thing* that is to be laid hold of in your own or any other kingdom. May you be happy in all that concerns your Royal fingers, Royal toes, hands, and had! May your sceptre be strong and mighty in your grasp; and may all your Majesty's subjects fall down before it, to your Majesty's good pleasure! May the Lords of your creation be numerous as the stars of Heaven, and cover the whole island!

A short time before James the Second's abdication, he daily received such a bundle of addresses from his different subjects, declaring themselves ready to lay their lives and

and fortunes at his feet, and to defend him against all invaders of his Crown, that he is said to have given his taylor directions to make one pocket in his Majesty's coat of a most enormous size to deposit them in, and another so small as just to admit the Royal hand, to put in all that was or might be presented to him by those loyal subjects.

The Mayor of a Cornish borough, whose office obliged him to present one of these effusions, being unacquainted with the customs of a Court, requested one of the burghesses, who had been a Nobleman's butler, to accompany him to London, attend him to Court, and instruct him in the proper *etiquette* of the place. Full of apprehensions, his Worship was introduced into the Royal presence, his friend attending close at his ear. Mr. Mayor being embarrassed at the splendour of Royalty, appeared to aukward in his demeanor, that his prompter leaning over his shoulder, whispered him, "Hold up your head, Sir, and look like a man." This the unfortunate Mayor mistook for an introductory speech, and in a very audible voice repeated it to the King. "His friend, alarmed at the mistake, whispered a second time, "Zounds! if you go on as you have begun, Sir, you'll ruin us all." The tone

this was uttered in alarmed the poor Magistrate, and at the moment of presenting the petition, he repeated in a still louder tone than he had before spoken, "If you go on as you've begun, Sir, you'll ruin us all!" and made a precipitate retreat without the honor of knighthood.

On the accession of the Prince of Orange, the addresses were equally loyal, and in many cases *verbatim* and *literatim* the same as those to the abdicated Monarch, excepting that in one case the preamble was, "To our gracious Sovereign James, and in the other, to our glorious Deliverer William, by the Grace of God, and so forth.

The Lawyers were the first to hail the Rising Sun, and sent their address congratulatory by the venerable Mr. Serjeant Maynard, at that time upwards of 80 years old. When the King received it, he congratulated the old man on his good health, adding, "I think, Sir, you have outlived most of your brethren of the law in this Kingdom." "Had it not been for your Majesty's arrival," replied the Serjeant, "I should have survived the law itself."—This answer conveyed, perhaps, a more elegant compliment than ever was before paid to a crowned head.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SEPT. 25.

MR. and Mrs. Pope performed the characters of Beverley and his Wife in the Gamester. The excellence of the lady's performance has been long known and celebrated as being almost equal to that of Mrs. Siddons. Mr. Pope appeared in Beverley for the first time, and gave promise of improvement hereafter.

Oct. 4. Miss Wilkinson from York appeared for the first time in London at Covent-Garden in Pidejia in the Foundling, and Leonora in the Padlock. Both the parts are well adapted to the apprehensions of youth and timidity, and were both performed if not without fault, at least without offence: experience and application may in time to come command a higher praise. In the Farce Mr. Inchbald also, from York, appeared for the first time in London in Don Diego.

6. Miss Brunton performed Alicia for the first time, and acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the audience. If this lady's performance should not at all times equal the just claims of criticism, great allowance ought to be made for her youth, and her being pushed into characters above her powers. The part of Alicia requires the well-matured genius and exertions of the first actresses on the Stage.

VOL. X.

16. RICHARD COEUR DE LION, an Opera, by Mr. Mac Nally, was performed for the first time at Covent-Garden.

This Opera is a kind of English Pasticcio, both in point of dramatic and musical composition. The ground-work of the fable is professedly taken from a French piece under the same title, interspersed with songs, written by Sedaine, and lately performed at the COMEDIE ITALIENNE, in Paris, with success. Mr. Sedaine made Margaret of Anjou the Queen of Richard, which was not the fact. Our English author, therefore, has given her the name of Beengeria, and has otherwise very materially altered the fable, in order to reconcile it the more to probability and historical verity, and to render it the more likely to prove interesting and entertaining in London. As far as his intention went, he deserves commendation and thanks. Excepting some of the airs, however; and here and there a hit or two in the comic scenes, the audience did not seem to relish it highly.

24. Another Opera under the title of RICHARD COEUR DE LION, was performed for the first time at Drury-lane Theatre.

This piece is a translation of Mons. Sedaine's comedy, but the editor of it has adhered infinitely more closely to the original, than the gentleman who undertook to prepare the piece now performing at Covent-Garden.

Garden Theatre under the same title. In this we have a chaste copy of the original, with only one material alteration, which is stated in the advertisement prefixed to the printed edition in the following words :

“ In adapting the following scenes to the English stage, no adventitious matter has been introduced : some liberty, however, has been taken in effecting the principal incident of the piece ; the discovery of Richard's confinement being now given to Matilda in place of Blondel ; as well to increase the interest of the situation, as to avoid the less affecting interposition of the heroine in the latter part of the drama. The elegant author of this romance will pardon a freedom which has been taken with no other view than that of giving the best assistance of our stage to his admired composition.”

The alteration here explained does great credit to the taste and judgment of the person who made it, since it gives the whole piece and its business a natural, and a more powerful interest.

The music was, we understand, precisely the same as that performed at the *Comedie Italienne* in Paris.

25. Vanburgh's witty but licentious play of the *Provok'd Wife* was performed at Covent-Garden Theatre, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Ryder to the London audience, in the character of Sir John Brute. This gentleman has long been at the head of his profession in Ireland. His Sir John Brute was a bold and striking exhibition of Vanburgh's wicked Knight ; but the colouring was more broad and coarse than has usually been given by other artists who have distinguished themselves by their success in working upon the same subject. In Mr. Ryder's picture, however, many skilful and judicious touches were discernible, and it was evident upon the whole it was the work of a master. In other words, Mr. Ryder, in Sir John, does not dress, nor does he deport himself so much like a Gentleman as others his most celebrated predecessors have usually done ; but altho' his manners are rather less polished, he is far from letting the spirit of the character evaporate. He gives us less of the man of fashion, but more of the drunken brute, than we have been accustomed to behold. However, throughout the character Mr. Ryder displayed a considerable share of spirit, and a strong conception of his author ; and in many of the scenes his exhibition of the comic humour was judicious, powerful and masterly. His scene before the Justice was by far his best ; but had he dwelt less upon the dumb-show of his part, the effect would have been stronger. In fine, Mr. Ryder's Sir John Brute proved him to be a good comedian.

The INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,
Spoken by Mr. DIMOND,
On opening the Theatres Royal in Bath and Bristol.

Written by Mr. MEYLER.

YOU, who th' historian's page have oft survey'd,

Behold this certain principle display'd—
“ In every monarchy, thro' length of years,
“ A change of governors and laws appears ;”
Fate shall some empires to oblivion sink ;
To fame raise others from oblivion's brink ;
There proflig'rous Treason mounts the scepter'd throne,
And Revolution calls the seat her own.

To bring the object nearer to our view
Than thrones and empires, or rebellion's crew,

Suppose this house of merchandizing fame,
Long carried on in but *one trader's* name ;
Who grows or rich, or proud, or old, or great—

‘ Or gets perhaps an office in the State ;’
Retires—and leaves the labour and its fruits
To his long-tried and trusty substitutes ;
Who, to obtain continuance of his
Vow constant, grateful, and increas'd endeavours.

He who of late reign'd o'er this dome supreme,

Retires to perfect an applauded scheme—
To guard your persons—o'er your wealth to watch,

Add wings to commerce, and to law dispatch ;
Old custom's stubborn maxims to controul,
“ And waite your fame from Indus to the Pole.”

His late possessions, ‘ patents, wardrobes, scenes,

‘ His mimic thunder, lightning, kings and queens ;

‘ The hero's truncheon, pantomime battoons,
‘ Thalia's vizzor, tempests, funs and moons,’
Devolve on us— long agents in th' employ—
Me your obedient, and our late Vice-Roy.

Be our's the task, by every art to raise
The Drama's splendor, and the public praise.

T' enlarge th' soul, MELPOMENE shall pour
Her copious streams in grief's instructive lore ;
Shall teach mankind to prize a low estate,
By viewing woes attendant on the great.

THALIA here her magic wiles shall play,
To laugh your foibles and your cares away ;
And all confess that medicine's nicer art,
Which while it cures the pain, delights the heart.

Here Music too shall greet the tuneful ear,
And with sweet sounds allay your grief and fear ;

Broad Farce and Pantomime shall oft appear in,
To set our *Old Acquaintance* on the grin.

In short, our study, our delight, shall be
To blend true taste with sprightly novelty ;
Encourage merit—jealous envy shun,
Genius prefer—confess ourselves out-done.
Grant us fair trial—your protection guard us,
As we deserve—so censure or reward us.

P R O-

PROLOGUE

To THOMSON'S Tragedy of
TANCRED and SIGISMUNDA,

Written by a Friend on the Occasion of the
above Play's being represented in Mr.
WILLIAM FECTOR'S Private Theatre at
Dover, March 11, 1784.

Spoken by W. FECTOR, Esq.

THO' oft your partial favour's been re-
nown'd,
Tho' loud applause has oft our acting
crown'd,

Yet still I come Ambassador to plead
That kind indulgence which for much we
need,

To beg attention thro' five ling'ring acts,
Nor doubt your candour, but our own de-
fects.

To night our Poet nobly has pourtray'd
A lover wretched and a maid betray'd ;
How vainly age the passions would controul,
And rule by policy a lover's soul.

Harmonious numbers elegantly shew
How dangerous arts the never-fading woe,
What certain ills the marriage ties await,
Of hearts averk in Hymen's band the fate.
No smiling loves the circling hours attend,
No confidence their doubting minds befriend.
Poor Sigismunda gives an awful proof,
And dies a victim to this fatal truth.

Not such the fair who grace this honour'd
roof,

Bless'd in each virtue and with blooming
youth.

And you, my friends, whose hearts united
prove

The force of beauty and the power of love ;
Long may your lives and constancy engage }
The admiration of both young and sage,
A bright example to the rising age !
Long on you both may happiness attend,
So ardent prays the Brother and the Friend !

EPILOGUE,

Also spoken by Mr. FECTOR, at the same
Representation.

Enter with an Opera-Glass.

INTE'NI to reconnoitre every face,
I fain would do it with a *bon ton* grace ;
'Tis vulgar, and refinement now denies,
To see with only nature's simple eyes ;
Nor can I be so Gothic to suppose,
A beau can see an inch before his nose.
But, first, my thanks with gratitude I pay
For the attention you have shewn my play ;
The kind politeness that you have express'd,
Glows at my heart and animates my breast.
I mark'd no shrugs, nor one satyrick wink ;
Yet, Jonas-like, I'll tell you what you think ;
Or rather, when from hence you are away,
I will anticipate what each will say.
The Belle when next she meets her chosen
friend

At church, perhaps, no matter where or
when,

* Letting the snuff fall carelessly on him.

Before the modes and scandal of the day,
The question's put—" Pray, did you see the
Play ?"

" I did ; and if I thought you would not
blab,

I'd tell you the entertainment that we had.
For full four hours we crouded were and
crampt,

To see them enter, blunder, scold, and rant."
But there detraction is not in my nature,
I always make the best of a bad matter.
The gentlemen, with wisdom's look pro-
found,

Quote you each ancient actor most renown'd.
But here with all humility I own,
We cannot bear the nice comparison.

To please our friends is still our ardent wish ;
But if unluckily we've failed in this,
When next your kind attention we engage,

" And fret and flut us out 'bout upon the stage,"
Whether the strife's for honour or for love,
May then Thalia most propitious prove !

May genius deign our acts so to inspire,
That you for once with justice may admire !
May all the graces wait the comie lays,
And crown us with the smallest spig of
bays !

Ha ! I'd forgot a beau minds only fashion,
How silly am I to talk with so much passion.
Well, still as beau I ought to take my leave,
Now for a pinch of snuff-- " Oh, d--n it,
'tis on my sleeve.

The following PROLOGUE was spoken
by Captain ASH, at the Theatre at
Brighthelmston, for the Benefit of the
Families of the unfortunate Men who lost
their Lives in the generous Endeavour to
preserve the Crew of the Ship that was
wrecked off Shoreham, on the 8th in-
stant.—It was written by Mr O'BRIEN,
and not, as some of the Papers have as-
serted, by Mr. HAMILTON.

THO' frauds of state with types of ho-
nour grace

The sanction'd murderers of the human race ;
Still brighter fame those braver souls de-
serve,

Who only strive to cherish and preserve ;
Kings may grant wreaths to men who
men destroy,

But they who save them taste the nobler
joy !

When wealth, ambition, fame, their
banners wield,
'Tis counted bold to face the crimson field ;
To slaughter—not preserve—the savage plan,
And close the door of Charity on man

—Yeg surely, HE transcends their
vaunted merit,

Whose gallant soul, whose daring, daunt-
less spirit.

Braves the fierce ocean and the roaring wind,
With ev'ry shock of elements combin'd ;
Lur'd by no passion but the wish to save
Some struggling wretch from the devouring
wave !

And oh!—what breath but heaves for him
that dies

The victim of this heavenly enterprise!!

But what avails the tear, the generous sigh
Of fond affection, or sweet sympathy?
No sorrow can restore the dead to life,
Can bring the husband to the frantic wife;
Revive the rose that deck'd the blooming
maid,

Who prays to perish where her lover's laid;
Or yield the father to his weeping train,
The heirs of want! 'and family of pain!'
Who boast no legacy to shed relief,
But their whole fortune—poverty and grief!!

What then remains?—Why this—this
use of pow'r,

The best exertion that you make this hour;

By you th' afflicted widow may survive
The orphan's blow, the little household
thrive;

By British hearts that soothe and soften
pain,

Where sweet compassion ne'er was mov'd
in vain.

For, touch the chord of British feeling
high,

And the soul swells with Heav'n's own har-
mony!

Since then by you they may forget their
woe,

May every bliss be yours who make them
so!

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Naples, Aug. 11.

THE banking-house of Mount of Piety is entirely burnt down. It caught fire on the evening of the 9th of July, and the flames rapidly made their way from the counting-house to the warehouse, where the pledged cloth was kept, from thence to the timber-yard, and other parts of the building. All the account-books, the pledges, timber, and paper belonging to the bank for about 70 years back were consumed. The damage to the bank is said to amount to 1,200,000 crowns, besides immense loss to those who had pledged their goods, on which there was never more lent than one quarter of their value. Several of the persons employed in the bank have been apprehended on a suspicion of having wilfully set fire to it, in order to conceal their peculations. Thus this superb edifice, the work of the celebrated architect Fontana, which the populace of Naples always spared in their insurrections, has fallen a victim to rapacity and villany.

This establishment was the richest of the kind in Europe. Besides an annual revenue of 108,000 crowns (about 470,000 French livres) there was a fund of 720,000 crowns, which were lent without interest to the indigent part of the people on pledges of woollen and linnen cloth, crystal and gold trinkets, &c. below 10 crowns. This sum being regularly called in and issued afresh every quarter, formed a circulation of near three millions of crowns. Besides this there was another fund of 280,000 crowns for lending money at six per cent. interest on pledges of above the value of 10 crowns.

Leghorn Aug. 9. The Grand Duke of Tuscany seems to have outstripped even the Emperor himself in point of church reformation. By a late edict from that Prince, the superfluous ornaments, as costly as they are useless, must be laid aside; all images, *ex voto's*, and other reliques and statues, which only serve to keep up and entertain a spi-

rit of superstition, are to be removed. The altars shall be plain and unadorned with images, except a crucifix, a Virgin Mary, and the tutelary saint of the *chiesa*; it is nevertheless recommended to the clergy by proper admonition to guard the faithful from paying to those images any superstitious worship, but to consider those representations as calculated only to fix in their mind the recollection of the Christian mysteries. Every word of the mass, too often muttered over by the priest in the most indecent and irreligious precipitation, shall henceforth be spoken slowly, and in an audible voice; and the gospel ordered for the day shall be read in the vulgar tongue, and commented upon by the officiating clergyman in a simple, clear discourse, adapted to the meanest capacities.—Orations delivered in praise of the saints are strictly forbidden.

Petersburgh, Aug. 18. The Empress has just published an ordonnance, which will make a distinguished figure in history. She has given the first example of a Sovereign forming a permanent establishment, in order to lend money to her subjects, and to put again into circulation those sums which her prudence and economy have enabled her to save.

This ordonnance announces the establishment of a Bank, the stock of which amounts to 33 millions of roubles, 22 destined to be lent to the Noblesse, (gentlemen of landed property) for 20 years, and 11 to retail dealers and merchants for 22 years. The former are to pay annually 5 per cent. for interest, and 3 per cent. more in part of repayment of the capital; the latter 4 per cent. annually as interest, and 3 per cent. in part of repayment of the capital.

This bank is to be under the immediate direction of the Sovereign; and is never to issue bills on any pretence whatever to the amount of more than 100 millions of roubles. It is to be united with the Bank already established. The loans to the Noblesse shall

shall be made only on mortgages of villages and their peasants, each peasant being valued at 40 roubles.—No sum to be lent less than 1000 roubles. The property mortgaged to the Bank to be subject to no confiscation for debts, so that at the expiration of 50 years, it shall be restored to the proprietor or his heirs. If a gentleman who has already mortgaged his estate to a private person be inclined to mortgage it to the Bank, this latter may accept it, paying to the former mortgagee the sum due to him. At the end of every four years the Bank will restore to the mortgager a part of his property mortgaged, proportionate to the sum he shall be estimated to have paid in reimbursement of the capital. The borrowers may discharge the whole or any part of their debt, at the following periods, viz. at the end of 8, 12, or 16 years.

The five per cent. interest, and the three per cent. in repayment of the capital, are to be paid the first day after the expiration of twelve months, reckoning from the day on which the debt was contracted, allowing, ~~for every~~ ^{for every} 100 days of grace on failure the mortgager is to pay one per cent. for the first month, one per cent. more for the second month, and if the interest is not paid at the expiration of three months, the Bank shall require the Tribunal appointed for taking care of the property of the government, to take the estates mortgaged under its own management. All persons, foreigners as well as subjects, may put their monies into the Bank, on the security of the sacred word of her Majesty. The Bank will insure all stone buildings against fire at the rate of one per cent. annually.

Her Imperial Majesty, after announcing that the person who shall be found guilty of any fraud, shall be punished with the utmost rigour of the law, concludes with a very salutary admonition to the Noblesse, “That having opened to them such a fund, they will be more punctual in fulfilling their engagements than they have hitherto been. Therefore it is ordered, that all who have given bonds, notes, or bills of exchange, and failed in the payment, or who have contracted any debts whatever, shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour, without distinction of persons.

The 11 millions of roubles destined for the merchants and retail dealers, are to be applied to the encouragement of the internal commerce, manufactures, and produce of the country; and of a trade with China, Persia, &c.

Hague, Sept. 22. The following is a Translation of the Letter delivered to the States-General, by his Excellency the Comte de Goertz, on Monday the 18th of this Month.

We Frederick-William, by the grace of God, King of Prussia, Marquis of Brandenburg, &c. &c. to their High Mightinesses the States of the United Provinces of the

Low Countries, with Offers of Friendship, and every good Thing in our Power:

“*High and Mighty Lords, particular good Friends and Neighbours,*

“As it has pleased Providence to call to himself our much-honoured and loved Uncle Frederick the Second, late King of Prussia, by which we succeed to the Government of the Estates which he left, we have thought proper to send to your High Mightinesses, in Quality of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, our Minister of State and Grand Master of the Wardrobe, the Comte de Goertz, to give your High Mightinesses a Proof of our Esteem, and that he may by Word of Mouth communicate to you how desirous we are to continue in that Friendship and Harmony with the Republick of the Seven United Provinces, which has been transmitted down to us by our Ancestors for Centuries; and also to demonstrate the warm Part we take in the unhappy Difficulties which have long divided some of the Provinces, and particularly those which have arisen between some of them and the Stadtholder, Prince of Orange and Nassau, and the very extraordinary Oppressions which that Prince is innocently obliged to suffer. We will not detain your High Mightinesses with an ample Detail on that Subject, as his Highness the Prince Stadtholder has, in several different Letters to the States of Holland and West-Friesland, explained in a very ample and convincing Manner the Hardship of taking from him his Prerogative; but we would rather refer to the Letter sent by our Predecessor on the 18th of September, 1785, as well to your High Mightinesses as to the States of Holland and West-Friesland, the Contents of which well-intentioned Letter we seriously confirm and renew, reiterating the amicable Request contained in it, that the Affairs of the Prince Stadtholder may be directed by such reciprocally agreeable Means that they may be reestablished as soon as possible upon their former Footing, conformably to the Constitution, and the Convention. By the present we request your High Mightinesses earnestly and amicably to employ your powerful Intercession in the most serious Manner with the States of Holland and West-Friesland, and whatever else your High Mightinesses may think proper, to put his Serene Highness the Prince Stadtholder in a Situation (by Means which are not difficult to be found out) to return with Honour and Propriety to the Hague, to take upon him his high Employments; and that a durable Termination be put to all the other Differences in a Manner compatible with Equity, and the Honour and true Interests of all Parties, towards which we are willing to contribute, with other Friends and Neighbours of the Republick, by our Councils and Mediation, in a Manner both equitable and impartial. We have given Instructions to the Comte de Goertz to lay all this before

before your High Mightinesses, and, if Circumstances require it, before the States of each particular Province in a most explicit Manner to assure on our Part all that is necessary, and, if it is thought proper, to enter into Negotiation on the Subject.

"We desire your High Mightinesses in Consequence to place entire Confidence in the Comte de Goertz in this weighty Affair, and to negotiate and finish with him whatever may be thought agreeable to both Parties, according to Circumstances. We hope and trust that no Suspicious can arise in the Minds of your High Mightinesses, or those of the States of any of the Provinces, on Account of our intending ourselves so seriously for the Prince Stadtholder. On the one Hand, we are in the same Relations that the Lot of that Prince, his Consort, our beloved and worthy Sister, of whose Sentiments, entirely devoted to the Republick, your High Mightinesses have no Doubt) and their Children and Posterity, cannot be indifferent to us. On the other Hand, because we know in the most certain Manner, and can assure, that the Stadtholder and all his Family are most affectionately attached to the Republick of the United Provinces, and that certainly they will never do any Thing against the Interest and System of the State, but, on the contrary, will always endeavour to preserve them, and contribute to their Well-being; to which we must add, that being the nearest Neighbour of the United Provinces, and in Consequence of the Ties which have never been broken between the two Parties, we have great Interest that the Government of the Republick, conformably to the ancient Situation, should not be changed in any essential Point, but always preserved untouched, and that the intestine Divisions and Differences, which certainly were caused only by Mistake, may be settled as soon as possible by an equitable, just, and sincere Reconciliation, and by a durable good Understanding between all the Parties concerned.

"We recommend this important Affair, together with all that we have mentioned, to your High Mightinesses in the most sincere and amicable Manner, and as we hope not to fail herein, we reciprocally assure your High Mightinesses, that we have, and always shall bear, a neighbourly Friendship and Affection towards the Republick in general, and each Province in particular.

"Of your High Mightinesses, the good Friend and Neighbour,

(Signed) FREDERICK WILLIAM.

(Counterigned) *Finkenstein, V. Heitzberg.*
Berlin, Sept 2, 1786.

Berlin, Sept 15. Various have been the different sketches published of the will of the great Frederick III. all of which have been contradicted by authority. The following is looked upon as authentic, viz.

"After having restored peace to my Kingdom; after having conquered countries, raised a victorious army, and filled my treasury; after having established a good administration throughout my states; after having made my enemies tremble, I resign, without regret, this breath of life to Nature. I leave to my very dear nephew, Frederick William, my conquered and acquired countries, my castles, my buildings, my gardens, my paintings, my wardrobe, and my furniture, on condition that he tenders the trusts which I destine to my family, as a mark of remembrance of them; for my states, my treasure, and my people are his inheritance by birthright. I desire my nephew to leave to the Queen, my consort, what she has at present, and to add 10,000 crowns per annum; she never gave me the least uneasiness during my whole reign, and she merits every attention and respect for her many and unshaken virtues. I leave to my brother Henry 100,000 crowns, the chrysolite ring set with diamonds, which I wear, one of my most beautiful crystal spectacles, and 50 antheils of Hungarian wine. To my brother Ferdinand 50,000 crowns, a coach and eight horses. To Princess Heriz 6,000 crowns per annum. To Princess Ferdinand 10,000 crowns per annum, and a box set with diamonds. To the Duchess Dowager of Brunswick 50,000 crowns, and a silver service. To the Duke of Brunswick two English horses and their furniture. To Duke Ferdinand a handsome box, because he has always been my friend. To Prince Frederick of Brunswick 10,000 crowns. To the Duchess of Wurtemberg, mother to the Grand Duchess, 20,000 crowns. To the Prince, her consort, a diamond ring. To the Dowager Landgravine of Cassel 10,000 crowns. I recommend to you, my dear nephew, my brave and noble army; all my old officers, particularly those who were about me; all my household and my servants, let them serve you, and if they are old, endeavour to provide for them. My first battalion of life-guards shall have two crowns each man, the Staff officers each a medal representing one of the most memorable actions of the war of seven years, that they may remember me and their glory. The little legacies that I have left are not out of the treasury; that is not mine, it belongs to the State: I look upon it always as such, my dear nephew: those legacies proceed from my saving, and I hope you will fulfil my last request. To be a King is a chance, but never forget that you are a man. I flatter myself there will be no disagreement in my family: Private views should be forgotten for the well being of the state. Let harmony reign among you for the honour and glory of your ancestors, and for your common good."

We are assured that the reigning King, after reading the above will, promised before all the Royal Family that he would fulfil every part of it most scrupulously.

Mr. Moore, who made the Tour of Europe as preceptor to the present Duke of Hamilton, gives this sketch of the character of the present King of Prussia.

The Hereditary Prince of Prussia lives in a small house in the town of Potsdam. His appointments do not admit of that degree of magnificence, which might be expected in the heir of the Crown; but he displays a spirit of hospitality far more obliging than magnificent; and doubly meritorious, considering the very moderate revenue allowed him. We generally sup there two or three times a week.

This Prince is not often of the King's parties, nor is it imagined that he enjoys a great share of his uncle's favour. In what degree he possesses the talents of a General is not known, as he was too young to have any command during the late war. But he certainly has a very just understanding, which has been improved by study. He has taken some pains to acquire the English language, to which he was induced by an admiration of several English authors, whose works he had read in French and German. He is now able to read English prose with tolerable facility, and has been of late studying Shakspeare, having actually read two or three of his plays.

I took the liberty to observe, that as Shakspeare's genius had traced every labyrinth, and penetrated into every recess of the human heart, his sentiments could not fail to please his Royal Highness; but as his language was uncommonly bold and figurative, and full of allusions to national customs, and the manners of our island two centuries ago, the English themselves, who had not made a particular study of his works, did not always comprehend their full energy. I added, that to transfuse the soul of Shakspeare into a translation was impossible; and to taste all his beauties in the original, required such a knowledge of the English manner and language as few foreigners, even after a long residence in the capital, could attain.

The Prince said he was aware of all this; yet he was determined to struggle hard for some acquaintance with an author so much admired by the English nation; that though he should never be able to taste all his excellences, he was convinced he should understand enough to recompense him for his trouble; and that he had already studied some detached parts, which he thought superior to any thing he had ever met with in the works of any other poet.

His Royal Highness attends to military business with as much assiduity as most officers of the same rank in the army; or in the Prussian service no degree of eminence in the article of birth can excuse a remission in the duties of that profession. He is much esteemed by the army, and confi-

dered as an exceedingly good officer.

To the frankness of a soldier, he joins the integrity of a German; and is beloved by the public in general, on account of his good-nature, affability, and humane turn of mind.

Utrecht, Sept. 17. The following are the most authentic particulars we can obtain relative to the expedition against Hattem, viz. On the 4th inst. four regiments arrived in sight of Hattem, and a Captain with one battalion was sent to garrison the place; he had orders to offer, on the part of the States of Guelderland, a general pardon to the inhabitants with regard to all that had passed, if they would consent to receive the troops; and to threaten, if they refused, to attack the town, and reduce it to ashes. The Captain gave them three hours to consider of it. Upon his return the place fired their batteries, upon which the regiment prepared for an attack; but they had scarcely begun their march when an inhabitant came to tell the Commander that the place was evacuated, and that the armed Burghers were at that moment crossing the Yssel. The troops upon this advanced, forced open the gates, and entered the place without losing one man.

Utrecht, Sept. 18. On the 7th instant the States of Over-yssele sent a special commission to the Stadtholder, to entreat that every means may be employed to prevent a civil war. They do not conceal from him that the inhabitants of their Province are murmuring concerning the expedition undertaken against the towns of Hattem and Elbourg; and they request that he will give his sentiments on the present disturbances. The Prince answered this letter immediately by another, in which he says, that he is bound to obey the States of Guelderland; that, as Captain-General, he must follow their pleasure; that formerly the Province of Holland had, in several instances, employed their troops to maintain the rights of sovereignty: he adds, that having, as in duty bound, executed the orders of the States of Guelderland, he likewise considered himself as bound by the command of Over-yssele; and consequently, unless the latter should demand troops, he never will send them; and that he considers it as his duty to provide for the good of the Provinces of which he is Stadtholder.

The Prince has sent a similar letter to the States of Holland, which was referred to a Committee for examination; but the cities of Dordrecht, Gouda, Schoonhoven, Alkmaar, and Monnikendam, have proposed, from this time, to suspend the office of Captain-General, and inquire into the proper means of maintaining the rights of the Province.

Utrecht Sep. 25. On the 20th of this month the city of Amsterdam came to the resolution to suspend his Serene Highness the Prince

Prince of Orange, the Stadtholder *, from all his military employments for a limited time.

Hague, Oct. 4. The Prince Stadtholder has written a very spirited letter to the States of Holland, in which he warmly complains of their conduct towards him, and particularly of their resolution suspending him as Captain General from disposing of any military charges in the troops of that province, from the Ensign to the Colonel; a prerogative which was granted him, as Hereditary Captain-General of Holland and West-Friesland, by the unanimous voice of all the Members of the State, and consequently, cannot, he says, be taken away but by a similar determination. But what hurts his Highness most is, the reason they alledge for depriving him of this privilege, namely, "To prevent his influencing the said troops as Captain-General, which influence might at this time be incompatible with the security of the province." His Highness says, that, with all deference to the States of Holland, he has a right to call upon them to name what reasons they can have for such a mistrust in him, he being fully convinced that there can be no just grounds for such a mistrust, which can only originate from their Noble Mightinesses having condescended to listen to the insinuations of people who are not worthy of their confidence, and who would wish, not only to diminish the lawful prerogative of the Stadtholderate, but absolutely to abolish it. His Highness concludes with saying, that he shall take the necessary measures for his full and ample justification, and begs them to remember, that he has never attempted to do any thing incompatible with the true interests of the United Provinces in general, and those of Holland and West-Friesland in particular; and that he desires nothing more ardently than ever to give unequivocal proofs of his true love for the country, its welfare and prosperity.

Hague, Oct. 9. The Nobles and the Equestran Order † have declared it as their opinion, that his Serene Highness the Stadtholder cannot be suspended as Captain General; nor can that office even be taken from him suddenly, having been conferred upon him by an unanimous resolution of the States, but by a similar unanimous determi-

nation; and that, founded upon convincing proofs of his Highness having been guilty of neglect of duty, or violation of the oath he took when appointed to that office. In consequence of this their opinion, the Equestran Order do summon all the Members of the States General, who have any ways concurred in the taking of the above resolution, to produce any clear and incontestible proofs of his Highness having deserved to be deprived of the office of Captain-General.

Constantinople, Aug. 25. The Porte has received the agreeable news, that the Captain Pacha has gained a victory in Egypt, over the rebel Beys, near Rosette, and is actually master of Grand Cairo, the capital of that kingdom. This important news, with the treasure and effects they found in Cairo, besides the inutility it has hitherto been to the Ottoman empire, will make a difference in the Grand Seignior's revenue of 15 or 16 millions of piastres per annum.

Leghorn, August 25. The last accounts received from Tunis confirm the destruction of Biserta, by the fleet under the command of the Chevalier Eimo, of which the following are the particulars, viz. "All the Venetian fleet lie still off the place once called Biserta, now a heap of ruins; upwards of 120 shells have been thrown into it, which have done incredible damages; among the Africans, the commandant of the place, and many persons of high rank, were killed, and the number wounded is so numerous, that there were not surgeons enough to dress the wounds, and some have been sent from hence for that purpose. Four pieces of artillery, which burst in the place, augmented the carnage very much. After a most destructive bombardment, the Venetians landed to take in water, which they did without any molestation."

Ratisbon, Sept. 13. In a conference held by the Ecclesiastical Princes of the Empire, the three following points were debated upon:

1. To withdraw themselves entirely from the jurisdiction of the Pope.
2. To revive the ancient complaints of the German nation against the Holy See, to acknowledge no other Supreme than the Emperor, and to claim his protection for the restoration of former rights to the German Bishops.

* The Stadtholdership, in the year 1747, was made hereditary in the male and female representatives of the family of Orange. This office, in a great degree, supersedes the various department of the constitution. The Stadtholder is President of the States of every Province; and such has been his influence and controul, that he can change the magistrates, deputies, and officers in every province and city. The present Stadtholder was born in 1748, and, in 1767, married the Princess Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, of Prussia, by whom he has issue one daughter, Frederica Louisa Wilhelmina, born Nov. 28, 1770, and two sons, viz. William Frederick, Hereditary Prince, born Aug. 24, 1772, and William George Frederick, born Feb. 15, 1774.

† The Equestran Order holds the same rank with the country gentlemen of Great Britain.—They are in general the friends of the Stadtholder.

To establish new regulations relative to the sociological discipline.

Thus in the year 1786 the dominion of the Pope is finally closed in Germany,

Presburgh, Sept. 29. Her Imperial Majesty has commanded the public seminaries established for the education of youth to be opened the third of next month. These noble institutions are to take place in 25 of the principal cities throughout the Russian empire. Her Majesty perceives that a more general diffusion of knowledge is the only means of introducing civilization and industry among the people.

Presburgh, Sept. 30.* The blessings of peace are felt in the most extensive manner by the inhabitants of this ancient city. Every possible encouragement is given by his Imperial Majesty to commerce and industry. The lower part of the people are employed in repairing the roads, improving rivers, cutting navigable canals, and in other works of public utility.

By the encouragement given to industry and the suppression of religious houses, according to the calculation of professor Lusa, the population of the Austrian dominions is increased 100,000 since the year 1780.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

September 26.

THE following is said to be an Abstract of the French Treaty of Navigation and Commerce, signed at Paris this day.

I. The several articles of the Commercial Treaty of Utrecht, respecting the detail of commercial privileges and regulations, are revised and confirmed.

II. It is provided that all articles not specified in a tariff, which makes part of the treaty, should be mutually imported on the terms of the most favoured nation.

III. The several articles which follow, being those which are included in the tariff, are to be importable on the following duties.

1. Wines into Great-Britain and Ireland on the same duty as is now paid in each kingdom on the wines of Portugal; but with a liberty reserved to Great-Britain and Ireland to lower the duties on Portuguese wines (if they shall think fit) to the proportion stipulated by the Methuen treaty.

2. Vinegars into Great-Britain, on a duty not exceeding 3s. 18s. 11d. per ton.

3. Brandy into Great-Britain, on a duty not exceeding 7s. per gallon.

4. Oil of olives, on the same duty as is now paid by the most favoured nation in Great-Britain.

5. Beer on a duty of 30 per cent. ad valorem in each country, besides a duty on each to countervail the internal duty.

6. The duties on hardware, cutlery, cabinet ware, and turnery, and all articles, whether heavy or light, of iron, steel, copper, and brass, are to be classed, and the highest is not to exceed 10 per cent. ad valorem, in addition to a duty to countervail the duty in France.

7. All sorts of cottons and woollens, including hosiery, to be importable on a duty of 12 per cent. ad valorem, reciprocally, except goods mixed with silk, which are

remain prohibited on both sides—the cottons to pay in addition a duty to countervail the internal in each country.

8. Cambrics and lawns reciprocally on a duty of 5s. the demi-piece, of 7 1/2 yards English measure, and linens of all sorts in Great Britain and France reciprocally, on no higher duty than those from Holland and Flanders, now pay in Great Britain, with the addition of a duty on printed goods sufficient to countervail the internal duty in Great Britain; and linens of all sorts in Ireland and France, reciprocally, on no higher duties than those from Holland and Flanders now pay in Ireland.

9. Sadlery, on a duty of 15 per cent. ad valorem, reciprocally.

10. Gauzes of all sorts on a duty of 10 per cent. ad valorem, reciprocally.

11. Millinery made up of muslin, cambric, lawn, gauze, and all other articles admitted under the treaty on a duty of 12 per cent. ad valorem, reciprocally.

12. Porcelain, earthen ware, and pottery, on a duty of 12 per cent. ad valorem, reciprocally.

13. Glass of all sorts on a duty of 12 per cent. ad valorem, besides a duty sufficient to countervail the duty in Great-Britain.

The treaty is to take place in France, with respect to Great-Britain, as soon as laws are passed to give it effect here—and with respect to Ireland, the principle of the most favoured nation and the tariff are to take place respectively, as soon as laws are passed to give effect to them there.

The treaty is to last 12 years.

By the Convention between his Britannic Majesty and the King of Spain, signed at London the 14th of July last, it is agreed, That his Britannic Majesty's subjects, and other colonists who have hitherto enjoyed the protection of England, shall evacuate the country of the Musquitos, as well the con-

* Presburgh is the chief city in the Emperor of Germany's Hungarian provinces. The people of Hungary were in a state of slavery as subject as the inhabitants of Poland, till the present Emperor rendered the lower orders of the people free from the oppression of their nobility.—His Majesty is now engaged in giving every excitement to industry and trade.

continent in general, as the islands adjacent, without exception. The English line beginning from the sea, shall take the centre of the river Sibun or Jabon, and continue up to the source of the said river; from thence it shall cross in a straight line the intermediate land till it intersects the river Wallis, and by the centre of the same river the line shall descend to the point where it will meet the line already marked out by the commissaries of the two crowns in 1783.—That the English, besides the cutting of wood for dying, shall have the liberty of cutting all other wood, without even excepting mahogany, as well as gathering all the fruits of the earth, purely natural and uncultivated, which may, besides being carried away in their natural state, become an object of utility or of commerce, whether for food or manufactures; but the establishing in that country any plantation of sugar, coffee, cocoa, or any other like articles, or any fabric or manufacture, by means of mills or other machines whatsoever, except saw-mills for preparing the wood, is strictly prohibited.—In consideration that part of the coasts opposite the small island of Cassina, St. George's Key, or Cayo Cassina, being subject to dangerous disorders, the English shall have liberty to occupy the same, provided they erect no kind of fortification, nor post any body of troops, or keep any piece of artillery there.—That the English shall enjoy the liberty of refitting their merchant ships in the southern triangle included between the point of Cayo Cassina, and the cluster of small islands which are situated opposite that part of the coast occupied by the cutters, at the distance of 8 leagues from the river Wallis, 7 from Cayo Cassina, and 3 from the river Sibun, and that edifices and store-houses necessary for that purpose shall be allowed to be built, on condition that no fortifications shall at any time be erected there.—That the English may peaceably fish on the coast of the country assigned them by the last treaty and present convention, on confining themselves within the distance above specified.—It being generally allowed that woods and forests are preserved, and even multiply by regular cuttings, it is stipulated that the English shall observe this maxim as far as possible; but if it should happen in the course of time that they were in want of dying wood or mahogany, the Spanish government shall furnish the English at a reasonable price.—That every possible precaution shall be observed to prevent smuggling, and the English shall take care to conform to the regulations which the Spanish government shall think proper to establish among their own subjects in all communications which they may have with the latter.—His Britannic Majesty engages to give the most positive orders for the evacuation of the countries abovementioned, which shall be completely effected within six

months after the ratification of this convention, or sooner, if it can be done.

The process adopted, and successfully practised by Mons. Tillet, for preventing the caries or rotteness in wheat, and other corn, and by preparing the seed properly, secure a plentiful harvest:

“Take gal. of ashes from green wood, pour thereon one hundred pints of river, spring, or pool water; that of a well, especially if hard, will not so readily answer the purpose in the composition of ley or wash. Care must be taken to stir the ashes with a stick, in order that the salt, with which they are impregnated, may more readily dissolve; at the end of three days the ley must be drained clear. If the corn is black, it should be washed in several waters, till it is quite clean; then the ley must be heated over the fire, so as your hand may bear it. In the ley thus prepared, flake some lime of the best kind at the rate of one pound for every seven or eight pints; if it should prove of an inferior quality, the dose must be increased just as the quantity of ashes, if they are not sufficiently impregnated with salt; with most abound in green wood, and twigs of vine; then put your corn in baskets made for the purpose, dive them several times into the wash, let the corn be drained, spread it in the open air, till it slips easy through the hand of the sower.

Instead of wood, potashes will equally answer the purpose at the rate of seven or eight pounds to every hundred pints of water, or between ten and twelve pounds of salt wort. This indeed prevents the necessity of making up the ley, and of course shortens the operation.

The whole expence will not exceed three farthings (in France) by each bushel of seed, nor one penny, if potash or salt wort is made use of instead of wood-ashes.

Such is the process pointed out to the French cultivators by the Royal Society of Agriculture in Paris; their approbation is given in consequence of the comparative experiments made by the Sieur Tillet upon the corn thus prepared, and the seed sown after the common method; when it was proved, that, in the former case, the wheat or other corn never was attacked by any disease. The result of those experiments, and the method here prescribed, are vouched to by the signature of five members of that useful body, viz. Fougereux de Bonderoi, Abbe Lucas, Thouin, Parmentier, and Cadet de Van.

30. This evening's Gazette contains addresses to his Majesty from the Bishop, Dean and Chapter, Archdeacons, and other Clergy of Oxford; the county of Cambridge; the city of Gloucester; the boroughs of Chippenham, Colechester, Plympton, and Wareham; the cities of Waiersford, Kilkenny, and Corke, and the counties of Clare and Mayo, in Ireland.

O. S. About seven o'clock this evening.
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a dreadful fire broke out in the timber yard (late Filewood's) in Vine-street, Piccadilly, which raged with great fury a long time, owing to the want of water. Two-thirds of the street, on the left hand from Piccadilly, are entirely consumed. When the water was obtained, the engines began to work; and at 11 o'clock the fire was got under, but not extinguished.

Whitehall, Oct. 7. Yesterday evening the Reverend Mr. Gibert, Secretary to the Rt. Hon. William Eden, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, arrived at the Marquis of Carmarthen's Office, with the Treaty of Navigation and Commerce between his Majesty and the Most Christian King, signed at Versailles on the 26th of last month, by Mr. Eden, his Majesty's Plenipotentiary, and by the Plenipotentiary of his Most Christian Majesty.

This night's Gazette contains addresses from Helston and Kilmarnock.

7. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the Bishop, Dean and Chapter, and ~~the~~ *the* ~~Chapter~~ *Chapter* of St. Asaph; the Dean and Chapter of Rochester; the President and Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians; the Lieutenant Governor, Council, and Keys of the Isle of Man; the Mayor and Citizens of Hereford; the boroughs of Kidwelly, Helston, Dundee, and Newtown; the town of Halifax; the Presbytery of Forfar and Dundee, and the Provost and Magistrates of Forfar.

The reigning Margrave of Baden has lately caused to be erected near Carlsruhe, a monument in honor of a farmer, who had drained a marsh, and turned it into good pasture ground.

14. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the Dean and Chapter of Durham; counties of Worcester, Glamorgan, Peebles, Edinburgh, East Lothian, Armagh, Kerry, and Down; corporation of Hedon; Provost, Magistrates, and Town-Council of St. Andrews; Constable of the Castle, Bailiffs, &c. of Cardiff; Chancellor, Rector, &c. of St. Andrews; boroughs of Fowey, Lostwithiel, and Bridgewater; and the town of Belfast.

A very extraordinary circumstance occurred in Carlisle jail last Wednesday morning.—A young man in a drab-coloured coat, wearing his own black curled hair, and his appearance all together answering that of a farmer, went into the jail, and being, at his request, shewn the felons, he distributed a guinea to each of the men, and half a guinea to each of the women. At the time he bestowed this very unusual largesse, he desired that they would not deceive him by taking twice, as he very probably might pay them another visit. Having parted with near 30 guineas, he left them, positively refusing to accept of three cheers, which they offered him in return for his bounty. The novelty of the affair astonished the keeper and his

servants so much, that this extraordinary visitor slipped away without any person discovering whither he went; and many conjectures have been made respecting him.— In making this distribution, he emptied his pockets of what gold they contained, and finding that was insufficient, he took out of his coat pocket a large canvas bag, cut the string with which it was tied, and took as many guineas, &c. out of it as answered the purpose. On his leaving the jail, he gave the turnkey a shilling.

19. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland arrived at Dover, after a pleasant voyage of four hours from Calais. And this day their Highnesses and suite arrived in town.

21. This night's Gazette contains addresses to his Majesty from the University and King's College of Aberdeen; the Minister and Elders of Fife; boroughs of Warwick and Pembroke; counties of Limerick, Elgin, and Monaghan; the Dean and Chapter of Dublin cathedral; and from the merchants and traders of Gibraltar.

At the Court at the Queen's-House, Oct. 23d, present the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

His Majesty in Council was this day pleased to order, That the Parliament, which stands prorogued to Thursday the 26th day of this instant October, should be further prorogued to Thursday the 14th day of December.

25. The following notice appears in this morning's papers:

Carlton-House, Oct. 21. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales having appointed Col. George Hotham, H. Lyte, esq. Col. S. Hulke, and Col. G. Lake, trustees for the management of his revenues, and having been graciously pleased to execute a deed of trust, authorising them to appropriate 30,000l. annually to the liquidation of his debts; those gentlemen, therefore, desire the several creditors of his Royal Highness will as early as possible transmit an exact state of the balances respectively due to them, on the 5th of last July, to Mr. Robinson, at Carlton-House, that the whole of his Royal Highness's debts may be regularly arranged.

26. Friday last a person who had the appearance of a drover, or country farmer, went into York-castle to the Turnkey, and said he wanted to give a little money among the felons. On being asked how much he had to give, he took out of his breeches pocket a handful of gold and silver, and gave 5l. 5s. desiring it might be distributed among the most necessitous. Being asked what gentleman had sent it, that the prisoners might return thanks to the donor, he answered, it was his own gift. Being pressed upon to tell his name, &c. he refused, only that he had been in the north, and was going into Northamptonshire; said he was in a hurry, bid good morning, and went away

directly.—He is supposed to be the person who gave the money to the prisoners in Carlisle gaol. He travelled on foot, his shoes and stockings being very dusty.

The celebrated M. Jean Fontana, member of the learned Academy at Turin, has lately published, for the general good of suffering mankind, a specific remedy against the ANTHRAX or corrosive ulcer, otherwise called carbuncle, or plague sore. The curative prescription was communicated to him by the person who has administered it for many years to patients of that description, and with constant success. It consists simply in the use of a field plant, called by Linnaeus, LYCOPSIIS ARVENSIS. Bruise and pound the plant; lay it on the tumour; fix it

there by means of a bandage, and do not touch it before it hath remained 24 hours. During the first six or seven hours, the patient will feel a painful and burning heat in the part. It often happens that on taking off the first apparel, the slough gets loose and discovers a wound, which heals in a few days by applying to it a plaister of the unguent called *Basilicon*. If the case should be otherwise, the first method of cure must be repeated. This second application of the bruised plant, which will not occasion above two hours pain to the patient, will be fully sufficient to remove the slough, and then the use of the above plaister effects a speedy and radical cure.

BIRTHS, OCTOBER, 1786.

THE Lady of Sir Henry Dashwood, Bart. of a son.

Princess Frederick, consort to his Royal Highness Prince Frederick of Denmark, of a Prince.

The Lady of Sir John Read, Bart. of twins.

The Lady of the Hon. Mr. Hamilton, nephew of Lord Abercorn, of a son and heir.

At Lambeth Palace, the Lady of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of a daughter.

Lady Lorraine, of a son.

Oct. 13. At her father's house in Devonshire-square, the wife of Mr. Moses de Castro, lately returned from the East-Indies, of two girls.

PREFERMENTS, OCTOBER 1786.

CAPT. Dawson to the command of the *Phaeton* frigate.

Mr. Francis Martin, Secretary to the Bank of England, vice Robert Lewin, esq. dec.

Mr. Frewen, the gentleman who had undertaken to consolidate the duties, to be a Commissioner of the Customs, vice Mr. Jeffreys.

William Fawkener, esq. his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Portugal.

William Wafson, of the city of London, M. D. and James Saunderson, esq. an Alderman of London, knighted.

The Rev. Dr. Chapman, President of Trinity College, Oxford, invested (for the third time) with the office of Vice-Chancellor of that University.

11th regiment of dragoons. Major William Thompion, from the 13th foot, to be Major, vice John-Francis Cradock, who exchanges.

49th regiment of foot. Mr. William Calvert to be Surgeon, vice Mr. Fuller, resigned.

John Palmer, esq. to be Surveyor and Comptroller-General of the Post-Office.

Hugh Duke of Northumberland to be Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland.

MARRIAGES, OCTOBER 1786.

ROBERT Harvey, esq. of the 6th regiment of dragoons, to Miss Barcladyke, only daughter of the late Thomas Bickardye, esq. of Knarsborough.

Forbes Ross Macdonald, esq. to Miss Wilson, of Limm.

The Rev. William Brown, M. A. of Magdalen Hall, to Miss Dell, of Oxford.

At Wellington, Francis Freke, esq. to Miss Thomas, daughter of William Proctor Thomas, esq.

James Kirkpatrick, esq. of the Isle of Wight Bank, to Miss Margaret Everett, of Heytesbury.

At Newton, in Glamorganshire, the Rev. Martin Benson, to Miss Benson, of Gloucester; and William Fendal, esq. to Miss Jane Benson.

James Sadler, esq. of Pennington, near Lymington, aged upwards of 70, to Mrs Fisher, a widow lady, aged about 40.

Mr. Sparrow, of the Treasury, to Miss Lucas, of Castlebury.

The Rev. George Watkin, B. D. rector of Leigh-Magna, Essex, to Mrs. Davis, of Northampton.

Edward Trapp Pilgrim, Esq. of Budgeton, to Miss Dorothy Mitchell, youngest daughter of Thomas Mitchell, esq. of the Navy-Office.

William Fraser, esq. of the Inner Temple, to Miss Farquharson, of Camberwell.

The Rev. Mr. Kedington, rector of Roug-ham, in Cambridgeshire, to Miss Brundish, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. John Brundish.

At Edinburgh, John Mill, esq. of Fearn, to the Hon. Mrs. Falconer, widow of the late Hon. George Falconer, of Pheldo.

Lambert Malachie, esq. of Great Portland-street, to Miss Reddich, of Worcesterhire.

Sir Samuel Fludycer, bart. to Miss Maria Weston, daughter of Robert Weston, esq.

The Rev. John Ambrose, LL. D. to Miss Falkner, of Liverpool.

The Rev. John Lettice, B. D. vicar of Peasmarsh, Sussex, to Miss Newling, daughter of John Newling, esq. of Cambridge.

At Calcutta, Stephen Cassan, esq. of the Supreme Court, to Miss Meais, daughter of Capt. Meais.

Captain Christie, in the East-India service, to Miss Elizabeth Langham, eldest daughter of Purbeck Langham, esq. late of Northampton.

John Bidlake Herring, esq. of Lamerton, Devon, to Miss Davie, of Penhale.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, of Sussex, to Miss Reed, daughter of the late James Reed, esq. banker, of Bristol.

The Rev. Mr. Parker, rector of Saintsbury, and vicar of Chibcain, to Miss Wintle, of Gloucester.

The Rev. Richard Twopeny, Fellow of Oriel College, and rector of Little Catterton, in Rutlandshire, to Miss Margaret Nowell, niece of the Rev. Dr. Nowell, Principal of St. Mary Hall.

Thomas Fonnereau, esq. of Barkham, to Miss Harriet Hanson, of Reading.

George Millett, esq. Commander of the ship King George, in the East-India service, to Miss Coggan, of Leadenhall-street.

Lieutenant-General Fawcett, Adjutant-General, to Mrs. Stinton, of Winton.

Wythen Jones, of Trewythen, esq. to Miss Williams, of Handir, in Cardiganshire.

Lieutenant Smith, of Liverpool, to Miss Bridson, daughter of William Bridson, esq. of Douglas, Isle of Man.

The Rev. John Nicholas, of Queen's College, to Miss Mary Horseman, of Oxford.

Edmund Ogden, esq. of Cattlehill, Shaftesbury, to Miss Gildart, of Wigmore-street.

James Trant Fitzgerald, esq. only son of Sir Richard Fitzgerald, bart. of Ireland, to Miss Dalton, only daughter of the late Robert Dalton, esq. of Thumham Hall, Lancashire.

The Rev. John Ambrose, LL. D. to Miss Falkner, both of Liverpool.

Archibald Douglas, esq. of Edderston, to Miss Jane Gale, youngest daughter of the late John Gale, esq. of Whitehaven.

Capt. Robert Sacheverell Newton, of Bulwell Houle, Nottinghamshire, to Miss Dixon, only daughter of Richard Dixon, esq. of Walthamstow, Essex.

At Grantham, the Rev. Mr. Edward Fell, to Miss Frank, of High Courtcliffe, in the Bishopric of Durham.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, AUG. SEPT. OCT.

JULY 29.

MR. George Gibson, aged 77, Vicar of Biggleswade upwards of 46 years.

AUG. 9. Francis Farquharson, Esq; of Pinzean.

16. At Clayhills, near Aberdeen, John Auldjo, Esq; of Portlethen.

18. At Bridport, Dorsetshire, Mr. Joseph Tolley, Surgeon.

Joseph Nash, Esq; Vice-Consul at Figueira, in Portugal.

21. The Rev. Mr. Bloxham, Rector of Banwell, Lincolnshire.

23. Mr. Robinson, of Bond-street

24. The Rev. William Hammett, Rector of Horstead and Collishall, in Norfolk, and formerly Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

Mr. William Glasford, formerly of the Pay-office of the Navy.

25. Major Scot, Lieutenant-Governor of St. Helena.

Lately at Naples, Michael Bruce, Esq; third son of Sir Michael Bruce, of Stanhouse, Scotland, Bart.

26. Mr. Ware, coachmaker.
Richard Hipplesey Coxo, Esq; of Ston-
Eaton, in Somersetshire, late Member of
Parliament and Colonel of the Militia of that
county.

At West Cammel, in Somersetshire, the
Rev. Mr. Edward Aubrey, Rector of that
parish.

At Norwich, the Rev Richard Eginton,
Rector of Thumblethorpe and Sherington cum
Saxingham in Norfolk.

The Rev. Mr. Herne, Rector of Little
Snoring, Norfolk.

The Rev. George Johnson, R. D. Vicar of
Norton, near Stockton, Rector of Lofthouse,
and Prebendary of Lincoln.

27. At Kensington, near Woodstock, Ox-
fordshire, aged 91, Mr. Thomas Evans,
farrier.

Mrs. Ogle, wife of Wentworth Ogle, Esq;
of Welbrook.

At Bolton Hall, in Yorkshire, Christo-
pher Dawson, Esq.

At Bishop Auckland, Mrs. Napome, in the
105th year of her age.

28. Lately Mr. Witham, the oldest mem-
ber belonging to the House of Commons,

29. Mr. Fisher, bookseller, Rochester.

Mr. Robert Brookes, merchant, late of
Gibraltar.

The Hon. Augustus William Fitzroy,
third son of Lord Southampton, aged 27.

The Rev. Mr. William Scott, Minister at
Kirkpatrick Juxta, in Scotland.

30. Mrs. Pope, wife of Simeon Pope, Esq; Hampstead.

At Norfolk Houfe, St. James's Square, Charles Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, Hereditary Marshal, Premier Duke, and Earl of England. In 1739 his Grace married Catherine, daughter of John Buckholes, of Claughton, in the county of Lancaster, by whom he had issue a daughter, Mary, born in June 1742, and died November 1756, unmarried: also one son, Charles, now Duke of Norfolk, born March 15, 1745, who, in 1767, married Mary Anne, sole daughter of John Coppinger of Ireland, Esq; which Lady died without issue May 28, 1768. On April 2, 1771, he married Frances, only child of Charles Fitzroy Scudamore, of Holme in the county of Hereford, Esq. The late Duke was the author of 1. "Considerations on the Penal Laws against Roman Catholics in England, and the new acquired Colonies in America. In a Letter to a noble Lord." 8vo. 1764. 2. "Thoughts, Essays and Maxims, chiefly religious and political." 8vo. 1768. 3. "Historical Anecdotes of some of the Howard family." 8vo. 1769.

Mr. Thomas Hall, wine-merchant, Park-street, Grosvenor square.

Lately Thomas Booth, Esq; at Twemlow, in Cheshire, in the 92d year of his age.

SEPT. 1. Mr. Charles Curtoys, surgeon, at Salisbury.

At Edinburgh, Mr. Walter Simpson, late of the Island of St. Kitt's, merchant.

2. At the George Inn, Stamford, Christopher Hervey, Esq; on his way to his seat in Kent.

George Bruere, Esq; Captain of an Invalid Company, at Fort St. George, and Lieutenant-Governor of Bermuda.

Matthew Bell, Esq; Senior Alderman of the Corporation of Newcastle. He served the office of Sheriff in the year 1736, and that of Mayor 1757.

Lately at Kensington, Mrs. Brown, widow of Launcelot Brown, Esq; of Hampton-Court.

3. At Finchley Common, aged 67, Mr. Abraham Roche, of whom it is remarkable that he was only two feet in height, and measured exactly the same in the girth, so that he was literally as thick as he was long.

At Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, Mrs. Montague, wife of Capt. Montague, and daughter of Mr. L'Epine, of Great George-street, Westminster.

At Stirling, William Bryca, Esq; of Bowton.

4. At Castle Menzies, in Scotland, Sir Robert Menzies.

Mr. Hastings, at Knightsbridge, a near relation to Lord Huntingdon.

At Lantrythyd Glamorganshire, Sir Thomas Aubrey, Bart. father of John Aubrey, Esq; Member for Bucks, and one of the Lords of the Treasury.

At Ruxley, in Surry, aged 73, Hillary Torriano, Esq.

5. Jonas Hanway, Esq; late one of the Commissioners for victualling his Majesty's Navy.

6. Mrs. Byng, mother of George Byng, Esq.

Edward Stabler, Esq; Alderman of the City of York, who served the office of Lord Mayor in the year 1779.

7. John Loveday, Esq; formerly a stationer on Fish-street-hill.

Mr. John Vinal, at Brompton, near Chatham, many years mason-bricklayer of the dock-yard.

At Trullick, in the county of Monmouth, John Rumsey, Esq; one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for that county.

8. At Hackney, aged 81, Robert Lewin, Esq; Secretary to the Bank. He had been 63 years in the service of the Bank, and 42 years Secretary.

At Woolwich, Mrs. Mary Fletcher, relict of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, formerly of Rochester.

Near Reading, Joseph Beete, Esq; one of the Justices for the county of Middlesex.

At Walmfley, in Essex, Mr. Purvis, a Gentleman Farmer. He was formerly in the Navy, and went a Volunteer round the world with Lord Anson, and was one of the persons on the island of Tinian when the Centurion drove out to sea.

Lately at Calcutta, Major-General Ogle, He was at the reduction of the Havannah. In March 1783, he went out to India as Major to the 53d regiment, and on his arrival there succeeded to the rank of Major-General.

12. At Cricket Lodge, in Somersetshire, Mrs. Hood. She was daughter of Dr. West, and Niece of the late Lord Viscount Cobham.

At Kidlington, in Oxfordshire, Joseph Tyrrell, Esq.

Mrs. Fountaine, Widow of Dr. Fountaine, Dean of York.

Mr. Griffith Jones, Bolt Court, Fleet-street.

14. At Lewisham, Kent, John Baker, Esq.

Lately Walter Smyth, Esq; Father to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

15. At Kew, Solomon Kendrick, Esq; a Russia Merchant, and formerly a Consul here to the Russian Empire.

Lately at Zdonky, in the 125th year of his age, the noble Ostroki. In 1683, he attended

tended in quality of Page to King Sobieski, when that Sovereign relieved Vienna, which was besieged by the Turks.

16. Mr. Michael Henley, junior, son of Michael Henley, Esq; of Wapping.

At Harleston, Norfolk, in the 51st year of his age, the Rev. Mr. Reeve, Vicar of Hoxne and Denham, in Suffolk.

17. In Grosvenor-Square, the Marchioness of Graham, daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham.

At Benton, near Aylesbury, aged 72, the Rev. Mr. Shaw, upwards of thirty years Vicar of that place.

18. Aged 83, the Wife of Mr. Benjamin Marthe, a considerable Farmer at Bentley, near Doncaster. She has been married 62 years, and was Mother of 10 Children, Grandmother to 42, and Great Grandmother to 10.

The following remarkable instance of mortality happened at Nantwich, in Cheshire. Mrs. Maddocks, relict of the late Plast Maddocks, gent. The 24th died Mr. John affel, brother to the above lady, and on the 27th died Mrs. Hassel, relict of the said Mr. John Hassel.

At Blackpool, Henry Fielding, Esq; formerly a manufacturer at Manchester.

Mr. William Calvert, Coal-merchant, White Friars.

At Landfdown-hill, Bath, in the 83d year of his age, the Honourable Charles Hamilton, uncle to Lord Abercorn.

19. Mr. Samuel Curfon, formerly Landlord of the Essex-Head, Essex-street.

Christian Wagner, Esq; partner with Messrs Adair, Jackson and Co.

Mr. Phillips, Coroner for the county of Middlesex.

At Harwich, the Rev. Paul Hitch, M. A. Vicar of Eastham in Essex, and Rector of Horton, in Gloucestershire.

20. At Aber Cowarch, near Dinas Mowddwy, in Merionethshire, North Wales, in the 140th year of her age, Mrs. Gaunor Fychan, commonly called Modryb Gaunor. The above old veteran had saved a considerable sum of money by begging at her door, and was never seen a mile from home by the oldest inhabitant living: she was followed to her grave by 18 grand children, 25 great grand children, and four great great grand children.

The Hon. Miss Cavendish, only daughter of Lord George Henry Cavendish.

James Best, Esq; York-street, Covent Garden.

At Dulwich, aged 98, Captain Grantling, 60 years commander of the Leghorn trade.

Mrs. Price, wife of the Rev. Doctor Price.

21. At Dover, where he had lately arrived from Bengal, Colonel Watfon, in the service of the East India Company.

At Carmarthen, John Lewes, Esq.

Lately the Rev. Samuel Harnes, near 50 years Rector of Worthfield, in Devonshire.

In St. James-street, St. Luke's, Edward Hale, Esq.

Lately the Rev. James Flexman, of Zeale Monachorum, Devonshire.

23. In Portman-Square, Mrs. Smith Stafford, wife of Edward Smith Stafford, Esq.

At Kidderminster, aged 81, Mr. John Spelcer, upwards of 27 years Post-master there.

24. Mrs. Aickin, wife of Mr. Aickin, of Covent Garden Theatre.

The Rev. Robert Markham, D. D. Rector of St. Mary White-Chapel, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty.

Lady Harriot Elliot, sister to Mr. Pitt.

Mrs. Clark, widow of the late Mr. Clark, of Covent Garden Theatre.

Mr. FRANCIS Severn, brother to Mr. Severn, Apothecary, Carnaby-street.

25. Mr. Cover Turner, in Fleet-street market, one of the oldest inhabitants of St. Bride's Parish

Edward Ives, Esq; of Titchfield, Hampshire.

26. Mrs. Price, wife of Mr. Price, of Easthow, near Bedford.

Mrs. French, wife of Mr. French, Clerk at Grocer's-Hall.

27. At Philips Norton, near Bath, aged near 80, the Rev. Henry Harris, M. A. 47 years Vicar of that place.

At Harrowgate, the Rev. Samuel Mercer, of Snow Bent, in Lancashire.

James Jeffreys, Esq; one of his Majesty's Commissioners of the Customs.

28. At Clapham, the Rev. Dr. Mayo.

Lately John Phillips, Esq; of Addington, Bucks, brother of Thomas Phillips, Esq; late Coroner of Middlesex.

29. Mrs. Myers, wife of Doctor Myers, of Crutched Fryers.

In South-street, Marybone, Mrs. Bennet, aged 78.

Mr. Malachi Heath, of Lympstone, half-brother to Mr. Justice Heath.

At Brompton, the Rev. Mr. Ruxdon.

30. William Halhead, Esq; one of the Directors of the Bank of England.

In the Borough, the Great Mogul, alias Captain Symonds, who had sent more persons to the East Indies than any other *Crimp* in Europe.

Mr. John Leckie, of Beds-hillock, in Scotland, in the 97th year of his age.

Lately

Lately at Cowes, James Davis, merchant.
OCTOBER 1. At Enfield Wash, Ezekiel Parr, aged 97.

Lately at the German Spa, Miss Danby, sister-in-law to General Harcourt.

2. The Right Honourable Augustus Lord Keppel, Baron Elveden, Admiral of the White, Master of the Trinity-house, and one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Councillors, by whose death the title becomes extinct, his Lordship having never been married. At a very early period of life, he embraced the naval service, and was a midshipman on board the Centurion, in her ever memorable voyage round the world, under the command of Lord Anson, and in the war before last he distinguished himself by many glorious victories, particularly at the Hyvannah, where he had many narrow escapes, a woollen cap which he usually wore, having been partly shot off his head. He was soon after made an Admiral, and on the 24th of April 1782, received the honour of a Peerage. His Lordship was born in 1725.

Captain Daniel Clark, late Commander of the William Pitt East Indiaman.

Mr. Walford, of Stanmore, in Middlesex.

Lately in the South of France, Beaumont Craige, Esq.

4. At Manchester, Mr. William Neild, late of St. James's-street.

6. Mr. Maxey, druggist, Pater-Noster-Row.

7. Mrs. Bird, wife of Mr. Bird, of Devonshire-Square.

At Paris, the celebrated Composer Signor Sacchini.

8. At Chigwell, Hugh Atkies, Esq; of Aultin Flyers.

At Buckhill, Bucks, George Pouncefort, Esq.

10. Doctor James Maddocks, Physician to the London Hospital.

At Barton-end, in Gloucestershire, Paul Cattelman, Esq.

11. In Brownlow-street, Holborn, aged 88, Mr. Benjamin Cooper, the oldest working silver-smith in London.

Lately at Cirencester, Thomas Bush, Esq; in the 86th year of his age.

12. At Chace-Side, Finsfield, aged 79, the Rev. Andrew Kimrois, many years Master of the Academy at Fourtree-Hill

Lately at Paris, Signior Fabiani, the Dancing-Master.

13. At Norwich, the Rev. Doctor Hammond, one of the prebendaries of that cathedral.

Mr. Benjamin Parkes, Attorney at Law, clerk to the Farmers Company.

At Melton, in Suffolk, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Purvis, rector of that place, and also of Spexhall.

Lately at Laufanne, William Shaw, Esq; lately of Quebec.

14. Doctor Richard Wright, Fellow of the College of Physicians and of the Royal Society. He was formerly of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and lately Physician to St. George's Hospital.

Mr. Roger Wright, for many years past principal Harlequin at Drury-lane Theatre.

Mr. John Thorn, one of the oldest inhabitants in the parish of St. Martin, and harness-maker to the Prince of Wales.

Mr. James Brookes, senior, glass-cutter, of Exeter-Change, Strand.

15. At Fulham, Thomas Claridge, Esq. Frederick Bufeay, Esq; formerly a merchant in Philadelphia.

At Bristol, Doctor Wells, of College-Green.

16. At Glasgow, Doctor Alexander Wilson, Professor of Practical Astronomy, and Observer in that University.

Mr. Thomas Shaw, musician at Drury-lane Theatre.

Lately Michael Hills, Esq; of Colchester.

17. At Dublin, the Honourable Marcus Patterfon, Lord-Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Christopher Fountaine, Esq; of Brunfel, in Craven, Yorkshre.

Lately Mr. Mathew Unwin, an English Merchant, aged 95 years, some time resident at Leghorn.

18. At Blackheath, Mrs. Susannah Crawford, niece to the late Earl of Dartmouth.

Miss E. Cooke, youngest daughter of Sir George Cooke, Bart. of Wheatly, near Doncaster.

Mr. Samuel Luck, Colebrook-Row, Ilington.

19. John Phillips, Esq; at New Crane, Wapping, aged 85, the oldest porter-brewer in London.

Mrs. Catherine Lodge, in the 84th year of her age, relict of Mr. John Lodge, of Little St. Helen's, London.

Mrs. Anne Fanning, Office-keeper to the War-Office, at Whitehall.

20. At Lewes, the Rev. Robert Aulfin, Vicar of Laughton in Sussex, aged 78. He was formerly Master of the Free Grammar School at Lewes.

Mr. G. Mitchell, late Surgeon to the Eastern Dispensatory.

22. At Peterborough, Mr. John Ruffel, dealer in China.

Lately Josiah Birch, Esq; of Manchester.

23. At his house at Camberwell, Lieutenant Colonel Jones.

T H E
European Magazine,
A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

CONTAINING THE
LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE;
By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON;
For NOVEMBER, 1786.

[Embellished with, 1. A Striking Likeness of the late JOHN HOWARD, Esq.: And 2. A Perspective View of the RUINS of the PALACE of GAZIPOUR, in the EAST-INDIES.]

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L O N D O N :

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have attentively considered the Letter sent us by A. D. inclosing one signed *Anti-Diabolus*, and cannot be of opinion that the continuation of a controversy begun in another Magazine, can be either intelligible or entertaining to the majority of our readers. We have apprehensions also, that the acrimony which runs through the whole would lead us into a controversy which we have not room for, and feel the less inclination to admit, from the circumstance of the Letter's appearing to be the production of a volunteer, not the principal in the controversy.

H. Ruficus, Infelix, Trenobius, S. B. C. T. O. F. F. W. P. and three without signatures, are received.

Causidicus will find his favour inserted in our next.

C. T. O. need not apprehend any neglect of his favours.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Nov. 13, to Nov. 18, 1786.

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

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans					
Essex	4	1	0	0	2	9	2	0	3	1
Suffolk	4	1	2	1	1	2	8	2	0	3
Norfolk	4	2	2	10	2	6	2	0	0	0
Lincoln	4	5	2	8	2	6	1	0	3	4
York	4	1	1	3	4	3	1	2	2	4
Durham	4	1	1	3	8	3	4	2	0	0
Northumberland	4	7	3	5	2	8	1	1	4	1
Cumberland	5	8	3	7	2	8	2	0	4	8
Westmorland	6	0	3	10	2	10	2	0	4	5
Lancashire	5	8	0	0	3	1	2	2	4	3
Cheshire	5	7	0	0	3	0	2	0	0	0
Monmouth	5	4	0	0	0	0	1	9	0	0
Somerset	5	2	3	7	2	1	1	2	1	2
Devon	5	6	0	0	2	7	1	5	0	0
Cornwall	4	10	0	0	2	7	1	7	0	0
Dorset	5	0	0	0	2	10	2	1	4	7
Hants	4	4	0	0	2	8	2	2	4	0
Suffex	4	4	0	0	2	10	2	1	3	0
Kent	4	3	0	0	2	10	2	2	3	1

WALES, Nov. 6, to Nov. 11, 1786.

North Wales	5	3	4	4	2	1	1	8	4	1
South Wales	4	1	1	3	9	2	10	1	6	4

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
29—30 — 29	37	5 N.N.E.
30—30 — 22	42	N.
31—30 — 26	39	E.

NOVEMBER.

1—30 — 20	40	5 N.
2—30 — 17	38	E. N. E.
3—30 — 08	40	E.
4—30 — 00	38	N.
5—30 — 07	41	E. N. E.
6—30 — 13	38	N.
7—30 — 20	35	N. N. F.
8—30 — 15	39	N. N. E.
9—30 — 01	40	5 N.
10—30 — 20	40	N.
11—30 — 05	39	N.
12—30 — 00	39	E.
13—30 — 15	32	E.
14—30 — 05	37	N.
15—29 — 56	40	E. N. E.
16—29 — 12	39	E.
17—29 — 00	43	E.
18—29 — 38	39	E. N. E.
19—29 — 20	40	E.

PRICE of STOCKS, Nov. 28, 1786.

Bank Stock, 1.6	India Stock, —
New 4 per Cent. 177, 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	India Bonds, gov. pr.
	New Navy and Vict.
	Bills —
3 per Cent. red. 73 $\frac{1}{2}$	Long Ann. 22 2 21 15-
	16ths
3 per Cent Conf 74 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 years Short Ann.
$\frac{1}{2}$ 1-half	1777, —
3 per Cent. 1726, —	30 years Ann. 1778,
3 per Cent. 1731, —	13 1-half
South Sea Stock, —	Exchange Bill,
Old S. S. An. —	10s. Tick 151 os. 6d.
New S. S. Ann. —	Consols for Jan. 76 $\frac{1}{2}$

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.



T. Brattone Sculp

Published by T. Sewell Cornhill

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
A N D
L O N D O N , R E V I E W ;
For NOVEMBER, 1786.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AN ACCOUNT of JOHN HOWARD, Esq.
[With a STRIKING LIKENESS of Him.]

TO soothe affliction, to diffuse comfort
through the mansions of despair,
and provide remedies for the miseries of
our fellow-creatures, are acts highly hon-
ourable to man, and worthy his nature.
But how few of those who are endowed
with the means ever think of exercising the
power. Still fewer are there who seek for
opportunities to promote the welfare of so-
ciety; and scarce any who will hazard
danger without the immediate prospect of
reward.

When one of those superior beings who
delight to devote their lives and fortunes
to the service of their country appears
in any nation, it is incumbent on every
rank and order of people to do honour to
his virtues. His name should be mention-
ed with universal applause, his actions
should be marked out for general imitation.
The rising generation should be taught to
revere his memory when gone, and his
coteremporaries to respect and honour him
during his existence amongst them. Virtue
claims this retribution here; but the final
and complete reward can only be bestowed
hereafter.

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. is of a gentle-
man's family in the county of Bedford.
His fortune is ample, his education liberal.
Modest and unassuming in his manners,
steady, diligent, and active in his pursuits,
in the year 1756 he had the fortune to ex-
perience some of the evils which have late-
ly been the business of his life to redress.
He embarked that year in a Lisbon packet,
the *Hanover*, in order to make the tour
of Portugal, when it was taken by a

French privateer. "Before we reached
Brest (*saye le*), I suffered the extremity of
thirst, not having for above forty hours
one drop of water, nor hardly a morsel of

nights upon straw; and observing how
cruelly my countrymen were used there,
and at Morlaix, whither I was carried
next, during the two months I was at
Carhaix upon parole, I corresponded with
the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix,
and Dinnan; at the last of those towns
were several of our ship's crew, and my
servant. I had sufficient evidence of their
being treated with such barbarity, that
many hundreds had perished; and that
thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinnan
in one day. When I came to England,
still on parole, I made known to the Com-
missioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen
the sundry particulars, which gained their
attention and thanks. Remonstrance was
made to the French Court: our sailors
had redress; and those that were in the
three prisons mentioned above, were
brought home in the first cartel ships *.—
Perhaps (adds Mr. Howard) what I suf-
fered on this occasion increased my sym-
pathy with the unhappy people whose case
is the subject of this book."

The experience he had acquired of the
miseries to which prisoners were subjected
by this adventure, he had no opportunity
of rendering further useful, until several
years had elapsed. In 1773, he was
named High-Sheriff of Bedfordshire, where
the distress of which there are few who
have not some imperfect idea, came more

* Howard on Prisons, 4to. 1784, p. 11.

immediately under his notice. The circumstance which excited him to activity was, by seeing some who by the verdict of juries were declared not guilty—some, on whom the Grand Jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to trial—and some, whose prosecutors did not appear against them—after having been confined for months, dragged back to gaol, and locked up again till they should pay sundry fees to the gaoler, the clerk of assize, &c.

In order to remedy this hardship, he applied to the Justices of the county for a salary to the gaoler in lieu of fees; but this he was unable to obtain, for want of a precedent; which occasioned his journeying into several neighbouring counties in search of one, where the scenes of calamity he beheld, he grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate. To gain a more perfect knowledge, he visited most of the county gaols in England. After which he pursued his enquiries through the houses of correction, city and town gaols, where such scenes of misery and abuses of power exhibited themselves to his view, as rendered him more anxious to procure redress for them*.

In March 1774, he was examined in the House of Commons; and had the honour to receive their thanks for the pains he had taken. Soon afterwards two acts of parliament passed; one, for the relief of prisoners who should be acquitted respecting their fees; the other, for preserving the health of prisoners, and preventing the gaol distemper. Having so far succeeded in his efforts, he, in 1775, made a progress through Ireland and Scotland, and designed to publish the result of his enquiries in that year; but conjecturing that something useful to his purpose might be collected abroad, he laid aside his papers, and travelled into France, Flanders, Holland, and Germany. Flattering himself that his labour was not fruitless, he repeated his visit to these countries, and went also to Switzerland in 1776. In 1777 he published "The State of the Prisons in England and Wales; with Preliminary Observations on the Account of some foreign Prisons." 4to. And in 1778 he took a third journey through the Prussian and Austrian domi-

nions, and the free cities of Germany, and likewise extended his tour through Italy, and revisited some of the countries he had before seen. The observations he made in this tour were published in a second edition in 1780. But before the publication of another edition, wishing to acquire some further knowledge on the subject, he, in 1781, again revisited Holland and some cities in Germany. He visited also the capitals of Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland; and in 1783, some cities in Portugal and Spain, and returned through France, Flanders, and Holland. The substance of all these travels was afterwards thrown into one narrative, of which a third edition was published in 1784. He also published a curious account of the Bastille, in 8vo.

In the course of these journeys, particular cities and communities were not unmindful to pay him proper respect. At Dublin, he was created by the university a Doctor of Laws; and the city of Glasgow and the town of Liverpool did honour to themselves by enrolling him among their members. His ardour in pursuit of the object of his wish was still unrelaxed. He lately undertook to visit the Lazarettoes in Naples and at Malta; and from thence has been at Constantinople. It was during his absence that the design of erecting a statue in honour of him was introduced; and the sum of money which has been raised sufficiently speaks the sentiments of the majority of the public. With a modesty, however, always attendant on merit, he has declined the honours intended to be conferred on him.

"I cannot name this gentleman (says Mr. Burke †) without remarking, that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collect manuscripts; but to dive into the depth of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the fol-

* "I have been frequently (says Mr. Howard) asked what precautions I use to preserve myself from infection in the prisons and hospitals which I visit. I here answer, Next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in Divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells; and while thus employed I fear no evil. I never enter an hospital or prison before breakfast; and in an offensive room, I seldom draw my breath deeply."

† Speech at the Guildhall in Bristol, 1780.

gotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It is a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward, by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner; and he has so

forestalled and monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter."

No picture of Mr. Howard having ever been painted, a gentleman has undertook to draw one from memory, which we have been obliged with the use of, and do not doubt but it will recal to the recollection of his friends the remembrance of one who has been truly styled

"A friend of every clime! a patriot of the world!

POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for NOV. 1786.

No. XXXIII.

THIS gloomy month, as might be expected, has been productive of very little political matter, excepting the long-expected publication by authority of the commercial treaty between his Britannic and his Most Christian majesty; a phenomenon which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up every other small object of public consideration. If we may judge by what we see and hear all around us, the public, as a collective body, seems to be stunned; as the human body, comparatively speaking, is numbed by a sudden stroke or wound, before the patient feels his fores.—Every man asks his friend, neighbour, and acquaintance, what he thinks of the new French commercial treaty, and is generally answered, by returning the question with equal earnestness, and with equal success and satisfaction. All the different bodies of men, merchants, mariners, manufacturers, artists, mechanics, and husbandmen, stand mute; as if looking at one another, waiting one another's motions, or to have their opinions conveyed through some public document or advertisement for convoking their members in general assembly, for the purpose of consultation, deliberation, and deciding on the important subject.

In this general stagnation of thought and incertitude of public opinion, it would ill become us to take the lead in passing judgment on a matter of such magnitude and importance to the welfare of multitudes, of individuals, and even to the very existence of our commonwealth, as a commercial and maritime nation. Those who are like to be most affected by the several regulations therein contained, ought to be best able to point out the good and bad consequences likely to result from this very extraordinary

compact between two rival (almost perpetually) hostile nations. Not but that we could give an unequivocal decided opinion of it, at the moment of writing; which we would most willingly do, if the concise limits which we prescribe to ourselves in these monthly essays, would permit us to go through a regular investigation of a production consisting of seven-and-forty articles, some of them of considerable length, so as to assign to some articles their merit, to other articles their demerit, and to draw a general conclusion amounting to a rational, candid, well-founded judgment, to stake our political reputation upon.

However, that we may not wholly disappoint our kind readers of seeing some faint traces of our opinion on this very weighty affair, we scruple not to say, that, upon very mature and serious consideration of the whole and every part of the commercial treaty with France, we consider it much in the same light as the old Trojan sage considered the wooden horse drawn by the Grecian commanders into the midst of Troy; as a pledge of peace and eternal friendship, which soon, very soon, lighted up the flames of final destruction to that devoted city.—*Timeo Danaos & dona ferentes*, said that venerable Trojan counsellor and patriot!—Woe be to England, when she must draw her peace and prosperity from the permanent stability of the friendship and amity of the French nation—king, ministers, and people!!!—If our opinion thus concisely communicated, should be censured or impeached, we are able and willing to assign solid substantial reasons for it, at any time, when we can spare room: but we hope some other able authors, whose province it more peculiarly belongs to, will render that task unnecessary.

ecessary for us to perform in this or a future Magazine.

This month, or the last day of the preceding, has been made remarkable by the death of an aged princess, the last branch of the immediate descendants of the late king George II. The bulk of the fortune left by this deceased lady is said to be destined for Germany, and confined to one spot there, and one family or pair of brothers, her nephews, to the prejudice of all the other relations of equal or more remote degree of kin.—Whatever might be the motives of this predilection, partiality, and prejudice, one sorrowful truth results from it,—that our money goes as if by instinct to Germany, in great abundance! What a prodigious drain has that country been to draw off the money from this island in various ways, and almost all directions! It were to be wished some embargo might be laid upon this continual efflux of British wealth to the continent, the interior part of it, with which we can have no natural beneficial connection; and from whence no good profitable returns are ever made.

Whether it be owing to the decease of the Princess Amelia, and her devising her great property in the funds into foreign hands, or to some other cause's co-operating with that event, the stocks have had a considerable, precipitate and permanent depression of current value, in defiance of the Minister's scheme of paying the national debt, and all the other efforts used to bolster up that mysterious property, incomprehensible in all its ways almost to its most intimate friends, acquaintances and supporters.

The project (for we cannot properly call it a scheme) of peopling Potany-Bay with our sailors, their wives, concubines, and other volunteer female attendants, has, it could seem, suffered several shocks in and out of the Cabinet.—We continue in our original opinion, that it is too romantic and wild to be ever carried into execution at all, without shame, disgrace and disappointment to the projectors, adopters, and executors of it. At all events, we think ministers in their right senses will not be hardy enough to attempt to complete it without having the sanction, approbation and authority of parliament.

Politicians have been diverting themselves and one another with a report of our ministers recommending a commercial treaty with Ireland; some asserting, and

some stoutly denying it; some approving, and others condemning such a measure; while some people hint at a National Union between Great Britain and Ireland, similar to that between England and Scotland, bring on the tapis. This report shares the same fate as the former; some believing and approving, others believing and disapproving, and others neither believing nor approving of the scheme. We who are not in the secrets of either party, the ministers or the leading opponents, consequently know nothing of the nature of either plan, can say nothing decisive on either side of the question in its present state; but from the bustle that seems to take place between British ministers and Irish chiefs or leaders of parties, we think something consequential is on the carpet of some kind or other, of which we must suspend our judgment, until it makes its public authentic appearance. One thing appears to us to be incumbent on his majesty's ministers, both in England and Ireland, that is, to join their united strenuous efforts to enforce the sovereign's just authority towards making Ireland an united kingdom in itself, previous to their uniting Ireland with Great Britain: otherwise it would be uniting harmony with discord, order with disorder, and a very disunited kingdom with one united in itself, harmonious, regular, uniform, and consistent! This would be a very improper, if not impracticable scheme, to answer any good purpose whatever.

Considering the French treaty already concluded, the Russian and Portuguese treaties now in agitation, and the Irish treaty above-mentioned *in embryo*, there seems to be abundance of work cut out for the consideration and deliberation of parliament, meeting at such a late period as it must necessarily do. Yet our speculative politicians promise us a short session.—What authority they have for it we know not; but if it turn out so, either a great part of the business must be left undone, or, what is worse, be ill done;—or our long-winded speech-makers of three or four-hours length must agree by mutual consent to waive that privilege of speaking without limitation.—If these are continued in their full length, one whole session will be taken to investigate the French commercial treaty alone, and to settle the terms thereof in a desirable manner for the future welfare and prosperity of England.

Our neighbours the Dutch appeared

to be in no small confusion at the beginning of the month, to be becalmed about the middle, and to be re-immerged in the same state of confusion towards the latter end of it. But for these things we do not vouch, and must therefore leave them to be developed by time, the constant friend of truth. Whatever the internal bickerings of the Dutch may be among themselves, they do not appear negligent of their external concerns, nor to slacken their diligence in guarding against foreign intrusions.

The advanced season of the year promises to the European powers a temporary tranquillity until the return of spring; although fondry parties may in the mean time be silently and secretly preparing to strike some sudden blow as soon as the weather will permit.—Of these, we apprehend the King of Prussia will be first ready to start, in support of the cause of his brother-in-law against the democratic party in Holland. What the consequence of this movement would be, every common politician can easily see.—The Comte de Vergennes must either hush his partisans into a temporary artificial silence, or draw the sword in their vindication; which he will be very loth to do, unless it be with a secret view to secure in his own hands all their strong places, and

seize upon their dominions for his master's use and benefit.

Not this month only, but for many months, nay some years, have the Turks and Russians looked at one another with angry menacing countenances, as if both ready for action, yet each unwilling to be the aggressor by striking the first blow. Common report now says, they are very near coming to blows, which are daily expected to take place. We do not give full credit to these rumours, knowing that the present head of the Ottoman empire is very averse to war and bloodshed, and that there is sufficient employment for his arms within the circumference of his own extensive dominions; and also, considering the present situation of the empress of Russia, respecting her new subjects, and the intermediate tribes inhabiting the regions between these two great rival potentates. We can plainly see that as the Grand Signior raises his crest, looks big, and frowns upon her remonstrances, she lowers her tone, takes breath, and looks about her for friends and allies to back her remonstrances, or to support her with their whole force, in the case of her being necessitated to take up arms, and once more try the fortune of a bloody war.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

[From Doctor MOORE'S "Medical Sketches," lately published.]

THAT part of the human body called the nervous system, consists, first, of a large pulpy mass called the brain, which fills the cavity of the skull; and in a man is larger, in proportion to the body, than in any other animal.

The brain itself appears such a gross inert mass of matter, that perhaps there is no organ of the human body that we should have less suspected of being connected with thought. But, although we can form no idea how this connection subsists, or by what means the nerves are the organs of sensation and motion, yet we cannot have any doubt of this being both. The circumstances which lead us to this opinion, and confirm us in it, are curious in themselves; and the knowledge of them is useful in the practice of medicine. We are led to conclude that the brain is the seat of thought,

First, from a feeling, we all have, that imagination, memory, judgment, and all the faculties of the mind are exercised

within the head; the cavity of which is completely filled with brain.

Secondly, because a long exertion of thought is apt to create a head-ach, as an excessive exertion of the arms or legs is, to produce uneasiness in those members.

Thirdly, because the nerves, which serve four of our five senses; the smell, the taste, the sight, and the hearing; take their origin *directly* from the brain; and those which do not, take it *indirectly*, by the intervention of the spinal marrow.

Fourthly, because whatever destroys the nerves belonging to any organ, effectually deprives us of the use of that organ. An obstruction in the optic nerve, for example, produces complete blindness, although the visible parts of the eyes remain perfectly sound.

Finding that when the nerves going from the brain or spinal marrow to any part of the body are destroyed, the sensation

tion and powers of that part are also destroyed; we might naturally infer, that when the substance of the brain itself is injured, its function would be impaired. And this in fact is the case; for the functions of the brain are impaired in proportion to the injury.

A wound or disease which essentially destroys the organization of the brain, immediately destroys thought and sensation; the person instantly dies. Whatever confines or injures the brain destroys thought.

A blow on the head has rendered a man of great acuteness stupid during the remainder of his life.

A bad conformation of the skull, or some disease in the substance of the brain, are among the causes of idiotism. The brains of madmen are generally found of an unnatural hardness or weight.

A small pressure of the brain diminishes, a stronger destroys the sensibility of the whole body.

There was some years since a beggar at Paris, part of whose skull had been removed, without injuring the brain, in consequence of a wound. This being healed, he wore a plate upon the part where the skull was wanting, to prevent the brain from being hurt by every accidental touch. For a small piece of money this poor creature took off the plate, and allowed the brain to be gently pressed, by laying a handkerchief, or some such soft substance upon it: this immediately occasioned dimness of sight and drowsiness: the pressure being somewhat augmented, he became quite insensible, with high breathing, and every symptom of a person in an apoplexy; from which state he never failed soon to recover, upon the pressure being removed. As this experiment was attended with no pain, it was often repeated, and always with the same effect.

AN ACCOUNT OF GAZIPOUR.

[With a VIEW of the RUINS of a PALACE there.]

THE province of Gazipour was composed of a number of separate Zemindaries. The late Nabob of Oud, Sujah ul Dowlah, to whom it was subject, entrusted the government to Fyz Ally Cawn, who was himself also Zemindar of a part of it. He was a man of magnificent taste: several edifices which were erected by him, still remain; and amongst those is the stately palace which stands in the town of Gazipour, on the banks of the Ganges, twenty miles below the city of Benares.

Fyz Ally having incurred the displeasure of Sujah ul Dowlah, Beny Behadour was sent with an army to dispossess him of his government. Beny Behadour was joined on this service by Bulwant Sing, who had, at that time, the government of a neighbouring province; and, on the expulsion of Fyz Ally Cawn, the services of Bulwant Sing were thought wor-

thy of reward, and the government of Gazipour was added to his former government.

Bulwant Sing afterwards, by degrees, dispossessed most of the old Zemindars: from some he purchased their rights; but the greater part of them he removed by oppression.

After the reduction of Fyz Ally, his palace at Gazipour was sequestered by the Nabob Sujah ul Dowlah, and long continued unoccupied. In the year 1781, the descendants of Fyz Ally having made application to the Governor-general of Bengal, who was then at Benares, he re-instated them in their zemindary rights, and restored to them the palace of their ancestors, which was gradually falling into ruins.

The tombs at Gazipour were erected by Fyz Ally Cawn as family-sepulchres.

The following SPECIMEN of EGYPTIAN POETRY is extracted from Mr. SAVARY's entertaining LETTERS on EGYPT, (just published), and forms the conclusion of a *Moal*, or elegiac Hymn, sung by OMMIA on the side of a trench into which her Nephews had been thrown after the Defeat of Beder.

HAVE I not sufficiently wept over the noble sons of the princes of Mecca?

At the sight of their broken bones, like to a turtle concealed in the depth of the forest, I have filled the air with my lamentations.

Unfortunate mothers! your foreheads bowed down to the earth, mix your sighs with my tears.

And ye, ye women who follow the processions, chaunt your funeral hymns interrupted with long sighs.

To what have the princes of the people the chief men of the tribes been reduced at Beder?

The old and the young warriors are laid there naked, and without life.

How Mecca hath changed her appearance!

These desolated plains, the savage deserts themselves seem to share my sorrow."

If the following letter is thought worthy of insertion in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, it is much at the service of the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

C—T—O.

ON CRUELTY TOWARDS ANIMALS.

Die and endow a college of a cat.

POPE'S EPISTLE TO LORD BATHURST.

TO entertain and inculcate sentiments detrimental to the dignity of our nature (if such dignity belongs to it) I should be most unwilling; but when I see my fellow creatures forfeiting their title to humanity, and trampling upon the rights of the inferior orders of the creation, I am almost ready to consider the bequest of the good Dukes who is here alluded to by Pope, in a serious light, as not misapplicable. In a country and in an age like this, which boasts of its refinement in every social virtue; which teems with sentiment, and justly prides itself on its acts of public charity; it is singular that our treatment of that part of the creation which Providence has subjected to our will, should share so little of our attention. Our streets hourly present us with objects that must shock every feeling breast, and our newspapers, among other records equally disgraceful, contain accounts that call aloud for correction and amendment. What ever tends to exalt the moral character, even in the remotest degree, can hardly be beneath our notice. It is unaccountable that so strange a deficiency in the treatment of brutes should so universally prevail in England, justly famous for its exalted sense of generosity and honour, which it seldom refuses extending even to our enemies. Our national character is certainly injured by our tyranny over *dumb* animals. I use the epithet *dumb*, as highly expressive of the helplessness of their condition, as corresponding with the "*mutum et turpe pecus*" of Ovid, and as containing in it every thing that should awaken our compassion, conciliate our regard, and excite our protection. It has, with the greatest truth and most distinguished benevolence, been remarked by a man, whose feelings on such subjects are best expressed in his own vigorous and pathetic language, "that he who can look with rapture upon the agonies of an unoffending and unresisting animal, will soon learn to view the sufferings of a fellow-creature with indifference; and in time he will acquire the power of viewing them with triumph, if that fellow-

V. L. X.

"creature should become the victim of his resentment, be it just or unjust."— See Dr. Parr on Education, p. 15. That persecution with which animals are pursued by the common people, does not ~~scarcely~~ result from a sudden and hasty excess of passion, but a cool, habitual, and rooted malignity, from a mixture of badness of heart and weakness of mind. In cruelty of this kind, though I have mentioned the lower class more particularly as the instruments, yet I cannot help considering their superiors as in a great measure accountable for a very large share of the guilt. A poor man is told neither by his education (for perhaps he has had none), nor by the laws of his country, for they are silent, that the deed is wrong. From the narrowness of his mind, and the bluntness of his moral affections, together with the influence of custom, he perhaps has never thought of asking himself the question, or consulting his own heart upon the occasion. On acts of this nature were the law to interfere, they would soon learn their duty, and an amendment would soon take place; compulsion would soon be succeeded by readiness, and afterwards a pleasure in obeying. The subject makes its appeal so home to the breast, that there would be neither room nor necessity for argument. There are some subjects which the dominion of custom has taught us to view in a ridiculous light only, and which unfortunately carry with them so many absurd associations, that it becomes extremely difficult to give them a serious and impartial examination. Let us for once make the effort, and buffoonery, I should hope, will be found but a very fallacious test of truth. Every species of diversion which is founded in a wanton distortion of nature, which partakes of cruelty, and answers no good end whatever, is certainly culpable; I cannot, therefore, but seriously condemn all exhibitions of dancing dogs, bears, horses, the extravagances of Astley's and Hughes's, &c. &c. The "*equum domitor*" was esteemed as an essential part of the hero, and justly so by the ancients; but when we cease

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to rule, and begin to tyrannize; when we drop the master and assume the tormentor; in short, when we consult our caprices and not our real wants; when we trample upon the rights of the creation, and make the noblest animals our playthings; I cannot but think we are cherishing the worst part of our nature, extinguishing our finer feelings, and reducing ourselves to as low a state as the animals we take so much pains to abuse. There are few of us but have been witnesses to the undeserved misery, the pain, the stripes, and punishments of every kind that are lavished upon asses. The great utility these animals are of to the lower orders of mankind, the harmlessness and patience which so strongly distinguishes them, surely deserves better at our hands. I have seen such specimens of brutality in the treatment of this unoffending part of the creation, that I almost shudder at the recollection, and have too much regard for the share of my own species to make mention of them; but I cannot help exclaiming with Lear,

"Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?"

I cannot but observe, that if there is any law existing which notices enormities of this kind, it would be much to the credit of those in power to have it immediately put in execution; if there is not, it is high time that there should be one, which might either by fine, imprisonment, or corporal punishment, put a stop to such a national disgrace. There are few circumstances that gratify the curiosity of an inquisitive observer more than to remark in the history of mankind, the different appearances and acceptations the same subject puts on, or is liable to, at different periods. I have already sufficiently, I hope, noted the deficiency of the laws of this country on the subject of the treatment of animals. The legislation of the ancients, instead of neglecting the subject entirely, as we have done, by not proportioning the punishment to the guilt, instead of making their laws severe only, have made them odious and terrible: but excess in every thing was the characteristic of those days; extreme virtue borders so near upon injustice, that the boisterous spirits of those times gave themselves no trouble in examining the hairbreadth division. Some of the most beautiful passages in all antiquity are those in which

the animal creation is mentioned. Few readers have escaped tears at the affectionate address of Mezentius to his horse, 10 Æn. 861. which is one of the most pathetic strokes in all Virgil. No part of Homer is more remarkable than the art with which that great poet prejudices the reader in favour of the horses of Achilles, in opposition even to poetical truth; yet such is the simplicity of the expression, and such the beauty of the sentiments (not to omit the peculiar circumstances and situation of the horses after the loss of their master) that the cold truth and frigid propriety of fact is lost and forgotten in the magic of the poetry. In Jacob Guther de Jure Manium, published in 1671, and very scarce, there are some curious instances to be found of the fondness which the ancients had for their animals, and which they carried to a most ridiculous excess. I shall conclude my letter with some instances extracted, which I hope will be amusing to some of your readers. Alexander the Great had funeral rites performed at the death of his horse Bucephalus. See Pliny, lib. viii. cap. 42. Augustus erected a tomb to the memory of a favourite horse. At Athens, those horses which had thrice conquered at the Olympic Games, were always buried with those that had fallen in battle. Ælian, lib. xii. Lucius Verus erected a golden statue of a favourite speedy horse, during his life, and on his death made a tomb for him in the Vatican. Capitolin. in Ver. Adrian was so fond of horses and dogs, that he erected tombs for them. The following is an epitaph, which Guther has quoted; it is supposed to have been written by C. P. Crassus, on his mule; but it betrays too many marks of a forgery, as Guther confesses: it is, however, curious, and worth preserving.

DIS. PEDIB. SAXUM
CIVICÆ. DORSIFERÆ. ET. CLU-
NIFERÆ
UT. INSULTARE. ET. DESUL-
TARE
COMMODETUR. PUB. CRASSUS.
MULÆ
SUÆ. CRASSÆ. BENEFERENTI
SUPPEDANEUM. HOC. CUM. ΔΙ-
SU. POS.
VIX. ANN. XI.

After mentioning the sepulchres to dogs, Guther quotes the following elegant epigram:

De CAPELLA.

Quod potui posui tibi fida Capella se-
pulchrum,

Digna magis coeli munere quam tu-
muli,

Norwich, October 4th.

Candenti ex lapide, hæc tibi convent
urna, fuisti

Candida tota fide, candida tota pila.

Si cœlum ut quondam, canibus patet
haud tua terras,

Incendet, sed ver stella perenne dabit.

C-

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

Looking lately over a pamphlet published by Aaron Hill, in the year 1715, enti-
tled, "An Account of the Rise and Progress of the Beech Oil Invention, and all
the Steps which have been taken in that Affair, from the first Discovery to the
present Time. As also what is further designed in that Undertaking. 8vo." I
found the following narrative, which appeared to me too curious to be lost.
Perhaps some of your correspondents can inform me of the names of the parties
mentioned in it. I am, &c.

CIVIS.

The ORIGIN of the STOCKING-LOOM.

"IT is not out of some men's remem-
brance, that a young gentleman of
no fortune, a student at Oxford, fell in
love with an inn-keeper's daughter of
that town, whose circumstances were
very narrow. He had philosophy enough
to despise superfluous wealth, and judg-
ment to foresee the necessity of a com-
petence; but love was headstrong, and
too hard for reason; so that, after a
year or two's ineffectual delay, they bid
defiance to their stars, and had courage
enough to marry! The scholar gained a
wife, and lost a fellowship, the only
small subsistence he before depended on.

"Our inn-keeper often upbraided the
bridegroom with the barren effects of
his learning, and thought it very strange,
as he well might, that while every body
told him his son-in-law was a great
scholar, his whole stock of knowledge
could not help him to one penny of his
own getting.

"Six or seven months after this mar-
riage, the father-in-law dies, miserably
poor, and the credit which his industry
maintained in his life-time, dying with
him, the goods he left behind were seized
on by his creditors, and the student and
his young wife turned out of doors, to
eat the bread of Fortune where they
could find it.

"The wife had a relation in town
unable to contribute any great assistance;
she took them, however, into a garret of

her house, where the man could only
waste his hours between books and sighs,
while the partner of his sorrows made
hard shift to pick up a support by knit-
ting stockings at a certain common price
for every pair.

"At last, by a growing belly, their
cares at once became more weighty, and
their patience less fortified. The only
subject of their conversation now was
their melancholy dread of what would
become of the poor infant, who was to
be born a beggar.

"But sitting constantly together from
morning to night, the scholar often fixed
his eyes, with steadfast observation, on
the motion of his wife's fingers, in the
dexterous management of her needles;
he took it into his imagination, that it
was not impossible to contrive a little
loom which might do the work with
much more expedition.

"This thought he communicated to
his wife, and joining his head to her
hands, the endeavour succeeded to their
wish. Thus the ingenious stocking-loom,
which is so common now, was first invent-
ed, by which he did not only make him-
self and his family happy, but has left his
nation indebted to him for a benefit which
enables us to export silk stockings in great
quantities, and to a vast advantage, to
those very countries from whence before
we used to bring them at considerable
loss in the balance of our traffick."

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

The disputes in Holland have now become so interesting to all Europe, that I am convinced many of your readers will not be displeas'd to see an account of the office of Stadtholder (little understood), and his several powers and claims. If the following will afford any information, you are at liberty to give it to the public.

I am

A WELL-WISHER TO YOUR WORK.

THE Seven Provinces of the Low Countries, formerly fiefs of the German empire, but since become confederates by the famous alliance in Utrecht, in 1579, and known, for two hundred years past, by the name of the United Provinces, were long governed by princes invest'd with the sovereignty, though limited in their powers, and under various titles; as Counts of Holland, Dukes of Guelder, Bishops of Utrecht, &c.

When these countries fell to the princes of the house of Burgundy, and since to those of Austria, who had many other dominions, the absence of the sovereign was supplied by a **STAATHOLDER**, or governor, to whom the sovereigns were obliged to give very ample powers.

These Stadtholders, or lieutenants, had the administration of the government, and presid'd in the courts of justice, whose jurisdiction was not at that time confin'd merely to the trial of causes, but extended to affairs of state, in which the states themselves had very little share under the last counts, who only consult'd them upon matters relating to navigation, or the fisheries, and when it was necessary to lay taxes (in Dutch *beden*, or prayers) upon the people, for these or for some other purposes. The Stadtholders swore allegiance to the princes at their inauguration, jointly with the states of the provinces they govern'd. They likewise took an oath to the states, by which they promised to maintain their fundamental laws and privileges.

It was upon this foot that William the First, prince of Orange, was made governor and lieutenant-general of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht, by Philip the Second, upon his leaving the Low Countries to go into Spain. The troubles beginning soon after, this prince

found means to bring about an union in 1576, between Holland and Zeeland; the states of which two provinces put into his hands, as far as was in their power, the sovereign authority (for so long time as they should remain in war and under arms) upon the same footing as Holland had intrusted him with in the year before.

In 1581 the same authority was again renew'd to him by Holland, as it was soon after by Zeeland likewise; and in 1584, being already elected count of Holland, upon certain conditions, he would have been formally invest'd with the sovereignty, had not a wretch, hired and employ'd by the court of Spain, put an end to his life by a horrid assassination.

In the preamble of the instruments by which the states in 1581 confer the sovereign authority upon prince William the First, we find these remarkable words, which are there set down as fundamental rules: "That all republics and communities ought to preserve, maintain, and fortify themselves by unanimity; which being impossible to be kept up always among so many members, often differing in inclinations and sentiments, it is consequently necessary, that the government should be plac'd in the hands of one single chief magistrate."

Many good politicians, and the greatest part of the inhabitants of these provinces, have, since the establishment of the republic, look'd upon the Stadtholderian government as an essential part of her constitution; nor has she been without a Stadtholder but twice, that is to say, from the end of 1650 to 1672, and again from March 1702, till April 1747.

The provinces of Friesland and Groningen, with Ommelands, have always had a Stadtholder without interruption: their instructions, which are now no

* His commission was dat'd 9th August, 1559. Holland was the first which, in 1575, gave him more extensive powers; but we find no where that the states ever declar'd him Stadtholder in their name; so that his son Maurice ought to be look'd upon as the first governor and Stadtholder of their creation.

longer in force, may be seen in Aitzema and elsewhere; but formerly the powers of the Stadtholder of these provinces were confined within narrower bounds, and till William the Fourth there was no Stadtholder of the seven provinces together.

The stadtholderate likewise, and the office of captain and admiral-general of each of the seven provinces, of the county of Drent, and of the generality, are at present hereditary, not only in the male line, but also in the female.

The Stadtholder cannot declare war nor make peace, but he has, in quality of captain-general of the Union, the command in chief of all the forces of the state*; and military persons are obliged to obey him in every thing that concerns the service. He is not limited by instructions, but he has the important power of giving out orders for the march of troops, and the disposition of all matters relative to them. He not only directs their marches, but provides for the garrisons, and changes them at pleasure. All military edicts and regulations come from him alone; he constitutes and authorizes the high council of war of the United Provinces, and, as captain-general of every province, disposes of all military offices, as far as the rank of colonel inclusively. The higher posts, such as those of velt-marshals, generals, lieutenant-generals, major-generals, are given by the states-general, who choose the persons recommended by his highness. He makes the governors, commandants, &c. of towns and strong places of the republic, and of the barrier. The persons nominated present their instruments of appointment to their high mightinesses, who provide them with commissions. The states-general have likewise great regard to the recommendation of the Prince Stadtholder in the disposition of those civil employments which are in their gift.

The power of the Stadtholder as high-admiral extends to every thing that concerns the naval force of the republic, and to all the other affairs that are here within the jurisdiction of the admiralty. He presides at these boards either in per-

son or by his representatives; and as chief of them all in general, and of every one in particular; he has power to make their orders and instructions be observed by themselves and others. He bestows the posts of lieutenant-admiral, vice-admiral, and rear-admiral, who command under him; and he makes like wise post-captains.

The Stadtholder grants likewise letters of grace, pardon, and abolition, as well for the crime called *Communia Delicta*, as for military offences. In Holland and Zeeland these letters are made out for crimes of the first sort in the name of the states, with the advice of his highness. In military offences he consults the high council of war, and upon the *communia delicta* he takes the advice of the courts of justice, of the counsellors, committees of the provinces, of the council of state, and the tribunals of justice in the respective towns, according to the nature of the case.

In the provinces of Holland and Zeeland, the Stadtholder elects the magistrates of the town annually, out of a double number that are returned to him by the towns themselves.

When any of those offices become vacant, which, at the time there was no governor, were in the disposal of the states of Holland, or as formerly in that of the Chamber of Accounts, the Stadtholder has his choice of two, or, in some cases, of three candidates named by their noble and great mightinesses. He chooses likewise the counsellors, inspectors of the dykes (in Dutch, Hoog Heem Reeden) of Rynland, Delfland, and Schee-land, out of three persons presented to him by the boards of the counsellors inspectors; which boards are of very ancient establishment in Holland.

His highness presides in the courts of Holland, and in the courts of justice of the other provinces; and his name is placed at the head of their proclamations and acts, called in Dutch *Mandamenten*, or *Provisien van Justitie*.

In Overysseel and in the province of Utrecht, the possessors of fiefs hold of the Prince Stadtholder. He is supreme curator of the universities of Guelder,

* In times of war, however, the states have always named deputies for the army, to accompany the Stadtholders in the field; and to serve them as counsellors in all their enterprises, particularly in the most important affairs, such as giving battle, or undertaking a siege, &c. This was always practised till the accession of king William the Third to the crown of Great Britain, and after his death was continued with regard to the general in chief of the army of the republic. In 1747 and 1748 there were likewise deputies at the army, but with more limited power.

Friesland, and Groningen; grand forester and grand veneur in Guelder, in Holland, and elsewhere. In the province of Utrecht his highness, by virtue of the regulation of 1674, disposes of the provostships and other benefices which remain to the chapters, as also of the canonical prebends that fall in the months which were formerly the papal months.

By the first article of the council of state of the United Provinces, the Stadtholder is the first member of it, and has a right of voting there, with an appointment of 25000 guilders a year.

He assists also as often as he thinks it for the service of the state, at the deliberations of the states-general, to make propositions to them, and sometimes also at the conferences that their high mightinesses' deputies hold in their different committees, in consequence of their standing orders. He likewise assists at the assemblies of the states of each particular province, and at that of the counsellors committees.

In Guelder, Holland, and Utrecht, his highness has a share of the sovereignty, as chief or president of the body of nobles; and in Zeeland, where he possesses the marquisate of Veer, and Flushing, as first noble, and representing the whole nobility. In his absence he has in Zeeland his representatives, who have the first place, and the first voice, in all the councils, and the first of whom is always first deputy from the province to the assembly of their high mightinesses.

In 1749 the Prince Stadtholder was created, by the states-general, governor-general and supreme director of the East and West India companies; dignities which give him a great deal of authority and power, and which had never been conferred upon any of his predecessors, nor have they hitherto been made here-

ditary. He has his representatives in the several chambers of the company, and chooses their directors out of a nomination of three qualified persons. The Prince enjoyed this prerogative in Zeeland from the time of his elevation to the stadtholderate.

The revenues of the stadtholderate of the seven United Provinces, of the county of Drent, and of the territory of the generality, are reckoned (including the 25000 guilders which the Prince enjoys annually as the first member of the council of state, and what he has from the India company's dividends) to amount to 300,000 guilders a year. The Stadtholder pays neither imposts nor taxes, except what is called in the province of Holland *Ordinaries Verponding*, a tax upon land and houses. His serene highness's life-guards and aid-de-camps are maintained at the expence of the Union: Holland alone pays the company of the *Cent Suisses*, and the rent of the houses which his highness hires at the Hague, as well as some of the chief officers of his household, who enjoy likewise exemption from excises. Upon some occasions the *counsellors committee of Holland and West Friesland* allow, at the Prince's motion, or the pensionary's, (on the part of the Prince) certain sums without account, as necessary for the service of the state, and by warrant from that board, they are passed in the accounts of the receiver-general of the province.

As captain-general of the Union, his serene highness has 120,000 guilders appointments per annum, besides 24,000 from Friesland, and 12,000 from Groningen, in quality of captain-general of those provinces.

In times of war the state allows extraordinary sums to the captain-general for the expence of every campaign.

L'EPITAPHE inserit sur le MONUMENT de les infortunez Aëronautes Messrs. PILATRE DE ROSIER et ROMAIN.

DANS ce cimetièrè sont inhumés François Pilâtre de Rosier et Pierre Ange Romain, qui voulant passer en Angleterre dans un aërostat, où ils avoient réuni le procédé de feu à l'air inflammable, par un accident, dont on ignorera toujours la véritable cause, le feu auroit pris à la partie supérieure du ballon, ils tomberent de la hauteur de plus de vingt mille pieds, entre Wimereux et

la mer. L'on a place une inscription au pieds de l'aiguille de l'endroit de leur chute, une seconde sur le mur extérieur de l'église.

Una Latina fuit collocata in tergo hujus monumenti, in gratiam viatorum extraneorum qui linguam Gallicam ignorant.

Messrs. les Maire et Echevins de Boulogne ont fait élever un monument sur l'esplanade de leur ville, d'où étoient partis

partis ces infortunes Aëronautes le 15
Juin, 1785.

Passants, plaignez leur sort, et priez
Dieu pour le repos de leur ames.

L'Estime, Leur ont élevé
La Douleur, ce Monument
et L'Amitié en l'Année 1786.

Ardent ami des arts et de la verité,
Au printemps de ses jours par un
noble courage,
Le premier dans les airs il souvrit un
passage,
Et perit au chemia de l'immorta-
lité.

Le matin dans les airs comblé de la gloire,
Le soir ne reste d'eux que la memoire,
Montrant de l'homme au même instans,
Et la grandeur et le néant.

La face de derriere.

F. P. de Rosier, et P. A. Romain, Bo-
lonia profecti die 15 Junii, An. 1785,
plus 5 mil. pedibus altiores, præcipiti
casu prope turrim Croaticam, extincti
sunt, et hic ambo conseculti. Discite, mor-
tales, hæc vos brevis edocet hora quàm
sit magnanimus quàm fragilis homo.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

EPITAPH inscribed on the MONUMENT of the unfortunate Aëronautes,
Messrs. PILATRE DE ROSIER and ROMAIN.

IN the church-yard are interred the re-
mains of Francis Pilatre de Rosier
and Peter Angelo Romain, who endea-
voured to make a voyage to England
in an aerostat, when having united fire
to the inflammable air, by an accident, the
real cause of which we shall ever remain
ignorant of, the fire having caught the
upper part of the balloon, they fell from
the height of 5000 feet, between Wi-
mereux and the sea. An inscription is
placed on the spot where they fell, and
another on the outward wall of the
church.

On the back part of this monument is
a Latin inscription, for the information
of those travellers who do not understand
the French language.

The mayor and aldermen of Boulogne
have raised a monument on the espla-
nade of that town, where the unfortu-
nate Aeronauts ascended the 15th of
June, 1785.

Passengers, pity their fate, and pray the
Omnipotent Being for the repose of their
souls.

Esteem, Caused this monu-
Grief, ment to be raised
and Friendship, in the year 1786.

Just in the spring of life, and bloom of
youth,

Ardent of fame, of science, and of truth,
Pilatre, first of mortals, daring soar'd,
And a safe passage thro' the air explor'd.
On safety too secure, these venturous pair
Again ascend, and floating, tempt the
air;

But the same sun which saw them daunt-
less rise,

Witness'd their fall before it left the
skies.

Learn hence, presumptuous man, each
tow'ring scheme
Of vain ambition's but an idle dream.

On the back of the Monument.

*F. P. de Rosier and P. A. Romain
took their aerial flight from Boulogne
the 15th of June, 1785; when they
were above 5000 feet high they fell and
perished, near the tower of Croui, and
here their remains are interred.

This quick and dreadful catastrophe
proves to us the ambition and frailty of
human nature.

A Description of the Monument.

It is a square pedestal of about eight
feet high, at the top of which is a bal-
loon in the action of bursting.

The balloon is made of a kind of free-
stone, of a whitish colour; the parts
where the inscriptions are are black, in
imitation of marble. The letters are done
in gold. I cannot sufficiently expatiate
on the clumsiness of the whole; the
balloon looks like a cauliflower, and must
seem to a stranger as if the monument
was raised to the memory of some fa-
vourite gardener, instead of an aeronaut.
It cost the vast sum of 2000 livres, equal
to about 50l. sterling.

N. B. The monument mentioned to
be erected to the memory of the unfortu-
nate aeronauts on the esplanade, is
not yet raised.

The monument is placed in Wymill
church-yard, about three miles from
Boulogne, in the road to Calais.

I am,
Boulogne sur Mer, Yours, &c.
Nov. 8, 1786. J. D.

On

On the WITTY SAYINGS of the ANCIENTS; and of ROMAN ACTORS,
By R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Singula latus

Exquirique, auditque, virum monumenta priorum.

VIRGIL.

OF all our dealers in second-hand wares, few bring their goods to so bad a market, as those humble wits who sell other people's worn-out jokes. A man's good sayings are so personally his own, and depend so much upon manner and circumstances, that they make a poor figure in other people's mouths, and suffer even more by printing than they do by repeating. It is also a very difficult thing to pen a witticism; for by the time we have adjusted all the descriptive arrangements of *this man said*, and *the other man replied*, we have miserably blunted the edge of the repartee. These difficulties however have been happily overcome by Mr. Joseph Miller, and other facetious compilers, whose works are in general circulation, and may be heard of in most clubs and companies where gentlemen meet, who love to say a good thing without the trouble of inventing it. We are also in a fair train of knowing everything that a late celebrated author said, as well as wrote, without an exception even of his most secret ejaculations. We may judge how valuable these diaries will be to posterity, when we reflect how much we should now be edified, had any of the ancients given us as minute a *colleccanea* of their illustrious contemporaries.

We have, it is true, a few of Cicero's table jokes; but how delightful would it be to know what he said, when nobody heard him! how piously he reproached himself when he laid in bed too late in a morning, or eat too heartily at Hortensius's or Caesar's table. We are told indeed that Cato the Censor loved his jest, but we should have been doubly glad to have partaken of it. What a pity it is that nobody thought it worth their while to record some pleasanter specimen than Macrobius has given us of his retort upon Q. Albidius, a glutton and a spendthrift, when his house was on fire—"What he could not eat, he has burnt," said Cato; where the point of the jest lies in the allusion to a particular kind of sacrifice, and the good humour of it with himself. It was better said by P. Syrus the actor, when he saw one Mucius, a malevolent fellow, in a very melancholy mood—"Either some ill fortune has befallen Mucius, or some good has happened to one of his acquaintances."

A man's fame shall be recorded to posterity by the trifling merit of a jest, when the great things he has done would else have been buried in oblivion. Who would now have known that L. Mallius was once the best painter in Rome, if it was not for his repartee to Servilius Geminus?—"You paint better than you model," says Geminus, pointing to Mallius's children, who were crooked and ill-favoured.—"Take enough," replied the artist; "I paint in the day-light, but I model, as you call it, in the dark."

Cicero, it is well known, was a great joker, and some of his good sayings have reached us; it does not appear as if his wit had been of the malicious sort, and yet Pompey, whose temper could not stand a jest, was so galled by him, that he is reported to have said with great bitterness—"Oh! that Cicero would go over to my enemies, for then he would be afraid of me."—If Cicero forgave this sarcasm, I should call him not only a better-tempered, but a braver man than Pompey.

But of all the ancient wits Augustus seems to have had most point, and he was as remarkable for taking a jest, as for giving it. A country fellow came to Rome, who was so like the emperor, that all the city ran after him. Augustus heard of it, and ordering the man into his presence—"Harkee, friend!" says he, "when was your mother in Rome?"—"Never, an please you," replied the countryman, "but my father has been here many a time and oft." The anecdote of the old soldier is still more to his credit. He solicited the emperor to defend him in a suit. Augustus sent his own advocate into court; the soldier was dissatisfied, and said to the emperor, "I did not fight for you by proxy at Actium."—Augustus felt the reproof, and condescended to his request in person. When Paeuvius Taurus greedily solicited a largess from the emperor, and to urge him to the greater liberality added, that all the world would have it, that he had made him a very bountiful donation—"But you know better," said Augustus, "than to believe the world"—and dismissed the sycophant without his errand. I shall mention one more case, where, by a very courtly evasion, he parried the solicitation of his captain or his guard, who had been cashiered.

shiered, and was petitioning the emperor to allow him his pay; telling him that he did not ask that indulgence for the sake of the money which might accrue to him, but that he might have it to say he had resigned his commission, and not been cashiered.—“If that be all your reason,” says the emperor, “tell the world that you have received it, and I will not deny that I have paid it.”

Vatinius, who was noted to a proverb as a common slanderer, and particularly obnoxious for his scurrility against Cicero, was pelted by the populace in the amphitheatre, whilst he was giving them the gladiator. He complained to the Ædiles of the insult, and got an edict forbidding the people to throw any thing into the arena but apples. An arch fellow brought a furious large fir-apple to the famous lawyer Cascellius, and demanded his opinion upon the edict. “I am of opinion, says Cascellius, that your fir-apple is literally and legally an apple, with this proviso however, that you intend to throw it at Vatinius’s head.”

As there is some danger in making too free with old jokes, I shall hold my hand for the present; but if these should succeed in being acceptable to my readers, I shall not be afraid of meeting Mr. Joseph Miller and his modern witticisms with my ancients. In that case I shall not despair of being able to lay before the public a veritable Roman newspaper, compounded of events in the days of Julius Cæsar. By what happy chance I traced this valuable relic, and with what pains I possessed myself of it, may be matter of future explanation: I have the satisfaction however to promise to the reader, that it is written with great freedom, and as well sprinkled with private anecdotes as any of the present day, whose agreeable familiarity is so charming to every body but the parties concerned. It has also a good dash of the dramatic: and as some fastidious people have been inclined to treat our intelligencers and reviewers with a degree of neglect bordering upon contempt, I shall have pleasure in shewing that they have classical authority for all their quirks and conceits, and that they are all written in the true quaint spirit of criticism. It is to be lamented that the Roman theatre furnishes no ladies to match the heroines of our stage: but I can produce some encomiums upon Laberius, Roscius, and the famous Publius Syrus, which would not be unapplicable to some of our present capital actors: I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that they were not in the habit of speaking epilogues in

those days; but I have a substitute in a prologue written and spoken by Decimus Laberius, which I am tempted to throw out as a lure to my newspaper; but I must first explain upon what occasion it was composed.

This Laberius was a Roman knight of good family, and a man withal of high spirit and pretensions, but unfortunately he had a talent for the drama: he read his own plays better than any man then living could act them, for neither Garrick nor Henderson were yet born. P. Clodius, the fine gentleman and rake of the age, had the indecorum to press Laberius to come forward on the public stage, and take the principal character in one of his own plays. Laberius was indignant, and Clodius proceeded to menaces.—“Do your worst,” says the Roman knight, “you can but send me to Dyrrachium and back again”—proudly intimating, that he would suffer the like banishment with Cicero rather than consent to his demand; for acting was not then the amusement of people of fashion, and private theatres were not then thought of. Julius Cæsar was no less captivated with Laberius’s talents than Clodius had been, and being a man not apt to be discouraged by common difficulties, took up the same solicitation, and assailed our Roman knight, who was now sixty years of age, and felt his powers in their decline. Conscious of this decline no less than of his own dignity, he resisted the degrading request; he interceded, he implored of Cæsar to excuse him: it was to no purpose, Cæsar had made it his point, and his point he would carry: the word of Cæsar was law, and Laberius, driven out of all his defences, was obliged to submit and comply. Cæsar makes a grand spectacle for all Rome; bills are given out for a play of Laberius, and the principal part is announced to be performed by the author himself. The theatre is thronged with spectators; all Rome is present, and Decimus Laberius presents himself on the stage, and addresses the audience in the following prologue:

*Necessitas, cujus cursus transversus impetum
Voluerunt multi effugere, paucipotuerunt,
Quo me detrahit pæne extremis sensibus?
Quem nulla ambitio, nulla unquam largitio,
Nullus timor, vis nulla, nulla auctoritas
Movere potuit in juvena de statu;
Ecce in senecta ut facite labefecit loco
Viri excellentis mente clemente edita
Submissa placidè blandiloquens oratio!*

Benim ipsi Dii negare cui nihil poterunt,

Hominem me denegare quis posset pati?

Ergo bis tricenis annis actis sine nota

Eques Romanus lare egressus meo.

Domum revertas mimus? Nimirum hoc die

Uno plus vixi mihi quam vivendum fuit.

Fortuna, immoderata in bono æque atque in malo,

Tibi erat libitum literarum laudibus

Floris cacumen nostræ fame frangere,

Cur cum vigebam membris præviridantibus,

Satisfacere populo et tali cum poteram viro,

Non flexibilem me concurvasti ut carperes?

Nunc me quo dejicis? quid ad stercenam affero?

Decorem formæ, an dignitatem corporis,

Animi virtutem, an vocis jucundæ sonum?

Ut hedera serpens vires arboreas necat,

Ita me vetustas amplexa annorum enecat:

Sepulchri similis nihil nisi nomen retinet.

O strong Necessity! of whose swift course

So many feel, so few escape the force,

Whither, ah! whither, in thy prone career,

Hast thou decreed this dying frame to bear?

Me in my better days nor foe! nor friend,

Nor threat, nor bribe, nor vanity could bend;

Now lur'd by flattery in my weaker age,

I sink my knighthood and ascend the stage.

Yet muse not therefore—How shall man

gain say

Him, whom the Deities themselves obey?

Sixty long years I've liv'd without disgrace

A Roman Knight; let dignity give place;

I'm Cæsar's actor now, and compass more

In one short hour, than all my life before.

O fortune! fickle source of good and ill,

If here to place me 'twas thy sovereign will,

Why, when I'd youth and faculties to please

So great a master and such guests as these,

Why not compel me then, malicious power!

To the hard task of this degrading hour?

Where now, in what profound abyss of

shame,

Dost thou conspire with Fate to sink my

name?

Whence are my hopes? What voice can age

supply

To charm the ear; what grace to please the

eye?

Where is the action, energy, and art,

The look, that guides its passion to the heart?

Age creeps like ivy o'er my wither'd trunk,

Its bloom all blasted, and its vigour shrunk;

A tomb, where nothing but a name remains

To tell the world whose ashes it contains.

The play which this pathetic prologue was attached to was a comedy, in which

Laberius took the character of a slave, and

in the course of the plot (as usual) was

beaten by his master. In this condition,

having marked his habit with counter-

feeted stripes, he tuns upon the stage, and

cries out amain—"Porro, Quirites! li-

bertatem perdimus.—In good faith, coun-

trymen, there is an end of freedom."

The indignant spectators sent up a shout;

it was, in the language of our present

playhouse bills, "a burst of applause; a

most violent burst of applause from a

most crowded and brilliant house, over-

flowing in all parts." Laberius, not yet

content with this atonement to the manes

of his knighthood, subjoins the following

pointed allusion: "Necessè est multos time-

at, quem multi timent—The man whom

many fear must needs fear many." All

eyes were now turned upon Cæsar, and

the degraded Laberius enjoyed a full

revenge.

We may naturally suppose this conduct

lost him the favour of Cæsar, who im-

mediately took up Publius Syrus, a Sy-

rian slave, who had been manumitted for

his ingenious talents, and was acting in

the country theatres with much applause;

Cæsar fetched him out of his obscurity,

as we bring up an actress from Bath or

York, and pitted him against Laberius.

It was the triumph of youth and vigour

over age and decay, and Cæsar with ma-

licious civility said to Laberius, "Fa-

vente tibi me victus es, Labere, a Syro."

—"You are surpassed by Syrus, in spite

of my support." As Laberius was go-

ing out of the theatre he was met by Sy-

rus, who was inconsiderate enough to let

an expression escape him, which was very

disrespectful to his veteran competitor;

Laberius felt the unbecoming insult, and,

turning to Syrus, gave him this extem-

porary answer—

Non possunt primi esse omnes omni in

tempore;

Summum ad gradum cum claritatis ve-

neris,

Consistes ægre; et quam descendes, decides:

Cecidi ego; Cadet qui sequitur. Laus est

publica.

"To stand the first is not the lot of all;

'Tis now your turn to mount, and mine

to fall:

'Tis slippery ground; beware you keep

your feet;

For public favour is a public cheat."

I need not remind the learned reader in

what credit the sayings of this Publius

Syrus have been justly held by all the lite-

rati from Seneca to Scaliger, who turned

them into Greek; and it is for the honour

of the fraternity of the stage, that both he

and Sophron, whose moral sentences were

found under Plato's pillow when he died,

were actors by profession.

An ACCOUNT of the late JONAS HANWAY, Esq.

(Concluded from Page 244.)

THE incessant application of Mr. Hanway to the service of his country induced him to direct his attention to objects which would naturally escape the notice of persons less solicitous to observe and provide a remedy for any apparent evil. In 1770 we find him publishing "Advice from a Farmer to his Daughter, in a Series of Discourses calculated to promote the Welfare and true Interest of Servants: with Reflections of no less Importance to Masters and Mistresses, with Regard to Private Happiness and Public Tranquillity. 3 vol. 12mo".—A work calculated for the use of a very useful body of domesticks. In 1772 appeared "Observations on the Causes of the Dissoluteness which reigns among the lower Classes of the People; and the Propensity of some to Petty Larceny; and the Danger of Gaming, Concubinage, and an excessive Fondness for Amusement in High Life. 4to." In this year he also published two pamphlets relative to bread: one entitled, "The great Advantage of eating pure genuine Bread, comprehending the Heart of the Wheat, with all its Flour. 8vo." the other, "A Letter on Occasion of the public Inquiry concerning the most fit and proper Bread to be affixed for general Use. 12mo."

His next work merits every eulogium which can be bestowed upon it. The condition of a set of unfortunate beings condemned almost from their birth to misery claimed the notice of Mr Hanway. After much inquiry and consideration he published in 1773, "The State of Chimney-sweepers' Young Apprentices; shewing the wretched Condition of these distressed Boys; the ill Conduct of such Masters as do not observe the Obligation of Indentures; the Necessity of a strict Inquiry in order to support the civil and religious Rights of these Apprentices. 12mo." This small pamphlet has already been productive of some advantage to the objects intended to be benefited by it. The succeeding year (1774) he enlarged and republished his "Advice from a Farmer" under the title of "Virtue in humble Life: containing Reflections on the reciprocal Duties of the Wealthy

and Indigent, the Master and the Servant. 2 vol. 8vo." a work deserving the particular consideration of every magistrate. This edition in a few months being sold, he reprinted it in two quarto volumes, with a dedication to Mrs. Montague. And in 1775 he published "The Defects of the Police the Cause of Immorality and the Continual Robberies committed, particularly in and about the Metropolis. 4to."

In 1776 he produced "The Soldier's Faithful Friend; being moral and religious Advice to Soldiers: with an historical Abridgement of the Events of the last War. 12mo." and in 1777 "The Commemorative Sacrifices of our Lord's Supper considered as a Preservative against superstitious Fears and immoral Practices. 12mo." dedicated to Lady Spencer. In that year also he published another very excellent tract entitled, "Solitude in Imprisonment with proper profitable Labour and a Spare Diet the most humane and effectual Means of bringing Malefactors, who have forfeited their Lives or are subject to Transportation, to a right Sense of their Condition. 8vo." and in 1778, "The Sea Lad's Trusty Companion; being Instructions given to the Lads and Boys assembled at the Marine Society's Office in Bishopsgate Street. 12mo." The Riots of the year 1780 gave occasion for a republication of "The Defects of the Police" under the title of "The Citizen's Monitor; shewing the Necessity of a salutary Police executed by resolute and judicious Magistrates, assisted by the pious Labours of zealous Clergymen, for the Preservation of the Lives and Properties of the People, and the happy Existence of the State; with Observations on the late Tumults. 4to." and about the same time, "The Seaman's Christian Friend; containing moral and religious Advice to Seamen. 8vo." In 1781, "Rules and Regulations of the Maritime School on the Banks of the Thames, near London, instituted in 1777 with a view to qualify Scholars to serve as Officers in the royal Navy. 12mo." and in 1782, "The Importance of our Lord's Supper, and the dangerous Consequences of neglecting it, in sixty-eight Letters. 12mo."

About October 1783, he resigned his post of Commissioner of the Victualling Office; but, though disposed to retire-ment, he did not cease to exert his abilities in the service of the public. In that year he published "Abstract of the Proposal for County Naval Free Schools to be built on waste Lands, giving such effectual Instructions to Poor Boys as may nurse them for the Sea Service. 12mo." In 1785, "The Neglect of the effectual Separation of Prisoners, and the Cause of the frequent Thefts and Violences committed. 8vo." and "A Sentimental History of Chimney-sweepers in London and Westminster; shewing the Necessity of putting them under Regulations, to prevent the grossest Inhumanity to the climbing Boys: with a Letter to a London Clergyman on Sunday Schools, calculated for the Preservation of the Children of the Poor. 12mo." and in 1786 he closed his literary labours with "A comprehensive View of Sunday Schools for the Use of the more indigent Inhabitants of Cities, Towns, and Villages, through England and Wales: with Reflections on the Causes of the Decay of our Morals, national Piety, and the Means of removing them. 12mo."*

He had for several months preceding his decease been very evidently declining in his health, but not in so great a degree as to prevent his going abroad. He frequently saw his friends, and transacted his affairs as he had usually done. The period which he had so many years been preparing to meet at length arrived, Death claimed his prize, and Mr. Hanway submitted to fate the 5th of September 1786. On the 13th he was interred in the family vault at Hanwell, being attended to the grave by a numerous retinue of friends; and since his death the public regard to his virtues has been displayed by a subscription of several hundred pounds towards erecting a monument to perpetuate his memory.

The following stanzas on his death have been published by the author of the *Triumph of Benevolence*.

AND thou, blest Hanway! long thy country's prayer.

Exulting now in kindred worlds above,
Behold of HOWARD! deign the muse to hear,
Tho' Angels greet thee with a brother's
Tears.

Far tho' remov'd from this diminish'd earth
A crown of glory beaming on thy brow
The God who fix'd it there—to none thy
worth,
Bids the rapt lyre with all thy spirit glow.

Warm in the way, behold what Myriads
come,
While tears of extasy and anguish flow;
Their blended incense pouring on thy tomb,
To mark an Empire's joy, an Empire's
woe.

Closet to thy HOWARD—O congenial shade!
On the pure column shall thy bust be
plac'd;
Though deep in ev'ry bosom is pourtray'd
Those holy records we'er to be cras'd.

The generous plan that PUBLIC VERTUE
draws,
The fair design that CHARITY imparts,
The genius kindling in RELIGION'S cause,
Cherish their champion in our faithful
hearts.

At HANWAY'S bust the MAGDALEN shall
kneel,
A challen'd vot'ry of Compassion's
dome*,
With pious awe the holiest ardours feel,
And bless the Founder of her peaceful
home.

And ah, Philanthropy! thy heaven-rear'd
fauc*
Shall oft avow the good man's zeal divine,
When bounty leads a poor and orphan train
To clasp their little arms round HAN-
WAY'S shrine.

Transcendant energies of grace sublime,
Whole magic goodness works with double
power,
Cradled the outcast babe who knew not
crime,
And bade the sinner turn, and blush no
more.

Ah, full of honours as of years, farewell!
Thus o'er thy ashes shall Britannia sigh;
Each age, each sex, thy excellence shall tell,
Which taught the young to live, the old
to die!

* The Magdalen House and Foundling
Hospital.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Some REMARKS on "The HISTORY and ANTIQUITIES of BARNWELL-ABBAY, and of STURKIDGE - FAIR, published in the BIBLIOTHECA TOPOGRAPHICA, No. xxxviii. 1786.

SIR,

THE above book being put into my hands by a learned friend, who wished me to peruse it, and give him my sentiments upon it, I sat down to read it with some degree of attention and curiosity, being upon a subject that I was not wholly unacquainted with: but never was I more surpris'd than, after the great hands it had pass'd through, announced in the preface, to find it abounding with errors in names of places, persons, dates, &c. in almost every page. I knew well that Mr. Rutherford, the father of the late learned doctor of that name, who had made these extracts from the Ledger-book of Barnwell, now in the British Museum, had been a considerable collector of antiquities; but from what I have seen and have of my own, I always looked upon him as a very inaccurate one. The late purchaser of these collections therefore did not appear to me to have had any great bargain at the price he gave for them; nor would they probably have been suffer'd to pass out of the county, had they been deem'd of much intrinsic value. I was in hopes, however, that when this part of them had been subject'd to the inspection of the learned triumvirate, the acute Mr. Peak, the sagacious Mr. Gough, and submitted to the public by the eminent editor Mr. Nichols, the gross errors therein might have been in some measure correct'd, the bad translation improv'd, and the whole digested according to the order of time, and not suffer'd to remain in the detached scraps it was found in Mr. R.'s common-place book. But whatever allowance may be made for want of accuracy in the historical part, there certainly can be none for the want of it in printing original instruments of not the least value without it.

It would, I apprehend, be tedious and tiresome to the reader, to attempt pointing out the variety of errors in the above short tract; I shall therefore only apprise him of two or three by way of specimen, and leave the rest to his own observation. In page 38 the quotation concerning the tithes of Waterbeach is not intelligible as it now stands there; which, instead of *De*

incrementis animalium per priorem should be, *De incrementis animalium propriorum predicatorum religiosorum, &c.* and the fourth line cannot be construd without proper stops after *venerint* instead of *eve-nerint* and *isidem*. And in the following quotation concerning the great tithes, the material word *percipiant* after *plene* is omitted. More blunders may be noted in the Latin quotation in p. 73, but most of all in p. 81. *Inter Spiritualia prioris de Barnwell*, where *Porcio de Rampton* (the whole a very small rectory) is valued at xlvi l. vii s. instead of xlvi s. viii. *Porcio de Lundbeach*, xx l. instead of as many shillings; and Middleton lxvi l. viii s. whereas the greatest living in the diocese of Ely was not estimat'd at half that sum, when this assessment was made. These mistakes are continued through most part of the pages, and that they are so appears evidently from the several sums added together, amounting to much more than double the total there specified. But I shall trouble him no further than with a reference to *Vetus Franci-Plegii* in App. 49, where unpardonable errors may be met with.

There are several priors after the year 1298, when this Ledger is conjectured to have been compil'd, who are barely named in this History; whereas the times of their election, or at least their presiding in the monastery, might have been ascertain'd with some degree of precision, and various other particulars obtain'd concerning them from the bishop of Ely's registers and other instruments still preserv'd in his offices at Cambridge and elsewhere. I doubt not but the editor might have been furnish'd with such, if he would have taken the pains to inquire after them; which would have afford'd much greater entertainment to every judicious reader than his modern translation *adhuc sub judice* of his two most respectable aldermen and their cows; or indeed than the foolish Reveries of the Tablets of Jacob Butler*, neither of which would ever have been thought worth publishing by any other than a singular adept in the trade of book-making.

How the editor has succeeded in the other

* What humour there may be in ascribing to Rembrandt 1632 an etching made of him by the late ingenious Mich. Tyson, is far above my comprehension.

parts of his great work (*Bibliotheca Topographica*) I cannot take upon me to determine, having scarce seen any other part of it, but am certain they ought to be much more accurate than this to deserve the least attention from the public; and it would have been much better for them to have remained in their wonted obscurity than to be set forth in so maimed a condition. I could easily have added many other observations upon this curious History of *Barnwell*, but having been so long already detained in its precincts (in

the times of its sanctity it will I hope be remembered) I have *now* no leisure to make such additions, to take a view of Sturbridge-fair, to visit the venerable Saxon chapel, in such high estimation with all judicious antiquaries, or so much as to pay my respects to its religious and pious chaplain, whom the editor has much better paid for resigning his charge than he ever was for attending it.

I am, Sir, yours,
CANTAB.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An Occasional Correspondent has sent us the following letter in Defence of the Church of Scotland against the Reflections of Dr. Johnson. He assures us it is written by a Scotch Clergyman, to whom he had applied for Information on the subject, and that the Facts it contains may be depended on.

DEAR SIR,

THE many civilities I received from you when I was in London, can only be increased by giving me the pleasure of doing you the smallest service; and it is with particular satisfaction I undertake, according to my best abilities, the task with which you have favoured me. You desire me to account for that barrenness, or rather that total want of literature, which Dr. Johnson objected to Presbyterianism, in its having produced no eminent divines; and you hint that you think it may be done, the fact acknowledged, and yet the point of the doctor's sarcasms entirely blunted, and the sting of them repelled and stript of its venom. This task I do not think very difficult, and it is with pleasure I enter upon a vindication of my mother-church against the precipitate censures of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson; a character whose errors ought to be diligently refuted, and whose slightest mistakes, when they respect either civil or ecclesiastical affairs, require attention and correction. You know I highly venerate both the literary and moral character of Dr. Johnson, but I am not, like a certain person, giddy with looking up to it; I can see other blemishes in it than gormandizing and shuddering at human bones, and other virtues than the wonderful heroism of parting a dog fray*. In all the doctor's disgust with Presbyterianism he has never once hinted an objection to its doctrinal part: that he knew

was the same with his beloved church of England. And however excusable in a priest, how unworthy of an elevated philosopher are those bitter invectives which the doctor upon every occasion, and on no occasion, was continually pouring on the Presbyterians. Church history relates that St. John one day on going to the bath was told that one, whose name I do not recollect, an arch heretic, was there before him; on which he immediately turned and would not go in. Here the apostle was right and prudent: he supported his character properly. The least appearance of communion between an apostle and a heretic would have been of the worst consequences in the infant church. But who was Dr. Johnson? Was he an apostle, that a Presbyterian *kirk* was not to be honoured with his sacred presence? The very high importance which he gives himself on this head is truly ridiculous. But allowances are to be made for the doctor's prejudices, and obstinate as he was, there are traits in his character which make me believe, that, had some facts, of which he seemed totally ignorant, respecting the church of Scotland, been properly laid before him, some of his sarcasms had been spared. Bold as it may seem, I really believe that his aversion to John Knox might have been greatly mitigated. To have assured him that John Knox was not a Presbyterian, that he was in reality an episcopalian, would have worked like a charm

* An event most solemnly recorded by both Mr. Boswell and Mrs. Piezzi; though the latter greatly lessens the wonderful heroism of the exploit which appeared so important to the former.

upon the good doctor: and in fact John Knox and all the first reformers in Scotland were episcopalians. John Knox himself compiled a liturgy which he and his followers used. The Scottish reformation did not abolish or militate against the office of bishops. That order continued in Scotland by law till king William's time. But the Scottish bishops in the times of queen Mary and James VI. were not on the same footing as the English. They had little power or authority, no regular form of service or book of prayer, small revenues, and the sees were not regularly filled. All was little short of anarchy in the church government. The bulk of the commons became clamorous, and greatly resembled the English puritans. The good archbishop Spotwood (the venerable church historian) was reviled because when a youth he had played at football on a Sunday, though the case amounted to no such charge*. It was the narrow policy of James VI. to keep the Scottish bishops and church in an unsettled state, by way of preserving his own authority. But when he ascended the throne of England, he altered his plan, and became zealous to establish the power of the bishops, and to reduce the clergy and people under their authority: but the bulk of the people and many of the clergy revolted at this as an innovation. While the authority of the bishops had been of little or no force, the clergy had been governed by synods and assemblies of their own, which James himself had, in what he thought deep policy, often countenanced. Knox's liturgy had long fallen into disuse and was forgotten; and the book of common-prayer now set forth by king James was looked upon as a novelty and an impious innovation. It was

called black popery, and the more James now endeavoured for uniformity the farther the people were from it. Charles I. followed his father's plan in establishing the bishops, and added compulsion; but the Presbyterian or puritanical party (to speak intelligibly to Englishmen) became more and more formidable under persecution. Sharp and some other Presbyterian clergymen were deputed to London to remonstrate with the king and privy council in behalf of their communion: but they returned bishops; and Sharp, gratified with the archiepiscopal mitre of St. Andrew's, became a most violent persecutor of the sect, whose interest he had betrayed, and from which he had withdrawn himself. Under the cruel severities of persecution, Presbyterianism became more and more revered by the multitude, and the temper of the great bulk of the nation was so determined against episcopacy, though favoured by most of the first families, that William III. though against his inclination, found it prudent to establish Presbyterianism as the lawful worship of Scotland. Yet in doing this he was not without hope of seeing that party disappointed in their wishes. For though bred a Presbyterian himself, and though his first hopes of the throne had been suggested by that sect in Scotland, he was, when he became a king, jealous of their tenacious and uncompliable spirit. He took advantage therefore of the small number of Presbyterian clergymen, regularly bred as such, who then remained; and it was enacted, that if the Presbyterian party could not supply the churches of Scotland with ordained clergymen in the space of a year, episcopacy, that the nation might not be without a legal form of worship, was to be restored. From the

* The case was thus; a disorderly rabble were playing at football one Sunday as Spotwood and others were coming from church, and the ball happening to strike Spotwood on the leg, he kicked it from him and walked decently on. He had newly taken episcopal orders, and the puritanical party represented it as a most daring profanity. See Keith's Hist. Ch. Scotland.

† A late very ingenious writer and historian, Dr. Gilbert Stuart, has stood forth the avowed enemy of all religious establishments. In his History of Mary queen of Scotland, he reprobates, in giving the character of Knox, all legal forms of worship, and says every man ought to serve God in his own way. And his History of the Reformation in Scotland seems written solely with the view to inculcate this sentiment. But however well adapted to philosophers of their own class such latitude may be, the abettors of such scheme discover little knowledge of the human mind, as it actuates the greater part of mankind. The great bulk of men in all ages and countries, *must* have and *will* have some religion or other; and it is the interest of the prince and government to watch over its tendency, and to give their sanction to that mode which is most favourable to the interest of humanity and civil society. Were this neglected by government either by inability or design, as has sometimes been the case,

the accession of James I. to the throne of England, the presbyterian party had been depressed, and often severely persecuted, down to the Revolution in 1688, a space of about 84 years: and though presbyterianism gained great ground with the multitude during that long period, its clergy who had had a university or any trace of a learned education, were reduced to a small number. Only about forty presbyterian clergymen, who had been regularly brought up for the pulpit, were to be found in Scotland, to the supply of about a thousand churches. *But the presbyterian party saw the aim of government, and it may be truly said beat up for volunteers to fill their pulpits; and reputation of zeal for presbytery, and particularly for what they called the *gift of prayer*, i. e. extempore effusions of enormous length, were the sure passports to ordination and a *kirk*. Ignorant mechanics were not only admitted, but even the jails * were ransacked for the gift of prayer. Ordination was conferred upon these people, and no wonder that the presbyterian pulpits resounded with nonsense and absurdities, often indecent, and mostly always in low and vulgar expressions, which many of the most popular of them affected on purpose to please the rabble. But that this torrent of ignorance ought to be ascribed to the genius of presbyterianism, as Dr. Johnson's objection pointedly infers, by no means follows. Any church party, under the same political circumstances, would fall into the very same predicament; and no sooner did this ignorant and canting generation begin to die out, than their places were supplied from the Scottish universities with men of other characters. The writings of Addison and others of the English classics began, in the reign of queen Anne, to be universally admired in

Scotland, and the sermons of Tillotson and other eminent divines of the church of England were perused with avidity by the rising clergy. And though neither Dr. Johnson, Lord Auchinleck, nor his son Mr. Boswell, knew it, several elegant and respectable sermons and religious controversies were published by presbyterians, in the reign of George II. Witness the tracts of Campbell and Wallace against David Hume, by whom they are both highly complimented. In the reign of George I. the rev. Mr. Wodrow wrote a History of the Church of Scotland: a candid and very respectable work; greatly superior in merit to the histories of Echard, or of any of his competitors in England. The reputation of the Scottish clergy of the present reign for their literary abilities is too well known to be here specified. The notoriety of their eminence affords an unanswerable comment on the following quotation from Mr. Boswell's *Tou, first edit.* p. 307:

"After supper, (says Mr. B.) I talked of the assiduity of the Scottish clergy, in visiting and privately instructing their parishioners, and observed how much in this they excelled the English clergy. Dr. Johnson would not let this pass. He tried to turn it off by saying, "there are different ways of instructing.—Our clergy pray and preach."—Mr. Leod and I pursued the subject; upon which he grew warm, and broke forth, "I do not believe your people are better instructed. If they are, it is the blind leading the blind; for your clergy are not instructed themselves." Thinking he had gone a little too far, he checked himself and added, "when I talk of the ignorance of your clergy, I talk of them as a body; I do not mean that there are no individuals who are learned (looking at Mr. M^r. Queen)—I suppose there are such among

case, the brutal multitude are sure to divide into a thousand different sects, disgraceful for the greatest part to human reason and destructive of society: Witness the Anabaptists in Holland, and many other sects in every country, even among the Turks themselves. It is a most ridiculous mistake in many ingenious writers, that they will found their systems on what man *ought* to be, and not on what he really is. It is indeed astonishing that the philosophers who assert in politics that man is king of himself, and in religion that he ought to despise and renounce that of his country, do not perceive that they are only making the gross multitude an easy prey to the most unprincipled and designing villain, both in politics and religion.

* *Kirkos*, who had been a *skipper*, that is master of a little trading ship, was taken from Borrowstonock jail, where he was confined for debt, and transplanted to the pulpit of the *Town Kirk*, one of the principal churches of Edinburgh. The absurdities and blasphemies from the pulpit of this illiterate character make no small figure in that curious book "Scottish Presbyterian Eloquence," written about 1700, by a Mr. Gaddie, an outed curate.

the clergy in Moscow. The clergy of England have produced the most valuable books in support of religion, both in theory and practice. What have your clergy done, since you sunk into presbyterianism? Can you name one book of any value on a religious subject written by them?"—We were silent.—"I'll help you. Forbes wrote very well; but I believe he wrote before episcopacy was quite extinguished."—And then pausing a little, he said, "Yes, you have Withart against Repentance."—

The above rant of the good prejudiced doctor is not more insolent than futile. The Scottish clergy never denied that those of England "had produced the most valuable books in support of religion."* But that they have done so is no proof that the Scottish clergy are ignorant, which was the point the doctor meant to establish. Many books of value on religious subjects written by Scottish clergy might easily be named. M-Knight's Harmony of the Gospels was published before Dr. Johnson saw Scotland; and the paucity of good writers among the Scottish clergy for many years after the Revolution has been accounted for above, in a manner which reflects little honour on the doctor's candour. Who that knows how the Barrows and Tillotsons and other dignified clergymen of England lived in high affluence and ease, while the presbyterian clergy were cruelly persecuted and hunted from place to place, without home or income, during the reigns of the two Charles's and James II. and who knows what an illiterate herd, from political necessity, crept into the presbyterian pulpits at the Revolution; who knows these things, I say, but must be astonished at the poverty of the doctor's triumph, on view of the writings of the English clergy, and the unfairness of his upbraiding the Scotch for not, as it were, *making bricks without straw*. But, tho' eager and hasty to condemn, the doctor has not been able to conceal his great ignorance of Scottish affairs. Forbes, he believed, wrote "before episcopacy was quite extinguished." What a vague expression! Episcopacy is extinguished

in Scotland in the same manner as the dissenters meetings are extinguished in England. The doctor, talking of the Scotch clergy, evidently supposes Forbes to be one of them, though he does not know but he might have been an episcopalian. The truth is, the Scottish author of that name, who wrote some able treatises in support of Christianity, was an eminent lawyer, rose to be one of the Scotch Judges, or Lords of Session, of which court he died president so late as the year 1748*: and the mention of Dr. Withart is perverseness itself. That learned and respectable gentleman was Principal of the College of Edinburgh, and his sermons will be admired while elegance of diction and solid reasoning have power to gain applause. Sherlock's celebrated Treatise on Death is intended throughout to prove the inefficacy and danger of a death-bed repentance, and that *without holiness of life no man shall see the Lord*; and to the same sentiments Dr. Withart adds some just tho' severe doubts of the sincerity and reality of the repentance of those criminals who end their days under the hands of the executioner. In Scotland, almost every criminal dies a great Saint, and is a brand plucked out of the fire. To make holiness, without which, as the apostle assures us, *no man shall see the Lord*, so very easily attained, has a very bad effect on the morals of the vulgar; and a rational treatise, like that of Dr. Withart, was much wanted in that country, and has not been without its good effect.

A few lines after the above citation, Mr. Boswell tells us, he still insisted on the superior assiduity of the Scottish clergy (a fact which admits of no dispute among those who have resided in the country parts of both England and Scotland); and that the Doctor replied to him, "I see you have not been well taught, for you have not charity."—How deep is the blindness of prejudice! and with what accumulated force does not this charge of the want of charity recoil upon the doctor himself, and the whole tenor of his fascisms on the Church of Scotland!

I am, &c.

* This truly patriotic character, of whom Dr. J. knew so little, was the patron of Thomson, who has celebrated him in his Seasons and of polite literature. By the death of an elder brother he became a Highland chief, and was greatly instrumental in preventing several of the clans from joining the Pretender in 1745. It was upon his estate, and in sight of his mansion, that the battle of Culloden was fought. His theological principles were Hutchinsonian.

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

History of the Voyages and Discoveries made in the North. Translated from the German of John Reinhold Forster, J. U. D. and illustrated by several new and original Maps. 4to. 11. 1s. Robinsons. 1786.

(Continued from Page 250.)

DR. Forster, in the first Book, gives a full and circumstantial account of the voyages and discoveries of the ancients, particularly the Phœnicians, in the north. That they and the Egyptians more than once undertook and happily accomplished the circumnavigation of Africa, he affirms, is proved almost to a demonstration. The celebrated voyages of the Phœnicians and Hebrews to *Ophir*, in Solomon's time, were nothing else; *Ophir* being, in the Doctor's opinion, the same as *Africa*. In defence of this opinion, he has added the following note, which, for the reader's satisfaction, and as a specimen of the Doctor's etymological reasoning, we have inserted at length.

“ The Phœnicians, sent out for the purpose by the Egyptian king and conqueror Scœtus, and his father Phamafis, or Amafis I. gradually discovered, together with the Egyptians who were joined with them, the coasts of all Africa: hence we meet with such admirable, and in fact comprehensive accounts of the natives of Africa, so early as in Moses's time, in the tenth chapter of Genesis. Now gold and other precious commodities being found in many parts of Africa, this newly-discovered country became celebrated, and got a great name; and this in the Egyptian language is *Ou—Ophi*, and with the addition of the word *καζ*, which signifies a country, *Ou—Ophi—καζ* (i. e. the celebrated country) *Ophiri* and *Ophirkah* (alias Africa). The third epocha of the circumnavigation of Africa fell in the time of Solomon, near 500 years later. Three hundred and eighty years after this, Necho gave orders for the circumnavigation of Africa to be performed: and in the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes II. one Eudoxus sailed once more round Africa, which is 450 years later than the voyage of Necho: and yet in Strabo's time many people

doubted the possibility of making the tour of Africa by sea.” On this note we shall make no comment, but leave it to the reader to determine, whether the author's credulity or his discernment be most conspicuous.

In the second chapter we find an account of the discoveries of the Grecians. The Phœcean colony at Massilia having formed the design of partaking of the wealth which the Phœnicians and Carthaginians had acquired by their commerce, sent out EUTHYMNES to search for the way which Hanno had taken when he made his discoveries in the south; and PYTHEAS was commissioned to follow the track of Himilco, and to make discoveries in the north. Of Euthymenes, little more than the name has reached us. Of Pytheas, who was a person of great natural knowledge, we have the following account, chiefly taken from Pliny:

“ Pytheas, even before he set out on his journey, appears to have occupied himself in observing the heavens. Before his time, it was believed that the polar star, or the outermost star in the bear's tail, was next to the Pole; but he pointed out three more stars, with which the north star formed a square, and in this square was the true place of the Pole. He likewise erected at Marseilles, his birth-place, a pillar or gnomon; and from the proportion which the height of this gnomon bore to the length of the shadow cast by it at the summer solstice, he found, with great exactness and precision, the north latitude of the city of Marseilles, or its distance from the equator. Hence Eratosthenes and Hipparchus infer very justly, that this latitude amounted to * 34 degrees 17 minutes; a precision which, in the then infant state of astronomy, one could hardly suppose any person capable of. In fact, Wendelin prevailed upon Cassendi to correct this observation; who accordingly found that it

* This is a typographical error, some of which occur in almost every page of the work; Marseilles being in Lat. 43.

hardly differed a minute from the real latitude.

“ It must be confessed, that Pytheas, with such extensive as well as solid acquisitions in science, was perfectly well qualified for the great enterprize to which he was appointed. He sailed out of the Straights along the coasts of Portugal, Spain, and Gaul, till he descried that of Britain; along which he likewise coasted till he came to the very northernmost point of it, and from thence sailed six days longer till he discovered *Thule*, where at the summer solstice the sun did not set for 24 hours. From this description of *Thule* some have imagined it to be Iceland. But if we consider, that in the manner of sailing used at that time, it was impossible to get from the northernmost point in Britain to Iceland in the space of six days, we shall rather be inclined to suppose, that it was the Shetland Islands that he reached. For though, in fact, it is only within the arctic circle, or in lat. $66\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, that the day is 24 hours long at the summer solstice; yet it cannot be denied, but that by means of the refraction of the atmosphere, it is still so light at this period, even in the 60th degree of latitude, that one may read, write and transact any business whatever without any other light than that of the sun. And indeed, this great man’s knowledge of astronomy enabled him to infer with great certainty the total elevation of the sun above the horizon; for at every place he came to he asked the inhabitants in what part of the heavens the sun rose and set. Now, these points he found approached each other in proportion as he went farther to the northward; whence he might easily conclude, that at about the 66th degree, the sun never set in the time of the summer solstice.

“ Pliny says likewise, that Pytheas had seen the tide on the British coast rise to the height of 80 cubits, or 120 feet; but we know, that it is only in narrow seas, such as the British Channel, that the tide rises to any great height. The greatest height to which it rises at Brest is 23 feet. In Britton too it mounts as high as to 42; and in St. Malo to 48 feet. The text therefore in Pliny is certainly corrupted.

“ A day’s journey on the other side *Thule*, according to Pytheas, the sea was coagulated, whence it was called *Cronium*. The fact is, that he knew, from the relations made him by the inhabitants, that part of the North Sea in severe winters was covered with ice, which part indeed at times, in case of a hard frost, was congealed in such a manner, and as it were coagulated in the space of one night, as to be entirely converted into ice.

“ Pytheas, however, not content with having made these discoveries, was desirous likewise of becoming acquainted with the region whence the Phœnicians used to fetch their amber. He must certainly have had some directions, either oral or written, which he followed in his enquiries; otherwise it must appear absolutely impossible for him to have penetrated quite to the farthest part of the Baltic, and there hit exactly on the very spot of the southern coast, where it is found in the greatest abundance. And yet we have great reason to suppose him to have been perfectly well acquainted with the spot; as we may very plainly perceive even from the fragments of Pytheas preserved in the writings of the later geographers, that he knew the situation of the whole place, and that he was likewise acquainted with the neighbouring nations, and the adjacent rivers; and that he was even no stranger to the names given to these places by the inhabitants themselves.

“ The information he gives us on this subject is as follows: “ On the shores of a certain bay (*Æstuarium* or Firth) called *Mentonomon*, lives a people called *Guttoni*, and at the distance of a day’s voyage from thence is the island *Abalus* (called by *Timæus* *Baltia*); upon this the waves throw the amber, which is a coagulated matter cast up by the sea: they use it for firing instead of wood, and sell it to the neighbouring Teutones.” All this is as exact as it is possible for it to be; for upwards of 1700 years after, we find traces of the truth of this: the provinces of *Nidrauer* and *Schalawonia* are to this very day called *Gudde*, and the inhabitants *Guddai*, in the Lithuanian tongue. The bay is the *Frish* and *Gurish Huf*, or Sea. It is from 8 to 16 miles wide; and thus used to be a short day’s trip, consequently the opposite islands were on the very same spot where they are now. The name of *Metonomon* signifies the promontory of Pine-trees (*mendaniemi*); and in fact on both peninsulas or necks of land here, we find large forests of those trees. The spot on Samland where the amber was cast most plentifully on shore, bore, so late as the time of the Crusades, the name of *Wittland*, or *Wittlandes Ort*, i. e. *Whiteland*: now this in the Lithuanian tongue is *Baltikka*, from *Baltis*, i. e. *White*; and therefore I should prefer reading Pliny, *Abaltica* or *Baltia*, instead of *Abalus*. Neither was it customary with the inhabitants to burn amber instead of wood, but only to set it on fire, probably by way of fumigation or perfume; and they sold it to those Teutones or Germans who lived nearest to them. [To be continued.]

Memora of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Vol. II. Cadell.

Experimental Enquiry into the Cause of the Permanent Colours of Opaque Bodies. By Edward Hufley Delaval, F. R. S. &c. &c. Read 19th May, 1784.

THIS paper, which obtained the gold medal of the Society, and which constitutes one-fourth part of the present volume, is an extraordinary production.

If we view it in a literary light, it is censurable: it is too long for a paper; and too loose and undigested for any thing. It reads as if it had been written in detached sentences, as they happened to occur, and these unconnected sentences had afterwards been strung together in the way in which we find them.

But viewed in the light of a *Philosophical Enquiry*, it displays great application and considerable acuteness.

The theory contended for is, that the permanent colours of opaque bodies are not caused by light reflected from their anterior surface, (agreeably to the theory of Sir Isaac Newton) but that they are caused by transmitted light reflected from a white basis; which white basis our author detects in a variety of substances, even in blood; whose redness is (according to this hypothesis) caused by a transparent coloured substance, through which the rays of light are transmitted in their passage from the white-reflecting basis to the eye.

In order to establish this theory, Mr. Delaval ranges over the whole field of experimental philosophy, and in some of his excursions brings home matters of instruction and entertainment. One piece of information we cannot, for the honour of our country, omit copying.

“The clear conceptions (says our author) which Sir Isaac Newton had formed, respecting the refractive power of the inflammable principle, afford an instance of unparalleled penetration and discernment.

“Diamonds, from their apparent resemblance to crystalline vitrifiable stones, and gems, were universally held, by naturalists and lapidaries, not to have differed, in their constituent matter, from such stones and gems, except in a greater degree of purity.

Sir Isaac Newton, judging of diamonds by their refractive power, classed them with inflammable bodies, and as they are endued with the strongest refractive power, he does not scruple to rank them at the head of the inflammable bodies, as consisting of the purest phlogiston,

(Continued from Page 260.)

“This remarkable observation has not, I believe, ever been noticed, by philosophers, or naturalists, as an object of their consideration: doubtless, because they were prejudiced by the apparent qualities of diamonds, and their resemblance to those of other gems, which seem to have withheld their attention from the powers and properties, the discovery of which was drawn from the more certain test of optical investigation.

“After Sir Isaac Newton had published his optical works, almost a century had passed, during which no experiments were made, whereby the constituent matter of diamonds could be ascertained. Several eminent chymists and philosophers in France have recently applied great skill and industry in the examination of that subject.

“From their enquiries it appears, that diamonds, when enveloped in powdered charcoal, and inclosed in crucibles carefully luted, resist the force of fire, and remain unaltered, in the same manner as charcoal and other solid inflammable bodies.

“When exposed under a receiver, to the focus of a large burning glass, they impart phlogiston to the air which is contained in the receiver.

“When placed under a muffle, upon a cupel or stand of white calcined refractory earth, in a degree of heat sufficient to melt pure silver, the diamonds send forth a continued flame, and thus entirely burn away.

“When exposed to the fire, in thick vessels of white porcelain, perfectly closed with stopples of the same substance, so that their cavities contain only air and the inclosed diamonds, they are entirely dissipated and disappear, without leaving the least trace of the matter of which they were formed.

“These experiments prove, that diamonds consist of phlogiston; and they are the only natural substance in which that principle appears to exist pure and unmixed. For all inflammable liquors contain water: and all solid inflammable bodies leave a residuum of ashes or cal, according as they are burnt in open or in close vessels.

“Nor can any constituent parts of bodies pass through solid substances, except only phlogiston and light. And from their agreement in this respect, the identity of these subtle principles is farther confirmed,

“From

"From the native form and constituent matter of diamonds may they not be properly defined *crystallized phlogiston*?"

"The chemical experiments, respecting the inflammable nature of diamonds, carry with them the greater clearness and conviction, as the philosophers who made them were entirely unprejudiced in their inquiries on that subject: for they do not seem to have been aware that Sir Isaac Newton had discovered, from optical observation, the same truth to which they were led by the chemical phenomena."

To give our readers some idea of the main purport of this elaborate performance, we will, in Mr. Delaval's manner, string together some inferences and conclusions which we find scattered towards the conclusion of the paper.

"From several experiments and observations which I have made, in the course of this inquiry, it appears that the rays of light are transmitted through transparent coloured substances by means of a power with which they are endued; and that those media transmit coloured light with the greatest strength which have the greatest refractive power."

"From all the experiments which I have here adduced it uniformly appears, that no coloured light is reflected from the anterior surfaces of opaque, semipellucid, or transparent coloured bodies. For in these the light is reflected by the superficies which intercedes the transparent part of the medium and the substance which is behind it: and the light thus reflected is transmitted back through the transparent part of the medium, which intervenes between the reflective surface and the anterior surface."

"These phenomena seem to indicate, that the power by which the several rays of light are transmitted through coloured media is inherent in the colouring particles themselves, and therefore is not confined to the surfaces of such media. For, if the transmissive force was exerted at the surfaces only, thinner plates of coloured substances would act upon the rays as powerfully as thicker masses. But it appears from experiment, that in proportion as the rays pass through different thicknesses of coloured media, they exhibit colours differing not only in degree, but frequently in species also."

"It has been already shewn throughout the course of this inquiry, that coloured matter does not reflect any light; but that reflective media act indiscriminately on all the different rays. It does not appear from the optical phenomena which have hitherto been observed, that nature

affords any kind of matter endued with a power of reflecting one sort of rays more copiously than the other sorts. Consequently, no reflective substances are capable of separating the differently refrangible rays, and thereby producing colours."

Our author closes his theory with the following semi-practical observations:

"The art of dying consists principally in covering white substances, from which light is strongly reflected, with transparent coloured media, which, according to their several colours, transmit more or less copiously the several rays reflected from the white substances.

"The transparent coloured media themselves reflect no light: and it is evident that, if they yielded their colours by reflecting, instead of transmitting the rays, the whiteness, or colour of the ground on which they are applied, would not anywise alter or affect the colours which they exhibit.

"Such an erroneous conception of the principles of the art cannot fail greatly to obstruct its progress and improvement. All colouring matter is black, when viewed by incident light, and all substances incline to blackness, in proportion as they are copiously stored with tinging particles.

"The artist therefore who confines his inquiries to substances which reflect the light, cannot be successful in his endeavours to discover new dying materials: and, if he is led by experience to extend his researches to other substances, his practice contradicts his principles; by which his views are obscured, and bounded within the narrow limits of accidental observation.

"The knowledge of the optical properties of colouring matters is also essentially requisite to their due preparation and use. As the practice of dying, in its present state, is not regulated by any scientific rules, it is seldom improved by the introduction of new processes: and the methods for varying the uses of the materials which are already known are rarely ascertained without repeated trials.

"All the operations of the art excepting only a few which have arisen from accidental discoveries, owe their origin to remote ages.

"We learn from the testimony of the sacred writers, as well as of the later historians, that the Indians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, and other ancient nations, excelled in the art of dying. From the accounts which are delivered down to us of the colouring materials which they used,

and of the clothes which were dyed with them, we find evident proofs, that they were acquainted with the principles, as well as the practice of the art.

“The ancients did not attribute a reflective power to the colouring matter; but held that the dyed clothes reflected less light, in proportion as they were more copiously stored with tinging particles. They estimated the richness and intenseness of the dye by its approach to blackness.

“Pliny, who has recorded many curious circumstances relative to the arts, describes indigo when undiluted as a black substance. The same author informs us, that the species of Tyrian dye which was most esteemed was of a rose colour *inclining to black*; and that the red was inferior to that which was blacker. He accurately distinguishes the bright red colour, which is transmitted through the dyed clothes, from the dark hue which they exhibit when viewed by incident light.

“The inattention of later philosophers and artists to the reflective and transmissive qualities of the constituent parts of coloured substances has, doubtless, impeded the progress and improvement of the science of optics and the arts which are dependent upon it. This experimental research was undertaken for the purpose of examining the optical qualities of such substances.

“During the course of my inquiry I have observed, that the transition from physical experiments to practical operations of dyeing is easy and obvious. For the experiments which I have made, with a view of investigating the origin and cause of colours, have guided me to the discovery of several bright and permanent dyes, in the execution of which I have principally used cheap and common ingredients that have not before been applied to such purposes.

“I do not doubt that a clear and comprehensive view of the principles of the art will open to the artists who practise it a fertile source, from which with certainty and facility they may derive the discovery of new materials, and of the most advantageous means of employing them.

“The art of painting also will receive great advantage from an accurate and precise conception of the principles, by means of which the colouring matters endowed with a reflective power may be distinguished from others which transmit the rays but do not reflect them.

“The works of many painters greatly excel in the clearness and brightness of their colouring; but it is unquestionable that a scientific knowledge of the nature

of the colours which they used would have enabled even the greatest masters to have communicated to those works a still higher degree of excellence.

“I shall not regret the labours which I have bestowed upon the subject of these pages, if they contribute to the advancement of those useful and elegant arts, which are of much importance to a commercial nation; or if, by the disclosure of physical truths, they extend the bounds of science, or open new paths to its improvement.”

We cannot suppress our admiration of the sedulous application of this writer: we wish, however, for the sake of the community, that he had been less diffuse in his theory; and had, *in this paper*, diverted more of his attention to practical knowledge. For though the business of the dyer may be beneath the attention of the philosopher, the invention of colours is certainly not so, but deserves his best efforts: and we wish that Mr. Delaval, instead of giving us a *black list* of tinctures and infusions as they appear in a vial, had informed us of their effects upon wool, cotton, silk, and the other objects of the tinctorial art. And as we cannot suspect Mr. D. of being ambitious to become a *patentee*, we further wish that he had communicated his discoveries of “bright and permanent dyes” to the public.

An Essay on Crimes and Punishments.
By the Reverend William Turner.
Read 24 March, 1784.

This well-written (though somewhat *formal*;) paper abounds with good sense and humanity. Our penal laws are at present a disgrace to our country; and we would beg leave to recommend the perusal of this paper to all degrees of legislature and magistracy.

Laws which make robbery and murder equally capital, must have originated in folly or in cruelty, as they are evidently calculated to encourage the latter; and we think with our author, that death, in ordinary cases of robbery, is too severe a punishment: but pleased as we are with the spirit and perspicuity of his performance, we cannot doubt with him of the rectitude of capital punishment in cases of wilful and premeditated murder. We rather think that the measure of punishment ought to be proportioned to the measure of cruelty exercised in committing the crime; for, under this regulation, it is highly probable many acts of cruelty would be prevented.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Caroline of Lichtfield. Translated from the French by Thomas Holcroft. 3 vols. 8vo. 9s. sewed. Robinsons. 1786.

WE have repeatedly expressed our disapprobation of the flimsy productions which are obtruded on the public from those modern repositories of literature the *circulating libraries*, under the denomination of novels. Little calculated to amuse, and still less so to instruct or improve the mind, a similarity of incident, slightly diversified according to the fancy of the author, produces the usual catastrophe in most of them.

“—Facies non omnibus una,
“Nec diversa tamen.”—

A dull family-likeness pervades the general mass of romances of the day. To involve the whole, however, in indiscriminate censure, would be both ungenerous and unjust. When an author therefore quits this beaten path, and introduces to us characters capable of attracting our attention and engaging our interest, without having recourse to improbabilities, or violating nature by absurd refinements, we receive the stranger as a most welcome guest.—Such is Caroline of Lichtfield.—As our readers may wish to be better acquainted with the lady, to enable them to form a judgment of their own, we present them with the following outlines of her tale.

Caroline, the daughter of the Baron of Lichtfield, chamberlain to the king of Prussia, is, at the age of fifteen, to gratify the ambition of her father, and in compliance with the wishes of the king, promised in marriage to his favourite, the Count de Walstein; a man of a most amiable character, but whose person, emaciated by a late fever, disfigured by the loss of an eye, and some other blemishes, was little calculated to make a favourable impression on the young lady. When her lover therefore was introduced to her, she fled from his presence, without scarcely fixing her eyes on him, and intreated her father not to sacrifice her to so disagreeable an object, as the Count appeared to her. Tears and intreaties, however, were fruitless; the king had given his promise, the king's favourite could not be refused, and Caroline was compelled to be united to the man she abhorred. Unable to conquer her disgust, she immediately upon her marriage writes to her husband to request a temporary separation, and leaves to retire into the country with the Canoness de Rindaw, a maiden lady of a romantic turn of mind, who had superintended her education. Walstein, no stranger to her sentiments, and too generous to wish to put any restraint on her conduct, complies with her request, and obtains the king's

consent to this separation, on condition that the marriage should be kept a profound secret.

In consequence of this agreement, the Count returns to the court of Russia, where he was ambassador, and Caroline retires with her female relation into the country, where music, reading, and the friendship of the Canoness, engaging all her thoughts, she soon recovers her former tranquillity. This calm, however, is but of short continuance; she loses by accident a young officer near the gardens at Rindaw: his graceful figure excites the tenderest emotions in her heart, and on his being introduced soon after as a neighbour, by the name of the Baron de Lindorf, a mutual attachment takes place, which is countenanced by the maiden aunt. Caroline however recollects her situation, and tearing herself from her lover, declares her marriage. This obstacle Lindorf flatters himself he shall be able to remove, by getting the marriage dissolved, through the interest of a friend at court. But when he learnt that Walstein, the friend whose interest he relied on, and to whom he owed the greatest obligations, was himself the husband of Caroline, he immediately leaves her; but returns the next day, and after delivering a packet of letters and a miniature-picture into her hands, bids her an everlasting adieu.

These letters contain the history of Lindorf: he had been rescued by Walstein from a connexion that must have involved him in disgrace. The Count in the spirit of friendship having endeavoured to wean his affections from an object beneath his rank, roused his jealousy; he considers him as a rival, a rencontre ensues; and Walstein receives those wounds which occasioned the deformity that rendered him so disagreeable to Caroline. Walstein's generosity, in not only pardoning Lindorf, but exacting an oath from him not to reveal the rencontre, is mentioned in the warmest terms of gratitude, and the miniature is a striking resemblance of him previous to that accident.

Caroline, after perusing the packet, becomes a proselyte to the virtues of Walstein; reflection, a sense of duty, united to the effect produced by the singular benevolence and humanity of the Count's character, restore her to herself; the amiable qualities of his mind, when known, totally obliterate the remembrance of the deformity of his person, and he becomes as much the object of her affection as he had been of her disgust.

Lindorf,

Lindorf, on quitting Caroline, joins Walstein at his house. Madame de Rindaw, having at length learned the secret of the marriage, warmly espouses the interest of the Count, and under a pretence of visiting her chamber, imprudently conducts her niece to Ronebourg, the present residence of Walstein, without her knowing the object of the journey.

On their arrival, Lindorf and Walstein both approach the carriage: the shock of this unexpected interview is too severe for the tender frame of Caroline; she faints, and on her recovery is seized with a violent fever, which endangers her life. Lindorf in the mean time absents himself, and Walstein having discovered the attachment of Caroline to his friend, nobly resolves to sacrifice his own happiness to theirs. The attention paid by the Count to Caroline during her illness, serves only to increase her regard for him; her situation is now exceedingly critical, she attributes the Count's reserve to indifference, and torments herself with the idea of having lost his affections; her anxiety is equally misinterpreted by Walstein, who supposes it to be owing to a conflict between love and duty. Determined to put an end to it, he hastens to Berlin, and procures a divorce, which he sends to Caroline, with a letter, wherein he paints his love in the strongest terms, yet at the same time declares his resolution of restoring her to her liberty, and enabling her to bestow her hand on the supposed object of her choice. Caroline, now convinced that the Count's reserve was not the result of indifference or resentment, but only of extreme delicacy, flies to him; an éclaircissement takes place, which removes every doubt, and renders the lovers supremely happy.—As a specimen of the author's manner, we have selected his account of the interesting interview.

"The haste with which she ran, her eagerness, her sobs, all cut speech short and interrupted respiration; her head reclined on the shoulders of the count, her arms hung round his neck, and her tears fell into his bosom. Walstein was not less agitated than herself; at last, taking her in his arms, and placing her on a sofa, he falls at her feet.

"Caroline!—Caroline!—is it you, Caroline!—is it, or is it some pitying angel who has assumed your form? Can what I have heard be possible?"

"Doubt it not, doubt it not! Here, here, (Caroline untied the ribband, and took the portrait from her bosom) look, behold the picture I love; nay look at it well; say whose likeness it is; behold who thus entirely possesses my heart, and for whom alone I would live and die."

"Walstein looked!—with astonish-

ment looked!—It was he! good God! he himself! at least such as he himself had been, and Caroline proved she still beheld him as he had been, and that, to her, he had undergone no change. True it was indeed, that he every day became more like his portrait, and that at present the likeness even could not be mistaken. But by what magic, what miracle could this portrait, of the existence of which the count himself was ignorant, fall into the hands of Caroline, he worn next her heart, and become the object of her dearest and tenderest cares? He looks, he falters, he is ready to sink under the excess, and yet cannot he believe it real! It is a heavenly dream out of which he fears to awake! Few are his words, but those few all are expressive of rapture, astonishment, and remaining doubt. As soon as passion would permit, Caroline, blushing, drew from her pocket all the letters and the manuscript which Lindorf had left her.—"Take these," said she, "read, and you will know all. No more will I have any secrets from my Walstein; they have already made me wretched.—Yes, I loved Lindorf; at least, I had sensations that bore some resemblance to those I feel at present. What the difference is, you yourself shall judge. When Lindorf left me at Rindaw, I wept, yes, wept, and not a little; but my grief soon found alleviation, soon subsided, and soon did that small picture become dearer to my heart than Lindorf.

"This morning, on the contrary, I wept not, when I received the fearful sentence of separation. Not a tear escaped; but I thought either death or destruction must have been the instantaneous effect; and should you persist in that your dreadful design, it would be as though you were to say to me, *Caroline, I wish thee dead.*—But oh! rather say, Caroline, I wish thee mine, and mine thou ever shalt be.—Here—here is the paper! the—the divorce! Look how insignificant it is at present!"

"It was torn in a thousand pieces, and Caroline cast it with indignation into the fire.—Walstein could not utter a word! He gazed, he wept, he took her hand, pressed it to his lips, to his heart. He gazed again, and exclamations without connection, without meaning succeed each other. He took up his own picture, and, in his delirium, kissed it with transport! It was the sacred proof of the affection of his dear Caroline!"

The attachment of Matilda, Walstein's sister, to Lindorf, to whom, after surmounting repeated difficulties, she is at length happily united, forms an interesting episode.

A Me-

A Method to preserve Peach and Nectarine Trees from the Effects of the Mildew, and for destroying the red Spider in Melon Frames, and other Frames which infest Plants in Stoves, and Trees, Shrubs, &c. in the open Gardens. By Robert Browne, Gardener to Sir Harbord Harbord, Bart. at Gunton, in Norfolk. 8vo.

OF the efficacy of Mr. Browne's method we cannot pretend to judge, as we have not conversed with any person who has tried it. The author indeed has given a list of several eminent gardeners, who having, for the two last summers, observed and examined his fruit-trees and melon-plants, have declared themselves convinced of its excellence. We cannot help, however, observing, that as every leaf is to be separately washed with his liquid, and afterwards wiped, it must be

excessively tedious, and in gardens of any extent utterly impracticable, without employing a very great number of hands. We may conclude, however, that if Mr. Browne's skill, as a gardener, equals his dexterity in author-craft, he is no common master in his profession; for of the pamphlet forty pages are taken up with a dedication and list of subscribers, and the body of the work, which is swelled out to 65 pages, would scarce make a single leaf of a Magazine.

The History of Athens politically and philosophically considered, with a View to an Investigation of the immediate Causes of Elevation and of Decline operative in a free and commercial State. By William Young, Esq. London. 4to. 158. Robson. 1786. (Concluded from Page 256.)

THE eighth chapter, which treats of the conduct of the state towards the dependencies of the empire,—of the social war, and of the independency in consequence thereof attained by CHIOS, COS, RHODES, and other tributaries—is particularly interesting; most of the facts related, as well as their consequences, being exactly similar to those that occurred in our late unfortunate contest with America; and that every application may have its full force, as arising from the grounds of history, and not be treated as the suggestion of fancy, the author declares he has strictly adhered to facts, without any forced allusion:—"I seek it not, and I wish that circumstances had never occurred to render it obvious!"—Let the reader judge.

"In the administration of the dependencies of Athens, a popular or democratic constitution was adopted, similar in appearance to that of the sovereign state; but it had only the form and show of such constitution. Athens estimated the funds, and apportioned the tribute of each province, and farther imposed a tax of one per cent. on its exports: and as it called each question and cause of importance before its *own assembly*, the legislation must necessarily have followed, and be modelled to its own: further, the province was controuled by a garrison, and that of the worst sort, namely, of mercenaries from Lydia, Phrygia, and Syria; who, as mere soldiers of fortune, were probably little *considerate*, of how much they vexed, pillaged, and alienated the affections of the people; and that very people was to pay those who robbed and insulted them. The Athenian officers and magistrates who were delegated

to command, joined in the wanton exercise of authority and deprecation; on which Demosthenes observes, "*the gain was their own, the odium was the republic's.*"

"Nor was the responsibility an object of dread, whilst the Athenians, in disregard of the merit of each plea, ever sided with those who pushed their power to its extremest verge. In this their partiality was not confined to their own citizens; the men of distinction, from family and opulence, in each island looked to success in each private cause proportionally as they were noted for a dereliction of the interests of their countrymen, and for subserviency to the rapaciousness of the sovereign people; who collectively were guilty of excessive exorbitancy and misapplication in exacting new imposts, and in distributing the money individually in their own body, under the name of fees for attendance on public affairs, or in private causes. Thence too occurred a frequency of litigation, and a delay of justice; every dispute was sent home from the prætors in each province, and the process was spun out (often during a whole year) to the distress and ruin of the parties: justice was only to be expedited by bribes; as it were in compensation for the loss in detail, arising from the premature closing of the judicial proceedings.

"Such were the grievances from which the tributaries of Athens sought redress. The great statesman Demosthenes, and the good old rhetor Isocrates, equally pleaded for pacific measures, and the rectifying the abuses without recurrence to the force of arms. "It is," says the former, "by a communion of benefits, and not by garrisons, that dependencies of

empire are preserved and turned to account." The other insists, that from a conciliatory demeanor "one advantage above all will accrue, we shall have the alliance of all, not enforced but voluntary." Indeed distant dependencies can never essentially serve a mother-country, or sovereign state, unless good-will, as well individual as national, founded in the sense of mutual interests and reciprocal benefit, be the cement of the union. Without such incentives to intercourse as arise from equal advantage, equal participation of rights, and from a confidence in the sovereign state, as extending equally its care to the prosperity as well as security of all, the dependencies will never enrich the parent-country in times of peace, by the genuine and salutary tribute of a free commerce; nor in times of war and distress, add to its force by the vigorous assistance of free subsidy and voluntary levies.—The members of empire will, in the one case, be the vexatious source of scanty and unprofitable revenue; and in the other, an oppressive weight of ostensible defence or annoyance, which will distress rather than assist the sovereignty.

"In every age the considerate statesman seems to have admitted therefore of the above observations, but they rarely have been admitted in practice, at the crisis when their expediency might have had effect. The passions of domination, of avarice, and of pride, have too often given up the ear of a people to the voice of an interested minister; and the means of office which foreign controul, and, above all, which the asserting that controul put in his hands, suffice to the procuring him greedy partizans and agents, who become zealous abettors of his views;—views which avarice, ambition, and the securing his power, first by exciting and then by feeding the prejudices of the people, and from the patronage of oppressive government, and lastly from the patronage of war, have suggested to him. Chares, who was an orator as well as officer, had present influence in the Athenian assembly: moderation and temperance were thence scouted, and all ideas of concession to the islands treated as pusillanimous, inexpedient, and unnecessary. The arrogance and intractability of one party engaged Athens in this unprofitable war;—perhaps the speeches of Isocrates and Demosthenes might have served to inspirit the colonies, sow divisions at home, and render the cause desperate.

"Chios, Cos, Rhodes, and successively Byzantium and other cities conspired to humble the arrogance and prescribe some limits to the jurisdiction of the sovereign republic. Chares was sent to crush the rebellion; but such wars are not so immediately concluded, wherein the subject successively exasperates; wherein the minds of men are so wholly engaged; wherein the attack is often careless, because presumptuous; wherein defence is ever obstinate, because resentment of the past, and dread of the future, are equally preclusive of submission; and wherein the haughty spirit of the aggressors is equally preclusive of terms. An Athenian fleet was defeated off Chios; the confederates then pursued an active course, interrupted the Athenian commerce at sea, and laid waste the islands. It was now found that this *social war* was of serious moment: reinforcements were dispatched to the fleets and armies; old admirals and generals were employed in the service; the fleets met, but separated in the night without coming to action, and met no more. Chares accused his comrades in command, "from whose timidity (he said) the occasion was lost of closing the war at a single blow." The assumption of victory cost but little: Iphicrates and Timotheus were fined and banished, because the war was not closed at this *fortunate* opportunity of destroying a fleet of nearly equal force, and on equal terms of engagement, in the fury of a tempest!—

"Chares, thus at once disengaged from the competition and observance of his rivals, to ingratiate himself with the assembly, tendered the assistance of his fleet to Artabazus, who had revolted from the king of Persia, on condition of receiving a large sum of money, which he, in part, remitted to Athens, where it was received with joy and approbation, and the conduct of Chares sanctioned by a vote of thanks. Soon, however, the consequences of this conduct of Chares, and the rapacious concurrence of the people, brought with them regret and displeasure; the vote of thanks was erased, and Chares fled to Sigæum. The Persian king, irritated by the support given to Artabazus, was said to be preparing a fleet of three hundred sail to invest the Piræus. The menace was doubly formidable to Attica from its being at variance with the better, namely, with the naval part of its common tributaries: the associates too would have had an ally in the great king. The sentiment, that to give
much

much was better than to hazard all, prevailed with the assembly, thus frightened, rather than persuaded into concessions of enfranchisement and other advantages to the colonies and islands.

“ Thus ended the social war, after three years fruitless blood-shed and expence: its effect was not merely the acquirement of unprecedented rights and privileges, on the part of those who instituted, or who entered into the contest, but the supremacy of Athens was weakened in every quarter by the example.”

Thus far the resemblance has been but too strong between Great Britain and Athens: how far the concluding remark may apply to America, time must determine; but if we may judge from appearances, it is prophetic.

“ It is a misfortune ever attending political contests of this kind, that those who begin well, end ill; they forego the reasonable grounds they set out upon, and enlarge on their plan till it becomes too extensive for their management and means; or they continue building on a narrow foundation, till they are overwhelmed in the ruins of an over-weighty superstructure. Had Chios, Cos, and Rhodes, adhered to the spirit of their first requisition for the redress of grievances, they might long have continued *the free appendages of a free state*. Not contented with freedom, they sought and established their independency on the distresses of the sovereign republic; they then were some time torn and distracted with factions of oligarchy and democracy; in framing new and speculative constitutions of government; and shortly were swallowed up in the dominion of *their great ally*, and submitted to the despotism of a Persian Satrap. The Rhodians then applied to Athens to deliver them from the oppressive government of Mausolus. Athens might have protected and pre-

served their liberty, but could not recover it for them.”

The importance of the above remarks having led us to give so long an extract from them, we must, in consequence, pass over the remaining chapters of this work more cursorily: indeed, our limits will barely permit us to enumerate their contents. The ninth chapter then contains the character of Philip of Macedon, together with strictures on the remiss conduct of the Athenians in obviating the enterprizes of that monarch, who was as great a politician as a general, —“ who bought whom he could, and forced whom he could not buy;” and remarks on the temper of the times, deduced from the orations of Demosthenes. The tenth treats of certain duties of a citizen,—of the holy war,—of the temporizing conduct of the Athenians,—the result of such conduct,—the battle of Cheronæa, and the supremacy of Philip. In the following chapter the author, after some further observations on demagogues, draws a parallel of the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, and bestows the palm of oratory on the former, in opposition to the whole tribe of academicians: and in the twelfth and last, relates the consequences of the battle of Cheronæa, the final surrender of the commonwealth to Antipater,—and concludes with the subversion of the republic of Athens.

An Appendix is added, containing notes to explain and illustrate the work, in which the author has shewn that his classical knowledge is not inferior to his political judgment. Upon the whole, this volume, notwithstanding the eccentricity of the style, (if we may be permitted the expression) which we have already noticed, and cannot but lament, is such as to do equal credit to the writer's head and heart. Anecdotes of the author will be given in a future Number.

The History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham. By William Hutchinon, F. A. S. Vol. I. 4to. 2l. 1s. Robinon. 1786.

(Concluded from Page 176.)

HAVING in a former Number given a slight sketch of the origin and nature of the palatine power of the bishops of Durham, we now, according to promise, proceed to lay before our readers a concise account of some of the most remarkable occurrences in the history of that diocese, together with some of the leading traits in the characters of the most eminent prelates who have filled the see.

The first bishop who united the temporal with the spiritual duties, was *Walcher*, who was consecrated at Winchester in the year 1072. This union was, however, by no means agreeable to the Northumbrians, who were previously dissatisfied with the Norman accession. They regarded the bishop in his civil capacity, in a light they had never seen any of St. Cuthbert's successors, and from their hatred to one

of his character, lost their reverence for the other; and the bishop's improper choice of ministers and favourites increased their discontent. His kinsman, Gilbert, was entrusted in the administration of the earldom, who encouraged his soldiers to treat the people with intolerable insolence, taking away by force whatever their wantonness of power dictated, and putting to death even those of higher rank. His chaplain, Leofwin, who was his archdeacon in ecclesiastical matters, and chief confidant in all private affairs, has been charged with purloining the ornaments and treasures of the church, and distributing them among his kinsfolk. A Saxon nobleman, named Leulph, no less eminent for his personal virtues than his extensive possessions, having suffered from the indiscriminate depredations of the deputy, remonstrated to the bishop against the improper conduct of his *vice-comes* and archdeacon. This so enraged Leofwin, that he solicited Gilbert to put him to death, who, equally actuated by resentment, readily undertook it; and besetting his house with troops in the nighttime, put Leulph with the greatest part of his family to the sword. This act of violence enraged the Northumbrians, by whom the deceased was greatly respected, and they anxiously waited a proper opportunity to revenge the horrid massacre of this innocent family on the bishop, whom they supposed privy to the crime, as he suffered the perpetrators of it to go unpunished. An opportunity soon offered, when the bishop fell a victim to the fury of the populace. The following is Mr. Hutchinson's account of this dreadful catastrophe.

"Not long after the foregoing transaction, the bishop held a public assembly of his council and ministers at Gateshead, to which the suitors repaired, and trusting to the veneration hitherto paid to the sacredness of his office, he neglected to take a sufficient military force to secure him from injury. The appearance of the people immediately indicated mischief; they were not to be restrained, were insolent and refractory. The bishop was at length alarmed for his safety when it was too late to procure succour. He called his officers to assure the people, that part of the business of the assembly was to make restitution to the relations of the deceased. The rage of the populace increased to such a degree, that he at length offered to bring Leofwin to trial, that the law might determine his fate: but the mob were so tumultuous, they refused to submit to the

common forms of justice. The bishop perceived it was too late to appease them; they displayed a total contempt of his authority as Earl, or sanctity as Bishop; they beset the house with a clamour which struck the whole assembly with terror; and on a watch-word being pronounced from every quarter, which some of the monastic orders have recorded, "*Short rest, good rest, flee ye the Bisshope,*" they discovered their arms, which hitherto were concealed under their garments. The few guards the bishop brought with him, who dreading no mischief had dispersed themselves, were surrounded and put to the sword. The bishop privately retreated to the church, whither he summoned a few of the chief men of each party, to propose terms of amity and satisfaction. Those who conceived they could influence the mob, went out to appease them, but without respect of persons many were slain. The bishop commanded Gilbert to go forth, and endeavour to reconcile their wrath, but he was an immediate victim to their vengeance. Some of the rioters set fire to the church, whilst others guarded the door, and put every one to death that attempted to depart. Those who remained within, no longer able to endure the force of the flames, rushed out, and were instantly slain. The last of the assembly was the venerable prelate; his heart was overwhelmed with affliction for the death of his people: whilst his benevolence lamented their unhappy exit, he was denied all the feelings his own approaching fate might have inspired in a less generous bosom; for he could not hope that his life would be spared by the savage and mad multitude. Between the impending evils, for a moment, he was indeterminate what death he should die. The fire urged him to the sword of the enemy; the enemy drove him back to the flames. At length no time was left to irresolution. The fire blazed upon him on every hand. Putting up a short prayer to Heaven, he advanced towards the howling and clamorous multitude. With one hand he made a fruitless signal to command silence; with the other he sanctified himself with the sign of the cross; and, folding himself in his robe, he veiled his face, and was instantly pierced to the heart with a lance. The venerable, the awful remains of the man did not stay their brutality; his death did not satiate their vengeance; for they inhumanly mangled his body with their swords."

This catastrophe happened on the 14th of May 1080. The secular clergy were suspected

suspected of having assisted to spirit up the discontent of the people against the bishop's administration. The king, highly provoked, sent his brother Odo, bishop of Baieux, to punish those guilty of this outrage. Odo having crossed the Tyne, the chiefs of the offenders fled; he then laid waste the country, put many to death, and mutilated others who were related to the murderers, and unable to pay the price set on their heads, desolating that part of the province so as to render it a dreary solitude and desert.

The next memorable circumstance is, the usurpation of the see by William Cumin, who was chaplain to his predecessor, Galfrid Rupes, who died in 1140. Perceiving the bishop's dissolution was approaching, he gained the confidence of those about his person, particularly such as had the custody of the castle, who engaged to deliver up the palace and tower to him immediately on the bishop's death. He cautiously concealed his plan from the prior and archdeacon, and set out for the court of Scotland to secure his sovereign's assistance in obtaining the bishopric. During his absence the bishop died; his death, however, was kept secret for some days, and on the Sunday after his interment, Cumin returned, armed with the powers of the king of Scotland, who favoured his pretensions, and used every influence to induce the people to submit to his authority. He took possession of the castle, by the command of the empress, and easily gained over several of the most powerful barons. Every persuasion and argument, however, proved ineffectual to prevail on the prior and archdeacon to elect him to the bishopric. All efforts proving vain, the legate was applied to, who gave judgment against such intrusion, and pronounced an interdict against Cumin, if he persisted in assuming the episcopal function without a due election. Notwithstanding these obstacles, Cumin prepared to receive the pastoral staff and ring from the empress, but was prevented by her being obliged, previously to the time appointed for that ceremony, to quit London. He accompanied the empress in her flight, and soon after arriving at Durham, found the king of Scotland there: the prior and convent, however, remaining inexorable, he was left in possession of the castle, as *custos* of the temporalities for the empress. But after the king's departure, not regarding himself as *custos*, but as possessing the authority of bishop, he received the homage of all the barons, except Roger de Coniers, and made the burgesses of Durham swear

fidelity to him. Not being able to bend the determined resolution of the old archdeacon, he persecuted and banished him the country. Ranulf having found means to approach the king, laid his injuries before the throne. Cumin was ordered to make restitution, but he despised every sentence pronounced against him. A monk at length, who was in the secret confidence of Cumin, was sent abroad to accomplish a project concerted between them, and which afterwards came fully to light. After a proper time being elapsed, the monk returned with forged letters from the pope, and an imitation of the apostolical seal, approving Cumin's election, and commanding the legate to molest him no further in his episcopal function. But the abbot of Melros suspecting the fraud, used every means to discover the artifice, and at length prevailed on the monk to confess the whole device. Innumerable injuries were during this time devised against the convent by the usurper; at the expiration, however, of three years, the messengers sent to Rome by the prior and convent returned with letters from the Holy See, commanding them to elect their bishop within forty days; and notwithstanding the vigilance of Cumin to watch the motions of the brotherhood, some of them escaped to York, and elected William de St. Barbara, who with great reluctance submitted to the dignity, and was, after a due examination of the nature of his election, consecrated at Winchester, on the 20th of June, 1143. Cumin had the audacity to send his letters, sealed with the chapter seal, not only to the assembly to forbid the election, but also to the legate to prohibit his consecration; which being disregarded, he persecuted the members of the convent with the utmost virulence, and notwithstanding every endeavour, kept possession during a year and four months; at the expiration of which time, contrary to every one's expectation, on the bishop's arrival at Durham, accompanied by the archbishop of York, and bishop of Carlisle, on the festival of St. Luke, Cumin, in deep contrition of his offences, prostrated himself at the bishop's feet, and voluntarily delivered up the castle, with all the territories of the palatinate, without stipulating any provisions in his favour, and took an oath to make good any damages the see had suffered by his intrusion, as far as in his power lay.

Nothing very remarkable occurs in the History of the Diocese till the time of bishop Bek, who was elected on the 14th

of July, 1283; who, previous to his elevation to the prelacy, enjoyed much church preferment, holding, besides the archdeaconry of Durham, five ecclesiastical benefices, with cure of souls, in the province of Canterbury. In the year 1294, the bishop was sent ambassador to the emperor of Germany, to conclude a treaty with that potentate against the increasing power of France. In 1295, the pope having sent two cardinals to the English court, this prelate was pitched upon to answer them in the king's name. The metropolitan see of York, having commenced a claim of jurisdiction over the see of Durham, the archbishop, while bishop Bek was accompanying the king on the northern borders, sent two of his clerks, by the pope's authority, to Durham, with official letters of citation, and canonical mandates. The bishop's officers esteeming this an intrusion on the privileges of the see, imprisoned the messengers in the castle of Durham, and held them in close durance till the bishop's pleasure could be known; who approved of their conduct, and ordered the prisoners to be detained, in defiance of the archbishop's admonitions to enlarge them. The archbishop in consequence issued his precept to the prior of Boulton, to excommunicate the bishop in the churches of Allerton, Darlington, and other places. The prior obeyed the mandate, and a complaint being brought before parliament the ensuing year, the archbishop was adjudged to be committed prisoner to the Tower, notwithstanding his pall; and enforced to enter into a recognisance, with sureties, to pay a fine of 4,000 marks to the king, notwithstanding his insisting on his archiepiscopal privilege, and the mediation of the nobles in his behalf.

This bishop, amongst his other qualities, had an unbounded arrogance of mind. He attempted to break in upon the privileges of the convent, which he wished to govern as his caprice or pride might dictate. Violent dissensions ensued between the bishop and prior, and the king was obliged to interpose as mediator, who declared that the party first infringing the accommodation should make him his bitter enemy; and accordingly, on the bishop renewing his acts of violence, the king warmly espoused the part of the convent. The dissension of the monks was succeeded by a breach between the bishop and his people, who complained that he compelled them to attend him in the war with Scotland, and when some refused without leave, he cast them into

prison; which they pleaded was a violation of their privileges, they holding their lands by service of defending the body and possessions of St. Cuthbert, and not being compellable to march out of the confines of their bishopric.

Under these increased offences the king seized the liberties of the Palatinate, and appointed Robert de Clifford custos thereof. The bishop remained deprived till the parliament was assembled next year, when an agreement was entered into between the bishop and the men of his province, and they obtained many privileges. The bishop appears to have made submission to the king; for after the abovementioned agreement, he was again received to the royal favour, and his bishopric restored. In the year 1306 he was again deprived for various new offences, the king seeking every occasion to humble him, as well as gratify an implacable hatred which rankled in his heart, and prevented his ever being reconciled to him after the second breach.

This bishop in many instances shewed great resolution, particularly in his answer to the archbishop, when he enjoined him by his canonical obedience to excommunicate the prior and heads of the convent. "I was consecrated their bishop yesterday," he replied, "and shall I excommunicate them to-day? No profession of obedience shall induce me to so inconsistent an act." And again, when the king, at Lincoln, asked him whether he stood with him against the earls Marshall and Hereford and other barons assembled there, he boldly answered, "That those personages were assiduous in the promotion of the honour and interest of the king and realm, therefore he stood with them, and not with the king against them." "Had his other principles," says our author, "been as noble, his character would have been as illustrious as his life was magnificent. But his pride was prevalent in every action of his life: it was the bias by which every part of his conduct was influenced; and that pride affronted brought forth implacable aversion, as was seen in his contests with the convent, in which it is evident he could not brook the indignity of contradiction. He was pleased with military parade and martial discipline; but though desirous of a retinue of soldiers about him, he affected a seeming indifference and negligence towards them, and shewed no concern whilst the greatest nobles bent the knee to him, and officers of the army waited standing as he sat. He thought nothing too dear that could contribute to his

his public fame for magnificence; as an instance of which, Graytanes tells us, one time in London he paid forty shillings (now about 8*l.* sterling money) for forty fresh herrings, when they had been refused by the most opulent persons in the realm, then assembled in parliament. At another time he bought a piece of cloth, which was held up at so high a price, that, proverbially, it was said to be too dear for the bishop of Durham, which he ordered to be cut into cloths for his sumpter horses. He seized the king's palfrey as a deadend, it having killed its rider in the way to Scotland within the liberties of his palatinate. He was so impatient of rest, that he never took more than one sleep, saying it was unbecoming a man to turn from one side to the other in bed. He was perpetually riding from one manor to another, or hunting, or hawking. Though his expenses were very great, he was provident enough never to want money. He always rose from his meals with an appetite; and his continence was so singular, that he never looked a woman full in the face; whence, in the translation of St. William of York, when the other bishops declined touching the saints' remains, through a conscientiousness of having forfeited their virginity, he alone boldly handled them, and assisted at the ceremony with due reverence:"

On the demise of bishop Kellow, A. D. 1316, Louis de Bellomonte, vulgarly called Beaumont, was, through the interest of the queen, elected bishop. The accounts given of him say, "He was of exalted birth, was well-favoured in his countenance, but crippled and lame of both his feet, and a miserable figure for the pontifical dignity. He was strictly continent, but in his other manners wholly laical, and so exceedingly illiterate, that when he attempted to read in public the Bull for his sacred office, which he had been taught to spell for several days together, he could not utter it intelligibly; so that when he came to the word *metropolitica*, and hammered over it for a considerable time, he cried out in his mother-tongue, *soit pour dict*, "let us suppose it read."—In going on with this instrument, impatient of an intolerable task, where even a fool would have blushed in his conscientiousness of incapacity, when he came to the words in *enigmate*, he could not proceed one jot; but with a vacant grin, which was intended to express facetiousness, he exclaimed, *Par Saint Louis, il n'est pas curtois qui ceste parole ici efcrit*. "By St. Louis, it is not courteous that this word is written here."

In the year 1406, Thomas Langly, lord chancellor of England, was elected to this see. Through his interest he obtained from the Crown the royal charter by letters patent, dated in the 3th year of king Henry IV. (by way of exemplification of preceding grants) in confirmation of the liberties and privileges conferred on the bishops by the several potentates since the establishment of the see. Large extracts from this charter are given in the notes. In 1409, he obtained a confirmation of the judgment given by Parliament touching the liberties of the palatinate, enquired of under the statute of *quo warranto* in the year 1293. In 1433, a warm inquisition was held under royal authority against the bishop's prerogatives and jurisdictions. The proceedings, though violent, proved a remarkable support of the immunities and privileges of the county palatine, and the bishop's regal authority and right.

In 1522, on the decease of Dr. Ruthall, the celebrated cardinal Wolsey was appointed bishop of the see. The events of this prelate's life being so universally known, we pass them over in silence, and proceed to his successor, Cuthbert Tunstall, in whose time the dissolution of the monasteries took place, when the priory of Durham was surrendered by Hugh Whitehead, then prior. An act having passed vesting all religious houses with their rights, lands, and possessions in the Crown, the king, in virtue of it, in 1541, founded the cathedral church, and appointed a dean and twelve prebendaries therein for ever. By this foundation charter, the surrendering prior was appointed the first dean, and twelve of the most eminent of the fraternity prebendaries, and were incorporated by the appellation of *The Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of Christ and the Blessed Mary the Virgin*, and had a common seal granted them, with power to the dean for the time being to appoint inferior officers, &c.; and in the same year the king, by letters patent, endowed the church with all its former possessions, having previously dissolved the inferior cells dependant thereon.

In the succeeding reign bishop Tunstall was dismissed the council-board, on account of his opposition to the Reformation; and soon after committed to the Tower on an accusation of misprison of treason. About the same time a project was said to be formed of dividing the bishopric into two, and founding a new one at Newcastle, which, however, did not take place. In the year 1553 an act pas-

fact, whereby the town of Gateshead was annexed to Newcastle, and severed from the bishopric of Durham. On Mary's accession to the throne, Tunstall was released from the Tower, and a commission issued to hear and determine an appeal entered by him against the act of Edward's Commissioners by which he was deprived; and on a return thereto an act of parliament was founded for re-erecting the Bishopric of Durham, and re-uniting Gateshead thereto, and restoring bishop Tunstall. King Edward having granted away great part of the lands, and these grants having been confirmed by Parliament, the House of Commons knew not how to get over this fact; but the bishop himself coming into the House, and laying before them the hardships he had suffered, after many warm debates the bill passed by a division of 201 against 120. The corporation of Newcastle strenuously opposed this act; but this opposition was given up, on a promise from the bishop to grant the corporation a long lease of a parcel of land called the Salt Meadows, and the tolls of the town of Gateshead, which accordingly was granted in 1554 for a term of 450 years, and confirmed by the Chapter.

Soon after the bishop's restoration, the queen granted the patronage of all the prebends of the cathedral to him and his successors, which was before in the Crown.

It was hoped, when the Reformation took place in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, that Tunstall would have readily come into it; he, however, refused taking the oaths of supremacy, and was in consequence deprived, and committed in free custody to Matthew Parker, archbishop elect of Canterbury, where he was entertained in a most kind, friendly, and brother-like manner. He did not continue long in that retired and private condition, for he died in November 1559, aged 85.

Our author sums up bishop Tunstall's character as follows: "He was an accomplished, learned, and excellent prelate, and author of many valuable works; highly beloved, admired, and praised by all his learned contemporaries both at home and abroad, and by many illustrious persons of every persuasion since. Nothing redounds more to his praise than that, although he was firmly attached to the religion of his ancestors, he was of a truly liberal and tolerant spirit towards those who differed from him in their religious opinions; a quality rarely found in those times, when religion was too often made a pretence by each party to persecute one

another. It is related of him, highly to his honour, that one Mr. Russell, a reformed preacher, being brought before him at Auckland, he ordered him immediately to be dismissed, humanely saying, "Hitherto we have had a good report among our neighbours; I pray you, bring not this man's blood on my head."

By an act passed in the first year of Elizabeth, enabling the queen, upon the avoidance of any bishopric, to take into her own hands certain of the temporal possessions thereof, this see suffered great diminution of revenue: the queen, it appears, seized nearly 1000*l.* per annum, which was not restored till 1565. Dr. Richard Barnes, who was elected in 1577, alienated to the Crown the royal franchise of Norham, and sundry other lands of the bishopric.

Barnes was succeeded by Hutton, who in 1594 was translated to York. This prelate was a man of great learning, and one of the ablest preachers of his time. It is remarkable that he had three wives before he had a bishopric. During his time the queen made two great innovations on the privileges of the bishopric; the first was her nominating to the twelfth prebendary of the cathedral church; and the other, granting a charter of incorporation to Hartlepool.

On Dr. Hutton's translation, Dr. Tobias Matthew was elected, a person greatly respected for his learning, eloquence, conversation, friendly disposition, and the sharpness of his wit. Sir John Harrington gives the following account of him: "During his abode there, being Dean of Christ Church, it was hard to say, whether he was more respected for his great learning, eloquence, authority, and countenance given him by the queen and great ones; or beloved for his sweet conversation, friendly disposition and bounty, that even then shewed itself; and above all a cheerful sharpness of wit, that so sauced all his words and behaviour, that well was he, in the university, who could be in the company of Toby Matthew; and his name grew so popular and plausible, that they thought it a derogation to their love to add any title of Dr. or Dean to it; but if they spoke of one of his men, as he was ever well attended, they would say, Mr. Matthew, or Mr. Toby Matthew's men."

Pun and quibble were, in his time, in high vogue, and no man was to expect preferment in that age, either in church or state, who was not a proficient in that kind of wit. Our readers will judge of the bishop's claims in this way, from the following

following anecdote related of him by Fuller. "Being vice-chancellor of Oxford, and once slight matters and men coming before him, one man was very importunate to have the court stay for his counsel. Who is your counsel? says the vice-chancellor. Mr. *Leaseed*, answers the man. Alas! replies the vice-chancellor, no man can stand you in *leis plead*. No remedy! adds the other,—Necessity has no law! Indeed, quoth he, no more I think has your chancellor."—This prelate, if we may be allowed a pun in our turn, was literally a *great preacher*, having, as appears by his own account, which he kept regularly, preached 721 sermons whilst he was dean of Durham, 550 during the time he was bishop of that see, and 721 while he was archbishop of York, in all 1992 sermons.—Preaching, at that time, was deemed an indispensable duty.—*Tempora mutantur.*

Dr. Matthew married Frances Barlow, daughter of Barlow bishop of Chichester. The following inscription on her monument in York cathedral, contains so remarkable a circumstance, that we cannot omit it.

"FRANCES MATTHEW,

"First married to Mart. Parker, sonne to Matth Parker, Archbp. of Cant. afterwards to Tobie Matthew, that famous Archbp. of this see. She was a woman of exemplary wisdom, gravity, piety, beauty, and indeed all other virtues, not only above her sex but the times. One exemplary act of hers, first devised upon this church, and through it flowing upon the country, deserves to live as long as the church itself: The library of the deceased Archbp. consisting of about 3000 books, the gave en-

tirely to the public use of this church;—a rare example that so great care to advance learning should lodge in a woman's breast: but it was the less wonder in her, because herself was of kin to so much learning. She was the daughter of Will. Barlow, Bp. of Chichester, and in king Henry VIII.'s time embassador into Scotland, of the ancient family of the Barlows in Wales. She had four sisters married to four Bishops; one to William Whickham Bp. of Winchester, another to Overton Bp. of Coventry and Litchf. a third to Westphaling Bp. of Hereford, and a fourth to Day, that succeeded Whickham in Winchester: so that a Bishop was her father, and an Archbishop her father-in law; she had four Bishops her brothers, and an Archbishop her husband. When she had lived 75 years, the 10th of May she changed this life as full of honour as of days, A. D. 1629."

During the usurpation of Cromwell, the see was dissolved; bishop Moreton experienced a variety of sufferings, and the Palatinate and see underwent great changes, which our limits will not permit us to particularize. At the Restoration, when the state was restored to its former order, and the church re-established in its dignities and offices, John Cosin, dean of Peterborough, was elected to this bishopric; but for an account of him and the succeeding prelates, we must refer our readers to the book itself. An account of the revenues of the see, as far as they are publicly known, with many other curious particulars, and the antiquities of the county, are promised to be given in the second volume of this work, which will render it even more interesting than the present one.

History of the War with America, France, Spain, and Holland, commencing in 1775, and ending in 1783. By John Andrews, L. L. D. In four Volumes, with Portraits, Maps, and Charts. Fielding. 11. 10s. Boards.

THE history of transactions that have happened so lately, and excited such violent animosities and altercations in this country, is certainly an hazardous attempt. No performance of this kind, written and published *recentibus odiis*, can expect to escape the censures of the passionate and prejudiced, who form, at times, the most numerous portion of society. Whatever impartiality a writer may profess, he will always be suspected of inclining to one side more than to the

other. In the present instance the warmth and inveteracy which attended that unhappy contest, still subsist with little abatement; and the opinions that influenced the world at its commencement are occasionally maintained with as much fervour as ever.

In the diversity of ideas on so important a subject, it is the duty of an historian to give the preference to none, but to lay them all impartially before his readers. Due attention has been paid to

this rule in the History now before us. Whatever may be the private sentiments of the author, he has taken peculiar care to abstain from all invectives, and neither to condemn or justify the proceedings of either party. He has set them before the public, without endeavouring to prepossess in favour of either side, and has left it to judge from the sole influence of matters of fact and universal notoriety.

Such appears in general to have been his design; but whether the world will think him sufficiently candid and unbiased, is much a doubt. Those who are enemies to the Americans, will probably accuse him of being too lukewarm in the cause of his country: the favourers of America, on the other hand, will be as ready to think he has not done them proper justice, and that he is fearful to offend by speaking disagreeable truths.

This is by no means a surmise. Whenever this performance has been brought into conversation in our hearing, the opinions of people have usually differed respecting its candour or partiality, as they happened to be friends to Great Britain or to America; each side deeming it rather partial to the other.

It has, however, been observed, that this very difference of opinion is no incompetent proof that the author has adhered to the rules of moderation. Had he completely pleased either of the parties concerned, he could not certainly

have done it but at the expence of veracity.

One may consistently with candour acknowledge, that his performance is tinged with no malevolence or personal prejudice, and studiously avoids describing facts or representing individuals with any inveteracy or prepossession. This indeed was a duty particularly incumbent upon him. The judgments passed upon the principal actors and transactions in that unfortunate quarrel, differ so often, and so widely, that no individual can be blamed for suspending his own opinion: if it is an error, it is on the side of modesty, and has, for that reason, a just claim to be forgiven.

To those who delight chiefly in the recital of facts, the parliamentary discussions and debates will perhaps appear too copious and extended; but there being as many who require ample information in such matters, the author, we may suppose, thought they had an equal right to be gratified.

The remarks interspersed throughout the work, relating to the circumstances, politics, and characters of the various states and nations interested in the late scenes, are judicious and pertinent, and convey clear and proper ideas of the temper and system of the times.

The style of this performance is correct and perspicuous; and it is written all together with much elegance and spirit.

A Serious Admonition to the Public on Bay. London.

THE author of this pamphlet, after some common-place remarks on the glorious privilege of an Englishman to rail at every minister and every measure, whether right or wrong, proceeds to point out the consequences which are threatened by, what he terms, the present rash and ill-advised plan of sending the convicts to Botany Bay. He, in the first place, declares it to be a violation of the charter of the East India Company, which grants them an exclusive trade and navigation from the Cape of Good Hope to the Streight of Magellan; or, in other words, to all countries to the east of Africa, and west of America.

Application, he says, was last year made to the Company for their permission to settle Norfolk Island, in 29 deg. S. latitude, opposite to the east coast of New-Holland. To this the Company

the intended TRIF-COLONY at Botany J. Sewell. 1786.

gave a "positive negative," founded on the opinion of Mr. Dalrymple, who, at the request of the Directors, gave his reasons at large against that measure.

One of the things proposed by this establishment, was the supplying India with cordage and masts, the want of which had been frequently and severely felt by our fleets stationed in that quarter. Considering the situation of Norfolk Island, and the length of the passage to Madras, Mr. D— thinks it would be little short of madness to leave a squadron dependant on so precarious a supply.

"The establishment of a colony in that quarter, wherever it be fixed," Mr. Dalrymple goes on to remark, "must have a view to New Holland: and if an European colony be established on that extensive country, it is obvious it must become

become very soon independent, and I will add, very dangerous to England.

"In most new established colonies, men devote themselves to husbandry; but the probable consequence of a colony on New Holland would be their addicting themselves to piratical excursions among the islands on the coast of China. The long tranquility of the Chinese has so enervated them, that an European vessel of 100 tons would capture the largest and richest junk of the Chinese; or the crew might land with impunity, and commit the greatest excesses. The fatal consequences liable to ensue, are too obvious to require much discussion. The regular trade at Canton would be subject to demands for indemnification, beyond the extent of its whole property, and the lives of those concerned in it forfeited for the transgressions of these pirates, who would be beyond reach, if divided, and too formidable for punishment, if united.

"It, therefore," he concludes, "behoves the Company, as the guardians of the public welfare, to oppose every attempt to break in upon the exclusive charter, more essentially necessary now we have such an interest at stake in India."

Such being the natural propensity of the strong to prey upon the weak, the author infers the cause of apprehension of piratical excursions would be infinitely increased by the present project of sending the convicts thither. He considers it as encouraging rather than deterring felons to send them, at the public expence, to a good country, and temperate climate, where they will be their own masters, as it will be impossible, he says, to keep them on the spot in subjection, after they are landed in an unsettled country like New Holland, without a line of circumvallation of armed

men, which would be attended with an enormous expence.

He accordingly considers them as absolutely left to themselves, and proceeds to examine the probable incitements to dependance or independence. If an intercourse be kept up with this country, it would act, he says, as a two-edged weapon, to promote smuggling at home, and to cover that worst of all kinds of illicit trade, the increase of the trade of foreigners, carried on by Englishmen and English property under false colours. If, on the other hand, an intercourse be not kept up with the colony, then the necessities of the people will drive them immediately to provide for themselves by excursions, as such men cannot be supposed to be restrained by any principles of justice. It therefore must be the height of folly to expose our possessions and commerce in the East Indies to so much hazard, without some great and important motive.

To obviate all these difficulties, the author proposes, instead of sending the convicts to Botany Bay, to have them conveyed to the island of Tristan da Cunha, in 37 deg. S. latitude, between Africa and America, as the voyage would not only be shorter, but from the situation of the island all governors and guards would be unnecessary, and of course that expence be saved. An account of Tristan da Cunha is annexed from Mr. Dalrymple's nautical publications. Some of the hints thrown out in the pamphlet may merit attention; but, upon the whole, we cannot bestow much commendation on it: the language in general is far from being elegant, it even in some instances borders on vulgarity; and the author is not successful in his attempts to be facetious at the expence of ministers.

An Historical Narrative of the Discovery of New Holland and New South Wales.

Containing an Account of the Inhabitants, Soil, Animals, and other Productions of those Countries, and including a particular Description of BOTANY BAY. Illustrated with a Chart of New Holland, New South Wales, Botany Bay, and the new discovered Islands in the North and South Pacific Ocean, from 30 deg. N. to 50 deg. S. Latitude, and from 90 to 225 deg. Longitude, East, from the Meridian of Greenwich. 4to. 1s. 6d. Fielding.

THIS compilation appears to us to be faithfully executed. The reader is presented with a chronological series of the discoveries that have been made of the country and its productions; and we have no doubt will receive pleasure in having the whole mass of information

relative to it brought into so small a compass. We have only to lament that the editor has not enlarged more fully on the advantages of the intended settlement, as the hints he has inserted towards the end of the pamphlet induce us to suppose him master of the subject.

GENERAL REMARKS on the DISCOVERIES made in the NORTH.

[From Dr. J. R. FORSTER'S "History of Voyages to the North."]

THE globe of this earth, as far as we hitherto know it, contains a much greater quantity of land elevated above the surface of the sea, in the northern part, than do the opposite polar regions in the south, which, to those who have explored them, have constantly exhibited nothing but a wide extensive sea. On this principle it is that I have endeavoured to demonstrate, in a former work, that in all probability the northern regions, taken collectively, are warmer particularly in summer, than the southern. See my "Observations made during a Voyage round the World," p. 99. In fact, the great depth of the sea absorbs the solar rays; which, likewise, are not capable of imparting warmth to the prodigiously extensive, an withal denser sea, so easily as they do to the much more rarified fluid of the atmosphere. The land, on the contrary, reflects the rays of the sun in every direction; in consequence of which they cross each other; and observations have shewn, that it is by its collected beams only that the sun is capable of generating a considerable degree of warmth. This is confirmed by the experience of all navigators in the northern regions, who, when between the 70th and 80th degrees of latitude, frequently speak of a heat powerful enough to melt the pitch with which the ship is paid. On the other hand, in the south, the temperature of the air is much colder; and in those parts they never enjoy the comforts of a warm day.

In the cold countries there are a great many different species of talc and mica; as likewise a great quantity of the steatites and lapis ollaris; particularly in Greenland and Hudson's-Bay, as likewise at Spitzbergen. Volcanic productions are found in great abundance in Greenland, Iceland, the western coast of North America, the Catherine and Kurile islands, and in Kamtschatka. Of metals there has been found native copper in Hudson's-Bay, and in the copper island near Kamtschatka. Bear or Cherry-Island contains a considerable quantity of lead, and likewise some native silver. In Greenland a silver and even gold earth are said to have been discovered.

The coast of Greenland consists entirely of high, sharp-pointed rocks on both sides. In Hudson's-Bay, however, these mountains begin to be less steep; and, in some parts of it, there are even, flat, level shores. Iceland is throughout, as well as Spitzbergen, a high, rocky country. Nova-Zembla has the same appearance. The whole northern coast of Siberia is flat and low. The eastern coast of Asia, as far as to the extreme point

of Kamtschak, is for the most part high and rocky. The American coast, on the contrary, is low and flat; but to the south of Alaska, it begins to be higher.

Hudson's-Bay, Baffin's-Bay, and all the little seas from Labrador to Cape Farewell, are evidently made by the sea having broken in upon the land. This likewise appears from the lofty top of Cape Farewell, and the high rocks on the eastern side of Resolution and Salisbury Islands, and of all the islands in Hudson's-Bay, which terminate in flats to the westward, as though the earth had been washed away from them by a flood rushing on them from the east. Greenland has an inlet to the eastward of it, and to the westward an island, viz. Iceland. Spitzbergen has a promontory in the south-west, and to the south-east an island. All the shores of the icy-Sea along Siberia, are flat; and the seas that lie to the northward of this country are very shallow. What we had to observe, with respect to the physical influence of the situation of the sea between Asia and America, near Kamtschatka, has been already touched upon.

The seas, in these regions, are very cold, and partly covered with ice. The observation, that the ocean freezes here even so early as in August or September, and that in winter it is covered over, in the space of one night, with ice several inches thick, is now fully confirmed. The ice, therefore, is not the production of the rivers running into the ocean, but of the ocean itself. The large masses are impelled by the wind one over the other, and thus form thick and lofty clumps of ice. But various are the ways in which ice is formed. We can never say, this is the method which Nature pursues in producing a certain effect; for she has a variety of means to accomplish her intentions, which man is not able to discover otherwise than by slow degrees. In the beginning of winter the ocean is not so cold as at the commencement of summer, subsequent to the tedious long winter in those parts. The winds in the icy-Sea are very boisterous, and, when they blow over the large fields of ice there, intolerably cold. Easterly winds also are more common in the arctic circle than any other. The same, too, has been remarked before in the antarctic polar regions. Fogs are, in these climates, very common, and consequently render the navigation there very dangerous. These fogs, by their pressure, keep down all the vapours which would otherwise rise up into the atmosphere; for which reason they have frequently an offensive smell. Thunder and lightning are very

rare in these parts; partly by reason that the northern lights, which often are very frequent, consume and waste the electrical exhalations; and partly because, in a region covered with eternal snow, from whence but a trifling quantity of snow melts away in the space of several days, the electric matter cannot possibly rise from the earth in any considerable quantity, and collect in order to form the matter of thunder and lightning. The trifling portion which appears in tempests, is thrown into the air from the volcanos in these regions. The abundance of mists and vapours, which are in part frozen, and fill the whole atmosphere, serves likewise to make one phenomenon more frequent and common here than it is elsewhere. Parheliums, and mock moons, are seen very frequently in the north; inasmuch that they have been remarked by many travellers. These very vapours, which in the atmosphere so greatly abound, serve also the beneficial purpose of exhibiting the joyous light of the sun, in these dreary and melancholy regions; almost a fortnight sooner above the horizon than could possibly be done, were the atmosphere in a different state: consequently they contribute to shorten the dismal nights in these countries, and to enliven nature, rendered absolutely torpid by the deadening blasts of winter.

It must be true, the animated, organized creation is scattered with a sparing hand in these dreary climates. The surface of the earth is covered with but few plants; and even those which Nature has in her bounty bestowed upon it, cling close to it, fearing, as it were, to raise their heads from the bosom of their mother into the air, totally deprived, as it is, of warmth, and shivering from the deadly blasts of the north and east winds. Nay, the earth itself is unprepared and unfit to receive and harbour the plants committed to her care. Bare and naked rocks, with a calm intrepidity, present their callous fronts to the attacks of the all-ravaging frost: during the greatest part of the year, indeed, they are covered by a thick bed of snow; consequently they are preserved for a long time without mouldering, and undestroyed. Rain, wind, and heat, alternating with frost, but, above all, the effects of heat, and the fixed air floating in the atmosphere, contribute to dissolve and destroy by degrees the hardest and most solid rocks in temperate and warm climates. The fixed air, accompanied by heat, penetrates deep into the substance of the stones, and dissolves small particles of them, which the rains and wind wash away and carry to a distance, and by this means make the surface of the earth continually more and more capable of receiving and harbouring plants, and all kinds of vegetables. In this earth, from a small seed

brought to it by the wind, at first there is generated a diminutive moss, which spreading by degrees, with its tender and minute texture, which however resists the most intense cold, extends over the whole a verdant velvet carpet. In fact, these mosses are the midwives and nurses of the other inhabitants of the vegetable kingdom. The bottom parts of the mosses, which perish and moulder away yearly, mingling with the dissolved, but as yet crude parts of the earth, communicate to it organized particles, which contribute to the growth and nourishment of other plants: they likewise yield salts, and unguinous phlogistic particles, for the nourishment of future vegetable colonies. The seeds of other plants, which the sea and winds, or else the birds in their plumage, bring from distant shores, and scatter among the mosses, are kindly; and with a truly maternal care, screened by them from the cold, imbued with the moisture which they have stored up for this very purpose, and nourished with their oily exhalations; so that they grow, increase, and at length bear seeds, and afterwards dying, add to the unguinous, nutritive particles of the earth, and at the same time diffuse over this new earth and mosses, more seeds, the earnest of a numerous posterity. Here let us stop for a moment to consider these productions of the vegetable world in a nearer point of view. They are, as we have already observed, planted with a sparing hand in these northern regions; not because Nature acts the part of a step-mother by them, but because the severity of the cold, in these climates, disturbs and puts a stop to her operations, and consequently makes her employ ages to produce effects, for which she has scarcely a few years allowed her, under the benign influence of the sun, in milder regions. Yet, even here, is Nature the same indulgent parent. On the few dwarfish plants that are to be found in these regions, the animals thrive astonishingly; even the liverworts (*Leichen rangiferinus* or *Islandicus*) possess uncommonly nutritive qualities, and make the animals, which feed on them, fat in a short time. On the very shores, scurvy grass, and other plants of this class, present themselves to seafaring persons infected with putrid fevers, and, with their invigorating juices, put a stop in the space of a few days to the ravages of the scurvy.

And, however unpromising these regions may appear, yet neither the sea nor land are destitute of objects, which, besides an organic structure, have the power of voluntary motion, and of consciousness. From the corals to the mammalia, every class of animals has its representative in this otherwise inhospitable climate. Nova-Zembla, Spitzbergen and Greenland, have even their reindeer,

deer, their white bears, and grey foxes; and the country lying to the northward of Hudson's Bay, is inhabited by the bison ox. Hares, mice, and gophers, also, are indigenous in some of these regions. The sea swarms with various sorts of whales and dolphins; while its shores, and the dreary fields of ice that float upon it, serve as a habitation to the numerous species of seals, to which the depth of the ocean, in the immense number of its inhabitants, presents an abundance of food. Of all these northern regions, the northern coast of Siberia alone is constantly inhabited by mankind, if we except America as far as Hudson's Bay and Greenland. The bodies of this race of men are contracted, as it were, by the cold. They are of a brownish-red complexion; their hair is lank, stiff, and black. Their food is fish, seals, and whales; and train-oil is their greatest delicacy. Their ideas, according to our way of thinking, are very confined; yet they manifest, in the formation of many of their implements, and articles of house-furniture, a skill, a dexterity, and capacity, which, at first sight, one would not be apt to imagine they possessed. The complaints we frequently hear of their perfidiousness and cruelty, are entire-

ly groundless. The Europeans, indeed, have often, by acts of violence, by murder, and the perpetration of the greatest cruelties, drawn upon themselves the vengeance of these kind hearted, hospitable people, and at length taught them mistrust. They fulfil the duties of parents with tenderness, resolution, and care, and in circumstances in which thousands of Europeans would neglect their charge. Amidst dangers, amidst the most piercing frosts, snow, and winds, they venture out to sea in small leathern boats to provide food for their children. In short, the more we attend to these objects, the more evidently we shall perceive, in all parts, the traces of the providence, goodness, and wisdom, of a Supreme Being, who dispenses his benefits over the whole universe, and manifests the utmost sagacity and intelligence in the accomplishment of his purposes; all which, in persons of susceptible and feeling hearts, excites the warmest sentiments of gratitude and adoration; and affecting them with the tenderest emotions, draws from their eyes tears of heartfelt joy and admiration. "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!"

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER 30.

MR. Mofs from the theatre in Dublin appeared the first time at Drury-lane in the character of the Miser. Mr. Mofs sustained the part with spirit, and possessed a considerable degree of "vis comica". The frantic scene upon the discovery of the loss of his treasure was happily executed, and he received great applause from the audience, notwithstanding his provincial dialect, and some other defects.

Nov. 13. Mrs. Belfil from Norwich appeared the first time at Covent-Garden in *Belinda*, in *All in the Wrong*. This lady possesses many personal requisites for the stage, and promises, with the aid of time and good instruction, to fill with success those characters now too young for the veteran Abington. Her second performance gave more satisfaction than the first; from which circumstance we are inclined to hope for much future entertainment from her.

14. Mr. King and Mr. Hooke, two new performers, appeared at Covent-Garden in *Young Meadows* and *Hawthorn in Love in a Village*. The former gave no very striking proofs of excellence; and the latter was not permitted to perform the character a second time.

15. Mr. Rock appeared for the first time at Covent-Garden in the Irish Hay-ma-

ker in *Rosina*. He performed the part with the genuine vulgarity incident to that class of people to which the character belongs, and seems likely to be successful in that line of acting.

18. *He Wou'd be a Soldier*, a new comedy by Mr. Pilon, was performed at Covent-Garden with considerable success.

The characters were as follow.

Captain Crevelt	-	Mr. Lewis.
Sir Oliver Oldstock	-	Mr. Quick,
Caleb	-	Mr. Edwin.
Colonel Talbot	-	Mr. Aickin.
Mandeville	-	Mr. Farren.
Count Pierpoint	-	Mr. Wewitzer,
Wilkins	-	Mr. Fearon.
Johnson	-	Mr. Brown.
Amber	-	Mr. Thomson.
Harriet	-	Mrs. Wells.
Mrs. Wilkins	-	Mrs. Brown.
Lady Lucretia Oldstock	-	Mrs. Webb.
And Charlotte	-	Mrs. Pope.

F A B L E.

Colonel Talbot, previous to his embarkation for India, was privately married to a beautiful young girl, an attendant on his mother. By her the Colonel had a boy. Shortly after the birth of his son, he was obliged to go abroad, leaving the child to the care of Jacob Wilkins, an inn-keeper, in Oxfordshire.

shire. The Colonel desired Wilkins to make the son *pois* for his own till his return, which was about twenty-two years, at which period the comedy commences.

The piece opens with Wilkins's wife, followed in the street by Johnson, servant to the Colonel. When she informs Johnson who she is, he tells her that he is in search of her husband, by order of his master, to gain intelligence from him respecting his son, whom he left in his charge. Mrs. Wilkins gives this intelligence to her husband, who declares that the boy, at twelve years old, had run away from him with a recruiting party, as he supposes. Wilkins is almost frantic to know in what manner he shall behave to the Colonel, as if even he should tell the truth, he is afraid it will not be believed, and he shall be taken up for murder. In this dilemma, she advises him to palm his own son, Caleb, on the Colonel as his own, in place of the run-away, to which he consents. Caleb, who is a great rustic booby, is informed of his elevation by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Wilkins, and he assumes all the false consequence of an ill-bred upstart.

Sir Oliver Oldstock, a Baronet, whose trait is to love contradiction, is the father of Charlotte, to whom he intends her as a match to Mandeville, the heir of Colonel Talbot. Hearing, however, that Talbot has a son, he immediately conceives him a more proper husband for his daughter, because he will possess the Colonel's fortune in preference to Mandeville, who is only the next heir. Whimsical and delicate scenes now take place between Caleb, Charlotte, and the Colonel. After every attempt of the Colonel's to punish Caleb proving ineffectual, news is received of the arrival of a Captain Crevelt from the East-Indies. Col. Talbot descants on the virtue and courage of this young officer, and laments that he had not been blessed with such a son, in preference to the illiterate and vulgar-minded Caleb. Although Sir Oliver had at first designed his daughter for Mandeville, as presuming that he was the Colonel's heir, yet Mandeville has fixed his affections not on Sir Oliver's daughter, but on his niece, Harriet. A French Nobleman,

Count Pierpoint, who is very fond of all Englishwomen, pays his addresses to Harriet also, but at first, thro' the medium of Lady Oldstock, who, altho' fifty-four, is still a coquette. A mutual sympathy takes place between Miss Oldstock and Crevelt, which is at length perceived by Colonel Talbot. The Colonel admiring Crevelt's virtue, and being much impressed with gratitude to him, for saving his life in battle, offers to cement their union, and generously bestow upon the Captain half his fortune.—To this step he is instigated, not only from regard, but from a dislike to Caleb's rude and insupportable vulgarity. Sir Oliver, on being informed of the Colonel's donation to Crevelt, is very willing to agree to the match, as it is a maxim with him, to dispose of his daughter and niece only to the most opulent bidder. Johnson having received an amorous billet from Mrs. Wilkins, repairs to her house, and, in the midst of a tender *tete-a-tete*, her husband arrives. Johnson is concealed behind the window-curtains. This leads to a very comic situation, when Johnson is discovered by the enraged husband. He threatens his wife with a divorce, and Johnson with his dismissal from the Colonel's service. At this moment the Colonel and company arrive, in search of Caleb, who is tippling at Wilkins's inn in Smithfield. When Wilkins is attempting to prejudice the character of Johnson to his master, his wife informs the Colonel of her husband's infamous deception, for that Caleb is not his son. A confirmation of her declaration takes place; in the discussion of which, Crevelt, hearing the name of Wilkins mentioned, it leads to the clue of the discovery, that he is the real son of Colonel Talbot. This brings on the denouement, by Crevelt's union with Miss Oldstock, and Mandeville's union with Harriet.

Although there are several defects in this comedy, yet, on the whole, it deserved the applause it met with. Much praise is also due to the performers, who excited themselves very successfully. Mrs. Pope, Mr. Quick, Mr. Edwin, and Mr. Aickin, were particularly excellent, and the rest not greatly inferior.

ON THE GLOBE.

By M. MERCIER.

EMPIRES fall, generations are annihilated, seas change their beds, continents larger than Europe are overwhelmed, mountains are opened by subterranean fires, but the substance of the globe does not seem to feel it; it is a puncture on an orange; the form, the

grapeful, are unalterable, and it is the surface only that is lightly scratched.

Mankind make a great bustle about this surface; they are incessantly labouring to destroy the bent of nature, which inclines to repose, to silence, to diffuseness; they would soon

soon cover the globe with brambles, thick staff, and unwholesome forests, where all vegetables, heaped and confused together, would only open to fall into putrefaction, if man, with his spade, his hatchet, his plough-share, did not give it a new form which constitutes its ornament and beauty. Then, by the various combinations which influence the atmosphere, arises a more pure air which circulates freely, and preserves coolness and life.

The progress of the universe, of the great whole, staggers our thoughts on reflection. This great whole, in its immense and rapid course, by annihilating empires, overturns opinions, systems, destroys facts, changes appearances; and whilst the course of nature seems equal to us, its progression, which is measured by eternity, no longer will allow a distinction of time or place.

Ages are instants, nations individuals, works of genius perishable parchment; every thing falls into the abyss of infinite littleness, and the august mass of the universe seems truly independent of those accessory ages that decorate it.

Newton imagined, that nature being ruled by mechanical laws, would, in time, become old, or that this immense machine would be discomposed by the friction of its own activity. In that case, his own laws being thus weakened, would no longer so strictly bind the suns and worlds. Attraction losing its force, would no longer bind down the planetary system. The motion being slower, would cause the most terrible phenomena. The sun leaving its orbit, would sink into the utmost depth of heaven, pale and obscure; and the earth pursuing an uncertain course, would soon experience cold and darkness in both hemispheres.

The wandering moon would no longer cherish the ocean, and contagion would arise from the immense corrupted waters; death would annihilate the animal race, and the earth rambling in the void space, would exhibit a barren, depopulated aspect.

This description, though dismal, has an appearance of grandeur and majesty; the death of a sovereign who had a glorious reign, has a something solemn in it; his tomb impresses respect, and engages our attention; the dissolution of the universe fills the mind with awe; and the extinction of the human race has less effect on us than that of a friend or a mother.

But could man remain inactive and insensible in the world, whilst so many extraordinary events assail his senses, and open so vast a field for employment? How could he be indifferent whilst so many miracles were wrought? Let the animal confined to vege-

tate, to seek his food, sleep; but can man say, Time lies heavy on my hands, I do not know how to find employment?—a very extraordinary lamentation to proceed from a reasonable being.

We must not look upon the world—as a piece of inanimate clay, a rude heap of stagnated parts; a true circulation every where prevails; all things are animated in this great body. Nature operates in the deepest subterraneous caverns, as well as smiles, and is verdant on the surface. Mines engender, stones grow, waters circulate; a mild heat, a generative quality insinuates itself in the hardest rocks; the mine is organized, as well as the oak which grows on the mountain top. This mass is not an indigested chaos, where matter is heaped together;—it is a true animated body, where the sea is, by its motion, a good representation of the circulation of the blood in the human body.

This soul of the universe supports at once its beauty, its harmony, its duration; and man possesses within him a celestial principle superior to the soul of the world. This is the reason why he sees and admires this great whole; this is the reason why he endeavours to understand it:—from hence arises also the love of order, and those laws which, however whimsical they sometimes are, announce they seek to establish the rights of each being.—Were it not for the tyranny of the passions, every man would be, perhaps, a Plato, or a Marcus Aurelius.

It has been too much the custom, to delight in degrading man, who has raised such durable and beautiful monuments on earth;—he is for ever reproached with his weakness, whilst he perpetually endeavours to overcome it. Man's errors bear the stamp of his genius; he often fears because he combines too many ideas, and their frequency, their multiplicity, deprive them of the necessary perspicuity. The sphere of activity which animated the erroneous genius of the Cardans, the Paracelsus's, the Alberts, was, perhaps, as great as that of the Bacon's, the Descartes's, and the Newtons.—There are such things as sublime errors:—the more ideas we conceive, the more difficult they are to be united. Alas! the activity of human reason sooner discovers his weakness than his incapacity.

Nature, following the eternal laws that has been assigned to it, pays no regard to human labours or systems, or even to man, whose existence seems less essential to order and motion than the current of the most trifling rivulet, or the situation of the smallest hillock.—A rock is one hundred times more durable than a generation of men.

ON MICHAEL DRAYTON.

(Continued from Page 155.)

THE passages I alluded to in Shakspeare and Churchill are the following :

Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid.

Macbeth, Scene iii. Act. 1.

His features, tho' by nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge,
And bury meaning ; save that we might spy
Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his eye.

See Churchill's Independence, p. 200. vol. III.

As a good and natural image take the following : amongst other birds in the Ark, the cock is thus introduced.

The cock the country horologe that rings
The cheerful warning to the sun's awake,
Missing the dawning scantles in his wings,
And to his roost doth sadly him betake.

Moses's Miracles and Birth, 1594.

The following image is fanciful and picturesque, and to which he has given one of his appropriated epithets—*damask-coloured*. Milton talks of a bank *damm'd* with flowers, B. 4. P. Lost, 334. Drayton is speaking of the dove which Noah sent from the Ark.

His sundry-coloured feathers by the sun,
As his swift shadow on the lake doth run,
Causeth a twinkling both at hand and far,
Like that we call the shooting of a star.

1518 Flood.

This, as doth the whole description, far exceeds Milton's. See 855, B. 11. P. Lost.

Homer has been much praised for the beauties of his compound epithets ; they are not unfrequent among our older poets. Drayton has many which Milton occasionally has adopted : it is perfectly in character with the lean and meagre poetry of the day that they should be discontinued, except by the Wartonian school.—What description and beauty is there in such compound epithets as these !—The *morn-lou'd* marigold ; see 2d Eclogue ; upon which flower, if I recollect aright, Thomson has lavished some lines.—*Swallow-winged* joy ; 2d Eclogue. This epithet applied to joy he uses in another part of his works. The following couplets are much in the modern style of polished versification :

If Love's sweet music and his blissful chger
E'er touch'd your hearts, or mollify'd your ear.

1317 Owl.

Thus wearied with the fight of worldly crimes,
The wane of kingdoms, and the change of climes.

1318 Ibid.

Vol. X.

Shakspeare seems to have had almost as many imitators amongst our older poets, as he has admirers among modern readers.

Drayton has some expressions similar to Shakspeare. The owl calls the birds,

" You foolish *burglers* of the field.

1319 Owl.

The Duke in *As You Like It*, Act II. Scene i. says,

Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native *burghers* of this desert city,
&c. &c. &c.

Again, Drayton in his 1st Eclogue,

The buck forsakes the lawns where he hath
fed,

Fearing the hunt should view his *velvet* head.

Shakspeare describes, in the same scene, a deer as

" Left and abandon'd of his *velvet* friends."

Ibid.

The following lines are in the best stile of Churchill and Juvenal :

Hell on the wealth that's purchas'd with
shame,

Gold in the trunk, and in the grave defame.

1312 Owl.

Pope has no superior couplet in all his satires (by the by). The following passages somewhat remind us of him :

As Kings rule realms, God rules the hearts of
Kings.

1295 Owl.

Truth of itself is of sufficient worth,
Nor needs it gloss of art to set it forth.

1298 Ibid.

In the poem of the Owl, the bird in one of his speeches has these lines of himself : in the last I cannot but think there is something wonderfully striking, and for the sake of which only I quoted the passage.

" By night I tower the heaven devoid of
" fear,

" Nor dread the Gryphon to surprize me

" there ;

" And into many a secret place I peep,

" And see strange things whilst you securely
" sleep.

1293 Owl.

I know of no single line in all the works of Milton that equals the following :
The mighty wastes of the unmeasur'd deep.

1544 Flood.

Milton

Milton has a single line somewhat like, though not on the same subject, but I think inferior.

The dark, unbottom'd, infinite abyss.
P. *Loft*, 405. B. 2.

In the Muses Elysium, we find the following articles, a gift of one of the Fairies.

A cup in fashion of a fly,
Of the Lynx's piercing eye.

Mr. Hayley, in his *Triumph of Temper*, (if I recollect right) has the same idea applied to the shield of the Genius who visits *Serena*.—He might have read and remembered this passage.—Drayton's knowledge of Natural History is no where so conspicuous as in his description of the different animals and birds, &c. &c. that attended the Ark: he there mentions the *iron-eating* Ostrich, 1585. He likewise mentions the supposed property of the Halcyon.

There came the Halcyon, whom the sea
obeys,
When she her nest upon the water lays.

Both these circumstances are discussed in Sir T. Blowne's *Vulgar Errors*. I shall conclude this paper with a few extracts, in which he describes the plagues

that fell upon the Egyptians: that of the Grasshoppers is thus mentioned:
Long ere they fell, on the face of Heaven
they hung

In such vast clouds as cover'd all the skies;
Colouring the sun-beams, piercing thro' their
inrings

With strange distraction to beholding eyes.
1592 *Moses's Miracles*.

Milton has a simile in which this plague is introduced, 338, B. 1 P. *Loft*.
These lines, describing the ninth plague, deserve notice.

Over the great and universal face
Are drawn the curtains of the horrid night;
As it would be continually in place,
That from the world had banished the light.
As to the sight, so likewise to the touch,
Th' appropriate object equally is dealt;
Darkness is now so palpable and much,
That as 'tis seen, as easily 'tis felt.

1593 *Ibid.*

Drayton has coined a superlative degree with a Latin termination in one word. His brows encircled with *splendidus* rays. This is a most singular usage—Milton uses in the 8th B. of the *P. Loft*—*virtuoseß, disiecteß*, best, 580.

C—T—O.

(To be continued.)

AN HISTORICAL and CRITICAL ESSAY on CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

[From the Rev. Mr. MASON'S "Collection of Anthems," lately published.]

(Continued from Page 248.)

BUT the art of expressing sentiment by music was in an imperfect state, even in Italy, long after the time of Tallis and Bird in England. Claudio Monteverde, who was, as it is generally thought, the first composer of the Musical Drama, called the *Opera*, published a set of Madrigals in the year 1638, in a preface to which he tells us, "that he is the first who has attempted to express the livelier passions †;" it is not, therefore, to be expected that a hundred years before his time our Church Music should have spirited movement enough in it to convey sentiments of gratitude and thanksgiving, though it might serve to accompany in slow and solemn tones the strains of penitence and supplication: and therefore Dr. Aldrich did judiciously in putting the music, which was originally set to a eucharistical hymn of thanksgiving, to a penitential one, to which

it is evident the supplicatory strain was much better adapted.

It is true, indeed, that in Dr. Aldrich's time, i. e. in the latter part of the 17th century, a great and original Genius arose in this country, who, had he lived longer, or had the best parts of the compositions which he left behind him been made the object of future imitation, "would have gone a great way towards advancing Vocal Music to its desired point of perfection. In proof of this I need only refer to the Anthems of Purcell, which, in point of clear articulation and verbal expression, (to which merit I am here chiefly adverting) are so much superior to all its predecessors, contemporaries, and even successors, that they seem to stand single in this respect: inasmuch, that were they cleared of their scientific modulation, which they might be in many parts without pre-

† These Madrigals are preserved in the library of York Minster: The words alluded to are, "Ne havendo in tutte le compositioni de passati compositori potuto ritrovare esempio del concitato genere, non hen si del molle & temperato." The lovers of ancient music would do well to consider of how very modern a date this first attempt to express the different passions is.

judging their general harmony, they would certainly be the best models of that style which ought to be observed in Church Music.

Yet a studious mind seems in general to acquire, by applying itself to what is ancient, so great a prejudice for it, that I do not wonder the late judicious Dr. Boyce, after having employed himself many years in giving a correct and elegant Score of the Services and Anthems of the older Masters, came to a conclusion very different from this, and declared, in a preface to the last volume, "that the early writers *were not wanting in musical expression* (though not so particularly marked); but that their successors (those which I have allotted to the second Series, deviated from the gravity of their predecessors, and in compliance with the gay taste of Charles II. had adopted a lighter species of music: however, they still preserve a solemnity and *learning* in their compositions which have rendered them lasting monuments of *ingenuity* and expression." Now it is this *learning and ingenuity* that I chiefly object to in them: solemnity and expression I am certain they might have had without it, and the result would have been, that their compositions would have been more intelligible and pathetic. There seems, for instance, to be little learning or ingenuity in that very plain and simple harmony which Purcel has set to *Peace be within thy walls*, and to *Visit me with thy salvation*; yet the expression and pathos of these passages have a greater effect on even the learned ear than any complicated contrivance in fugue or imitation which that sublime genius ever produced. But the musical historian has gone further, and asserted, that Purcel himself followed the example of Humphreys, Wife, &c. who had introduced into their Church compositions such dancing movements as the king had acquired a great fondness for in France. I own I am rather more inclined to give credit to what Purcel himself says in one of his Prefaces, "that he has faithfully endeavoured at a just imitation of the most famed Italian Masters, with a view to bring the gravity and seriousness of that sort of music into vogue and reputation among our countrymen, whose humour it is time now should begin to lose the levity and balladry of our neighbours." It is true, that this Preface was written a year after the death of King Charles II. and prefixed to a set of Sonatas; but supposing he might have honoured the monarch in his secular music, I cannot be persuaded that either he or the other great Masters, ever admitted Coranto

or Gavot movements into their sacred harmony; at least I can find no instance in them of such depravity of taste.

The only fault, therefore, that I would impute to Purcel, is what the mere harmonist would deem his principal merit, that of pursuing the old Masters in sometimes too ostentatious a *shew* of musical learning, by which, though he did not obliterate pathos and expression, he frequently rendered it less forcible and striking; and what is true of him, is still more true of all his predecessors and contemporaries in that art.

It would have been happy for the art if Purcel's successors had attempted to rectify this defect in their own compositions; but instead of doing so they superadded a new one, and this from a natural, and in some degree excusable, cause. For it is here to be observed, that it was not above a century ago, and when Purcel was in the meridian of his short life, that the powers and delicacies of the human voice began to be somewhat attended to. Before that period, to sing, as it is called, in tune and in time, seems to have been the only merit required from the performers; for the old vocal music being almost constantly choral, or moving in a succession of short intervals, it demanded only that every part should be equally audible; it required no flexibility of throat, or delicacy in the organs of sound; for when the performers had so complex a harmony and so simple a melody to attend to, nothing except now and then holding out a note, (the office rather of the lungs than of the throat) was necessary to produce all the execution required; but when air and melody became more prevalent, as they did at this time, the powers of the human voice were more studied and more cultivated: first, indeed, for the use of the Theatre, where the delicacies of a fine voice were more in their place; but they soon, as might be expected, were introduced into the Church. This revolution, as it may be called, in vocal music, though attended with much additional pleasure to the hearer, induced also a new defect in point of simplicity, which, as the old one of complex harmony was not removed, prevented the art from attaining to what I call its perfection in the next century. The defect I mean, is that of long and intricate divisions, unnecessary, if not improper, repetitions of parts of the melody.

The first composer who seems to have given much into this error, is Dr. Croft. In his time it seems there was a very fine Contratenor in the Royal Chapel, called Elford, to whom, in the preface to his Anthems, he gives great and I suppose deserved applause, and for

* Hawkins, p. 360, and p. 497, v. 4.

whose voice he purposely set several Solos. Where a voice (considered as an instrument) is to be shewn, the frittering of one syllable into perhaps almost a century of semiquavers, is perhaps the best and only expedient for shewing its executive powers; for, though it has other powers, and those of a kind which no other instrument can rival, yet the term Execution is generally applied to that volubility of throat which expresses accurately such divisions; and the quicker the succession of notes in these divisions, the more perfect are deemed the performer's powers in this point. This being the case, the reader, I dare say, is ready with his assent to my assertion, that a too great indulgence, or indeed any at all, to the performer in these instrumental tricks, must not only greatly diminish the gravity and solemnity of Church Music, but also render it as a vehicle for words, much less intelligible; and when to this is added the same affectation of science which prevailed before in the composer, it might reasonably be expected that the art would now be rendered totally unfit for the purpose, and that the composer, in this latter period, sacrificing both to his own and the performer's reputation, had rendered his music totally unintelligible.

This, however, is not the fact; for though almost all the Scholars of Croft gave as much as their master into this fashionable folly, yet still when we compare theirs with the works of their predecessors, we find them full as intelligible as those in the second era, and much more so than those in the first. Nor is the phenomenon difficult to account for, if we consider the nature of air and melody, which, when simple and unadulterated with foreign mixtures, never obscure verbal expression. But these Masters, at least in the outset of their strains, were careful to preserve air; and as, for the sake of this, they admitted a variety of melody to many repetitions of the same ven-

bal passage, it is clear that these very repetitions, though blameable in one sense, as taking from solemnity, were yet useful in another, as affording different channels, through some one of which the words would certainly be conveyed to the hearer.

The foregoing remarks, though many of them refer solely to that part of our Cathedral Music called the *Antem*, will yet be found to apply even with greater force to those Hymns which Church Musicians call by the technical term of *Services*, by which they mean the *Te Deum*, *Magnificat*, &c. which the Rubric appoints to be sung after the first and second lessons at Morning and Evening Prayer*.

The music usually applied to these is so peculiar in itself, and differs so much from all other, that it may be called *sui generis*. The length of the majority of these Hymns will not admit them to be set in a continued strain of melody, or with so many repetitions as find their place in Anthems; and being all composed after Bird's old model, they have consequently that defect in point of intelligibility, which has been shewn above to attend on that sort of music. For tho' it must be owned that the more modern Masters have paid greater regard to syllabic accent and emphasis than their predecessors, yet whenever the Laws of Quantity happen to clash with the Laws of Counterpoint, they are ever ready to make the former subservient to the latter, as might be proved from a variety of examples. I have often thought that this defect was owing to the want of a preparatory exercise in the composer, to which if he would submit before he began to arrange either his melody or harmony, he would find it of no little use. Having made an experiment myself of the kind, I will here venture to give a short account of it.

[To be concluded in our next.]

MEMOIRS of a FRENCH OFFICER who escaped from SLAVERY,

[LATELY PRINTED AT THE CLARENDON PRESS AT OXFORD.]

TWELVE years had I passed in the marines, and had been four times to the West-Indies under Messrs. Dampiere and De Monteil, when it pleased his Majesty to promote me to a command in the colonies at Senegal; owing to the rectitude of my conduct in the various departments I had occupied, and the good esteem I had thereby obtained of my superior officers.

Having received my orders, I departed from Paris on the 26th of October, 1783; and I went on board a vessel called the *Two Friends*, commanded by Captain Carlin; and having set the coasting pilot on shore, we proceeded on our voyage.

During the night, the weather grew exceedingly tempestuous, and compelled us to change our course. For four successive days

* I believe they include the *Nicene Creed* under the same title, for it has been usually set to the same kind of music; but in my opinion any music whatever is improper to accompany a solemn declaration of our Faith. It is certainly only in its place, when it tends to express the sentiments either of supplication, penitence, or thanksgiving. Creeds are and must be, of necessity, narrative.

the ship was totally ungovernable. Every hour carried us more and more out of our proper track.

Our lieutenant, a young fellow, filled with presumption, and a novice in his business, had exposed us to these perils. Proud of occupying a post which he had obtained more through patronage than merit, he had shut up the binnacle, and was steering by the stars; and having a quarter-wind, the vessel stood against the wind.

The Captain himself had very little more experience than his lieutenant; for, through a deficiency in knowledge, he took the high mountains, which he saw at a distance, for the coast of Mogador, where there are none. (Our misfortunes, however, have since informed us, that it was Cape Nun, situated about sixty leagues from Mogador.) Far from taking the proper method of avoiding shipwreck, by taking sea-room, he followed the advice of the second captain, and determined to coast it. In fine, on the 17th of January, 1784, at four o'clock in the morning, a fore-wind drove us immediately on shore, at a place remarkably shallow, and covered with a light sand. What an alarm! Great God! The ship half split by the rocks—the miserable cries of the sailors—the horrible roaring of the billows—the rigging torn in pieces by the force of the wind, which increased every moment; the yards and sails carried into the sea with hideous crash; the waves, at intervals, dashing over the decks; the want of knowledge of the place in which we were—and the horrors of darkness rendered death instant and inevitable. We leaped naked on the deck: it was then who could seize a plank, a hen-coop, to prolong a life which fear had nearly deprived us of. Every thing was in confusion: captain, officers, sailors, none were capable of giving orders—none capable of obeying.

At length, the long wished-for day-light appeared: We descried the land, a view of which inspired us. Laying aside our fears, we worked with emulation to clear the deck. The ropes and anchors were presently overboard. Our ship inclined to neither side; thus, fearing the lots of so favourable a position, we cut away the masts.

Despair and rage were painted in the features of the crew. They saw with dread the author of their calamities; and would have killed the lieutenant, if he had not secreted himself.

The captain engaged M. Deschamp, a most excellent swimmer, to go on shore. Without the least hesitation, this courageous young fellow leaped into the sea, with a rope round

his waist, fastened in a loop. Several times he disappeared from us; at last having struggled against the billow, he got his foot on a little hillock, which served him as a resting-place, and gave him time to disentangle the rope from his legs. He at length got to land, his feet and body wounded and bloody, from his having beat himself against the sharp points of the rocks. Scarce had he landed a quarter of an hour, but we saw an animal, somewhat like a dog, run up to him. Our eyes, half blinded through fear and compassion, made us take it at first for a tyger: we addressed our prayers to heaven to see it removed from our company.

All on a sudden the country was covered with a multitude of savages of a tawny complexion, naked, with sabres in their hands, and rushing on with horrible denunciations. M. Deschamp, although emaciated and spent by his endeavours to get to land, threw himself once more into the sea, and attempted to swim back to the ship; but it was now too late—the barbarians ran in after him, and seized him instantly.

Occupied every one of us in thinking of the fate of our unhappy countryman, we turned our eyes toward heaven, and our hands to the barbarians; we implored mercy of these inhuman wretches, but our entreaties were vain. Insensible to our cries, they with impetuosity seized hold of him, and dragged him without pity to the summit of a hill. Here we saw him buried in the sand. Having lighted a fire round him, they danced, and uttered expressions of joy, they suspended him by the heels upon a sort of gallows, and we saw him no more.

What were our feelings at so shocking a spectacle! Some of us thought they meant only to kill him, whilst others maintained they would roast him alive. The howling of the savages, their dances, the little notice they appeared to take of our ship, all concurred to make our ideas melancholy. This new misfortune destroyed all our schemes; uncertain what course to follow, we remained as if deprived of our faculties.

Death appearing to us inevitable, we determined, at all events, to attempt something; but in the instant when we were launching the ship's boat, with an intent to purchase dearly the remainder of our days, a wave tore her from our hands, and she was taken by the savages as food for the flames. Hardened by the frequency of dangers, we were not in the least depressed, but immediately got out the shallop, and loaded it with provisions, fire-arms, money, jewels, and valuables. In two hours she was completely fitted out; but, alas!

the

the cruel waves were more than a match for her strength, and we saw our last hopes come to nought like the former.

The barbarians increased in number on the shore. We were deprived of embarkation; the night approached—a frightful exit awaited us on all sides. Our attention was at last roused by the ship's cooper: "My friends," said he, "I am a good swimmer, I will go on shore; if the negroes have devoured M. Dechamp, they will do the same to you; if he is still living, I will make a signal."

Having said these words, he plunged into the sea. Attention ever to our motions, the barbarians perceived him. They surrounded him instantly; they shouted with joy; they conducted him to the fire, and suspended him by the heels as they had the other.

The very had success his intrepidity had met with, cast a solemn gloom over the crew; no one sailor would work, but all retired to their cabins. Neither myself, nor the second captain, nor the passengers, could move them by our exhortations. "Our destruction is inevitable," replied they; "what use is there in working, when we are going to die? Let us wait here, we shall at least have the consolation of not seeing our country men murdered."

It grew very dark, so the captain called every soul on deck, and joined in an universal prayer. At the termination of this, it was generally agreed upon to put an end to our lives, by sinking the ship. Twelve barrels of powder fastened down in the hold, would have put a period to our existence in an instant. To this mode of dying some readily consented, whilst others knew not of a better resource. "My friends," said I, "since your captain has been so inhuman as to excite you to self-murder, it becomes me to open your eyes to so black a design. Are ye not sensible of the criminality attendant on such a deed? Your lives are the property of that one God who gave them; he is your only master; he can take you away, or preserve you, at his pleasure; nay, he can soften the hearts of these barbarians. Barbarians! did I say? they are a thousand times less barbarous than your captain. Who has told him they would slaughter us?—Who has told him they had already massacred our companions?—He believes it, but you only fear it. And is your fear sufficient to authorize you to make an attempt upon your lives?—Is it not more probable that these people, touched with compassion at seeing your companions naked, cold, and worn down with hunger and fatigue, have conducted them to a good fire, and have supplied them with every necessary comfort?—My friends, our vessel will hold together; let us wait until the morning; let us wait till these

people actually come on board, but do not be in a hurry, for death will come always time enough."

The passengers and second captain approved of my arguments: armed with hatchets, they threatened to kill without pity the very first that should attempt to enter the powder-room. At length the crew submitted to my advice. Only the captain, melancholy and pensive, sought an opportunity of executing his project, which caused us to set a guard over him. Ever accompanied by some one or other of us, he could not stir a step without being observed.

The savages divided into troops, continued lighting fires over the whole shore, the wood and fuel being piled upon stones, heaped up for that purpose. It must be confessed, that the leaps and roaring they made every moment, caused the night to pass away in agonizing terror. In the midst of darkness, and continually assailed with the foaming of the sea, and roaring of the wind, we thought the elements were disputing our destruction.

Worn down with grief, fear, and fatigue, almost every sailor had retired below deck, except two who were placed as spies over the actions of the savages, and two more over our miserable captain. After some time he retired to bed, and, as we supposed, was in a sound sleep; but deceiving the vigilance of the guards, he drew two pistols from his pocket, which he had obtained by stealth, and put the muzzles into his mouth. I perceived him; I ran up to him; I wished to seize hold of them—but the business was completed. The surgeon was called in, and succeeded in extracting one ball which had entered the palate. He was not, however, fastidied, till I deprived him of his fire arms, and threw them overboard. Furious resolved on finishing his life, he intreated us most suppliantly to dispatch him. Our horror at so base a resolution, made us obliged to bind him down:—at last he seemed to submit to the advice we offered him.

Many of the crew, fearing that the barbarians would impute the death of the captain to us, in case any thing fatal was to happen to him, proposed a scheme of tying a swivel gun to his body, and of throwing him into the sea, in order to hide him from their sight. "My lads," said I, "let us not finish our days with an unpardonable crime upon our heads: God has preserved his life as a punishment for him, and it is not our province to relieve him from it."

These words made some impression on their hearts. But the captain on a sudden started up, like one waked from a dream, and demanded pen, ink, and paper to be instantly brought him.—The necessary articles being produced, he wrote as follows:—"That hav-

ing by his negligence exposed the lives of his crew and passengers to great perils, he dared not, after such a misfortune, shew his face on the Exchange at Bourdeaux; that he was shocked at himself, and that, having lost his honour, he could live no longer." To this declaration he signed his name, and put it into the hands of the second captain. Day-light appearing, we left him under the care of the surgeon and one sailor, taking care to remove all instruments of destruction.

Mounted on the deck, we saw more than 200 men walking breast-high in the river, and bending their course towards us. We invited them by our gestures to come on board, and assisted them by ropes to climb up the sides; hardened, perhaps, by the curiosity we had of knowing what people inhabited the coast*.

Rather animated by the late misfortune than depressed, we went all hands to work in making a raft. Anxious to complete it, it was soon afloat. At this time, one of the barbarians, more insolent than the rest, tired of the numberless questions we put to him, which he was unable to answer, on account of his ignorance of our language, began to pilage and lay hands on every thing that came in his way. "Here, my friend," said I to him, pointing at the same time to my purse, "take all I have, but hurt me not."—As ungrateful as he was covetous, he could not refrain from seizing on my buckles, and tearing them, with the straps, from the last pair of shoes I had. Nor was he yet contented,—he even rifled my pockets, and abused me, because I had no other valuables.

The things he had heaped up, by taking something from every one, were sufficient to draw the attention of those who were at present mere curious spectators. Their envy was so considerable as to tempt others to wade towards us, and the wreck was now become a swarm of negroes. Alarmed at their numbers, which far exceeded ours, ten of us got upon the raft, and I had the good fortune to make one of the number.

Of the four others who were washed off with me, M. Bardon, an officer of great merit, was drowned. Two of them got on shore by dint of good swimming; but the fourth had the good luck to join the other five on the raft. There now were six upon this wretched vehicle, who were fortunate enough to get down the river; amongst them was the captain.

Assembled to the number of twenty around a large fire, we returned thanks to God for having preserved us from destruction. Al-

though robbed of every thing, we thought ourselves the happiest of men.

Alas! poor Bardon! How miserably wretched did the corpse of this unfortunate youth appear, when floating on the river! No sooner had we seen it, than we ran towards the spot, to endeavour, if possible, to restore him. But a cruel savage, with a sabre in his hand, espied us hastening to the river; and, concluding that we had a wish to return again to the wreck, beat us unmercifully with the flat part of the blade.—This treatment plunged us into the utmost despair: we could not even point at our dead countrymen, but our blows were redoubled.

Perceiving no traces of humanity in the conduct of these people, we believed we were only kept alive to undergo, at some future period, a death more rigorous than the one we had escaped.

A ring was formed round us, and some armed with sabres, others with poniards, commanded us to march; beating those who lagged behind.—At length we were ordered to halt, that they might make an equal distribution of us amongst them. Not at all agreeing about the shares, they were nearly killing each other.—However, they settled it at last, and led away the half of us near to the bank of the river—Here again they quarrelled about us, and fell on us in numbers, each one desirous of possessing a Christian.

Separated from my companions, half dead through fatigue, fear, and horror, occasioned by every thing that surrounded me, I ran without knowing whither my steps led me. Some of the natives perceived me, and soon were enabled to come up with me. Others, greedily desirous of possessing me, tore me without consideration from their hands. Unable to sustain such rough treatment, I fell motionless to the ground.—Near this place the women had lighted a fire, the heat of which revived me considerably; but seeing nought but the appearance of an inevitable death, I was made sensible only of my existence by the excess of my sufferings.

About the evening, a troop of these wretches approached me: I thought now my execution was at hand. I saw not a single countryman—they were, in my opinion, long since butchered by the cruel hands of these barbarous negroes.

My God! with what joy did they and their women dance and sing round me! Here did I lie without a rag to cover my nakedness. Distracted by a thousand reflections, one more horrid than another, I wished to learn from them what lot they had reserved for me.

* With some difficulty we learned that they were Moors, subjects of the Emperor of Morocco.

Surprised at my inquietude, which they supposed could not be the effect of their behaviour, they endeavoured to add courage to my drooping spirits. One procured me a covering for my back, whilst another ran to the river, and brought me back a biscuit dipped in salt water. I managed to swallow a part. The pleasure I felt on knowing my life was secure, was the sole comfort that kept me in existence.

These people are so stupid and unpolished, that they were, literally, lost in amazement at my ignorance of their language. They had not an idea of explaining themselves by some intelligent signs; but they figured to themselves that I ought to understand them, equally as well as they did one another.

The sun made its appearance on the horizon, when I awaked, writhing my body with the most poignant torments. A wish to know what sort of place environed me, made me endeavour to raise myself upright; when at this happy period, I espied my companions at different distances around me. We so soon met and saluted each other than the tear seemed universally to start from our eyes, we wept every one of us bitterly, we fervently implored protection from the Creator, we could not even speak but a mutual groan of pain and misery ensued. But what rendered our condition yet more disagreeable, was the unpleasing reflection of being cast on a spot so far removed from any intercourse with European nations; which made us fear our captivity would last out the course of our natural lives. We could not enjoy the most ordinary consolation allowed the miserable; because we could not rest quiet with the supposition of our calamities having arrived at their acme—a fate still more deplorable awaited us.

In the morning our different masters separated us, and gave us, as usual, a biscuit steeped in salt water. The excess of my hunger made me relish it as the greatest luxury I had ever tasted; afterwards I lay down upon the sand, exposed to the open air.

On the morrow we all met at the river, where we were sent to hard labour. Scarce had I strength to keep my legs under me: I wished to make my master understand, by signs, that I was not able to perform the business he had assigned me. Deaf to my reasoning, he beat me, and forced me to execute his orders. Many of the sailors, eye-witnesses of his brutality, came up to my assistance, and helped me to draw away several casks to the places where we ordinarily slept.

My labours ceased for a short time, whilst

the tide was coming in. I thought in this time to have got some rest, but my master gave me fresh orders. His language I could not possibly understand: he was at length compelled to make a sign by a rope, which he gave me bound round a faggot. By this I comprehended his will, and I retired to a wood to bring home firing. My strength was inadequate to the task, for he gave me no hatchet; and I had nought but my fingers to serve me as tools for all work. The anguish and piercing pains my feet sustained, owing to the brambles sticking into their soles, may be better understood than expressed. Suffice it to say, I had no shoes or stockings, or any kind of covering, except a thin shirt, in which they had clothed me the preceding evening.—After two hours hard work, I completed a small bundle; but how to bring it home, I was entirely at a loss. After many efforts to drag it after me, I was obliged to take it on my shoulders, to the no small discomfort of my back; for on my arrival, I found myself bloody and very sore, the thorns and briars being buried in my flesh. Nor had I procured enough.—They sent me back again to the wood, having given me a specimen of the sort of fuel they generally burned. I made a signal that I was exceedingly hungry; but they gave me to understand, that one of them was gone to seek provision, and that about sun set they would give me some nourishment. Full of despair at being forced to mount up the hill I had so lately descended, two women came and assisted me; but they only added to my toil, as they made me work with as much alacrity as themselves. This last command was too much for me: I fell down several times under the weight of the load they had placed on me.

In the evening I saw the woman coming of whom they had spoken in the morning; but, alas! no provision. I entreated her to give me some kind of victuals, for I thought I should have died. She laughed at my expressions, and seemed to wish to inform me that I was very impatient.

In fine, at ten at night, my master called me. He had brought me some milk in a sort of bladder, or stinking skin of an animal. After pouring some into a wooden bowl, he heated it by putting hot flints into it, and gave it me to drink. What would have been vinegar to many, was as delicious as nectar to my palate. The dish was empty in an instant; and if I had cause to complain, I should not have grumbled at the quality, but the quantity of my allowance.

[To be concluded in our next.]

SOME PARTICULARS concerning the ANCIENT IRISH BARDS *.

HISTORIANS observe a profound silence with respect to the Irish Bards, till Tighearnmas succeeded to the monarchy (A. M. 2815). This Prince, not less glorious in arms than wife in council, being desirous of confining every rank of his people within its proper sphere, ordained a sumptuary law, called *Ibreathta*, for that purpose. By this law, the peasantry, soldiers, and lower order of the people, were to have their garments of but one colour; military officers and private gentlemen two; commanders of battalions three; beatachs, brughnibbs, or keepers of houses of hospitality, four; the principal nobility and knights five; and the Ollamhs, or dignified bards, six; which was only one colour less than was worn by the royal family. Can that nation be deemed barbarous in which learning shared the next honours to royalty? Warlike as the Irish were in those days, even arms were less respected amongst them than letters.

At a very distant period, seminaries, or colleges, were instituted in different parts of the kingdom for the education of the Bards.

The most celebrated of these colleges were founded at Clogher, Armagh, Lismore, and Tamar; and, in general, all the eminent schools delectably situated, which were established by the Christian clergy in the 5th century, were erected on the ruins of those colleges.

It was in those seminaries that the Druids instilled into the minds of the Bards the rudiments of history, oratory, and laws, through the medium of poetry, in which was wrapped all the knowledge of those ages. The course of a Bard's education was seldom completed in less than twelve years.

Soon as the student had finished his course, an honorary cap, called *barred*, and the degree of Ollamh, or Doctor, were conferred on him. Then he was supposed sufficiently qualified to fill any office of his order.

When the young Bard had received the degree of Ollamh, the choice of his profession was determined by that of the family to which he belonged: he was either a *Filea*, a *Breitheamh*, or a *Seanacha*, by birth; offices which had long met in the same person, but were about this time disunited, being found too complex for one man.

The Ollamhain *Re-dan*, or *Filidhe*, were (as the name literally implies) poets. They turned the tenets of religion into verse; they animated the troops before and during an engagement with martial odes, and raised the war-song: They celebrated the valorous deeds, and wrote the birth-day odes and epi-

thalamiums of the Chieftains and Princes who entertained them; and, at 'the feast of the hill,' amused them with 'the tales of other times,' which they modulated to the harp; an instrument which every member of the Bardic order could touch with a master-hand. But the *Filidhe* had other offices assigned them. They were the heralds, and constant attendants in the field of battle of the chiefs whom they served, marching at the head of their armies, arrayed in white flowing robes, harps glittering in their hands, and their persons surrounded with orisidh, or instrumental musicians. * While the battle raged, they stood apart and watched in security—for their persons were held sacred—every action of the chief, in order to glean subjects for their lays.

The *Breitheamhain* (Brehons), or legislative Bards, promulgated the laws in a kind of recitative, or monotonous chant, seated on an eminence in the open air. It is likely that their voices on this occasion were sustained with a kind of *basse continue* (struck, it might be, by themselves on the harp) like the Grecian and Roman orators. The Brehons acted also in the double capacity of judges and legislators: they dispensed justice, and assisted in framing the *Breithnimhe*, or laws.

The *Seanachaidhe* were antiquaries, genealogists, and historians. They recorded remarkable events, and preserved the genealogies of their patrons in a kind of unpoetical stanza.—Each province, prince, and chief, had a *Seanacha*.

In respect to the dress of the ancient Irish Bards, the subject is very obscure.—According to M^cCurtin, the Irish Bards in the sixth century wore long flowing garments, fringed and ornamented with needle-work; and from the Brehon laws, the Bards in several instances were of the order of the *noblese*; from whence we may presume their dress was in most respects conformable thereto, which principally consisted in the *truise*, long *cota cannathas*, and *barrad* (or *hairaad*). But from a basso relievo found in the ruins of New Abbey, near Kilkullen, it appears that the dress of the Bards consisted of the *truise*, or long *cotaigh*, and *ceabal*. The *truise*, or *strait bracca*, was made of west, covering the feet, legs, and thighs, as high as the loins, sitting so close to the limb as to discover every muscle and motion of the parts covered; and was striped with several colours, according to the order or rank of the wearer. The long *cota* or *cotaigh*, (the *camisiam* of the Latin writers) was a kind of a shirt made of plaided stuff, or linnen dyed yellow, and ornamented with needle-work also according to the rank of the wearer.

* From WALKER'S "Historical Memoirs," 4to. just published.

This shirt was open before, and came as low as the mid-thigh: the trunk being thus open, was folded round the body, and made fast by a girdle round the loins: the sleeves of some were short, but in the figure before-mentioned they were long, coming down to the wrist, and turned up with a kind of military cuff. The bosom was cut round, leaving the neck and upper part of the shoulders bare.—The *casual* was the upper garment, a kind of a long cloak, reaching as low as the ankles, and fringed at the borders like shagged hair. From the neck pendent on the back and shoulders was a large cap or hood, ornamented with curious needle-work, after the manner of those on the British Goums. His beard was long, and his hair flowed on his neck and shoulders: his head was covered with the *barrad*, or conical cap; and his harp in good grace was pendent before him.

As the several classes of the Bards were concerned in the Caoine, it will be necessary to give some account of that solemn ceremony. When a prince or a chief fell in battle, or died by the course of nature, "the stones of his fame" were raised amidst the voices of Bards. On this occasion—the Druid having performed the rites prescribed by religion, and the pedigree of the deceased being recited aloud by his *Seanacha*—the Caoine (or funeral song), which was composed by the Filea of the departed, and set to music by one of his Ouidigh, was sung in recitative over his grave by a *Racafade* (or *Rhapfodist*), who occasionally sustained his voice with a pibroir swept over the strings of his harp; the symphonic parts being performed by minstrels, who chanted a chorus at interval, in which they were joined respectively by attending Bards and Ouidigh; the relations and friends of the deceased wringing their sighs and tears.

The melting sweetness of the female voice was deemed necessary in the choros of the funeral song. Women therefore, whose voices recommended them, were instructed in music and the *ca jios* (or elegiac measure), that they might assist in heightening the melancholy which that solemn ceremony was calculated to inspire.

On the abolition of the order of the Bards, the business of lamenting over the dead was entirely performed by mercenary female mourners. This is still the case in almost every part of Ireland; but particularly in Munster and Connaught; where when a person of distinction dies, a certain number of female mourners attend the funeral, dressed sometimes in white and sometimes in black, singing, as they slowly proceed after the hearse, extempore odes; in which they extol, in fulsome panegyric, every private and public

virtue of the deceased, and earnestly expostulate with the cold corpse, for relinquishing the many blessings this world affords.

Invested with honours, wealth, and power; endowed with extraordinary privileges, which no other subjects presumed to claim; possessed of an art, which, by soothing the mind, acquires an ascendancy over it; respected by the great for their learning, and revered almost to adoration by the vulgar for their knowledge of the secret composition and hidden harmony of the universe;—the Bards became, in the reign of Hugh, intolerably insolent and corrupted, and their order a national grievance. They arrogantly demanded the golden buckle and pin which fastened the royal robes upon the Monarch's breast, and had been for many generations the associate of the crown; they lampooned the nobility, and were guilty of several immoralities; and not only grew burdensome to the state, which munificently supported the different foundations to which they belonged, but increased so prodigiously (the order at that time consisting of one-third of the men of Ireland!) that the mechanic arts languished from want of artificers, and agriculture from want of husbandmen. Hence the Monarch convened an assembly of the States at Drom Chille, in the county of Donegal, (A. D. 580) principally to expel the Bards from the kingdom, and to abolish totally the whole order. But at the intercession of St. Columba, who was summoned from Scotland to attend this assembly, he spared the order; but reduced its numbers, allowing only to each provincial prince, and to each lord of a Cantred, one registered Ollamh, who was sworn to employ his talents to no other purpose but the glory of the deity—the honour of his country—of its heroes—of its females—and of his own patron. On this Ollamhs, he ordained that their patrons should settle an hereditary revenue. He also, by the advice of the saint, erected new Filean seminaries, in the nature of universities, liberally endowing them, but limiting the number of students in each. Of these seminaries, the reigning Monarch's chief Bard was always in future to be Principal or President, and to be authorized to appoint inspectors, to examine into their state at certain periods, and to make what reforms in them he judged necessary: he also had the right of nominating the Ollamhs entertained by the princes and Lords. These ordinances were religiously observed till the dissolution of monarchy.

A musical taste (so early do we discover it) seems to have been innate in the original inhabitants of this island, and to have gradually strengthened and refined with the progress of its arts. This we can only attribute

to the early introduction of the Bardic order amongst them. But the study of the science of music was not long confined to that order; every hero, every virgin, could touch the harp, long ere the useful arts got foot in this country. At the feast of sheils this instrument was handed round, and each of the company sung to it in turn: not to be capable of sweeping it in a matterly manner, was deemed a disgrace even to royalty.

The bagpipe is an instrument of high antiquity in Ireland, and mentioned by several of their historians under different names. Mr. O'Connor, in his Dissertations on the History of Ireland, informs us, that one of the instruments in use amongst the Scots, or ancient Irish, was the *adharcadh cuil*, that is, a collection of pipes with a bag, or rather a musical bag. He also informs us, that the *rukey*, or field-dance of the Irish, was governed by the *cuilley cuil*, perhaps a more simple kind of bagpipe than the former; which he considers as having been most fit for the purpose, as it was a loud instrument, and confined to a bare octave. In the description of the hall of Tamar, (translated from an ancient MS. and published in the 12th No. of Collect. de Rebus Hib.) we find a place allotted for the *Cuiminnagh*; a word which, etymologically considered, evidently implies bagpipers. At this day the pipers call their bellows *bológ na cuilí*, the bellows of the cuilí, or veins of the arm on the inside at the first joint; and as this joint on the outside is denominated *ullan* or *ulan*, i. e. elbow, Nallancey concludes, that *ullan* pipes and *cuilí* pipes are one and the same. In *ullan* pipes we have, perhaps, the wool-len bagpipe of Shakspeare, to which he attributes an extraordinary effect.

But let us endeavour to investigate the antiquity of the bagpipe amongst the Irish.—The invention of this instrument has been by Pennant given to the Danes. This opinion we cannot implicitly assent to, nor can we safely controvert it; for the bagpipe has been lately found amongst uncivilized people*, who never had any connection with the Europeans, consequently with them it must be an original instrument—and why not with the Danes? But there appears on a fine basso relievo of Grecian sculpture, now in Rome, a man playing on an instrument exactly resembling the ancient Highland bagpipe; which seems to evince its Grecian origin. Now Mr. Pennant has determined, by means of an antique found at Richborough in Kent, the introduction of the bagpipe by the Romans, who owed every thing

to the Grecians, into Britain, at a very early but at an uncertain period. It is, therefore, very probable, as the ingenious traveller observes, that the Danes borrowed the bagpipe from the Caledonians, with whom they had such frequent intercourse. The ancient writers indeed prove, that the northern nations were animated by the “*clangor tubarum*,” but are profoundly silent with respect to the instrument in question.

We cannot find that the bagpipe was indigenous to the Irish. To the Caledonians, we believe, they must be content to owe it. They got it, as it were, in exchange for the harp. The early history of this instrument, in Scotland, is enveloped in the mist that hangs over the dark ages. According to Aristides Quintilianus, it prevailed in the very first times in the Highlands of Scotland. The genius of the Highlanders seems to favour this opinion. Ever a warlike people, ardent in the field of battle, and impatient of controul in times of peace, the sound of the bagpipe must have been particularly grateful to their ear. Hence their hasty adoption of it, on its introduction amongst them by the Romans. Mr. Robertson, in his Inquiry into the Fine Arts, speaking of this instrument, says, “It is the voice of uproar and tumult; and the music calculated for it seems to be that of real nature and of rude passion.” Even in very late times, the Scots used the bagpipe to rouse their courage to battle, to alarm them when secure, and to collect them when scattered: purposes to which they taught the Irish to apply it. The music of the Irish keeps in the reign of Edward III. was the bagpipe, which, as Aulus Gellius informs us, was also that of the Lacedæmonians.

Though the bagpipe was the solace of the Scotch chieftain, and though the Scotch piper received his musical education in a college of pipers, yet this instrument never received any considerable improvements from the Scots. It was reserved for the Irish to take it from the mouth, and to give it its present complicated form; that is, two short drones and a long one, with a chanter; all of which are filled by a pair of small bellows, inflated by a compressive motion of the arm: the chanter has eight holes, beginning with the lower D in the treble; the short drones found in unison to the fundamental B, and the large drone an octave below it. The bagpipe did not long retain its original form amongst the Irish; for the chord of drones which they gave it is supposed to have been the *chorus* of Cambrensis. Being constructed

* † M. Sonnerat informs us, that the *tourti* of the East-Indians is a species of bagpipe, qui fait l'effet du basson.—Vide Voyage aux Indes orientales et la Chine.

in the chromatic system, it is the only instrument, since the disuse of the harp, on which the native Irish music (all of which is in that system) can be played to advantage.

The bagpipe has been always obliged to yield in point of consequence, amongst the Irish, to the harp; but it has ever been a favourite instrument of the vulgar. Nor has it been held in more than ordinary estimation by other nations. Pan, the meanest of the Grecian Deities, is often represented as playing on it. It rose into fashion in Italy in the days of Nero †, who was himself an admirable performer on it; but after his decease it was again committed to the hands of the vulgar, where it has continued in that country ever since.

Music maintained its ground in this country even after the invasion of the English. But its style suffered a change; for the sprightly Phrygian (to which, says Selden, the Irish were wholly inclined) gave place to the grave Doric, or soft Lydian measure. Such was the nice sensibility of the Bards, such was their tender affection for their country, that like

subjection to which the kingdom was reduced, affected them with the heaviest sadness. Sinking beneath this weight of sympathetic sorrow, they became a prey to melancholy. Hence the plaintiveness of their music: for when they attempted to sing, it was not to be wondered that their voices, thus weakened by struggling against an heavy mental depression, should rise rather by minor thirds, which consist but of four semitones, than by major thirds, which consist of five. Now almost all the airs of this period are found to be set in the minor third ‡, and to be of a grave and solemn nature.

The character of Bard, once so revered in Ireland, began to sink into contempt in the reign of Elizabeth.

Philip of Macedon was not more jealous of the eloquence of Demosthenes, than was this Prince of the influence which the Irish Bards had and exercised over their chieftains. Her jealousy quickening into revenge, she at last had acts of parliament passed against them, and even against those who entertained them.

† A figure of the utricularius, or bagpipe, is preserved on one of Nero's coins.

‡ "The Sumatran tunes very much resemble to my ear, (says the ingenious Mr. Marsden in his *Hist. of Sumatra*) those of the native Irish, and have usually like them a flat third." Being very desirous to discover the cause of this resemblance, I consulted Mr. Marsden on the subject, by means of his brother Alexander Marsden, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, my much-esteemed friend. The result of this inquiry was the following curious paper, which I am permitted (and proud) to insert.

"It is observed, that the popular music of most nations, within certain limits of civilization, is confined to the flat or minor key. See *Hist. of Sumatra*. Halheu's *Bengal Grammar*, &c.—The sharp, or major key is doubtless the more obvious, and must present itself to the rude essayers of the art. Accordingly, it will be found, that people in a very savage state, as the negroes of Africa, seldom, if ever, demonstrate any acquaintance with the former. Their short songs, or modulated sentences, by which they regulate the motions, and soothe the irksomeness of their labour, are all in the major key, which likewise accords better with the natural vivacity of their disposition.—In countries where, from incidental circumstances, the inhabitants are encouraged to devote their leisure to the improvement of their musical skill, they catch at length the succession of tones with a flat interval; and finding this more expressive of passion, and more calculated to awake the feelings, which is the great end and object of music amongst people whose genuine sensations are not blunted by the polish of refinement, they attach themselves to it; and the other key being comparatively deficient in pathos, falls into disuse.—Where the art is carried to its last stage of perfection, as among the European nations, and where the object of the musician is to entertain by variety, and surprize by brilliancy of execution—to captivate the ear, rather than the hearts of his auditors—there, both keys are indifferently employed, or so managed as to produce that species of pleasure which arises from sudden transitions and contrasts.

"Since writing the above, I met an observation by a French author, that singing birds always tune their song in the major key; and that although it has been frequently attempted to teach those birds which possess imitative faculties, to pipe airs with a flat third, it has never in any degree succeeded. I have not had opportunities of ascertaining this curious fact by my own experience." W, M.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

NARRATIVE of the unfortunate VOYAGE of PIETRO QUIRINI.

(Concluded from Page 280.)

DURING three months and a half that Quirini spent in this house, he experienced the greatest friendship and humanity from the owners; while, on the other hand, he endeavoured by complaisance to acquire the good-will of his hosts, and to requite their benevolence. The other partners, too, of his misfortunes were distributed into the different houses of the place, and taken good care of. The rocky isle of Rost, on which they landed, lies 70 Italian miles to the westward of the southernmost promontory of Norway, which in their language they call the *World's Backside*. It is three miles in circumference. The rock is inhabited by 120 souls, of whom 72, like good Catholic Christians, received the Communion on Easter-day with great devotion. They get their livelihood and maintain their families by fishing, as there grows no corn of any kind in this very remote part of the world. For in all this time, during the three months of June, July, and August, they have but one continued day; as the sun never sets with respect to them. In the opposite months of the winter they have also but one continued night, and they are never without the light of the moon. They catch, during the whole year, an incredible quantity of fish; these, however, are of two different sorts only; one, which they catch in an incredible number in the greater bays, is called *Stockfish*, and the other is a kind of a flat fish, of an astonishing size, for one of them was found to weigh near 200 pounds. The stockfish is dried, without salt, in the air and sun, and as there is not much fat and moisture in them, they grow as dry as wood. When they are prepared for eating, they are beaten with the back part of the hatchet, by which manœuvre they are divided into filaments like nerves: after this they are dressed with butter and spices to give them a relish. With this commodity the people here carry on a considerable trade beyond sea with Germany. The halibuts are cut into pieces on account of their size, and then salted, in which state they eat very well. With these fish they afterwards, in the month of May, load a ship of

about 50 tons, and send them to Bergen, a place in Norway, about 1000 miles distant from them; whither likewise at this time of the year a great number of ships, from 300 to 350 tons burthen, carry all the produce of Germany, England, Scotland, and Prussia; together with every thing necessary in regard to food, drink, and cloathing; and these fish they barter for those commodities and necessaries, because their country being entirely barren and unfruitful, they consequently have no use for money. Immediately as the exchange is made, they return home, landing in one place only, whence they carry wood for the whole year for burning, and for other exigencies.

The inhabitants of these rocks are a well-looking people, and of pure morals. They are not in the least afraid of being robbed. Accordingly they never lock up any thing, but leave their doors and every thing open. Their women also are not watched in the smallest degree; for their guests lay in the same room with the husbands and their wives and daughters, who, when they went to bed, stripped quite naked in their presence. The beds of the foreigners, who were saved from the wreck, stood close to those in which slept the grown-up sons and daughters of their landlords. Every other day the father and son went a-fishing by break of day, and were absent for eight hours together, without being under any concern with respect to the honour and chastity of their wives and daughters. In the beginning of the month of May their women usually begin to frequent the baths. Custom and purity of morals have made it a law amongst them, that they should first strip themselves quite naked at home, and then go to the bath, at the distance of bow-shot from the house. In their right hand they carry a bundle of herbs to wipe the sweat from off their backs; at the same time laying their left hand somewhat extended on their middle, as if they thereby wished to cover the parts of shame, though, in fact, they did not seem to take much pains about it. In the bath they were seen promiscuously with the men*. They had not the least notion of

* The custom of men and women frequenting the baths at one and the same time is very ancient, for it existed among the Romans, and of them the Grecians learned it, according to the testimony of Plutarch, in the life of Cato the Elder. But in the course of time this custom gave rise to such shameful lewd practices, that the Emperors Adrianus and Marcus Antoninus found it necessary to prohibit it by law. Heliogabalus, on the contrary, bathed himself along with the women, and as it was countenanced by the Emperor's example, this practice must again have become universal; for his successor, Alexander, prohibited it afresh. These laws, however,

fornication or adultery, and did not marry from sensual motives, but merely in order to conform to the divine commands. They also abstain from swearing and cursing. At the death of their relations they shewed the greatest resignation to the will of God, and even returned thanks to the Almighty in their churches for having spared their friends so long a time, and for having suffered them to live so long with them, and in that he now called them to himself to be partakers of his heavenly bounty. They also shewed so little of extravagant lamentations and grief, that it appeared just as if the deceased had laid himself down and fallen into a sweet sleep. If the person who died was married, the widow, on the day of burial, prepared a sumptuous banquet for the neighbours; when she herself as well as her guests appeared in their best clothes; and on this occasion she intrusted the guests to eat and drink heartily in memory of the deceased, and to his eternal repose and happiness. They went constantly to church, praying there very devoutly on their knees, and kept the fast-days very strictly.

Their houses were made of wood, and were of a round form, with a hole in the middle of the roof for the admission of the light, which hole in winter they covered with a transparent fish-skin, on account of the severity of the cold. Their clothes were made of coarse cloth, manufactured at London and elsewhere. As to furs, they wore them but seldom; but, in order to use themselves the better to the cold, they would lay their new-born infants, the fourth day after their birth, naked, under the sky-light, which they then opened in order to let the snow fall upon them; for it snowed almost continually during the whole winter that Quirini's people were there, from the 5th of February to the 14th of May. The consequence of this treatment the boys are so used to the cold, and become so hardy, that they do not mind it in the least.

however, seem to have fallen into oblivion, since even the Christians retained this immoral practice, affording occasion to many synods to compose decrees for the prohibition of it. The Council of Laodicea, in the 30th canon, forbids the bathing of men with women. But this decree, though often rigorously insisted on, was continually transgressed against; and even Priests and Priars bathed in common with the women, till the Council held at Trullo again prohibited it by the 77th canon. And the Emperor Justinian, in his 117th Novell, among the lawful causes of divorce, mentions likewise that of a married woman's having bathed at the same time with men, without the permission of her husband. Russia very probably received the custom of bathing, together with the Christian Religion, from Constantinople, and from thence the immoral practice above-mentioned, which, however, principally subsists in the country, seems to have been introduced among them. People of distinction, indeed, have always their own baths, which no one uses but themselves. The rubber here mentioned, consisting of herbs or rods, is also used in Russia. The Russians, indeed, always run immediately out of their hot baths into some neighbouring pond, and in the winter time roll themselves in the snow.

The Isle of Roff is surrounded by a great number of water sea-fowl, which the inhabitants in their language call Muxi. They are found of living near mankind, and are as tame as the common pigeons. They make an incessant noise, excepting in the summer, when it is one continued day, and then they are silent for about four hours, and this silence serves to point out to the inhabitants the proper time for them to retire to rest. In the early part of the spring arrived also an amazing number of wild-geese, that made their nests upon the island, and that sometimes against the walls of the houses. They likewise were very tame, in so much that when the mistress of the house went to take some eggs out of their nests, the female would walk slowly from the nest, and fly away till the housewife had taken as many eggs as she wanted for baking. As soon as the good woman was gone, the goose would immediately set herself on the nest again.

In the month of May the inhabitants began to prepare for their voyage to Bergen, and were willing also to take the strangers along with them. Some days before their departure the intelligence of their being at Roff reached the wife of the Governor over all these islands; and her husband being at that time absent, she sent her Chaplain to Quirini with a present of 60 stockfish, three large flat loaves of rye bread, and a cake; and at the same time let him know that she had been informed their hosts had not used them well, and desired them to mention in what point they had been wronged, that they should receive instant satisfaction: it was also recommended to the inhabitants to treat them well, and to take them over to Bergen along with them. They thanked the Lady, and giving their testimony to the innocence of their hosts, spoke of the reception they had met with in the highest terms; and as Quirini had still remaining a string of amber beads, which he had brought from St. Jago in Galicia, he took the liberty of

sending them to the Lady, and desired her to pray to God with them for their safe return to their own country.

When the time of their departure was come, the people, by the advice of the Dominican Friar, forced them to pay two crowns for each month, that is, seven crowns a-piece; and as they had not cash enough about them, they gave, besides money, six silver cups, six forks, and six spoons, together with some other articles of small value, such as girdles and rings. The greater part of these things fell into the hands of the rascally Priest, who, that nothing might be left to them of this unfortunate voyage, did not scruple to take them, under pretence that it was due to him for having acted as their interpreter. On the day of their departure all the inhabitants of Rost made them presents of fish, and, at taking leave, the women and children shed tears, as did also the strangers themselves. The Priest, however, accompanied them, in order to pay a visit to his Archbishop, and give him part of his booty.

At their departure from Rost, the season was so far advanced, that, at the end of the month of May, during their run, they saw the image of the sun 48 hours above the horizon; but, as they continued sailing farther on towards the south, they lost the sun for a short time, though but for one hour, it being all the while broad day-light. They sailed constantly between the rocks, and they perceived here and there, near the projecting points of the land, marks of deep and navigable water. Many of these rocks were inhabited; and they were kindly received by the inhabitants, who gave them meat and drink without accepting any recompence. The sea-fowl, that when awake were always so loud and noisy, they found had built their nests on all these rocks, and the stillness and silence of these birds was a signal for them also to retire to sleep.

In the course of their voyage they met the Bishop of Drontheim, who, with two gallees, was making the tour of his diocese, which extended all over these countries and islands, attended by above 200 people. To this Prelate they were now presented, who, when he was informed of their misfortunes, their rank, and family, expressed great compassion for them. He gave them a letter of recommendation for Drontheim, his archiepiscopal see, where St. Olave, one of the Kings of Norway, was buried, which procured them a kind reception; and a horse was given to Quirini. But as the King of Norway happened at that time to be at war with the Germans, their host, who was likewise master of the vessel, refused to sail any farther, but landed at a little inhabited isle

near Drontheim; and, after recommending them to the inhabitants, returned directly. The next day, being Ascension-Day, they were conducted to Drontheim, into the church of St. Olave, which was very handsomely ornamented, and where they found the Lord Lieutenant with all the inhabitants. There they heard mass, after which they were conducted before the Lord Lieutenant, who immediately asked Quirini if he spoke Latin? and being informed by him that he did, invited him, together with all his attendants, to his table, whither they were conducted by a Canon. They were afterwards taken, by this same Canon, to good comfortable lodgings, and amply provided with all kinds of necessaries.

Quirini wished for nothing more than to return to his own country; and he therefore desired advice and assistance to enable him to return home by the way of Germany or England. That they might avoid travelling too much by sea, which was not safe on account of the war, they were advised to apply to their countryman, John Franco, whom the King of Denmark had knighted, and who resided at his castle of Stegeborg, in the kingdom of Sweden, 50 days journey from Drontheim. Eight days after their arrival, the Lord Lieutenant gave them two horses and a guide, to take them to Stegeborg; but as Quirini had presented the Lord Lieutenant with his share of the stock-fish, a silver seal, and a silver girdle, he received from the latter a hat, a pair of boots, spurs, and leathern cloak-bags, and a small axe, with the image of St. Olave, and the Lord Lieutenant's coat of arms on it, together with a packet of herrings, some bread, and four guilders Rhensish. They had besides this, a third horse from the Archbishop of Drontheim; and now, being twelve in number, they all set out together on their journey, with their guide and three horses. They travelled on for the space of 53 days, chiefly to the southward, and frequently met with such miserable inns on the road, that they could not even procure bread at them. In some places they ground the bark of trees, and, with milk and butter, made cakes of it, which they eat instead of bread. Besides this, they had milk, butter, and cheese, given them, and whey for drink. They still proceeded on their journey, and sometimes met with better inns, where they could get meat and beer. One thing, however, they every where found in great abundance; and this was a kind and friendly reception, so that they were extremely welcome wherever they went.

There are but few dwellings in Norway, and they often arrived in the night, at the

hour of repose, though it was not dark, but broad day-light. Their guide, who knew the custom of the country, opened the door of the house, in which they found a table, surrounded by benches, covered with leathern cushions, stuffed with feathers, which served instead of mattresses. As nothing was kept locked up, they took some of the victuals they found ready there, and then went to rest. Sometimes the matters of the house happened to come in, and see them asleep, and were much amazed, till the guide, who heard them, acquainted them with all the particulars; upon which their astonishment was mingled with compassion, and they gave the travellers every necessary without taking any recompence, by which means these 12 people and three horses did not spend, on a journey of 53 days, more than the four guilders they had received at Drontheim.

On the road they met with horrid barren mountains and valleys, and with a great number of animals like roes, besides fowls, as hase-hens, and heath-cocks, which were as white as snow, and pheasants of the size of a goose. In St. Olave's church they saw the skin of a white bear, which was 14 feet and a half long. Other birds, such as gerfalcons, goshawks, and various other sorts of hawks, are whiter here than common, on account of the great cold of the country.

Four days before they reached Stegeborg, they came to a place called Wadstena, where St. Bridget was born, and had founded a monastery of Nuns, together with Chaplains of the same order. At this place the northern Kings and Princes have built a most magnificent church, covered with copper, in which they counted 62 altars. The Nuns and Chaplains received the strangers very kindly, who, after two days stay there, at length set out in order to wait on the Chevalier John Franco, who did all he could to comfort them in their distress, and relieved them in a manner that did honour to his generosity. A fortnight after, there was given at St. Brigitta's church in Wadstena, a plenary indulgence, of which the people of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, as well as those of Germany, Holland, and Scotland, came to partake. Some of them came from the distance of 600 miles.

They went to the indulgence at Wadstena with the Chevalier John Franco, in order to see whether they could not procure some intelligence there of any ships bound for Germany or England, there being always at that time a great concourse of people. The Chevalier was five days on the road, and had more than 100 horses in his train. Here they took leave of their beneficent countryman, who had furnished them plentifully

with clothes and money for their journey, and had ordered his son Matthew, a very amiable young man, to accompany them to the distance of eight days journey to Lodesse, where they were lodged at his own house, the ship not setting sail directly. He had lent them his own horses all the way from Stegeborg; and as Quirini was ill of a fever, he mounted him on a horse which had an easier pace than ever he had met in one of these animals before. From Lodesse three of his crew went home in a vessel bound for Rosock, and eight of them accompanied him to England, where they came to their friends in London, by way of Bly and Cambridge; and, after two months residence there, continued their route through Germany and Basil, and at length, in the space of 24 days, arrived safe and in good health at Venice.

One observation of Quirini, having been so often confirmed since, deserves attention. Those who, when the ship was in great distress, had given up all for lost, and, without moderation, had drunk the fine Malvasia wine which they had on board, when the want of provisions began to be felt, and the scurvy commenced its ravages, soon died, and that suddenly; while those who had lived temperately held out longer, and, indeed, for the most part, saved their lives. In like manner those who had approached too near the fire, in order to warm themselves, paid for this rash action with their lives; while, on the other hand, such as had recourse to the unnatural expedient of drinking their own urine, an expedient which is likewise to most people highly disgusting, even when urged to it by the most intolerable thirst, escaped the jaws of death. We may observe farther, that the drinking of sea-water proved very beneficial to these adventurers, and that the great quantity of snow they had swallowed on their landing did not hurt them in the least. The different kinds of shell-fish and the flesh of a dolphin, upon which they fed, undoubtedly served to keep them all alive.

The description of the state of Norway, and of its commerce, together with the picture of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, are extremely fine fragments of the history of mankind. The three northern kingdoms were at that time governed by King Erich, of Pomerania, and, considering the times, the state of them was not absolutely bad. We see that the cattle made the principal food of the inhabitants, that corn was very scarce, and that, just as it does now in the mountains and in barren years, the bark of trees, mixed with a certain quantity of flour, milk, and butter, served them for food. Money, on the other hand, was scarce; and

A little silver plate, and a few trinkets, were very acceptable presents. To Quirin, as a Venetian, the length of the days in summer, and that of the nights in winter, the great quantity of water fowl, that were so little shy, and the singular chastity and the purity of the northern nations, must necessarily have

appeared extremely striking. And, lastly, we see the stock-fish and herring trade, even at that time, in a flourishing state. In short, it is in my opinion, one of those voyages, which, from the general utility of their contents, are as instructive as they are important.

O N B E A R D S.

[Continued from p. 121.]

THE Beard was given to Man by Nature : and it was surely intended that it should be worn, or it would never have been given. It was fashion that first lopped its honours from the chin ; fashion, which is always in motion either to satisfy the avidity of shop-keepers, or to hide some imperfection. Thus the *hoop-petticoat* was invented by a woman, not to say a queen, to conceal the fruits of indiscreet love : patches were first used to conceal pimples, or ulcers : and a few centuries ago large quilted shoes were first worn by an earl of Anjou, who having a lump on one of his feet took this method to conceal it : as he was a prince of the blood all France imitated him ; and Europe, imitating France, soon adopted the same kind of shoe.

Proportion is certainly the rule of the truly beautiful ; but extravagance, turning men's heads, soon banished every idea of proportion. It was the fashion formerly in France to wear point-lace upon the shoes ; and no man of distinction could possibly appear in polite circles who had not at least two yards and a quarter of it on each shoe ; but as this was not enough, some elegant *petits-maitres* were increasing the quantity to such a degree, that king Charles V. was obliged to publish a positive law to forbid the wearing of any lace upon the shoes : this mode in France was contemporary with the introduction of the long-peaked shoe into England, where the gentlemen had the point of it fastened to their leg with a gold chain ; and those who could not purchase gold used silver, or ribbands. The frequent changes in the fashion of the coat made the czar Peter the Great say, when he was in France and England, that the nobility must have been plaguily angry with their tailors, from changing them so often ; for his majesty thought that the change in the coat was the effect of the change of the tailor, and not of the fashion. The beard has not been less the sport of fashion than the different articles of dress. A long bushy beard was in great estimation among the Greeks and the Romans, the most polished nations in the world. When the Gauls, who sacked Rome under Brennus, saw the venerable beards of the Roman senators in the Capitol, they were struck with so reverential an awe (for they were no braves themselves) as for a while

suspended their fury and slaughter, in order to contemplate the respectable prospect before them. Homer never mentions the beard of Priam or of Nestor without respect. At Sparta and in Egypt the beard was held in such high estimation, that it was deemed a mark of wisdom. In later times it was the custom of great men to swear by their beards ; and to put three hairs, plucked from their chins, upon the wax, when they were going to fix their seal to any deed. Black beard, white beard, grey beard, red beard, false beard, nothing was forgot. The longest beard that is mentioned in history was that of the celebrated John Mayo, painter to the emperor Charles V. It is said of him, that though he was very tall, his beard was so long that he could tread upon it : he was very proud of it, and had it generally tied up with great care, and fastened with a ribband to a button-hole : he used sometimes to untie it, by direction of the emperor, who making him sit down to table with him, with all the windows open, took great delight in seeing the wind blow this long beard in the faces of his courtiers. The reign of Henry IV. of France was the golden age of beards ; then it was that the modes of cutting them were as various as those at present of dressing the hair : beards were clipped round, square, or ending in a point, shapes like a fan, or an artichoke-leaf ; but unfortunately Louis XIII. coming to the throne while he was still a child, and consequently without a beard, the fleecy honours of the chin were cut off ; and it became fashionable to wear only a little tuft, or toupee, at the lower extremity of the centre of the chin. The whiskers, however, were not easily given up. Count de Bouteville, the most famous duellist of his age, having been condemned to be beheaded for a breach of the law against duelling, and finding on the scaffold that the executioner had cut off his hair, and was preparing to cut off his whiskers also, which were large and well grown, he could not conceal the sorrow he felt at such an indignity ; and endeavouring to save his whiskers he covered them with his hands ; upon which the bishop of Nantes, who was on the scaffold to attend him in his last moments, said to him—" My child, you must think no more of this world ; why

would you wish still to think of it?" The Spaniards have a proverb, which shews in what estimation they held beards—" *De fide que no bi barba, no bi mas alma, i. e.* Since there is no longer a beard, there is no longer a soul." The duke de la Rochefoucault says, "that hypocrisy is a homage which vice pays to virtue:"—as well might be said, that the art used to produce the semblance of beard on effeminate chins is a homage paid to natural beards.

To conclude what I have to say on the subject of beards: The bearded and the shaved chins have by turns been the objects of perfection. In many cathedrals of France, the capitulary statutes had declared war against the beards of the prebendaries; or rather it had been suggested, that attached as the clergy were to their beards, a very handsome revenue might be raised from the sale of licenses to them to wear beards: it was necessary, therefore, that an edict should first be published forbidding the clergy to wear their beards. The celebrated Duprat, who was lord high chancellor of France in the reign of Francis I. was the adviser of this measure; and at the persuasion of king Francis, the then pope published a bull, by which he enjoined the clergy of France to shave their chins; and authorized the king to levy a tax upon such of them as should wish to purchase an exemption from the ordinances of the bull. The bishops and all the possessors of fat benefices soon paid the tax, and saved their beards; but the inferior clergy, not being rich enough to purchase the privilege of preserving the covering which nature had given to their chins, were obliged to give them up to the edge of the razor. While Francis lived, they smothered their rage; but as soon as he died, they gave vent to it, and let it fall upon William Duprat, son to the chancellor. This gentleman was returning triumphant from the council of Trent, where he had signalized himself by his eloquence, and proceeding to Clermont, to take possession of that bishoprick, to which he had been nominated by the new king Henry II. The new prelate had one of the finest and most bushy beards in the kingdom. It was on Easter Sunday that he chose to make his public entry into his church, and celebrate divine service in all the splendour of pontifical

pomp: but to his unspeakable astonishment he found the gate of the chancel shut against him; and through it, for it was of brass open work, he perceived three dignitaries of the chapter waiting to receive him, but in a manner which he did not relish: one held in his hand a razor, another a pair of scissors, and the third the book of ancient statutes of the church of Clermont, with a finger pointed to two particular words in one of the statutes—" *Barbis rasis;*" whilst the other two occasionally brandished the formidable weapons, which threatened his lordship with the loss of his beard. In vain did the prelate remonstrate and observe, that though he were willing to conform to the statutes, the sanctity of the Sabbath ought not to suffer them to cut off his beard on that day, as it would be a servile work: the prebendaries were deaf to every thing; all they said was, "be shaved, or stay out." He was as obstinate as they; and chose rather to retire than give up his beard. and so much did he take his disappointment to heart, and the necessity he saw either of losing his bishoprick or his beard, that he fell ill, and died soon after. Duprat was not the only prelate who was opposed by his chapter on account of his beard. Antony Caracciola was nominated by the same king Henry to the see of Troyes in Champagne; but the chapter refused to receive him as bishop, unless he consented to have his chin shaved; this he refused to do, but at the same time found means not to lose his bishoprick; for he had interest enough with the king to obtain from him a mandamus to the chapter to receive him with his beard. The mandamus bears date the 28th of November, 1551. Five years after this John de Morvillers found himself in a similar predicament: the chapter of Orleans, to the bishoprick of which city he had been promoted, would not receive him till he should first let the barber qualify his chin to appear in the choir according to the statutes. He was permitted, however, by the chapter to be enthroned without being shaved, because he luckily carried in his pocket a mandatory letter from the king, in which it was stated, that the statutes must be dispensed with on this occasion, as his majesty intended to employ him in embassies in countries where he could not appear without a beard.

MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS.

A CURE for the AGUE.

TAKE as much flour of brimstone as will cover half a crown, moisten it to a palle with lemon-juice, mix it with a glass of rum, and take it as the fit comes on.

FOR CHILBLAINS.—Soak them in warm bran and water, then rub them well with mustard-seed flour.—It must be done before they break.

P O E T R Y.

E L E G Y.

From the SORROWS of WERTER.

NEAR yonder cypress-shaded grove,
Where winds the murm'ring stream so
slow,
With ling'ring step full oft I rove,
Full oft I weep my Werter's woe.

Still pensive Sorrow charms my mind,
The tear still sparkles in my eye;
Still in each groan a joy I find,
A bliss in ev'ry reading sigh.

Come let me view the sacred spot,
The envious tomb with flowers o'ergrown;
Think not, my Werter, thou'it forgot,
Thy Charlotte claims thee as her own.

No wretch whose vile polluted hand
Victorious slaughter deals around,
Shall cross with impious foot this land,
Or stain with blood this Holy ground.

Alas! my Werter, thou wert dear,
Too dear for hapless Charlotte's peace;
Remembrance drops the balmy tear,
Regret forbids my woes to cease.

But ah! avail those mournful sighs?
Dwells comfort in that heaving breast?
Those tears distill'd from grief-worn eyes,
Can they pervade eternal rest?

Why then, fond wretch! why linger here?
Why haunt the spot where Sorrow lies?
Seek not for flowers where thorns appear,
Nor dare to touch lest nature dies.

Yet ah! how hard 'tis to refrain,
When those we weep we truly lov'd;
Sad recollection will complain,
And tender pity must be mov'd.

Soft breathes the wind those bowers among,
Mild darts the Sun his parting ray;
The warbling choir with echoing song
Cheer the meek hour of closing day.

But when, ah! when shall Hope appear,
To glad with genial ray my breast;
When shall the dark, dark prospect clear?
Oh! when shall Charlotte's sorrows rest?

Now swims before my erring sight
The sacred grove, the winding stream;
Rocks, valleys, mountains, take their flight,
Nor re-appear till morning beams.

Adieu, my love! once more adieu!
I feel what tongue can never tell;
Once was I happy!—so was you!
How great the change!—dear shade, farewell!

A U T H O R S.

S O N N E T,

Address'd to Miss HANNAH B.—

AH! would, when Heaven had given thee
as thou art,
Perfection's self, yet wanting something still,
Would it had deign'd thy frozen breast to fill
With love, and gentler touch'd thy too hard
heart!

Had lib'ral Nature, when for thy fine form,
Her undisputed masterpiece, she roll'd
The choice materials ev'n in *Venus*' mould,
Made thee like *Venus* too, as fond, as warm;
I might at least have hop'd—But 'twould
not be!

For envy-stung, the Paphian Goddess strove,
And, grief to tell! prevail'd on mighty Jove
This dire resolve to stamp with Fate's decree—

“ Since Nature dar'd to cast in marble
mould,
“ Like marble be the fair impression cold.”

S O N N E T.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

POOR hapless bird! that mourns those
woods among,
Warbling in wild notes sweet thy plaintive
tale;
Say, dost thou hope thy piteous lays avail!
Canst melt stern fate with thy melodious
song!

Ah, no! her cruel doom nought can con-
troul:
An infant offspring, seiz'd by some rude
hand,
May well those notes, those sighs may well
demand!

Yet vain for them shall sorrow's full tide roll:
Let me, a wanderer thro' this world of care,
Let me, sad Philomel, thy griefs partake;
I too can mourn, and will, for her dear sake,
Who shed for me full many a heart-wrung
tear!

So shall in one our general hardships twine,
I by thy anguish cas'd, as thou by mine

Written at Newport Church, in the Isle of
Wight, July 26, 1786; previous to the
Performance of the Messiah, a Sacred
Oratorio.

COME, sacred Harmony! inspire the soul;
Still ev'ry jarring passion in our breast;
Attention come! and fix our hearts on Him
Whose love stupendous we attempt this day
To celebrate with all our noblest powers,
Nor only music to our outward ears;
Let grateful joy possess our inmost souls,
So great a blessing can demand no less!

3 C 2

Though

Though feeble are our best attempts *below*,
Yet disencumber'd from these fleshly robes,
With heav'nly powers, and higher notes of
praise,

Before his throne we then shall prostrate fall,
And sing the wonders of redeeming grace:
There with loud Hallelujahs hail that Lord,
Who ever was, who is, and is to come!

The grand triumphant Jubilee begins!—
Each glowing *Seraph* tunes his harp of gold!
Ten thousand times ten thousand stand
around:

(A multitude which none can count or tell!)
All join with rapt'rous joy the song divine,
In praise to Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, for he is worthy found:
Whilst through eternal ages is prolong'd
This Chorus loud—"Glory to God on
high!"

Since peace, salvation, love and grace, have
now
Their universal reign begun!—Amen.

T. M.

S O N N E T.

CHARLOTTE to the Shade of WERTHER.

THEY tell me, time's all-powerful hand
will heal
The wounds that thou hast given my tortur'd
breast;

That I not always shall thus keenly feel,
But that my troubled spirit will have rest.

Ah! when or where?—For me time vainly
flies,

Since Hope returns not!—and th'empoison'd
dart,

Barb'd with despair and death, for ever lies,
Ah! deeply lies, and festers in my heart.

Yet reason's calm disciples smile and say,
That patience yet shall bid the tumult cease;
That rooted sorrow shall to time give way,
And cold dependence drink the balm of
peace.

Alas! ere this sad heart shall cease to bleed,
It must forget thee—and must change
indeed!

S. C.

The SNOW-DROP.

HAIL! lovely flower, so artless, wild,
Thy humble charms I'll sing;
And welcome nature's earliest child,
Sweet harbinger of Spring!

Nd gaudy tints of varied hue
Adorn thy drooping head;
White as surrounding snow it grew,
Scarce notic'd from the bed.

In vernal months, whilst others praise
Each painted flower they see;
And on the rose or tulip gaze,
Still I will think on Thee.

And should I meet some beautiful maid,
So innocent and fair;
Whom affection never sway'd,
Free, unconstrain'd her air;

Like thee, I'd take her to my breast,
And guard her safe from harm;
No wintry blast should there molest,
No storm should e'er alarm!

E. T. P.

On the SUN shining in a young Lady's Eyes.

O! Sol, what presumption, what folly and
spite;
(Such malicious attempts sure the gods must
despise)

Because in the morn you each star put to
flight,
To conclude you could weaken fair Zelida's
eyes!

Cease, cease thy endeavours, which ne'er can
succeed;
More potent than thine are the rays they im-
part:

To them far superior the virtues decreed;
Thine but warm the externals—Those reach
to the heart!

E. T. P.

I M P R O M P T U.

On a Tragedy being Damn'd the first Night of Performance.

LAS! poor Bard, how vent'rous bold,
To tempt thy fate on this dread spot!
Thy tragedy how dull and cold!
The Critic's rage how hissing hot!

E. T. P.

O D E to NIGHT.

HAIL, ebon-scepter'd Goddess! whose
approach
The glimmering landscape feels, and feeling
fades!

Soon as thy dusky veil

Its mantling influence sheds;

What tho' in Sable's mournful garb array'd,
Thou com'st attended by thy airy band;

Thy band a hideous train

Of Elves and fancied Sprites;

What tho' loath'd Darknes her creative wand
Waving around the cred'ulous breast alarms,

'Till fancy fav'ring fear,

Each dwarf a giant stalks;

Tho' on her silly pinions sweeping soft,
Dread Silence 'bout thy throne her vigils
keep;

So that the tinkling rill

A thund'ring torrent pours;

Yet art thou not without thy charms, O
Night,

Thy solemn charms, which to the musing
mind

Joys more substantial yield

Ev'n than the garish morn.

Mark!

Hark! from yon distant tower, whose
mould'ring domes
The bird of Solitude her dwelling makes,
A deep ton'd length'ning toll
My list'ning ear assails :
Loud o'er the lonely dale it rumbling rolls,
Then lost in faint vibrations dies away.
There (if report say true)
Strange things are heard and seen :
Now hollow groans, now scarcely breathing
sigh ;
Now unaid sprites, whose ghostly shadows
walk
In gory garb array'd,
The passing swains affright ;
Whilst starting Fear, by Superstition led,
Hears the chains rattle and the dumb walls
speak,
As o'er this haunted scene
With trembling step she steals.
Lo! where emerging from surrounding clouds,
Thy beauteous queen, O Night! her silv'ry
ray
Athwart yon mountain's brow
In mildest lustre throws!
Ah! how the re-appearing landscape charms!
How shines its paly softness!—Thro' the
gleam
Yon humble spire I view,
Its humbler villa's pride,
Th' adjacent grove of elms, the cottage tops,
The wide-extending lawns—the misty hills,
The smooth-meand'ring streams,
All rising, flush'd with smiles.
Beneath thy shade, sweet Night, a pleasing
task,
True to th' appointed time the lover flies,
Anxious to meet his fair,
On Expectation's wing.
The prudent guardian, wrongly prudent
deem'd,
Their flight suspects not—Soon they scale the
walls,
The vain-withstanding walls,
And triumph in their plot ;
Whilst dangers past but serve to make those
sweets,
Those stolen sweets, a thousand times more
sweet.
Ev'n now while fancy glows,
The Muse her magic warmth
A while retaining—as the chilly soil
The warmth of Sol's shorn beams a while
retains,—
The lovely Thracian Maid
From Sestos' towers beholds
Forth from the pleasure-smiling dome her
jamp,
Love's guiding star, impendent, cast its rays,
Its glimm'ring rays, across
The loudly-bellowing deep,
'Mid whose contending rage the amorous
youth
Plunging undaunted, cleaves with pliant limbs
(So wills the Cyprian Queen)
The back-retreating tide ;

While she, sweet nymph! in silent suff'ring
hears
The wild waves thund'ring lash the sounding
shore ;
Nor ceases her alarms,
'Till clasp'd th' advent'rous swain.
Those joys, those secret joys, to thee belong,
To thee, O Night, and thy attendant shades,
Whilst lovers thus thy reign,
Thy fav'ring reign, shall bless ;
Whilst hoary Time his slow revolving hours,
Bound in thy pond'rous chains, shall pensive
lead ;
Whilst Melancholy, pale,
Shall woo thee to her arms,
As oft' the lonely cypress shade the seeks,
Where'erst the reliques of some much-lov'd
friend,
The cold unconscious urn
Bathing with heart-wrung tears ;
So long, Inspirer of the serious thought,
Shall Sensibility, Heav'n's choicest gift,
By Contemplation urg'd,
Thy genial charms adore.

S O N N E T

TO MELPEMONE.

By Mr. UPTON.

A Pleasing sadness thrills the pensive soul,
Each pulse attentive beats with motion
slow,
Now quickly chang'd—conflicting passions
roll,
And ev'ry nerve with new sensations glow.
“ Now, Jaffer, now,”—the lovely mourner
cries,
'Tis Belvidera courts the pointed steel ;
Now, my best love, thy Belvidera dies ;
Strike, while thy bosom—ev'ry fear
conceal.
Frenzy recoils—and love holds sov'reign
sway,
Affection hurls aside the erring dart,
And he that could his gen'rous friend betray,
Acts, nobly acts,—the friend and lover's
part.
Such sweet Melpomene, is thy pow'r to move
The callous heart—to sympathy and love.

S O N N E T

TO THALIA.

By the S A M E.

SORROW away—ye gloomy thoughts
begone,
Thalia comes, in ev'ry grace array'd,
Prepare the cymbal, tune the festive song,
See ev'ry homage to the Goddess paid.
Unfold the cestus, form'd by magick skill,
And bind around Attraction's airy waist,
Enough—beware, each arrow aims to kill,
Shot from the bow of Fancy and of Taste.
Methinks

Methinks I see the lovely fair-one smile,
And lightly trip it o'er the mimic stage;
Her artless look—devoid of ev'ry guile,
Unknowing, captivèd and encharms the age.

Reign then, Thalia, on thy British shore,
Till Chaos comes, and Time shall be no
more.

ODE to POPULARITY.

By R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

O POPULARITY, thou giddy thing!
What grace or profit dost thou bring?
Thou art not honestly, thou art not fame;
I cannot call thee by a worthy name;
To say I hate thee were not true;
Contempt is properly thy due;
I cannot love thee and despise thee too.

Thou art no patriot, but the veriest cheat
That ever traffick'd in deceit;
A state empiric, bellowing loud
Freedom and phrenzy to the mobbing crowd;
And what car'st thou, if thou canst raise
Illuminations and huzzas,
Tho' half the city sunk in one bright blaze?

A patriot! no; for thou dost hold in hate
The very peace and welfare of the state;
When anarchy assaults the sovereign's throne,
Then is the day, the night thine own;
Then is thy triumph, when the foe
Levels some dark insidious blow,
Or strong rebellion lays thy country low.

Thou canst affect humility, to hide
Some deep device of monstrous pride;
Conscience and charity pretend,
For compassing some private end;
And in a canting conventicle note
Long scripture passages canst quote,
When persecution rankles in thy throat.

Thou hast no sense of nature at thy heart,
No ear for science, and no eye for art,
Yet confidently dost decide at once
Thus man a wit, and that a dunce;
And, (strange to tell!) how'd'er unjust,
We take thy dictates upon trust,
For if the world will be deceiv'd, it must.

In truth and justice thou hast no delight,
Virtue thou dost not know by sight;
But, as the chymist by his skill
From dross and dregs a spirit can distill,
So from the prisons, or the stews,
Bullies, blasphemers, cheats or Jews,
Shall turn to heroes, if they serve thy views.

Thou dost but make a ladder of the mob,
Whereby to climb into some courtly job;
There safe reposing, warm and snug,
Thou answer'st with a patient shrug,
Miscreants, begon! I who cares for you,
Ye base-born, brawling, clamorous crew?
You've serv'd my turn, and, vagabonds,
adieu!

To Mr. GAINSBOROUGH,

After seeing his Pictures.

By the Author of the RECESS, CHAPTER
OF ACCIDENTS, &c.

WHOE'ER the glowing impulse knows
By genius only giv'n,
Will think the pleasure it bestows
The first on this side heav'n.

Th' Almighty's great prerogative
Thosè mortals seem to share,
Who bid the mind's creation live,
While thousands own it fair.

Oh! blest with talents to adorn,
With thee the town we leave,
To watch the dewy break of morn,
Or crimson blush of Eve;

To see wild nature wake to grace;
And in each various shade;
Find sentiment in every face,
In ev'ry garb pourtrayed.

Yet higher still the feelings blend,
When turning thence we view
The form of many a vanish'd friend,
So exquisitely true.

Mute is at once the voice of praise,
Yet not the less thy claim;
Our silence most thy skill displays,
And ev'ry tear is fame.

PARODY of SAPPHO's celebrated ODE,

By Miss C——, a child of eight years of age,
but remarkably quick, now at Mrs. D——'s
Boarding school. Addressed to the Rod, with
which she had just been corrected by her Gu-
verness.

I.

CURST as the meanest wretch is she,
Th' unlucky girl just whipt by thee,
Who sees and feels thy stinging rage,
Which nought but time can e'er assuage.

II.

'Tis thou that plagu'st us ev'ry day,
To shame and smart mak'st us a pray.
Is aught misdone—straight o'er the knee,
Poor culprits, we are twigg'd by thee.

III.

Thy shatter'd ends, and shabby plight,
Show e'en thou suffer'st by thy spite;
Judge then, thou ugly shaggy thing,
How my poor flesh can bear thy sting.

IV.

Guardian Pow'rs, protect me then;
Let me ne'er taste fell Birch again;
To naughty boys confine its rage,
And not with tender chits engage.

S T A N Z A S,

Written by an ANCHORET.

THE spring of life to me was fair,
My days in pleasure flew,
Nor was the wrinkl'd face of care
Presented to my view.

But when the early summer faded,
Her fascinating rays,
Despair and sorrow overspread,
And darken'd all my days.
Oh! should a wretched Pilgrim share
Mild Autumn's rip'ning pow'r;
While pining grief and sad despair
Await each ling'ring hour.
Haply ere Winter's chilling hand
Shall life's ecstasick fire alluage,
Death may diffuse its influence bland,
And disappoint decrepid age.

E LEGIACK SONNET.

Written by the Same.

WHY will the Muse with pining Sorrow
dwell?

Ah why, in Mis'ry's lonely cell,
My wayward fate pursue?

Haply to cheer my penfive hours
She lends her fascinating pow'rs,
And paints my woes anew.

And as no fond, no pitying friend is near,
The plaintive tale of grief to hear,
She breathes it to the wind;

But can her sacred influence controul
The struggling tumults of the soul,
Or ease the troubled mind?

Ah, no! her smiles but keener point each
dart,
And drive it swifter through the bleeding
heart.

ART and NATURE.

THIS said that once upon a time,
(So tales begin, and so my rhyme)
Nature held high dispute with Art,
Which had most power upon the heart.

They each agreed, to end debate,
A lovely maiden to create,
Endow'd with their respective charms,
To fill the soul with Love's alarms.

Obedient to each high command,
Two female forms before them stand.

Art flew for lightning to the skies,
And plac'd it in her daughter's eyes;
But Nature, tender and sincere,
Taught her's to shed soft pity's tear.

While Art, from her abundant store,
Her favorite's cheeks vermilion'd o'er;
Another method Nature chose,
In her's the plac'd the blushing rose.

Art wander'd through Arabia's plain,
Each richest, colliest gum to gain,
She ris'd every region o'er,
And left *Ambara's* valley poor,
Then with her gather'd sweets she hied,
To scent the object of her pride.

Such gales as kiss the daisied meads,
When Spring the jocund hours leads,
When every object grows more gay
Join to hail returning May,

Through even rows of pearly teeth,
Nature taught her child to breathe.

A neck that caught the gazer's sight,
As alabaster, cold and white,
Where symmetry's extremest point
Was tortur'd into every joint,
Rising from a snowy breast,
The sculptor's curious toil confess,
Such Art bestow'd upon her child
While indignant Nature smil'd.

A spotless skin of fairest hue,
With veins of sky, eye-tintur'd blue,
A bosom which conceal'd a heart
That bore in every pang a part,
And throbb'd responsive to each groan,
Soft Nature bade her child to own.

Next Art to *Persia's* regions flew,
From thence the richest silks she drew,
Transparent emeralds she sought,
The *Ceylon* ruby too she brought;
Golconda's richest mine explor'd,
To add the diamond to her hoard,
And on her idol she bestow'd
The curious, costly, cumbrous load;
While young simplicity and ease,
Gave Nature's daughter power to please.

Thus deck'd, each mother gave her charge,
Before the set her child at large.

"Now go," said Art,—and let your eyes
Fill each beholder with surprize;
Go—be but seen—without controul
You'll lord it o'er the human soul;
Besose your feet, you'll daily see
Unnumber'd captives bow the knee;
But let them drag a hopeless chain,
And sigh, and swear, and rave in vain."

In humbler accents Nature said;
Be not of yonder form afraid;

"Perhaps she'll wound the soplins' heart,
Be your's, my dear, a nobler part;
The trifling conquests of her eyes,
Are such as all your sex despise.

"But if some tender youth you find,
In whom each sense, each virtue's join'd,
Within wholeſſen, generous breast
Disimulation cannot rest,
Of him a worthy conquest make,
He'll love my child, for Nature's sake.
In him no short-liv'd flame you'll fear,
Where *Virtue* dwells, the soul's sincere:
Go then, my life, my joy, my pride,
Go—be the counterpart of *E—D*."

SONG

By the late EARL OF GAINSBROUGH, who
died aged 41, on the 21st March, 1751.

THE Persians stretch their votive arms
To Phœbus in his rising state;
I gaze on dear Myrtille's charms,
And meet those eyes that dart my fate.

So the fond moth round tapers plays,
Nor dreams of death in such bright fires:
With joy he hastes into the blaze,
He courts his doom, and there expires.

AN EXCUSE for PRINCE BLADUD'S
being a Swineherd.

By Dr. H—N, of Bath.

TO Bath's fair market Bladud brought
His hogs of speckled breed ;
Thereby to show no man he thought
A *spotless* life could lead.
His pride, 'tis plain, could not be much,
And was no Jew you find ;
For those good folks no pigs will touch,
Unless of Guinea kind.

I feel no shame, this youth aver'd,
Since not one Prince alive
But sometimes finds a granting herd
Will neither lead nor drive.
Then why despise the simple swine,
So like ourselves in fate ;
Do we not scratch our ears and whine,
When stuck in misfortune's gate ?
The world throughout is far from nice,
If we its sweetness try ;
'Tis folly-stain'd, and rank in vice,
And made a mere Pig-stye :
At best but like—I'll tell you what—
A round of collar'd brawn,
Where some have lean, and some have fat,
And some have a deal of horn.*

Like wrong sow gotten by the ear,
How oft are we mistaken !
And does not he most wise appear
Who best can save his bacon ?
In point of taste, we all must own
The stic beats stall and crib ;
The daintiest dish by Adam known
It was his dear *Spare-rib*.

How oft do men in corners hurry,
Smoak-dry'd in worldly cares ;
How oft in Sorrow's pickle slurry,
And fous'd o'er head and ears.
Then tell me, Sirs, if such our fate,
Where does the difference lie,
Since rich and great are fly'd in state,
And fatt'd up to die ?

IMPROVPIU,

To one of the best of Men.

Non est vivere, sed valere vita.—Martial.
*Mercy to breathe, how'er enrich'd with rural life,
Is not to live ;—to live—is life with health.*—
Jen.

AS we Life's varied zig-zag path pursue,
We meet its pleasures and its sorrows
too ;*
Of strong contrasted parts the picture's made,
Here vivid colouring—there a mass of shade :
As the high hills reflect the brightest rays,
So health's the sunshine of our sickle days ;
Of that posses'd, however great the ill,
Is a balm alleviats, or gilds the pill.
Then woo her closely in the rustic cell,
Where Peace and Temperance, her parents,
dwell.

* A line from Judge Nares's Epitaph.

Trace her chaste footsteps on the upland lawn,
At evening's glow, and mild Aurora's dawn.

How'er attractive be the midnight bowl,
The jest—the song—the glee—the flow of
soul,
To this gay phalanx *firmly dare* to give
This toast—“ Health ! 'tis with thee I wish to
live.”

Oft. 3, 1787.

L'AMISTA.

On Visiting the Ruins of an ancient ABBEY,
in Devonshire, September 1786.

By YOUNG LADY.

BEST be the power, by Heaven's own
flame inspir'd,
That first thro' shades monastic pour'd the
light ;
Where, with unforal Indolence retir'd,
Fell Superstition reig'o'd in tenfold night ;
Where, long sequeter'd from the vulgar sight,
Religion fetter'd lay, her form unknown,
Mid direful gloom and many a secret rite ;
Till now releas'd she claims her native throne,
And gilds th' awakening world with radiance
all her own.

O sacred source of sweet celestial peace !
From age to age in darksome cells confin'd !
Blest be the voice that bad's thy bondage
cease,
And sent thee forth t' illuminate the blind,
Support the weak, and raise the sinking mind.
By thee the soul its native strength explores,
And sues the plan by sav'ing heav'n assign'd,
Through truth's fair path th' enlighten'd
spirit soars,
And the Great Cause of All with purer rites
adores.

How oft confin'd within this narrow grate,
With souls aspiring to a world's applause,
Have free-born spirits mourn'd their hapless
fate !

Some hero ardent in his country's cause,
Some patriot form'd to give a nation laws,
Or in life's milder scenes with honour shine ;
When each bright hope a father's hand with-
draws,

And dooms his child, from ev'ry prospect
fair,
To long unvarying years of lonely deep des-
pair.

When darkness now with silent steps
around,
As the faint sun withdraws his glimm'ring
beams,
(Save when, to render darkness more pro-
found,
On the rough grate the pale moon quiv'ring
gleams,
And thro' the length'ning sile the owlet
screams—)
Then, lull'd by Fancy's visionary train,
His long-lost friends frequent his blissful
dreams ;

He spends his days of child-hood, o'er again,
Till sounds the midnight bell, and proves the
vision vain.

Yet let the hand of desolating Time
These sinking tow'rs and mould'ring walls
revere;

For not with useless pride they rose sublime,
Fair Learning stor'd her choicest treasure
here;

When Rapine whirl'd aloft her threat'ning
spear,
When Murder rign'd, by Gothic ignorance
crown'd,

On every plain the barbarous bands appear,
Fierce Discord bids her hostile trumpet sound,
And war, in crimson'd robe, tremendous
stalks along.

Though now in ruin'd majesty they lie,
The fading reliques of departed days,
Yet shall their change no useless theme supply,
No trivial subject for the Poet's lays:

For as the thoughtful mind these scenes
surveys,

Whose solemn shades Reflection's pow'rs
invite,

Their falling pomp that awful Hand displays,

Which can from transient ill and mental night
Produce eternal good and intellectual light.

S O N N E T,

Written on an Eminence near Dieppe, in
FRANCE, during a Storm.

WHILE trembling Naiads on the ocean
weep,

And view the tempest in its wayward form,
Aloft the swelling bosom of the deep,

To Albion's coast I turn my longing eyes,
And heedless of the wild, the beating storm,

"Still haunt the scene where all my trea-
sure lies."

And on the summit of yon rocky shore,
Where Freedom once maintain'd her
peaceful seat,

Sighing, methinks I hear her now deplore
The woeful ravage of Ambition's rage,

And in sad strains of sympathy relate
The wild delusions of a polli'd age.

Ah! still must I those curs'd delusions prove
Which check the progress of consenting love

M—m.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

PRINCESS AMELIA'S DEATH, FUNERAL, AND WILL.

THIS evening, (Oct. 31) at six o'clock,
died, at her house in Cavendish-square,
her Royal Highness Princess Amelia Sophia
Eleonora, aunt to his present Majesty, second
daughter and last surviving issue of his late
Majesty George the Second and his Queen
Caroline. Her Royal Highness was born on
the 10th of June 1711, was never married,
and has lived for many years past in a private
and retired manner.

Her Highness had a singular prepossession,
that she should die in the month of October.
It was the month that her father and brother
died. His late Majesty died on the 25th of
October 1760, and the late Duke of Cum-
berland died on the 31st of October 1765,
being the same day of the month that her
Highness died.

In consequence of the death of her Royal
Highness the Lord Chamberlain sent an order,
between four and five the next evening, to
the two theatres, to cease representing any
plays, &c. till after the funeral of the Prin-
cess. His Lordship also sent the same night a
letter to the City Remembrancer (Peter Ro-
berts, Esq:) requesting him to acquaint the
Lord Mayor, that it was expected the same
rules which were observed on Lord Mayor's
Day immediately succeeding the death of the
late Duke of Cumberland, might be observed
upon the present occasion.

Notice was likewise given from the Earl
Marshal's Office that it was expected all per-

sons would put themselves in decent mourn-
ing, which commenced on the 10th of No-
vember, the day after the funeral. The
mourning is to expire on Sunday the 3d of
December.

Friday, Nov. 10. The body of the Prin-
cess Amelia was this night brought privately
to the Prince's Chamber, and placed a little
before the canopy; the room being hung, and
floored with black, and lighted with wax
candles; and on each side of the canopy were
placed five high stands, with large wax tapers.
At the head of the coffin was an elbow chair
for the chief mourner, and another chair on
each side for her two supporters. On either
side of the corpse, close to the wall, were
five stools, placed for the ten assistants; and
below them, two forms for the ladies of the
bedchamber. The coffin was covered with a
black velvet pall, adorned with eight escu-
cheons; and, on the head of the coffin, the
Princess's coronet, upon a black velvet
cushion.

Saturday, Nov. 11. This evening her
late Royal Highness Princess Amelia-Sophia-
Eleonora was privately interred in the Royal
vault in King Henry the Seventh's chapel, at
Westminster.

About half an hour past eight o'clock, the
procession began to move, passing through
the Old Palace-Yard to the south east door of
the Abbey, upon a floor raised in, covered
with black cloth, and under an awning, and

lined on each side with a party of foot-guards, in the following order :

Knight-Marshal's men.

Livery-servants to her Royal Highness.

Gentlemen servants to her Royal Highness.

Pages of the Presence, Wm. Stokes, Edward Powell, Esqrs.

Pages of the Back-stairs, Edward Smith, Philip Hewes, Esqrs.

Page of Honour, Edward Stephens, Esq.

Physician, Dr. Warren.

Chaplain, Dr. Bell.

Equerry.

Secretary, John Turner, Esq

Bedchamber Women (veiled),

Miss Onslow—Miss Howard—Miss Russell.

Pursuivants of Arms.

Heralds of Arms.

Comptroller, and Treasurer to her R. H's Household.

Ladies of the Bedchamber, (veiled)

Lady Templetown—Lady Ann Howard—

Countess of Barrymore.

Norroy, King of Arms.

Ld Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household.

A Gent. Usher, Major Johnfon	Clarenceux, K. of Arms, bearing the Coronet upon a black velvet cushion.	Gent. Usher, Sir W. Fitzherbert, bt.
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The Body,

Is a crimson velvet coffin, (carried by Yeomen of the Guard) covered with a black velvet pall, adorned with eight escutcheons of her Royal Highness's arms, in a lozenge, under a canopy, supported by eight Gentlemen Ushers and Grooms of the Chamber to his Majesty.

Supporters of the Pall.

Lady Pelham, Lady Howard.	Lady Russell, Lady Clifford.
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A Gentleman Usher, Major-Gen. Stephens.	Garter Principal King of Arms, with the rod of his office.	A Gentleman Usher, Colonel Rolt.
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Chief Mourner,

Duchess of Bolton, (veiled) her train borne by Lady Young.

Supporters to the Chief Mourner,

Countess Dowager of Suffolk, (veiled.)

Duchess of Northumberland, (veiled.)

Ladies Assitants to the Chief Mourner,

Countess of Essex,	Countess of Salisbury,
Countess Waldegrave,	Countess Stanhope,
Countess of Lonsdale,	Countess Harcourt,
Viscountess Howe,	Viscqs, Hampden,

A Gentleman Usher, Francis Wadman, Esq.

Yeomen of the Guard.

N. B. Peers, Peeresses, Peers Sons and Daughters, and Privy Councillors, were called over according to their respective ranks and degrees, and several attended.

At the entrance of Westminster Abbey, within the church, the Dean and Prebendaries, attended by the choir, received the body, falling into the procession just before Norroy King of Arms, and so proceeded into King Henry the Seventh's chapel, where the body was deposited on tressels, the coronet and cushion being laid on the coffin, and the chief mourner and her two supporters sitting at the head of the corpse; the ladies assitants, and supporters of the pall, on either side.

The part of the service before, the interment being read, the corpse was deposited in the vault, and the Dean having finished the burial-service, Garter proclaimed her Royal Highness's stile as follows :

" Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life unto his divine mercy, the late most illustrious Princess AMELIA SOPHIA-ELFONORA, second daughter of his late Majesty King GEORGE the Second, and aunt of his most excellent Majesty GEORGE the Third, &c."

Genuine Extracts from the Will of the late Princess AMELIA.

The town-house in Cavendish-square, and the house at Guncinbury, with the furniture of each, are to be sold, and one moiety arising from the sale is to be appropriated to the use of Prince Charles of Hesse Cassel; and, after a legacy of four thousand pounds to Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, and a further legacy of four thousand pounds to Lady Caroline Waldegrave, shall have been paid out of the remaining moiety, the residue of the money arising from the two houses, &c. is to be equally divided between two her nephews, Prince Charles and Prince Frederick of Hesse Cassel.

What sums the Princess Amelia had in the stocks, are disposed of in the following manner :

To Prince Charles of Hesse	£. 20,000
To Prince Frederic	20,000
To each of the executors for their proper use 1000l.	2000

Eight thousand pounds a year, the produce of other sums in the stocks, are to be paid in annuities to several Ladies specified in the will; and after their decease to devolve to Prince Charles of Hesse.

The following may be depended on as some of the authentic particulars of the Princess's bequests, by will, to her servants.

Ladies of the Bedchamber.

Years in her service.	£.
23 Lady Anne Howard,	5000
4 Lady Barrymore,	4000
1 Lady Templetown,	2000
Bedchamber Women.	
35 Miss Howard for life,	100 per year.
8 Miss Russell for life,	300 ditto.

Miss

2	Mifs Onflow, Gentlemen Ufhers.	200 ditto,
26	Colonel Rolt,	100
19	General Stephens,	100
19	Capt. Wadman, Chaplain.	100
24	Dr. Bell, all her books & Page of honour.	100
	Mr. Stephens, jun. Houfekeeper.	100
1	Mrs. Kewley, Wardrobe Women.	100
1½	Mrs. Wilfon,	300 and 60f. for life.
15	Mrs. Mavor, Stewards.	200
25	Mr. Turner,	500 and 150 for 6 years,
13	Mr. Turner, jun. Pages.	300
40	Mr. Hewes,	300
29	Mr. Smith, Butler.	300
10	Mr. Powell, Gentleman Porter.	300
18	Mr. Watts, Cook,	200
25	Mr. Dawson, Steward in the Country.	200
24	Mr. Stokes, Clerk of the Stables.	200
4	Mr. John Powell, Summer Porter.	200
11	Mr. Crockett, Coachman.	200
1	Mr. Kingfton, 4 Footmen.	50
19	Mr. Langford,	50
8	Mr. Mackintosh,	50
2	Mr. Candy,	50
1	Mr. Gilbert, Under Butlers.	50
	Years wages as follows ;	
9	Aaron Royce,	30
4	William Meale, Houfe Maids.	30
2	Eight houfe maids, gl. each, 7s Baker.	7s
23	Murry Robinfon,	30

Brewer.
19 Thomas Sargent, 20
Dairy Maid.
8 Mary Tindale, 20
2 Gardeners.
21 Mr. Willfon, 80
6 Mr. Price, 80
4 Helpers.
12 25 At twenty-pounds each, 100
Bedchamber Womens Maids,
And Footman.
4 Maids.
1 Footman.
2 Lady Waldegrave,
Elizabeth,
And Caroline, 4000 each.
A curious clock, Tompion's
matter-piece, value when
made for the Duke of
Cumberland, 600
Several old fervants that ufed
to have their falaries allow-
ed from 10l. to 200l. no
notice taken in the will, fo
that of courfe all unpro-
vided. Names £-
Mr. Shaw, 200
Ann Garnitt, 20
Richard Hopkins, 25
Daniel Trainer, 25
Mary Cupit, 20
A man whole arms were
shot off by firing a can-
non, 20
The widow of a labouring
man who fell from the
houfe, and was killed, 20
Mrs. Jones, late laundry
maid, 10
Mrs. Fols, formerly houfe-
keeper, 40—380
No mourning mentioned for any of the
fervants—but by petition to Lord Befbo-
rough, mourning was ordered for all the
houfhold. The noble Lord was oppofed in
his order, but honourably faid, if the Prince
of Hefle refufe to pay, he would pay the coft
out of his own pocket.

LADY STRATHMORE'S SEIZURE by, and DELIVERANCE from, her Husband Mr. BOWES.

FRIDAY, NOV. 10.

FOR some weeks paff several fufpicious perfons had been feen about Lady Strathmore's houfe in Bloombury fquare, and the fame people had been obferved to follow her carriage in hackney-coaches. It appears fhe had been betrayed by one Lucas, a conftable in the neighbourhood, who had offered his fervices for fome time paff, to occasionally watch her houfe, to whom fhe paid twelve fhillings per week. This morning this man enquired of her coachman if he went out that day, and being informed fhe did, he of-

fered his fervice as ufual—for her further fafety fhe took the brother to her folicitor, Mr. Farrer, and her maid Mrs. Morgan with her. At two o'clock fhe got to the houfe of Mr. Fofter, in Oxford-ftreet, when fhe had no fooner alighted than several perfons came into the houfe, which alarmed the lady, and fhe went into another room and locked the door, while Mr. Fofter went to get affif-
tance. He was no fooner gone than the perfon fhe employed defired the door to be opened, as he came to protect her, which they no fooner confented to, than he feized
her,

her, saying, "She was his prisoner," that he had a warrant, and he should take her before Lord Mansfield, at Caven Wood, who would undoubtedly give her liberty (but he must do his duty); at the same time he desired Mrs. Morgan to get away, as there was the same against her (in the mean time her Ladyship's coachman and footmen were taken away by false charges by other men). Lady S. consented to go to Lord Mansfield's with the constable and Mr. Farrer. When they got to Highgate, the man who drove the carriage gave the alarm to a gentleman placed near, most probably for that purpose, who, with some others who were waiting 't hand, pulled Mr. Farrer out of the coach, and he and three others got in, and drove to Barnet, and there took post horses and a post-chaise and four, and went forward on the North-road.—Though the glass of the carriage were broke, and a cry of murder was heard by those who passed, yet the carriage was suffered to go on.

16. Mr. Law moved the Court of King's Bench for an attachment against Andrew Robinson Bowes, for not making a return to a writ of Habeas Corpus, commanding him to bring into that Court the body of Lady Strathmore. He stated, that on the 11th an Habeas Corpus was obtained; that the officers who went down to serve the same, learned at a turnpike on the road, that the Lady when passing there seemed in great distress, and struggling apparently gagged. The affidavits on which he grounded his present motion, were those of a tipstaff of the Court (Thomas Ridgeway) and a Sheriff's officer who attended him; which state, that they pursued the Lady to Streatham Castle, in Durham, the seat of Lady Strathmore, and arrived there on the 13th instant; that on knocking at the door, a maid-servant came to the window, and said Mr. Bowes was not there; but not being satisfied with this answer, and insisting that he was in the house, a gentleman came and said he was not to be spoke to; that they then saw Mr. Bowes at the window; that Ridgeway called to him, told him his business, held up the original, and put a copy of it under the outer door, telling him he had so done. Mr. Law said, that full time had been given him to make a return, he therefore hoped the Court would grant an attachment.

Mr. Justice Buller said, it must lie over to the opening of the Court in the morning, as it did not appear that Mr. Bowes had got to Durham in shorter time than Mr. Law had allowed him to make a return.

17. Upon another motion the attachment was granted against Mr. Bowes.

23. Just before the sitting of the Court of

King's Bench, Lady Strathmore appeared in Court; and immediately on the arrival of the Judges, Mr. Law, her counsel, moved, that she might exhibit articles of the peace against her husband Mr. Bowes. The articles were then read, which stated a series of cruelties from the time of carrying her off, till her rescue from him. The articles were exhibited against Mr. Bowes, Lucas (the constable) a Mr. Francis Peacock, and several others.

By the articles it appeared, that at the time of carrying her Ladyship off, the parties were all armed. That on the journey Mr. B. several times presented a pistol to her head, to compel her to sign a paper to stop the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, and to acknowledge herself his wife; both which she positively refused; and Mr. Bowes several times beat her on the face and body in a very violent manner. That on the journey, when she called out for assistance Mr. B. thrust a handkerchief into her mouth, and threatened to shoot her. That at Streatham Castle, Mr. B. again required her to acknowledge her being his wife, with a loaded pistol; and on refusal, told her to say her last prayers, and then violently beat her; but made no indecent attempts whatsoever upon her person.—That once, at one Mr. Bowes's, an attorney, where she was conveyed, Mr. B. with a red-hot poker, threatened if she would not comply and acknowledge herself his wife, he would send for a *Mad-doctor*, and a strait waistcoat, and confine her.—That he declared if he had not succeeded in carrying Lady S. off in the manner he had done, he would have broken open her house by night for the purpose.

Her Ladyship having sworn to these, and many other circumstances of cruelty, and signed the articles, an attachment was immediately granted against Mr. Bowes; and, on Mr. Law's motion, also against Mr. Peacock, and the others concerned in the violent mode of carrying her Ladyship off.

27. A motion was made in the Court of King's Bench by Mr. B.'s counsel, that the attachment ordered to be issued against him might be postponed till the next Term. The grounds of this application were said by the learned gentleman to be an affidavit made by Mr. B. stating, that he had used every means in his power to obey the writ issued by the Court; but that from his ill state of health and various other causes, he had met with obstructions that rendered it impossible for him to obey it before the expiration of the present Term. It also stated, that Lady S. had put herself under the protection of Mr. B. The Court declared the affidavit to be frivolous, and ordered it to be delivered in
and

and filed, which the counsel endeavoured to prevent; but the Judges were peremptory, and it was filed accordingly. The Court then informed Mr. B's counsel, that they had come to a resolution, that Mr. B. should give security, himself in 10,000l. and two sureties in 5000l. each, or be committed to prison.

Mr. Law also obtained a rule to shew cause against Peacock, Lucas, and Prevost, his assistant, as also against Mr. Browne his steward, and Mr. Bowes, his attorney; but as it would be impossible, from the distance of their residence, to serve the rule, and receive their return this Term, the rule cannot be made absolute till the next.

23. This day Mr. Bowes was brought before the Court, by whom he was committed to the King's Bench Prison.

Lady Strathmore, last year, in the continual terrors to which she was exposed from Mr. Bowes's repeated declarations that *he would have Lady Strathmore, let the consequence be what it might*, wrote a letter to Lord Mansfield, which was delivered by her Counsel; in which she says,—"I am now irresistibly urged by my too justly grounded terrors, most solemnly to intereat, in the name of that God who abhors every act of cruelty and oppression, that your Lordship will force Mr. Bowes to restore me, should he put his threats into execution, by seizing me himself, or by the crew of ruffians whom he has hired to watch me incessantly. As a preparation against such accident, I therefore beg leave to declare upon my oath, in this manner, or in person (if your Lordship and the forms of law permit it) that I never will, except by force, return to Mr. Bowes; and that if he should, after he has thus seized me, produce

any paper signed with my name, which contains a declaration that I am willing to live with him, it must be an absolute forgery, or extracted by the immediate danger my life would be in if I refused to comply; and your lordship may be assured, that I should joyfully snatch the first moment to make my recantation, and expose every fraud and violence which has been practised upon me. A *habeas corpus* would, I hope, have the same effect in my case as in that of *the poor girl**, whom Mr. Bowes carried off; and I have given a written sanction to sue for one, under such circumstances.

"I am, and not without much concern, sensible that I now trespass on all form, and even on that respect which is due to your Lordship, and which no heart is more justly penetrated with than mine; but fear, like death, tramples on all etiquette; and surely never fear was more excusable than that under which I at present drag on my existence, in the hourly expectation of losing it, or, what is ten thousand times worse, of being obliged to endure Mr. Bowes's cruelties, till their excess has put a period to my sufferings, which it was very near doing when I quitted him. I have the honour to be, &c.

M. B. BOWES STRATHMORE."

No. 2, Dyer's-Buildings,

May 27, 1785.

Mr. Bowes and Lady Strathmore were separated by the Court, and Bowes was bound over for one twelvemonth, his sureties being the Duke of Norfolk and J. Lee, Esq. That he might not involve them in his outrage, he waited till the twelvemonth was expired, and he seized her just before the question of final separation came on in Doctors Commons.

A Very respectable gentleman in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury lately received a letter from Mr. Howard, who is now in the Levant. The following is an extract, dated from Salonica:

"I doubt not, you have been informed of my intention to visit and collect all the plans, regulations, &c. of the principal Leagues in Europe. I have been at Martines, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Malta, &c. &c. Several questions (with consulting fees) have been put to the first Physicians of those places, relative to their treatment of persons in the Plague; but thinking I should gain more knowledge in the Greek Hospitals for that disorder, I have been at Zante, Smyrna, Constantinople, and came hither on Saturday in a Greek boat, full of passengers, one of whom being taken ill, he was brought to me, as I always pass for a physician. I felt his pulse, looked at the swelling, and ordered him to keep warm in a little cabin, as he had caught cold; in two hours after, I sent

for a French Captain, desired him to give no alarm, but said that I was persuaded that man had the plague; and on Tuesday after, I saw the grave in which he was buried.

"I visit all the prisons, to inform myself; but my interpreters are very cross with me; I am bound for Scio, as in that island is the most famous Hospital in the Levant. My quarantine of forty days imprisonment, is to be, I hope, at Venice.

"At Smyrna, the Franks, or foreigners houses are shut up; every thing they receive is fumigated, and their provisions pass thro' water: but in Constantinople, where many of the natives drop down dead, houses of the Franks are still kept open. I there conversed with an Italian merchant, on Thursday, and had observed to a gentleman how sprightly he was: he replied, he had a fine trade, and was in the prime of life; but, alas! on Saturday he died, and was buried, having had every sign of the plague."

*Dorothy Stevenson.

31. This night's Gazette contains addresses to his Majesty from the Bishop and Clergy of the Isle of Man; the Ministers and Elders of Perth and Sterling; the counties of Ross, Denbigh, and King's County; the stewards of Kirkcudbright; and the Superiors of the Roman Catholic Clergy of Munster.

Nov. 4. Came on before Lord Mansfield and Lord Loughborough, at Serjeant's Inn Hall, the second argument in the writ of error brought by Governor Johnstone against Capt. Sutton, when their Lordships decreed the judgment should be reversed.
(Remainder of this Month's Chronicle in our next.)

MONTHLY OBITUARY, Oct. & Nov.

OCTOBER 12.

JOHN MORRISON, Esq; senior assistant judge of the general court and comptroller of His Majesty's Customs for the Bahamas.

30. Captain William Parker, of the First Battalion of the Gloucestershire Militia.

Charles Phipps, next Brother to Lord Mulgrave. He was a Captain in the Navy, and Member for Minehead.

Humphry Sturt, Esq; late Member for the County of Dorset,

Lately at Broughton House, near Edinburgh, John Campbell, Esq; Nephew of the deceased General John Earl of Crawford.

31. John Rowe, Esq; of Leigh, near Dunfer, in Somersetshire.

Henry Crompton, Esq; of Bistern, near Ringwood, Hants.

32. The Rev. John James, Rector of Arthurst and Kirkandrews upon Esk, in Cumberland.

At Lincoln, Cecil Willis, D. D. Prebendary of Lincoln and Vicar of Holbeach.

33. Robert Martin, Esq; late of the College Precincts, Worcester.

At Derby, Mr. William Duesbury, Proprietor of the China Manufactory of that Town.

25. At Greenwich, in the 88th Year of his Age, Sir Abraham Templar, Knt.

Mr. George Street, many Years a wholesale Stationer in Bucklersbury and the Poultry.

Rowland Burdon, Esq; one of the Proprietors of the Exchange Bank, Newcastle.

26. George Saxby, Esq; aged 72, Receiver General of the Quit Rents in South Carolina.

27. At Chalton, Hants, aged 61, the Rev. William Denison, more than 30 Years Principal of Magdalen-Hall, Oxford, and Rector of Chalton and Clansfield, Hants.

Lately at Clapham, P. C. Jouvencel, Esq; of the Privy Seal Office.

28. Henry Chester, Esq; of Milford, in the County of Wilts.

Mr. Bishop, Master of Sir John Cas's School, Aldgate.

Lately at Surlingham, near Norwich, Mr. Wythe, Attorney at Law, aged 90, formerly Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the County of Norfolk.

29. Matthew Spry, Esq; many years Surgeon in Warwick Court, Warwick Lane, and one of the Court of Assistants of the Surgeons Company.

At Hillsgdon, in Hertfordshire, Mr. Robert Hicks, Yeoman, in his 104th Year. His Fourth Wife survives him, who is 92 Years of Age.

Dr. John Campbell, Titular Archbishop of Dublin.

30. Miss Peggy Smith, Niece of Dr. Smith, Master of Caius College Cambridge.

Nov. 1. Sir Edward Swinburne, Bart.

2. At Greenwich, Captain George Jebbs, aged 90 Years; upwards of 60 of which he passed in the Royal Navy.

Edmund Hopkins, Esq; late an eminent Merchant, and formerly in Partnership with Alderman Hayley.

The Rev. William Ruge, late Rector of Buckland, in Surry.

3. The Rev. Marmaduke Langdale, the officiating Roman Catholic Priest of Wigan, Lancashire.

Lately Nathaniel Webb, Esq; of Saville Row.

4. At Bristol, Mr. Henry Fawconer, of Chiswick.

In Berners Street, Major Richard Bally.

5. Colonel Thomas Frazer, Lieutenant Colonel of the First Battalion of the First or Royal Regiment of Foot.

7. At Brocket-Hall, the Seat of Lord Melbourne, in Hertfordshire, Sir John Elliot, Bart. late an eminent Physician in London, and Physician to the Prince of Wales.

At Gorbamby, near St. Albans, Lady Grimston, Wife of the present Lord Grimston, and Daughter and Heiress of the late ——— Walters, Esq; of Dorking, in Surry.

Mr. Wenham Powers, Coroner for the Isle of Ely, and upwards of 50 Years one of the Lay Clerks of that Cathedral.

Lady Dent, Wife of Sir Digby Dent, Bart. of his Majesty's Navy.

Ralph William Grey, Esq; Justice of Peace for Northumberland.

8. Mr. Olive, Organist of St. Botolph, Aldergate.

At the Vicarage House of Hackington, near Canterbury, in the 79th Year of his Age, the Rev. John Bunce, Vicar of that Parish, and perpetual Curate of Stodmarsh; the former of which he had held ever since the Year 1734, and the latter from the Year 1735, and was the oldest Incumbent in the Diocese.

General John Parflow, Colonel of the 90th Regiment of Foot.

9. At Weobly, in Herefordshire, the countess of Tyrconnel, mother of the present earl.

10. Mr. William Wilton, lately elected one of the coroners for Middlesex, and deputy clerk of the arraigns for the county of Middlesex.—He is the third coroner for Middlesex, who has died during the last six months.

11. Major-general James Bramham, his majesty's chief engineer of Great Britain.

12. Nathaniel Gould, Esq; late colonel of the third regiment of guards.

William Burtleton, Esq; recorder of Leicester.

13. Mrs. Griffiths, laundress to the queen.

At Battersea, Thomas Tritton, Esq.

At Bath, Mr. Andrew Rymföyk, portrait painter.

14. Mrs. Hughes, wife of Thomas Hughes, Esq; of Cheltenham.

William Staniforth, Esq; of Norton, near Bury, aged 70.

At Nine-wells, in Berwickshire, John Home, Esq.

Lately at Reading, in Berkshire, the Reverend William Williams, of Jesus College, Oxford, and rector of Yerbeiton, in Pembrokeshire.

15. At Bath, in the 55th year of his age, Sir Richard Temple, bart. comptroller of

the cash of the revenue of excise, and one of the commissioners of the navy.

Colonel James Dawson, late of the 58th regiment.

Lately at Edinburgh, doctor Hope, professor of botanny.

16. Doctor Thomas Knowles, physician in Lombard-street, a quaker, in the 56th year of his age.

At Codnam Hall, Suffolk, Mrs. Ann Bennett, daughter of the late Thomas Bennett, Esq; master in chancery.

At Rosedoc-house, Dunbartonshire, Sir James Colquhoun, of Lufs, bart.

18. In Norfolk-street, in the Strand, James Cecil, Esq; in the 75th year of his age.

Mrs. Alfop, relict of Robert Alfop, Esq.

19. George Thompson, Esq; senior alderman of Northampton.

The Reverend James Robertson, A. M. minor canon of St. Paul's, and curate of Christ Church, Surry.

20. Mrs. Severn, wife of Mr. Severn, apothecary, Carnaby-street.

At Brecon, in the county of Hereford, Charles Davids, Esq; supposed to be the oldest officer of the royal navy.

22. Mr. Richard Hutchinson, many years office-keeper at the Treasury.

23. Richard Hall, Esq; an East India director.

The lady dowager Falmouth.

BANKRUPTS.

WILLIAM Newman, of Hopkins-street Soho, plumber. Thomas Hurdal and Thomas Beatre, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-drapers. William Masterfon, of Clement's-lane, taylor. Thomas Benson, and Robert Reeve, of Milbank-street, corn-dealers. Thomas Hobbs, of Fleet-street, haberdasher. John M'Mikine, of Manchester, dealer. Thomas Calhoun, of Titchfield, and John Nowlan, of Bursledon, Hauts, ship-builders. William Calvert, of Liverpool, merchant. John Burgels, of Manchester, fusian-manufacturer. Joseph Kaye, of North-Shields, brandy merchant. John Davies and John Higham, of Christ-church, Surry, bakers. George Seaman Inman, of Baldwin's-court, London, Merchant. John Priestman, of Maiden-lane, pawnbroker. Samuel Norfolk, of Copdock, in Suffolk, innkeeper. Daniel Hughes, of Liverpool, brewer. Hugh Brodie, of Peckham, in Surry, vintner. John James Maillard, of Bristol, and Frederick Yeomans Wasbrough, of Streatam Common, Surry, wax-chandlers. Simon Temple the elder, of South Shields, ship-builder. Jean Joseph Gannier De la

Cotree, of Princes-street, merchant. Henry Hardy, of the Old Bailey, copper-plate printer. Thomas Thompson, of Badley, in Worcesterhire, dealer. Richard Goodman, of Lidney, in Gloucestershire, stone-mason. John Nunes, of Liverpool, and Richard Harrocks, late of Charlestown, South Carolina, merchants. Josiah Harrop, of George-yard, warehouseman. Richard Soar, of Featherstone-street, glazier. Dennis Curren, of Princes-street, soap-boiler. William Hadkinson, of Liverpool, merchant. John Wingate, of Wotton Underedge, blanket and rug manufacturer. Henry Bailie, of Vine-street, money-scriver. Thomas Thorley, of Lombard-street, wax chandler. John Rout, of Andover, baker. John Harwood, of Cullum-street, factor. Henry Davis, of Goldston-square, merchant. Richard Bradbury, of Chippenham, grocer. John Marshall, of Gosport, wine-merchant. Edward Vizard, of North Nibley, rug-maker. William Osborne, of Elmton, Warwickshire, carrier. Angel Levy, of Swan-street, Minories, grocer. Edward Gardiner, of Christchurch, Middlesex, dyer.

Thom's

Thomas Cowell, of Preston, brazier. George Evans, of Stafford, scrivener. Thomas Farmer, of Suffolk-street, brandy merchant. Thomas Hedges, of Piccadilly, salesman. Ellis Williams, of Mays-fair, luten-draper. Peter Symons the younger, of Billiter-square, ship-broker. Henry Dowling, of Princes-street, perfumer. Thomas Darkin, of Rotherhithe, dealer. Andrew Turnbull, of Crooked-lane, brush-maker. Samuel Thomas, of Nantwich, cheesefactor. John Newton, of Kingston upon Hull, grocer. James Green, of Birmingham, hofier. Simon Grayson, of Leeds, flax-dresser. Richard Farrer, of King-street, coffeeman. William Andrews, of Southampton, money-scrivener. John Mothe, of Stratford, Jillex, upholder. Samuel Cross the younger, and John Kiddell the younger, of Exeter, merchants. John Graham the younger, of Burflem, potter. George Braithwaite, of

Princes-street, merchant. Nathaniel Maithe, of Exeter, brasier and haberdasher of small ware. Thomas Hall, of Black-nuns-road, dealer. Samuel Sherwin, of Deptford, mariner. John Hogg and John Fox, of Cockspur-street, coldwaiters. Peter Grigg, of Bath, woollen-draper. Nathaniel Jones, of Bath, perfumer. Francis Drago, of Blackman-street, tobacconist. Stephen Thornhill, of Kingston-upon-Hull, silk mercer. William Sheath, of Newport, wine-merchant. John Weeks Thompson, of the Strand, apothecary. John Eyles, of Devizes, coach-maker. Francis Sone, of Little Rider-street, carpenter. Thomas Lutwyche, of Birmingham, grocer. John Robinson, of Stockton upon Tees, grocer. Joseph Madment, of Lyndhyatt, corn-chandler. Thomas Braco, of St. Helen, watchmaker. John Austin the younger, of Leeds, merchant.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

HAY-MARKET.

- Aug.* 26. Summer Amusements—Minor.
28. Disbanded Officer—Gietna Green.
29. Tit for Tat—Peep behind' the Curtain.
30. Siege of Gouzola—Peeping Tom.
31. Tit for Tat—Agreeable Surprise.
Sept. 1. Two to One—Widow's Vow.
2. Tit for Tat—Son in Law.
4. I'll Tell You What—Harlequin Teague.
5. Provok'd Husband—Peeping Tom.
6. Tit for Tat—Harlequin Teague.
7. Seemg is Believing—Spanish Barber—Minor.
8. Disbanded Officer—Son in Law.
9. Tit for Tat—Dead Alive.
11. Suicide—Harlequin Teague.
12. Tit for Tat—Peeping Tom.
13. Jealous Wife—Harlequin Teague.
14. Spanish Barber—Son in Law.
15. Tit for Tat—Agreeable Surprise.

D R U R Y - L A N E.

- Sept.* 16. School for a Scandal—All the World's a Stage.
19. Hamlet—Humourist.
21. Country Girl—Who's the Dupe.
23. Strangers at Home—Critic.
26. Trip to Scarborough—High Life below Stairs.
28. Heiress—Gentle Shepherd.
30. Jealous Wife—Romp.
Oct. 3. Venice Preserved—Catherine and Petruchio.
5. Tancred and Sigismunda—Critic.
7. Claufestine Marriage—Arthur and Emeline.
9. Macbeth—Humourist.

10. She Would and She Would Not—Romp.
12. Isabella—Son Ton.
14. School for Scandal—Virgin Unmask'd.
16. Gamester—Who's the Dupe.
17. Heiress—Romp.
19. Percy—Gentle Shepherd.
21. Twelfth Night—Romp.
23. Grecian Daughter—High Life Below Stairs.
24. Winter's Tale—Richard Cœur de Lion.
25. Bold Stroke for a Wife—Richard Cœur de Lion.
26. Wonder—Ditto.

COVENT-GARDEN.

- Sept.* 18. Belles Stratagem—Love in a Camp.
20. Richard III.—Virgin Unmask'd.
22. Belles Stratagem—Love in a Camp.
24. Gamester—Romp.
27. Grecian Daughter—Romp.
29. Double Gallant—Love in a Camp.
Oct. 2. Orphan—Romp.
4. Foundling—Padlock.
6. Jane Shore—Country Wife.
9. Duenna—Ormai.
11. Foundling—Padlock.
12. Merchant of Venice—Love-a-la-Mode.
13. Jane Shore—Padlock.
16. Richard Cœur de Lion—Romp.
18. Ditto—Country Wife.
19. Ditto—Three Weeks After Marriage.
20. Ditto—Virgin Unmask'd.
21. Roman Father—Richard Cœur de Lion.
23. Romeo and Juliet—Ditto.
25. Provoked Wife—Ditto.
26. Werter—Ditto.

Lists of Births, Marriages, and Preferments, are unavoidably deferred to our next



T H E
European Magazine;

A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

CONTAINING THE
**LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE;**
By the **PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON;**
For **D E C E M B E R, 1786.**

[Embellished with, 1. A Striking Likeness of JOHN COAKLEY LETTSON, M. D. : And 2.
SPECIMENS of ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE, Plate I.]

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L O N D O N :

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[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should be glad to oblige our Correspondents at Dover, but their account of the play acted there would take up more room than we can at present spare. Their account of the theatre we may probably insert when we have occasion, as we shall have soon to notice the private theatre at Wynn's.

Our poetical Correspondents are at present too numerous to allow their favours to be inserted immediately. *Phylodamus's* pieces are therefore sent as he desires.

Eliza Knipe in our next.

A. G. W. W. S. — n — t, Maria Falkener, Fragment of Leo, C. L. A., Fudocus, Fairplay, and *Z. Z.* are received.

Young Pindar can hardly suppose we should insert such lines as these.

For this all antiquarians agree
Is a most curious moral of antiquity.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Dec. 11, to Dec. 16, 1786.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	4	6	3	3	12	9	2	1	3	2
COUNTIES INLAND										
Middlesex	4	7	0	0	2	8	2	4	3	8
Surrey	4	6	3	1	2	10	2	4	4	4
Hertford	4	5	3	2	2	8	2	2	3	11
Bedford	4	1	2	1	2	5	1	1	3	7
Cambridge	4	1	3	3	1	5	1	9	3	4
Huntingdon	4	4	0	2	6	1	8	3	6	6
Northampton	4	5	2	5	2	5	1	1	3	7
Rutland	4	10	0	2	9	2	4	4	2	2
Leicester	4	1	3	0	2	8	2	1	4	5
Nottingham	5	1	3	3	3	0	2	3	4	4
Derby	5	1	0	0	3	4	2	5	4	10
Stafford	4	5	0	0	2	8	2	0	4	8
Shrop	5	1	3	5	2	9	2	0	5	1
Hertford	4	1	0	0	3	1	1	9	4	10
Worcester	4	6	0	2	9	2	5	4	2	2
Warwick	4	5	0	2	9	1	1	3	1	1
Gloucester	4	1	0	2	6	2	5	4	6	6
Wilt	4	5	0	2	7	2	1	4	8	8
Berke	4	6	0	2	6	2	2	3	9	9
Oxford	4	4	0	2	7	2	2	4	0	0
Bucks	4	1	0	2	5	2	1	3	2	2

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	4	3	0	0	2	10	1	0	3	1
Suffolk	4	1	3	0	2	6	2	0	3	0
Northfolk	4	1	2	10	2	6	2	0	0	0
Lincoln	4	6	2	1	2	6	1	10	3	4
York	5	0	3	6	3	1	2	2	4	7
Durham	4	1	1	0	0	3	2	1	1	3
Northumberland	4	7	3	4	2	5	1	4	0	0
Cumberland	5	1	3	5	2	6	1	1	4	4
Westmoreland	5	1	3	10	1	9	1	1	3	0
Lancaster	5	5	0	2	8	2	1	3	0	0
Cheshire	5	5	3	5	2	10	2	0	0	0
Monmouth	5	3	0	3	0	1	1	4	8	8
Somerset	5	2	3	6	2	1	1	4	4	4
Devon	5	3	0	2	7	1	5	0	0	0
Cornwall	4	10	0	2	7	1	7	0	0	0
Dorset	4	1	0	2	9	2	1	4	1	1
Hants	4	4	0	2	8	2	0	4	5	5
Suffex	4	4	0	2	8	2	1	3	1	1
Kent	4	4	0	2	8	2	2	1	1	1

WAL. Dec. 4, to Dec 9, 1786.

North Wales	5	3	4	4	2	1	1	7	1	10
South Wales	4	10	1	8	2	9	1	6	4	4

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
29—29 — 80	— 49	N.N.E.
30—29 — 80	— 42	N.

D E C E M B E R:

1—29 — 80	— 38	N.
2—30 — 00	— 44	E.N.E.
3—29 — 50	— 47	E.
4—29 — 04	— 46	N.
5—29 — 19	— 41	E.N.E.
6—29 — 20	— 47	N.
7—29 — 50	— 49	N.N.F.
8—29 — 95	— 40	N.N.E.
9—29 — 74	— 48	N.
10—29 — 90	— 45	N.
11—29 — 50	— 47	N.
12—29 — 50	— 46	F.
13—29 — 51	— 47	W.S.W.
14—29 — 55	— 43	W.
15—29 — 75	— 38	W.S.W.
16—29 — 43	— 38	W.
17—29 — 55	— 36	N.
18—29 — 52	— 35	W.
		N

21—29 — 90	— 27	N
22—30 — 13	— 27	N.N.W.
23—29 — 88	— 32	5 W.S.W.
24—30 — 08	— 30	E.
25—20 — 95	— 29	E.N.E.
26—29 — 69	— 24	W
27—29 — 7	— 31	S
28—9 — 90	— 30	W.S.W.

PRICE of STOCKS, Dec 23, 1786.

Bank Stock, —	India Stock, shut
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 9 1/2	3 per Cent. Ind. Ann.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, shut	India Bonds 70s. 4/23
3 per Cent. red 74 1/2	New Navy and Vict. Bills
3 per Cent. Cont. shut 75 1/2 with div. for opening	Long Ann. 22 1/2 16 h
3 per Cent. 1728, shut	10 years Short Att 1777, —
3 per Cent. 1751, —	30 years Ann. 1778, —
South Sea Stock, —	Excheq. r Bills.
Old S. S. An. 73 1/2	Int. Tick 1/4 16s. 0/2
New S. S. Ann. —	Bank. for Jan. 15 1/2
	Conf. ls for Jan. 75 1/2

European Magazine.



Engraved by J. Stowery

D: LETTSON.

T H E

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

For D E C E M B E R , 1 7 8 6 .

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

CHARACTER of Dr. JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM.

(With an ADMIRABLE LIKENESS of HIM, excellently engraved by HOLLOWAY.)

ALTHOUGH it is unusual with us to take notice a second time of such persons as have already fallen under our consideration, we have been induced to break through the rule on the present occasion, to oblige a correspondent and friend from the country, to whom we are obliged for the portrait of Dr. Lettsom with the following character. (Anecdotes of this gentleman have already appeared in our Magazine for June 1783.

THIS physician, though scarcely in his fortieth year, an age when practitioners in general begin to emerge from obscurity, already enjoys a share of business unusual at this period of life; with a character respected by his friends.

The principal use of biography is faithfully to exhibit those examples which exalt human nature, in order to excite emulation in the reader; who seeing what has been performed by the happy conjunction of diligence and abilities, may be induced to dedicate his time and talents to the benefit of mankind.

On this account, those who have arrived at eminence from a state of mediocrity, which may be considered as the general theatre of mankind, become the most proper objects of public consideration. From this state of mediocrity Dr. Lettsom originated; but possessing a spirit of laudable ambition, this native of the smallest island in the Atlantic is now become a popular character in this metropolis; and though we have formerly in-

duced Anecdotes of him, yet as what has already appeared is very imperfect, the present occasion of enlarging them is now embraced.

It must be confessed, that no great variety can be expected in a detail of the life of a medical practitioner. However, as that of Dr. LETTSOM differs, in a great measure, from most of the profession, it may not be improper to present our readers with a cursory sketch of the manner in which that gentleman usually employs the week; which may serve as an epitome of that routine which forms the course of an active though regular life.

The doctor, we are informed, rises early, and is usually in his carriage by nine in the morning; from which hour till nine at night the time is often employed in professional engagements, with a leisure scarce sufficient for those periodical refreshments which constitute the chief business of many who claim the title of rational beings.—Twice a week, however, the doctor enjoys the conversation of his friends, from the hour of six to eight in the evening, either in London, or at his country seat, Grove-hill, where he sometimes sups and sleeps.

Besides his occasional attendance, on Sundays, of the meeting of that religious profession to which he belongs, being educated a Quaker, he spends the evening with his family in the perusal of the bible, or some other book of religious instruction.

It is said, however, that the literary correspondence

correspondence of this gentleman is very extensive; and that reading and writing are performed in his carriage; by which management of his time he is enabled to compose publications, and to hold an intercourse with many parts of the globe.

The doctor was an early and active promoter of the HUMANE SOCIETY, and was lately elected one of the *Vice Presidents*, as well as unanimously requested to accept of the *Office of Treasurer*. He is likewise *Vice President* of the FINSBURY DISPENSARY, and *Treasurer* of the GENERAL DISPENSARY; and is also well known to be a liberal and zealous supporter of many other public institutions.

But the benevolent disposition of this gentleman appears in a more amiable point of view, from what we have been able to discover of his conduct towards the unfortunate in private life, to whom his assistance has been in a variety of instances communicated; where the complicated evils of sickness and poverty have by his skill and generosity been happily relieved.

It is remarkable that the same conduct which, in a young candidate for popularity, is supposed to be extended merely as the means of his advancement, appears in Dr. Lettsom to result from a more exalted principle, as his affability to his acquaintance and his bounty to the indigent are rather increased than diminished,

since his acquirement of medical reputation; and the augmentation of fortune serves only to enlarge the extent of his liberality.

While emulation strongly marks the character of this physician, he appears free from those emotions of envy which distinguish little minds; and is ever ready to acknowledge and applaud merit, both in his own and every other profession. And here we cannot help mentioning the assiduity which he has shown in promoting the subscription for prison charities and reforms, and for erecting a statue in honour of the excellent Mr. Howard, whose genuine benevolence must gain him the cordial approbation of those who possess souls congenial to his own.

It is hoped for the honour of human nature, that there are many who entertain sentiments of a philanthropic kind; but such a disposition is of little use, if it amounts to no more than indolent wishes for the prosperity of others: it is only where humanity and activity unite that an individual becomes beneficial to mankind; an instance of which we observe in the gentleman whose character we have attempted to delineate, and whose diligent attention to a multiplicity of objects is aptly expressed in the words of the Mantuan bard:

Animum nunc huc, nunc dividit illuc;

In partetque rapit varias perque omnia versat.

POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for DEC. 1786.

No. XXXIV.

THIS mid-winter month, as might be expected, has been productive of very little new matter in the political world; consequently our politicians have had very little to exercise their speculative talents upon; excepting a continuance of their observations on the Commercial Treaty recently concluded with the French court. But this unfortunately happens to be a subject which most of our would-be-politicians, paragrammatical scribblers, are totally ignorant of. Hence the many gross effusions of ignorance, folly, and stupidity, we daily see blackening the pages of diurnal history, in the various newspapers of the day. This same treaty, which requires a very comprehensive knowledge of the political system of Europe, and of the present state of trade and navigation of the several powers of the same, to qualify any man to think, speak, and write accurately upon it, is yet daily

commented upon with the greatest freedom, we had almost said with the greatest effrontery, by men who seem to know nothing either of the one or the other; while modest sensible judicious men are afraid to venture out with their opinions into public view, upon this momentous, important, and, to many people, very intricate national subject.

And here lies our danger, that the great bulk of those gentlemen, by whose voice the fate of our nation is to be determined, either are, or profess themselves to be, incompetent judges of the matter. Go among them, and ask each man privately or publicly his opinion of the commercial treaty, he excuses himself from giving an explicit answer, by saying, "I do not know: it is too commercial, too intricate, too abstruse, for me to form any judgment upon: I cannot dive deep enough into it, to form any
" founded

“founded opinion; I must therefore wait further information from those who know better than myself, the contents, tendency, and probable consequences of this grand contested affair.” The consequence is, that each man casts anchor in the ground he belongs to. The court member relies implicitly on the *ipse dixit* of the minister, takes his word for the whole, and votes plump with him; the opposition-men follow their leaders; and so the whole will perhaps depend upon the interest of the minister, and that bane of politics as well as of religion—*implicit faith, without examination, free enquiry, or rigid investigation.*

In this fluctuating and uncertain mode of thinking about this perplexed intricate subject, there appears something clear and pellucid to shine through the surrounding cloud of darkness, which may serve as a guiding star in this our political voyage, which we shall endeavour to state briefly and clearly, viz.

It is generally agreed on one side, and not denied on the other side, that the commercial treaty of 1786 is a copy, or transcript of the treaty of 1713, which was rejected by the legislature of that time, in opposition to the whole weight of court influence most vigorously exerted in its support. It seems also to be agreed, that the treaty of 1786 is not a very good or perfect copy of that of 1713; and that where they differ, the present agitated treaty suffers by comparison, being a worse edition, with all the faults, and without some of the beauties, of the original.

Now, from the above premises, which seem to be undisputed and indisputable, we draw this inference; That a treaty of commerce and navigation, which was radically bad for Great Britain anno 1713, cannot be radically and essentially good in 1786—unless the world has turned upside down since, and the whole system of affairs therein is changed thoroughly and completely. The question then comes to this—Were the majority of the house of commons of those days misled by their informants; and these last quite mistaken as to their own real interest and permanent welfare; or, did they wilfully mislead their patrons in the house of commons to act against their own apparent interest?—It is incumbent, therefore, on the strenuous advocates of the present ministers to prove that the ministers of queen Anne only were in the right, and the parliament and people were

all in the wrong, grossly ignorant of what was conducive to their own welfare, and that of the nation in general; or they must admit unequivocally, that the treaty of Utrecht was radically bad for this country. It will then remain with them to shew, what changes Great Britain and France have respectively undergone since that time, in their internal frames and external circumstances, sufficient to render a measure radically bad and pernicious for this country at the former period, quite safe, eligible, and beneficial at this period, and in all future time. Until they shall perform this task, we recommend to all worthy, well-meaning, though wavering Britons, to look with a jealous suspicious eye upon this and every boon that France may offer Great Britain.

Botany Bay has been alternately abandoned and returned by our ex-politicians, in the course of this month: it has likewise been rejected for a substitute.—Because New Holland was by much too great an island for our ragamuffin colony, we deviated to the opposite extreme, by adopting a very small island, scarce visible on the globe, and scarcely findable in the great Southern Ocean, called New Norfolk, for the prison of our convicted criminals. Ultimately, if we may believe report, they are to be put in possession of both these islands.

If we were to consult reason and common sense on the occasion, we should conclude that ministers of state would not attempt the execution of either the one or the other enterprize, without waiting for the formality of taking the sense of parliament respecting such a gross expenditure of the public money. Whether our self-sufficient minister thinks this a mere formality that may be dispensed with occasionally; or thinks he may as well ask the advice of parliament after, as before the deed is done, is not for us to pronounce upon, but we must leave it to be developed by his actions.

Ministry are reported to be excessively fond of negotiation; so much so, as to have commercial treaties on foot with almost all the powers of Europe, and even with the American States!—Their success in their first attempt at a commercial treaty with our fellow-subjects of Ireland, might have taught them a little modesty concerning their negotiating talents; and men endowed with a moderate share of modesty and prudence, would have waited with some diffidence, to see the reception the French commercial treaty will be honoured with by the parliament and people

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of Great Britain, before they embarked in a number of divers other treaties with powers annumbered and unknown. As to our treaty with the Americans, it will be time enough to begin that, when their treaty with their great and good ally expires, or is broken through, whichever period happens first; till then we can have no good commercial treaty, or any other treaty, with the Thirteen United States of America.

The meetings of British and Irish parliaments are fixed nearly as they were last year: that of the latter was merely domestick last year:—the ensuing session is likely to be more comprehensive and extended in its views and deliberations. On one momentous subject we suppose that both parliaments will have occasion to bestow the most serious and profound deliberation. How far they will agree or recede from one another in opinion and judgment, must be left to time to discover.

Stocks have been very low and drooping this month, contrary to the expectation of many of the dealers in that commodity, at least as they pretended. Leaving various lesser adventitious causes out of the question, we believe the main cause which has depressed the funds has been the minister's design to bring forth another war-budget now in the time of profound peace, in the approaching session. A new loan! more taxes! mency, money, money! is the minister's constant tone.

The White Boys in Ireland seem to grant a truce previous to the meeting of the parliament of that kingdom. It is high time the Irish government should redress their grievances, if they labour under any, or otherwise correct their irregularities, and restore the country to peace and good order.

We now see the fruits of the late treaties of peace with France and Spain developing themselves to the public view of even the most cursory observers.—Our ministry ceded West Florida, which had been conquered, and gave away East Florida, which had not been conquered, both into the hands of the Spaniards, without reversion, and without any equivalent or consideration whatsoever. The use that is to be made of this cession and concession, it seems, is, these two provinces to be given by the Spaniards to the French, for a strong hold, to keep the North American States in subjection

to the French court, and to be a thorn in the sides of our West India Islands, and a continual curb upon all the shipping going to and coming from them to these islands (Great Britain and Ireland) in peace, and perhaps to wrest them from us finally, whenever another war shall break out between the two nations. What France fails of her pursuits in arms, she generally accomplishes by the insidious pen of negotiation.

The revolted Americans now feel severely the loss of their relation and connection with Great Britain; and they deplore the loss of that protection they enjoyed under her covering wing, from the depredations and cruelties of the Barbary States! They can neither protect themselves by arms from all or any of them, nor yet make peace with one of those predatory powers! What were all their wise heads thinking of, when they were tearing themselves from the arms of the mother-country, not to foreclose that these things, and many other calamities would be the consequences of the final separation they ardently fought after, and fought for against their best friends and guardians.

The Dutch still quarrelsome among themselves, without rightly knowing what they quarrel about, or what either of the contending parties aim at, or what would please them if they could obtain their will. At the same time some of them shew a disposition of renewing their dispute with the emperor.—So much for French mediation between contending neighbours.

The King of Prussia carries on things with moderation and discretion, and appears to put the French court to the trial, to see what sort of a republican government they would wish to establish in Holland, in lieu of that they are secretly undermining and endeavouring to blow up. In the mean time his interference keeps the rank republicans of French manufacturing in awe, and restrains them within some bounds, which they would otherwise overleap, to the utter confusion of their divided and distracted country.

Portugal and Spain remain very silent; the former probably wanting to see what sort of a commercial treaty we shall finally make with France.

Russia somewhat in the same way as to us: how she stands with the Porte is difficult to say. Both parties study silence and profess moderation. Every thing on that

that quarter appears to hang on the thread of the Grand Signior's precarious life.

Poland, whose diet is the most turbulent in Europe, has commenced its æra of

tranquil deliberation, and quiet session.

The Emperor keeps looking on coolly among them all, only galling the Dutch a little on their old sore, the Scheldt.

SIR BERTRAND*. A FRAGMENT. By Mrs. BARBAULD.

SIR Bertrand turned his steed towards the woulds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he could direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged, in full splendour from her veil; and then instantly retired behind it, having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage a while urged him to push forwards, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture when the fullen toll of a distant bell struck his ear—he started up, and turning towards the sound discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march he was stopp'd by a moated ditch surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpse of moon light he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a numerous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed, and approaching the

house traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower window, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke—The noise resounded thro' the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—He repeated the strokes more boldly and louder—another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front—It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away as before—At the same instant a deep sullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—He was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopp'd his flight; and urged by honour, and a restless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the grate. The heavy door, creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his shoulder to it and forced it open—he quit- ted it and step forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large staircase, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moment's deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of

* On this Fragment the new Pantomime called the ENCHANTED CASTLE, (performed on Tuesday the 26th instant, at Covent-Garden Theatre) is partly founded.

another stair-case, and then vanished!—At the same instant, another toll sounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness, and with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless in his—He dropped it, and rushed forward with a desperate valour.

The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault.—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrulling forward the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a

SPECIMENS of ANCIENT

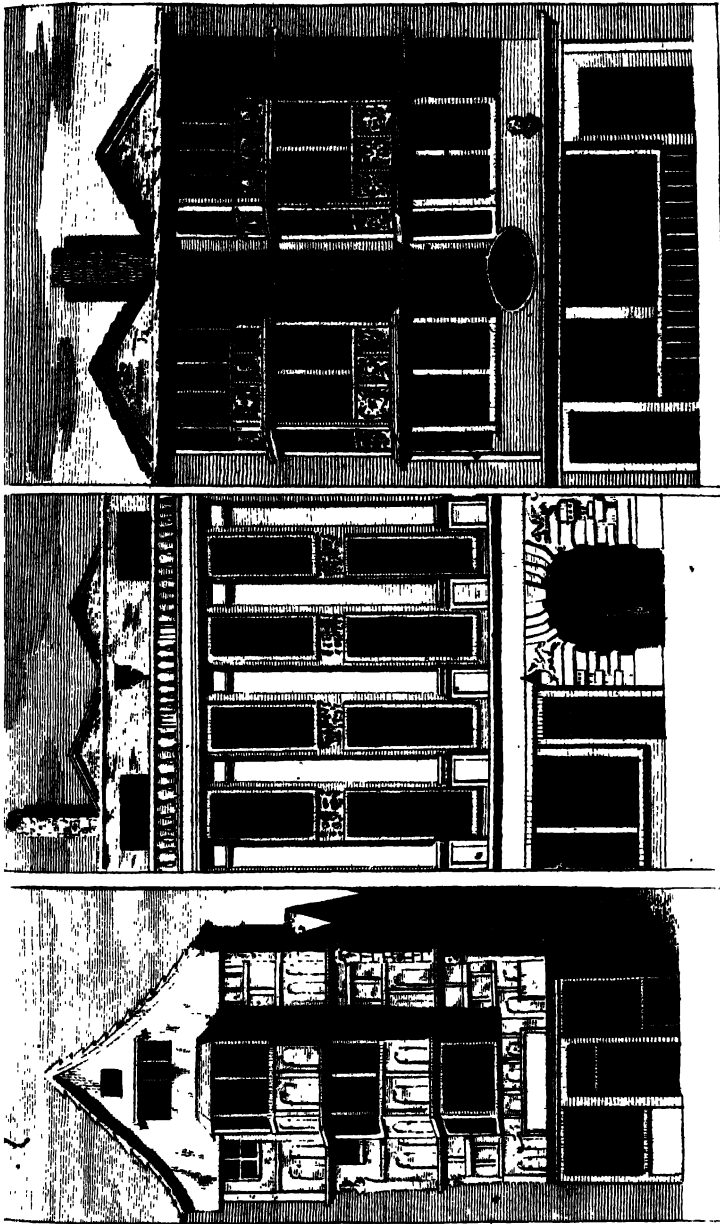
TO compare the progress of improvement at different periods, and to contemplate the vicissitudes of fashion, are objects certainly amusing, and, it may be asserted, have a claim to approbation from their intrinsic value. Of the variations which the lapse of time occasion, none are more striking than those which are to be seen in the buildings of a commercial and flourishing nation. The transition from strength and convenience to elegance and taste may be discovered at this time in many parts of the metropolis. But the rapidity of improvement joined to the accidents incident to a populous city re-

quired rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room on both sides were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the Knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly, a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the Knight, and falling on her knees thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast, delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who leading back the Knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: *

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ARCHITECTURE, PLATE I.

quire that some memorials should be preserved of the talents of our ancestors in the style of their houses. What may be now done with success will be impossible in the course of a few years. We shall therefore, at different times, present our readers with Views, which we have already engraven, of the several styles of architecture which have prevailed heretofore in London, and as a specimen select for this month the annexed Plate; containing, I. The house at the corner of Chancery Lane. II. The entrance of the Inner Temple. III. The house of Mr. Owen, bookseller, a few doors from thence.



Platten C.

SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A DIALOGUE between a TUTOR and his PUPIL, chiefly upon the STUDY of HISTORY and POLITICS.

*Hoc opus, hoc studium, parvi properemus & ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.*

HORAT. EPIST.

TUTOR.

UPON my word, I begin to fear these *Novels* will entirely divest you of all relish for other kinds of reading, which are certainly more useful, and, to a taste not depraved, equally, or more, pleasant.

PUPIL. Indeed, Sir, to confess the truth, I am such a bigot to these kind of books, that I am but little inclined to give them up for others, which I entirely agree with you may be more *useful*, but, I am sure, not more, or indeed equally *pleasant*.—Nay, there is something so wonderfully pleasing in taking part, as it were, in the adventures of some fictitious *hero of the piece*, or in weeping together with some disappointed *lover*, and the like, that while I can but enjoy myself in this manner, I envy not the laborious student, who can pore over dry lessons of *morality*, *metaphysical* researches, or the whole region of *politics* and *parliamentary* debates.

TUTOR. Indeed I must blame your opinion—I do not think it by any means a right thing, for those of your age especially, to engage *too deeply* in the studies you condemn, nor, indeed, do I so far blame your choice of books as *entirely* to condemn them.—'Tis the excess I blame, and that too often in the lowest class of this sort of reading. Novels and romances are to be met with, where the best and truest pictures of human life are delineated, and which tend to inculcate the most amiable virtues, and best lessons of morality. This, to be sure, is not in general the character of romances; but though the pictures of life represented in them are not so faithful or so numerous, I do not wish to discourage them. The young mind may certainly be allowed to amuse itself with them. They tend to call forth its generous feelings, and to inspire such a *manly* deference towards the fair-sex, with such a romantic spirit, as, I verily believe, will keep up, in a great measure, that courage and contempt of danger which every *Briton* ought to possess.—Nay, there is in general something of so generous a cast in those compositions, that they cannot but enlarge our mind and ideas, and root out all narrow thoughts and conceptions.

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But surely such studies ought *now* to give way to more useful and important ones; you are past the age in which they are not merely allowable, but to be recommended.—Had you begun when quite young with the strict truths of morality and philosophical reasoning, or with tedious histories, you might have conceived a lasting disrelish to them, or have been of so cold a turn of mind, as to despise the beauties of imagination and poetry.

PUPIL. Well, I am glad, then, I have not begun with those dry studies so soon, if I might possibly have lost by this ~~means~~ a relish for the noble flights of *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Gray*, *Milton*, with hundred others whom, you must do me the justice to own, I have never neglected.

TUTOR. I cannot refuse it you—and I have conceived no low opinion of you, from your love of such writings.—I only wish your love of them had led you to make deeper researches into History, that you might be the better able to understand not only their various allusions, but the people and nations many of them have written about.

There is no fear of the rapturous sallies of your imagination being stopped by an attention to the graver subjects I would recommend.—If you have a turn for adventures and romance, I am sure the Life of Charles the Twelfth, that famous King of Sweden, would give you the highest delight.—The Roman History will shew you some of the finest heroes, whether in war or council, that the world ever saw.—But the first history a man should read, ought certainly to be that of his own country.—He feels himself interested in what he reads; he is as much pleased with the good acts of a sovereign of several centuries ago, as the people themselves were, who lived at that time; or displeas'd at the encroachments and tyranny of a bad sovereign; for he considers the good done as a benefit intended to himself, though at so distant a period; and equally considers such bad actions as an evil of which he himself might feel the ill consequences, and which might have hurt the happiness or privilege of the subject as long as the kingdom itself remained.

3 F

T'WILL

'Twill be endless to mention the peculiar delight you must receive in reading the history of your own country, in preference to that of any other. The History of England abounds with as great men, in all capacities and noble actions, as the history of any one nation whatsoever.

PUPIL. I remember to have heard it remarked, that our English Histories are too much filled with tedious debates and minute descriptions of the transactions of the several Parliaments, so as to make them more like dry journals than pleasing histories.

TUTOR. It is certainly a just observation; and I do not wonder that young people are disgusted with them on their first perusal.—Our Histories have indeed been urged as a mark of the grave turn of mind, which fits an Englishman for the disquisition of such subjects; but the disgust wears off as we grow older, and feel ourselves more interested in the political management of our country.—And this brings me to a subject, which I have long intended to converse with you about.

PUPIL. Pray, what may it be, Sir? I should guess Politics.—

TUTOR. The very same.—And that you may be somewhat more inclined to hear what I have to say concerning them, I shall begin with quoting a passage on this subject, from an author of great sense and observation. "It is a mark of the social and public spirit of this nation, that there is scarcely a member of it who does not bestow a considerable portion of his time and thoughts in studying its political welfare, its interest, and its honour. Though this general taste for politics, from the highest to the lowest orders of the people, has afforded subjects for comic ridicule, yet I cannot help, considering it both as a proof of uncommon liberality, and as one of the firmest supports of civil liberty. It kindles, and keeps alive, an ardent love of freedom. It has hitherto preserved that glorious gift of God from the rude hand of tyranny, and tends, perhaps more than any other cause, to communicate the noble fire of true patriotism to the bosoms of posterity." This is very true: besides, Politics are immediately connected with History. Not that I wish you should ever become an eager votary for any political party, or that an indiscriminate warmth should lead you into debates out of which you cannot extricate yourself without dissention, and (as is too frequently the case) without conceiving an hatred, perhaps never to be rooted out, against your antagonist. This I have

known to be the sweets which many a furious politician has enjoyed, as the fruits of his mad zeal and ridiculous obstinacy.

What I mean, when I recommend Politics to you, is to have a knowledge of the present proceedings of your country in such matters, without which you cannot be fit for common conversation; but above all, a substantial knowledge of the constitution of your country (which, by the bye, M. de Lolme, not to mention other authors, will instruct you in); without this it is impossible you can be a proper judge of the transactions in the political world.

PUPIL. Good God! how often have I heard men blamed for entering into such a study as that of Politics!—

TUTOR. That I do not doubt—but then those are pretenders who start up, and will give their opinions of any political measure with as much confidence, or propagate their conjectures on any future state of affairs with as much sagacity as a prime minister, or any other person who has made Politics the prime study of his whole life.

But I do not wish you to busy yourself with shrewd conjectures of what would be the state of all Europe, should the king of France, or any other mighty monarch, die; nor with the political intrigues of foreign courts and ambassadors [this may be in character for statesmen]—I only wish you to have such a knowledge of these matters, as will not only fit you for conversation and commerce with mankind, but furnish your mind with subjects of contemplation. Under this head "Politics," you ought to consider the kingdom in its various improvements in *learning* and the *arts*, as well as in *commerce* and *power*: these are all properly connected, though perhaps not what are generally and exactly understood by the word "Politics." And "What" (to use the words of the author I before quoted) "can constitute a more rational object of contemplation than the noble fabric of society, civilized by arts, letters, and religion? What can better employ our sagacity, than to devise modes for its improvement and preservation?"

Indeed, I wonder how the man who is so happy as to be a subject of Great Britain, can so shamefully neglect this study, without having even a curiosity to know how his country goes on; or for what wise institutions the government of England is so much the admiration of the whole world; or in what consist his own, an Englishman's

Englishman's peculiar privileges, which are the envy of the subjects in every other state, and which have gained his country the name of "*The Land of Liberty*."—But to enjoy this study properly, or to turn it to any advantage, we should first—

PUPIL. I was just going to ask what I perceive you are about to inform me of.—

TUTOR. We should first, then, be well versed in History; we should read it with discernment, and accustom ourselves to consider and think of what we read, that we may be enabled to form right ideas of man and society.—But I am proceeding too far on the subject; I hope I have said enough to engage you to turn your thoughts to other things than those which have as yet engaged them.

PUPIL. Indeed you have—I begin to see such studies as these in a different light than what I have as yet considered them in—and already begin to feel the importance of being a member of such a state as ours, though I know so little concerning it;—and I seriously am determined to sit down to study it without delay.

TUTOR. You will, I am sure, reap the benefit of such studies. It will be needless for me to say more on this subject; your own daily experience will shew you the proper means to make you such a politician as I have endeavoured to delineate, distinct from the noisy and ignorant tribe of party-men, who are hurried by their foolish zeal they know not whither, into debates and dissensions.

But to return to our books.—I cannot sufficiently recommend to you the study of History. You will read the Histories written by Herodotus and Thucydides with me very soon, as you have made sufficient progress in your Greek for that purpose: these will afford you a vast fund of entertainment and useful knowledge; and in your avocations from business with me, do act like a man; and let what you do read, be such as becomes a man endued with reason and contemplative powers.—What an exquisite delight is it to bring back to your mind, a long series of glorious heroes of old, and their noble actions! to see the rise and progress of empires, to watch the circumstances which led to their exaltation, and by what means their downfall was expected. What a wide field for Morality! And how glorious to call to mind the virtuous actions of great men, to be inflamed with a passion for glory, and an eager desire to follow their examples! Nay, in a word, can any thing be more glorious than to know

the history of the whole world! I could enlarge without end on the great delight resulting from such studies; but you are able to figure them to yourself.

PUPIL. I assure you I am quite inflamed with a desire of such studies, and from henceforth abjure the meagre food I have as yet fed upon.

TUTOR. I do not wish you to give up all other kinds of reading neither; a change, and especially for such as Poetry, will agreeably amuse, and open your ideas equally; and you will thus return to your more serious subjects with greater avidity.—'Tis the more trivial volumes which I am averse to.

PUPIL. I perfectly understand you:—but if a man's genius inclines him to any particular kind of reading or study, would you wish to stop this, and make him follow what he does not approve, and cannot of course make any progress in?

TUTOR. I would by no means balk a man's genius, provided it is turned to an useful and manly subject. Was this to be the case, and all were compelled to follow the same studies, we should not possibly have such adepts in the various arts and sciences as we now have. It is in frivolous pursuits that a man's genius, or, to speak more properly, his depraved taste, ought to be balked.—So that I do not say, that every individual must follow the same studies which I have been discouraging upon, to the very height, if his talents lie another way.—I only mentioned them as studies which every one would find their advantage in (and absolutely necessary to be known, in more than a superficial manner, by every one who makes the least pretension to be a scholar or gentleman) and more particularly opposed them to readings of an inferior nature.

Where the genius is not particularly otherwise inclined, I know none more worthy of a man's attention.—Do not imagine I mean to make Religion a secondary study; this certainly ought to be our very first care: but we will talk of this some other time; at present I am only to be understood of what is generally meant by Learning. I shall not at present enlarge upon the study of other things, such as the various arts and sciences, which are necessary to be known, in a great measure, by every one whom more important avocations do not forbid; but not to be too deeply attended to, unless, as I before said, our particular genius is that way; or we intend to make them our primary object.—Nor, indeed, is it possible for any one man to be deeply

skilled in every branch of learning.—Let him turn his thoughts to the most useful and entertaining to himself.

But of these things I will speak more largely at some future opportunity; at present I have only endeavoured to direct a taste in some measure bad in itself.

PUPIL. You only say in *some* measure bad; I wish you would be more explicit.

TUTOR. I say, in *some* measure, because I do not *entirely* condemn Novels, Romances, and various kinds of reading of equal importance: where they are the best of the kind (and good many are) I gave you my reasons at first for approving of them.—I have endeavoured then to direct this taste, which indeed is very blameable when carried to excess, and to conduct a wavering mind to the study of what may worthily fix his attention.

PUPIL. What do you say to Travels and Voyages?—

TUTOR. These I consider as a branch of History. Where they are written by *real* Travellers, and people to be depended upon, they make you more particularly acquainted with the country, and peculiar dispositions and customs of a people; as in History these are given in a more gene-

ral way, and indeed you have only the striking features of a people in general.

I would advise you to look for every place mentioned in your histories and travels, in a map, or globe, which I will take care to provide you with.

This will be doubly improving yourself; besides, it is impossible either to clearly understand many parts of history, or common conversation, without a competent knowledge of Geography.

PUPIL. Well—I am certain I shall improve as much from the lecture you have now given me, as I have from any former one; though I hope I have made as good an use of those I have already received as can be expected.

TUTOR. Indeed I have no fault to find—but come—So fine a morning must not be *entirely* spent in this manner; the health of the body is of as much consequence as that of the mind; for indeed the latter cannot subsist without the former.

—So to horse—

PUPIL. With all my heart.—I believe you will not say, you ever found me slow in this particular; nor shall you in those more noble studies you have now recommended to me.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A SCHEME for the ADVANCEMENT of POETICAL GENIUS in this KINGDOM.

— *formidine fustis*

Ad bene dicendum delendumque redacti.

HOR. EPIST. AD AUG.

THERE has been a grievous outcry of late in this nation, that men's wits are no longer equal to the production of any noble work in Poetry, and that some late poetsasters are so much cried up and read, that the great masters of the art are disregarded. And indeed it is certain that Homer and Virgil are at present less relished than Voltaire, and Terence's comedies are not so much prized as O'Keefe's; a taste which must be partly imputed to the increasing refinement of the age, and partly to that dislike of the ancient tongues which the purity and perfection of modern languages naturally excite. It is true, that some have laudably endeavoured to restore the declining age of Poetry, by recurring to the usage of simple ballads and legendary tales; yea, and in this way have succeeded so well, that men would hardly believe their works to be produced in an age of literary research. But it is surely an over-sondness for antique Poesy

which makes men admire her swaddling-clouts; and we may suspect the age of doating, when it returns to the gewgaws and rattles that delighted its infancy.

Edificare casas, plustello adjungere mures,
Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine
longa,

Si quem delectet barbatum, amentia verset.

In one respect it is unlucky for our modern wits, that the great Ancients have gone before them, viz. that they have anticipated us in very many good thoughts; so that it would greatly benefit us if a second Orpheus could procure a cask of the Lethean flood to rebate the keen memories of our diurnal critics. But on the other hand, great geniuses are seen in their imitators, as the sun is visible in his reflected images, after he has sunk beneath the horizon, and weak eyes can view him, which could not bear to look up during his meridian splendour. Besides,

the

the tendency to the βαδύς is so strong in many readers, that they are happiest when they contemplate a great luminary through the smoked glass of modern imitation. We should therefore no more blame a man for preferring S—t to Tacitus, H—y to Virgil, or S—th to Tibullus, than the Hottentot, who, after visiting the most polished scenes of Holland, returned to the splanchnoid cincture and aspersive knighthood of his countrymen. However, I am unwilling to believe that there is an absolute failure of poetical genius among us, and am rather inclined to account for our want of original productions from other causes. Now the principal cause seems to be this, that our writers are all in too comfortable a situation; for among the ancients Homer was a blind beggar, Virgil a broken farmer *, Horace an outlaw †; and among the moderns, was not Shakespeare a deer-stealer, Ben Jonson a bricklayer, Dryden a Tory, and Pope a Roman-catholic? But though their heads might bear such disqualifying circumstances, I would be loth to expose the brains of living wits to such dangerous influences; and therefore I have set myself seriously to excogitate what may have aided the best poets in their compositions, collaterally, or, as it may be more elegantly expressed, by the bye. And here I remembered, to my great contentment, how Camöens wrote his *Lusiad*, Cervantes his *Don Quixote*, and Sir Walter Raleigh his *History of the World*, in prison; or how, in earlier times, Ovid penned his *Tristia*, (wherein he foretold the late Revolution in America) after his banishment to an island in the Bay of Naples. For Poetry is like gunpowder, which, the closer you pen it up, makes the louder explosion; it is like dung, which ferments more, the more ordure you heap upon it; but then it is like steel, which may be bent till it snaps, and flies back to give you a slap in the face.

I therefore humbly propose, that some of our most promising wits may forthwith be shut up in whatever prison government shall deem proper; and that they be detained there till they produce something deserving the regard of posterity. Heroic writers will be best accommodated perhaps in the Tower, which has been the theatre of so many bloody tragedies; not to mention the inspiration to be derived from the report of the guns on rejoicing-days; Pastoral writers in the King's-bench; and

Elegiac-men in Newgate. I should advise the latter to attend to the Ordinary's pamphlets, and that excellent history the *Newgate Calendar*: but I observe that some late writers in that sort have already availed themselves of those publications. While these worthies are under confinement, their regimen should be carefully laid down; especially as it is likely to be proved, by some great physiologists, that the vital principle is secreted in the stomach, and the genius must consequently depend greatly on the nature of the aliments. Now, having formerly studied intellectual dietetics myself, to increase the aptitude of my pupils towards acquiring the knowledge of the *Horn-book*, I shall venture to lay some remarks on this subject before the reader.

1st. The diet of the heroic poets must be very low; for though Horace says of the others, that "*Vinum fere dulcis mane oluere camenz;*" yet Milton says of the heroic poet,

—*parce Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, & innocuus præbeat herba cibos;
Stet pro fagineo pellucida lymphâ catillo,
Sobriaque puro pocula fonte bibat.*

Eleg. vi.

He has not indeed specified the vegetable to be used in diet, but this omission is fortunately supplied in the

Salve brassica virens corona.

Cabbage, therefore, must be the food of the heroic poets, and water their beverage. The reader will give me credit for foregoing a conceit on this occasion.

2dly. Left the powers should become torpid for want of exertion, the candidates for immortality must be indulged with a certain quantity of motion daily. Their exercise should be short, for fear of interrupting their meditations, but violent, that it may be effectual. Tossing in a blanket is a good passive exercise; but if some constitutions should require more activity, they may practise pumping and coal-heaving.

3dly. If any of the candidates should appear indolent and drowsy, flagellation, vocation, and scarification, must be applied. Pumping cold water on the head will be very useful in this case.

4thly. The minor poets may be a little more indulged in diet, but it will be necessary to limit them in the article of *GIN*. I know very well that no man needs to drink more than two pots a day of that

* See his first Eclogue, with the Annotations.

† See his Epistles.

liquor, in order to write very good Pastorals.

sthy. As the Ode-writers will probably be lodged in Moorfields, they may partake of the discipline observed among the ingenious philosophers of the college in that quarter.

Thus have I detailed, for the use of my dear countrymen, a scheme formed by long labour, and perfected by assiduous contemplation;—a scheme which will produce great honour to the present age, and infinite delight to posterity. For my own part, having no poetical talents, as all the world knows, I can expect no personal benefit from it, except what government (which will doubtless adopt the proposal) may think fit to bestow upon me.

I am conscious that objections may be brought against me, by some snarling eritics, on pretence of my violating personal liberty. But do we not see personal liberty violated every day, in the case of lunatics? and have not poets and lunatics always been classed together?

Aut insanit homo aut versus, facit.

HOR.

Besides, I always looked upon poets as bad citizens; for Poetry, as the name expresses, is only the art of agreeable lying; and we shall lose nothing by shutting up men who invent stories, most frequently of persons who have been dead for ages.

I have also classical authority for my scheme; for what does Ovid allude to in his story of the escape of the Muses from the house of Pyreneus, but an idea of this

kind? Pyreneus receives the Muses in his house, locks them up, and offers them violence; upon which they spread their wings, and soar above him. No allegory in Spenser can be more exact. Homer represents Demodocus, the bard of Alcinous, as blind; and a prisoner is in a great measure like a blind man; all the difference is, that the one sees very few objects, and the other none at all. These are mysterious hints, which no former critic has taken notice of (and 'tis is the true manner of reading the ancients) for the first idea of which I confess myself indebted to the discoverer of the Eleusinian mysteries in the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

If it should be objected that my method may fail, upon trial; I reply, first, that I do not believe it will fail; secondly, that if it should, there will be no harm done; nay, some of the candidates may find their constitutions improved by the regimen; thirdly, that this is an age of experiment, and I am proposing a new experiment; and, fourthly, that the expence will be very trifling to government in a good cabbage season; especially as nobody will think it worth while to contract for the supply of so small a number.

And thus having provided a settlement for every poetical genius,

“H VIV ΔΗΔΥΝΟΥΤ’ ἢ ὕστερον αὐτῆς ἰοῦσα,

I return with great peace of mind to my schemes for promoting the improvement of all branches of literature, in a manner equally benevolent and agreeable.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

As to note Imitations, and trace back Ideas to their primary sources, has ever been deemed an essential part of rational curiosity, if it is not inconsistent with the plan of your Miscellany, I shall request the insertion of the following parallel passages, which chiefly relate to the works of Pope.

C—T—O.

THE first poem of any note in the philological way which this country seems to have produced, was the Immortality of the Soul, by Sir John Davies; which, though barren in the general of imagery and digressional ornament, is, as to language, neat and peripatetic.—In a poem on Dancing by the same author, there is a species of metaphysical fancy that is not disagreeable.—Mr. Pope, in his Ethical Epistles, seems to have remembered Davies.

Self-love but seems the virtuous mind to wake,
A the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads.

Epist. iv.

The same simile, though on a different subject, is to be found in Davies—

As when a stone is into water cast,
One circle doth another circle make,
Till the last circle touch the bank at last.

Sir J. D.

In Davies's Introduction we find the following lines, which exactly correspond with a precept of Pope's.

Myself.

Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

Sir J. Davies.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.

Pope.

The following passage of Pope has been much approved, and very justly :

The spider's touch how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

Pope.

I suspect it had its origin in the following lines of Davies, in whom the same idea occurs again :

Much like a spider that doth sit
In middle of her web, that spreadeth wide ;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of us,
She feels it instantly on every side.

Sect. 8.

Pope, by compression, has given both beauty and emphasis to the idea.—Pope in his Epistle to Sir R. Temple, has likewise imitated Davies ; but the passages are too long for a quotation. I cannot resist, now I am mentioning Sir J. Davies, setting before your readers the following simile, which, for a happy illustration of its subject (not to omit its beauty and its truth) is hardly to be equalled in the whole collection of English poetry.

But as Noah's pigeon, which returned no more,
Did shew the footing ground for all the flood ;
So when good souls departed thro' Death's door,
Come not again, it shews their dwelling's good.

The expression in the following line of Pope, I think is taken from Milton.

Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire-Messiah.

And join thy voice unto the heavenly quire,
From out the sacred altar touch'd with hallowed fire.

Milton's Ch. Nat. stanza 4.

In the Albion's England of Warner, 1612, there is a passage of two which must remind every reader of Pope, though it is improbable that Pope should have given himself the trouble of wading through so much black letter as was necessary to have got at the passage. Sir J. Mandevil, during his travels, writes a letter to Eleanor, the cousin of king Edward, who, according to Warner's story, had honoured him with her love ; the following is an extract from it.

Great store of beauties have I seene, but none as your's exaſt,

Courts also more than stately, with faire ladies in the same,

Which seem'd but common forms to me, rememb'ring but your name.

When in the Holy-Land I pray'd, even at the holy grave,

(Forgive, my God) a sigh for sinne, and three for love I gave.

Against the fierce Arabians I thee Soldan's pay did take,

When oft as onset For St. George, St. Eleanor I spake.

The turn of sentiment in the Eloisa to Abelard similar to this, would be impertinent almost to point out. For this remark I am indebted to a very dear and a very ingenious friend.

Pope says of the lark,

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings,
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Eth. Epist. III.

Thus Milton of the serpent ;

— Hope elevates, and joy

Brightens his crest—

Par. L. B. IX. v. 634.

Sir W. Davenant says,

Calm as forgiveness sits at their last hour.

Gondibert, Cant. VIII.

Pope has,

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven.

Eloisa.

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

OF THE ART OF ACQUIRING REPUTATION.

THE errors of young men committed in pursuit of honour and esteem, are so various, that I have been easily prevailed upon, by some youths of my acquaintance, to set down what observations my reading and experience furnish me with on this subject. For it is certain, that, on the one hand, men have sometimes failed of attaining their end from ignorance and want of proper advice ; and,

on the other, that life is too short for the slow Progress which unassisted merit makes towards distinction. I have therefore undertaken to point out the nearest way to this object. But in order that I may be perfectly understood, it is necessary in the first place to distinguish between Fame and Reputation. Fame is in a manner the birthright of a few men, elevated by their natural abilities above

the

the rest of their species. It is truly said by the Poet, that Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil; for, being intended to crown those who produce something difficult, original, and useful, it is seldom conferred on the living inventors, because men are always tardy in searching for merit, and after death higher applause is desired than that of mortals. But Reputation is not only produced on earth, but with proper cultivation may be reared in barren soils, and brought to produce abundant fruit. It is of the management of this earthly plant that I design to speak at present, the former having been largely considered by many preceding authors.

Integrity, talents, and humanity, are the qualities requisite for gaining reputation, and whoever possesses them has a just title to the goodwill and respect of mankind. But as they are generally accompanied by diffidence, they are frequently overlooked, and it becomes necessary to take some method of displaying them to the Public. This necessity is now so well understood, that every man is expected to make the most shining possible exhibition of his talents upon every occasion. It was some time ago a maxim in politeness, Never to introduce yourself, your profession, or affairs, in conversation, without some urgent necessity: so inconvenient a rule could never hold its authority long, and it is accordingly abrogated. But this, with the other methods of displaying merit, will come under consideration hereafter. There are many persons who possess only two of the qualities necessary to form the basis of reputation, many who have only one, and many in whom they are entirely wanting. Now, as the honour and esteem of our fellow-creatures is desirable to every man, and the three classes abovementioned must covet them more ardently in proportion to the obstacles which nature or education has thrown in their way, I shall deliver a set of rules by which not only a person of real merit may shew himself to advantage, but one of no merit at all may bring himself into high reputation. I give them with perfect confidence, because I could affix a probatum to each direction; and as old men love a gossiping style, I shall beg leave to address my reader in the second person.

1st. Like Pythagoras, I begin with desiring you, not indeed to respect, but to admire yourself. This must be done cautiously, for fear of exciting contempt; therefore your admiration must be sted-

fast, moderate in appearance, and accompanied with a proper degree of external pomp and dignity. As you are supposed to know yourself better than any other person can, men will take you at your own price, if you do not alarm their self-love by excessive pretensions; and to prevent this danger you must,

2dly. Profess philanthropy, and a general admiration of your acquaintance. To assist you in this course, it will be very useful to employ some words in a new sense. Thus, by a man of great parts, you will denote one who gives you good dinners; by wit, you will mean a hearty laugh at your friend's expence or your own; by universal benevolence, benefits conferred on yourself; and by good-nature, the most perfect dullness and insipidity. Depend upon it, that this part of your conduct is indispensable; and if your feelings cannot submit to it, you must resign all hopes of reputation. I may strengthen my assertion with Addison's authority: "If you allow another man wit," says he, "he will allow you judgment." Reverse the proposition, and it will equally hold.

3dly. Always walk the streets slowly. People in general are so little aware of this rule, that they hurry along as if they were afraid of being overtaken. Many a man, however, has walked himself into credit. Pálmanazar got much reputation by his fits of the gout, which he feigned when he was a stout young fellow; and it is certain, that an appearance of infirmity increases a man's dignity and consequence; witness the effect of spectacles, so well understood by the Spaniards, and not unknown in this nation. I have seen a very foolish face acquire significance from them, and should have worn them myself if I could have forhorn the society of the women in my young days. By all means stamp with your cane as you go along, to warn people within doors that you are passing by.

4thly. If your situation leads you to attach yourself to a party, you will have no trouble in supporting your principles. It is enough if you adopt the name of the party, you need not even enquire into its opinions; especially if you are a man of tender conscience, and afraid of finding any thing in them that may shock your feelings. But if it is your interest to be impartial, always admit the reasoning of the company you may happen to be in; if you cannot preserve this golden mean, take the accommodating part, and above all endeavour to convince them that you think

think every individual on either side of the question a most admirable man.

5thly. Set yourself strenuously against innovations, particularly those proposed by men of genius. Fame and reputation are contrary things, and can never agree, consequently you are the natural enemy of all those who appear likely to become famous. I do not advise you to make use of calumny against your enemies, because calumny is disgraceful when it is traced; but slight hints and insinuations are only defensive arms, and may be lawfully employed.

6thly. Many reputations have been acquired by publication; but this is a nice point. If you should determine on the step, however, I would advise you to consider previously what kind of readers you wish for. That class which consists of idle readers, but which is just out of its novel reading, and got into the minor literary writers, will be delighted with a tolerable compilation, from books very well known in a higher class. If you determine to be the Coryphæus of this class, you incur the contempt of the higher; but it is in general more lucrative (which I suppose to be your object) to become a favourite with the lower; and if you manage your plagiarisms with common decency, you may defy the critics. For the judgment of your readers will be insulted, when they are informed that the book which they praise is composed of scraps retailed for the thousandth time, and their own pride will steel them against any remarks injurious to you.

7thly. It will be a great security to your writings, as well as a personal honour, if you can, by any means, get acquainted with men of established literary credit. Never mind though you should be the lowest and meanest of the company, or even the butt of the ordinary butts; but comfort yourself with the prospect of displaying your intimacy with the great men hereafter. Thus, if any one disputes your judgment of the weather, you may reply, "the very learned and ingenious Dr. Nebulosus said this morning, that he hoped it would turn out a fine day;" if any of your phrases should be questioned, "you have it on the authority of the great grammarian and learned linguist Crangalides;" your arguments will be thought irrefragable, and at the same time much lustre will be reflected on yourself from your authorities. Second-hand merit may be so ordered as to look equally well with the new.

8thly. Several authors of the present

age have acquired great honour by quoting themselves. This requires some art, and excellent specimens of it may be seen in the works of James Harris and others. Doubtless the reader must be overcome with awe, when on a difficult point a great man saith, "But this we have proved already, in a treatise," &c. &c. Whenever you practise this, be sure to exhibit an admiration of what you had formerly written.

9thly. In all your writings speak of yourself in the plural number. This, you may alledge, is done to prevent egotism; but certainly it is more majestic, and conveys more conviction to the reader, to say, "we are of opinion," than simply "I think."

10thly. You may derive great credit from misrepresenting the ideas of any great man, or any philosophical sect, and then very laboriously refuting your own mistakes. These will indeed be discovered; but you will pass for a prodigious man, one deceived by the astonishing reach of his mind, and one who sees much further than other people.

11thly. In conversation, advert as frequently as possible to yourself, and let every body see that you are of consequence enough to fill up a great place in your own thoughts. This will give you a title, of course, to take up a good deal of theirs.

12thly. You will probably love news: now, in order to indulge this passion with applause, you must be every one's good friend; that is, you must be the first person to acquaint a man with bad news relating to himself or his friends. This will shew your concern for him, and at the same time justify your enquiries into his affairs. The more irreparable any misfortune is, you must be the more anxious to inform the sufferer of it, especially if he cannot immediately discover it himself; for it is always proper that people should know the worst.

13thly. Get together as many titles as your situation will admit—no matter of what kind. With people in general, a Member of the Academy of Beaux Esprits in New Holland is as respectable a title as that of Fellow of the Royal Society.

14thly. Be sure to decry the study of the ancients. This will have a double effect: it will cover a defect under which you may probably labour, and it may prevent some idle people from too curiously tracing up your ideas, if they suspect they have met with them before. For no scholar will suspect a derider of the ancients

clients of an intimate acquaintance with them.

15thly. You must admire all kinds of poetry; for every man has his favourite poet, as every householder keeps his dog; and the one can no more bear to see his bard despised, than the other to have his cur kicked.

16thly. Take care to heap commendations on the works of every fellow book-maker, whose interest does not interfere with yours.—There is much reason, as well as ill-nature, in those lines of Pope,

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

And changing the opprobrious terms, I would recommend the advice strongly to candidates for reputation.

Many directions might be added, but these are sufficient for a general view of the subject. I am only afraid that some gentlemen of established characters may think I have disclosed too many secrets already: but it has always been my private opinion, that some tenderness should be shewn to the rising generation, and that old men should facilitate the painful progress of young persons, from a recollection of the difficulties under which themselves formerly laboured.

N E S T O R.

THE
L O N D O N R E V I E W,
AND
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L.

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

Observations on the City of Tunis and the adjacent Country, with a View of Cape Carthage, Tunis Bay, and the Goletta. London. 4to. 10s. 6d. Edwards.

AN enquiry into the present state of a country which formerly was the seat of empire and of commerce, which bore so considerable a share in the declining affairs of Greece, and contended with Rome, when in its full vigour, for the dominion of the world, cannot fail to afford amusement to every reader, but must be particularly interesting to the lovers of polite literature. The danger of travelling at present in this country, added to the dreadful devastation made by the Saracens and Moors, who have destroyed almost every monument of antiquity, having prevented the curious traveller from visiting the site of ancient Carthage, the accounts we have of it are of course incorrect: to supply this deficiency, the author has described more fully than has been hitherto done, the places he visited during a residence of two years in the country; to which he has added some general observations on the soil and climate, which, he says, still continue what they were represented to have been in the most flourishing period of Carthaginian opulence.

Tunis, the capital of the kingdom so called, which is the principal object of Mr. Stanley's enquiry, stands on a rising

ground, near a lake of the same name, is about four miles in circumference, and contains nearly 300,000 inhabitants. The streets are narrow, as in most hot countries, and not being paved, are dirty in winter and dusty in summer. Most of the houses are low, and have a porch or gateway, with benches covered with mats. Here the master of the house transacts his business, and receives his friends, as nobody, except on some extraordinary occasions, is admitted any farther. This porch in the Consul's houses, serves by way of Exchange, for the merchants and captains of vessels and brokers to meet and transact their business. Beyond this is an open court paved with marble, stone, or glazed tiles, according to the ability of the owner, covered over and sheltered from the sun and weather by a strong cotton or linen cloth, fixed to the wall, and capable, by means of pulleys, of being folded or unfolded at pleasure. When entertainments are given, the company meet in the court, which is always kept very nice and clean.

When the house has two stories, there is sometimes a cloister in the court, and a gallery over it; the rooms are the whole length of the court and galleries, but very

ry seldom communicate, the stairs going up from the porch or court. It is not unusual, it seems, for a whole family to live together in one chamber.

In the houses of people of distinction the walls are hung with silk hangings half-way down, contrived to hook on and be changed at pleasure, according to the seasons; they are likewise furnished with mats for the shoulders to lean against.

Most of the water used in this city is rain-water preserved in tanks or large cisterns, which hold sufficient to serve the families five or six months. The roofs of the houses being flat, and nicely terraced, on the first appearance of rain the conduits are stopped, to prevent the dirt and filth running into the cisterns: when they find the roofs clean, the pipes are opened, and the water runs in. Almost every cistern has the base of a marble column hollowed out to cover the mouth, thousands of them being put to this use all over the country, the remaining parts of the columns having been broke, and used in other buildings. The court of the great mosque at Tunis is adorned with many beautiful columns of different colours. The city is surrounded by a wall, but too weak to resist the regular attack of an enemy. The air is wholesome, and considerably improved by the great quantities of wild rosemary and other aromatics used in heating the ovens and bagnios.

The markets are plentifully supplied; beef and mutton at a penny per pound; poultry, especially pigeons, uncommonly large and fine, in abundance; the bread cheap, and remarkably good: in short, all sorts of provisions are at so moderate a price, that three pence per day are sufficient to provide a labouring man comfortably with bread, meat, and herbs.

The Bazar, or receptacle for merchandize, is divided into different quarters, and each trade generally works by itself. The whole of the silver business is engrossed by the Jews, into whose hands most of the gold and silver medals, great numbers of which are found in this country, fall. They are chiefly found after the heavy rains in October; but they are generally defaced by the country people who find them, their method being to spit upon them, and scour them with sand, so as to obliterate both the figure and legend.

The Jews are very numerous at Tunis, being computed at 30,000, and are governed by two alcaids, chosen among themselves, and approved by the bey.

They are the general brokers, but for the most part poor, and ill treated by the Moors.

The bagnios are numerous, and much crowded, the expence of bathing being only two aspers each time.

The bey, we are told, resides at BARDA, two miles west from Tunis, in a spacious and handsome palace; the court large, and surrounded by a cloyster adorned with marble columns, carved at Genoa, and the apartments are good and elegantly furnished. The dignity of bey is hereditary, and his power absolute, the regency, or dowan, being rarely summoned.

Four miles from Barda, and six from Tunis, is MANUBA, a village belonging to the bey. Here is a noble aqueduct, a mile in length, sixty feet high, and the channel in which the water runs three feet deep.

HAMMAM LEF, twelve miles to the eastward of Tunis, is celebrated for its hot baths, which are much frequented by the Tunisiens, as being efficacious in rheumatic and many other complaints.

SULIMAN is six miles distant from those baths, in a beautiful fertile plain: the inhabitants, who are descended from the ancient Moors of Andalusia, still retain the Spanish language, and are very civil to Christians.

“ZOWAM,” Mr. Stanley says, “is a small town south of Tunis, and distant from that city about thirty-six miles, with a very high mountain above it. Here is a temple of Diana, erected in the earliest times of the Carthaginians, the form of which is still entire. The principal walls are built with very large stones of a dark brown colour, diamond cut, to correspond with the aqueduct. The entrance of the temple is by two doors of the same figure and dimensions, large and high, with an ascent of ten steps, which takes in the whole length of the edifice. Between the doors are two oval basons, which communicate and form a reservoir; the basons are of the same stone as the temple, but begin to decay.

“From the mountain issues the famous stream of water which formerly supplied Carthage; the aqueduct of which had scarcely its equal in length, beauty, and solidity. It conveyed the water sixty miles, and may still be traced quite to Carthage. Many of the stones are of twenty tons weight. The source passes under the temple, and falls in a large stream into the basons between the doors. There are still to be seen within the temple several

ral niches, which, probably, were for statues; but the dome is quite ruined. Pieces of columns, of several beautiful kinds of marble, are still observable among the rubbish. This temple is delightfully situated; from the two doors may be discovered Tunis, the Goletta, Cape Carthage, Cape Bona, with a vast extent of country. The town of Zowam, at the bottom, is small and ill built, as are all the towns in this country; the houses consisting only of a ground floor.

"This prospect is wonderfully varied; adorned with many fine gardens, full of oranges, lemons, pistachios, and other fruit-trees peculiar to this climate, all watered from this source, which is conveyed by little channels to the roots of the trees. I may with truth affirm, no part of the globe furnishes a richer or more beautiful landscape, or affords a more delicious and salubrious air. The inhabitants consist chiefly of the families of Christian renegadoes, descended from the ancient Andalusians, expelled their country in the reign of Ferdinand, called the Catholic, and Isabella his consort. They are in general more civilized, and, in consequence of their origin, shew less aversion to the Christians, than the other natives of this country.

"The Lake of Tunis is about thirty miles in circuit, and was of sufficient depth, in the time of Carthaginian glory, to receive large vessels; but is now almost choked up with filth from the sewers of Tunis. In the Lake is a castle called Scheckley, which formerly might have been of consequence, but is now fallen to decay. Large flocks of flamingos frequent this lake, and by the beauty of their plumage are a great ornament to it."

Mr. Stanley proceeds to describe the Goletta; but as he refers to the plate, we pass it over, and proceed to ARIANNA, a small village, six miles north-east from Tunis. At this place is a beautiful range of the aqueduct, 74 feet high, supported by columns 16 feet square, and which increased in splendour as it approached Carthage. The stones are cut in the same manner as at the temple of Zowam. Several ancient Mattamones, or subterraneous magazines for corn, have within these few years been discovered near this spot, strongly arched with large square stones, capable of containing a thousand bushels, which the barbarians have already begun to demolish.

At the entrance of the bay, on the summit of Cape Carthage, the town of SÉPÉY

BOOSIDE, so called from the sanctuary of a Moorish saint buried there, is delightfully situated.

The few remains of Carthage consist only of some fragments of walls, and seventeen cisterns for the reception of rain-water. These are the smaller cisterns, being situated near the Byrsa, in the upper part of the city: the larger ones, of which very little remain, were nearer the aqueduct. In a small village called Melcha, built on the ruins of Carthage, numbers of cisterns are still to be seen, which Mr. Stanley supposes belonged to private houses; for having had frequent opportunities of going over the remains of that celebrated city, he calculates that it must have been nearly 15 miles in circumference.

There are, he says, three eminences which are so many masses of fine marbles pounded together, and were, in all probability, the sites of temples and other distinguished buildings. The present ruins, he observes, are by no means those of the ancient city destroyed by the Romans, who, after driving out the inhabitants, totally rased it, and ploughed up the very foundations: what now remains are the ruins of a city built on the site of the old one, and which subsisted 700 years after its first demolition, and was finally destroyed by the Saracens in the beginning of the seventh century.

"Carthage was situated in an air so pure and serene, that it was remarked, there was hardly a single day in the year, how bad soever some part of it might be, but the sun was occasionally visible. This observation," continues Mr. Stanley, "made so many years since, I have recently found to be invariably true, during a residence of two years in the vicinity of the spot on which that city stood; nor can I suppose any place in the world could boast a clearer and more salubrious air, it being built on a peninsula, and enjoying a fresh sea-breeze in the summer."

At MUSA, two short miles from Carthage, in a very pleasant situation, the bey has two country-houses; one a costly work, built by Hassan Bey, surnamed the Good. From these houses are orange-groves reaching almost to the sea-shore, on the edge of which is a famous well of sweet water, esteemed the best and lightest in the kingdom; and close to this a coffee-house. Numbers of people from the neighbouring places resort here to drink coffee, and a glass of this natural luxury, so peculiarly enjoyed in the East-

ern Countries; few persons, except those who have lived in hot climates, knowing the blessing of a good spring.

“ In the middle of the court there is a large mulberry-tree, under the shade of which they sit, and smoke and play at chess; inhaling the comfortable sea-breeze, that refreshes this charming spot. Nothing can be more picturesque than to see the Moors gallantly mounted, with their attendants, complimenting one another.

“ The water is drawn up by a camel with the Persian wheel, and distributed to the neighbouring gardens.

“ Here are the remains of an ancient port, or cothon (supposed to be an artificial one) built by the Carthaginians, after Scipio had blocked up the old port; nothing but the turret and light-house being left.”

PORTO FARINA, which is about twelve miles from Cape Carthage, was formerly the port from which the large vessels of the bay were fitted out, and laid up after a cruise; but small vessels now can only enter, a bar having been formed by the soil brought down by the river. It is, however, still the arsenal for naval stores. Seven miles inland from this place is BOOSHATER, formerly Utica, celebrated for the retreat and death of Cato.

Scarce any vestiges of its ancient grandeur remain, except some magnificent ruins which evidently shew it has been a considerable place. The sea, though now seven miles distant, beyond a doubt came up to this city.

The last place mentioned by our author is BISERTA, beautifully situated upon a canal, between a large lake and the sea, about 40 miles N. W. of Tunis, surrounded by a fine and fertile country. This place being in the centre of the Mediterranean, is well calculated for carrying on an extensive commerce; but the indolence of the Moors is an insurmountable obstacle. The lake abounds in mullets, the largest and best in Barbary; great quantities of their roes are dried and made into Botargo, and sent into the Levant, where they are esteemed a great dainty.

Having thus described all the places he could with safety visit, Mr. Stanley concludes with some remarks on the air, soil, and produce of the country; but for these we must refer the reader to the book itself, as well as for some sensible observations* interspersed in the body of the work; particularly some strictures, highly meriting attention, on the different modes of conduct pursued by our Consuls on the coast of Africa, and those of other nations.

History of the Voyages and Discoveries made in the North. Translated from the German of John Reinhold Forster, J. U. D. and illustrated by several new and original Maps. 4to. 2l. 1s. Robinsons. 1786.

(Concluded from Page 339.)

DR. Forster, after examining the discoveries of the Romans in the North, which were comparatively inconsiderable, trade and agriculture being their principal occupations, and their notions respecting the geography of the northern nations very confined and incorrect, proceeds in the second book to give a detail of the discoveries made by the Arabians; and here he has taken uncommon pains in endeavouring to accommodate the modern to the ancient names: he seems, however, sometimes to have been too much guided by a similarity of sounds, and is too fond of conjecture, suffering his imagination to get the better of his judgment; as when he supposes the two great empires of Mexico and Peru to have been founded by some people who were sent by Kublai-Khan for the purpose of conquering Nippon, but who were driven by a violent storm on the coast of America, towards the end of the thirteenth century. Upon

the whole, it appears that the knowledge of the Arabians concerning our northern parts of the globe, are very imperfect; for though their conquests were extensive, they were not much addicted to writing; and even those who were possessed of some learning, seldom turned their thoughts to geographical studies.

The voyages of the Saxons, Franks, and Normans, next engage our author's attention. To these were principally owing the discoveries to the northward. At the end of the eighth century, the Danes and Norwegians, who, taken collectively, bore the name of Normans, ventured to England, Scotland, the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and even to Ireland.

In 861, a pirate of the name of NADDODD was driven by a storm on an island never before discovered, which, on account of the snow which lay on the high mountains belonging to it, he called

Snee, or *snow-land*. In consequence of the account given by him of this island, a Swede named GARDAR SUAFARSON went thither in 864, and having sailed quite round it, called it *Gardarholm*, i. e. *Gardar's Island*; and having wintered there, on his return to Norway represented the country as entirely covered with wood, and in other respects as a very desirable tract of land. This induced another Swede named *Flocke* to visit this new-discovered island, who arriving safe, wintered on the northern side of the island, where meeting with great quantities of drift ice, he gave it the name of ICELAND, which it still bears. His report of its soil and situation was by no means favourable; some of his companions, however, described it as flowing with milk and honey. These contradictory reports, our author thinks, have, as usual, been exaggerated on both sides; it being known from authentic information, that corn has been cultivated in Iceland; though at present, besides a few stunted birch-trees, and other underwood, there is not a tree on the island, and no corn will grow on it. This he attributes to the straits between the eastern part of Greenland and Iceland having been for many years past choked up with ice, which has occasioned to great a change in the temperature of the latter.

"About this time," continues our author, "HAROLD SCHOENHAAR, one of the petty Sovereigns in Norway, began to conquer and bring into subjection the other Chiefs of that country; and in 875 established the Norwegian monarchy. GORM THE ANCIENT likewise attacked all his neighbours round him, and united the petty States of Jutland and the Danish islands into one, as INGRALD ILLRODE had done long before in Sweden. It was impossible for such great changes in the posture of affairs, and those so contrary to the old establishment, to be effected without making a vast number of malcontents. These, at this juncture, found a sure refuge in Iceland; and at length so many among the great people, and some indeed of the blood-royal, repaired to the new asylum, that King Harold thought proper, by way of putting a stop in some measure to these emigrations, to publish an edict, forbidding any man to go to Iceland without previously paying to the King half a mark of standard silver."

In the course of their expeditions the Danes again invaded England, and obliged Alfred in the beginning of his

reign to relinquish it entirely to the ravages of these plunderers. But soon after, rallying forth from his retirement, and being joined by his subjects, he fell unawares on the Danes, and made great havoc among them. Alfred, however, did not chuse to exterminate his vanquished foes, but gave them their lives, and permitted them to live in Northumberland, a province that had been laid waste by their countrymen. By this humane conduct he conciliated the affections of many of the Danes. Among those who continued at his Court was a Norman named OHTHER, and a Jutlander of the name of Wulstan, both famous for their travels: their accounts Alfred collected with great care, and having determined to translate the *Ormeisa* of Orosius into the Anglo-Saxon language, he introduced in this translation the relations of Ohter and Wulstan, together with such further information as he had procured elsewhere, concerning the three parts of the world known at that period.

After giving a literal translation from the Anglo-Saxon of such part of this curious work as relates to the northern parts of Europe, the Doctor, after describing the mode of construction of the northern vessels, which totally differed from that of the Greeks and Romans, proceeds to the discoveries made by the Italians in the North, as well by land as by sea. Among these, the Chevalier Nicolo Zeno and Pietro Quiniini particularly merit attention. An account of the latter has been given in a former Number of this Work, and we shall now just mention some circumstances of Zeno's voyage.

Nicolo Zeno having been shipwrecked, in 1380, on the island of Friesland, and rescued from the inhabitants by Prince *Zichmni*, he put himself and his followers under the protection of that Prince, who was Lord of certain small islands to the south of Friesland, which were called *Portland*, and were the most fertile and populous islands thereabouts. This Prince, who was likewise Duke of *Sorany*, a place lying over-against Scotland, was celebrated for his courage and skill in navigation. The year before Nicolo's arrival, *Zichmni* had defeated Hakon, King of Norway, and was now come to conquer Friesland. Zeno on account of his knowledge in maritime affairs was taken with all his crew on board the fleet, consisting of thirteen vessels, eleven of which were small barks, and only one was a ship. With these they sailed to the west.

westward, took several islands, and arriving at *Sanestol*, were met by *Zichmni*, who came by land, conquering all the country as he went. After staying here a short time, they again set sail to the westward, when, after doubling the other cape of the gulph, they found some more islands which they likewise reduced. For his services during this expedition, *Zeno* was knighted, and received many liberal presents; and after his return to *Friesland* was appointed Admiral of the fleet, and sent for his brother *Anthony*, who arrived safe, and continued fourteen years in that country. The spring following, *Zeno* having fitted out three small ships, set sail in July, and steering northwards, arrived in *Engroveland* (*Engronelod*, *Groenland*, and *Greenland*), where he found a monastery of *Prædicant friars*, and a church dedicated to *St. Thomas*, near a mountain that threw out fire like *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*. A description of the country and manners of the inhabitants is given, which our limits will not permit us to insert. The climate disagreeing with *Nicolo*, he soon after his return fell sick and died, leaving two sons, and was succeeded in his dignity and honours by his brother *Anthony*, whom *Zichmni*, notwithstanding his entreaties, would not permit to return to his country, but continued to employ on sundry expeditions, of which he gives an account in letters to his brother *Carlo*. For these we must refer the reader to the book itself.

It having been alledged, that the whole of this narrative has the appearance of a mere fable, the Doctor thinks he can do much towards clearing this history from the difficulties which seem to attend it. He therefore, after endeavouring to get over the geographical objections, in doing which he displays much ingenuity, goes on to the historical proofs, as he calls them, and here exhibits a specimen of etymology too curious to be omitted.

No such name as *Zichmni* being to be found among the Princes or Sovereigns of the Orkneys between the years 1370 and 1394, the Doctor has recourse to the following passage in the History of the Orkneys at this period to elucidate the subject:

“The ancient Earls of Orkney, the descendants of *Jarl Einar Tors*, being extinct, the King of Norway in 1343 nominated *Erngifel Sunafon Bot*, a Swedish Nobleman, Earl of Orkney, and the treasure of the Earldom was seized for the Crown. In 1357, *Malie Conda*, or

Malie Sperre, by his guardian *Duncan Anderson*, made his claim to the Earldom as rightful heir in the female line. Afterwards, in 1369, *Henry Sinclair* (de Santa Clara) likewise put in his claim, and in 1370 was nominated to the Earldom by King *Hakon*. But *Alexander of Ards*, or *Le-Ard*, also claiming the Orkneys, he was in 1375 appointed to the Earldom for a year. *Henry Sinclair*, however, vanquished *Le-Ard*, and having taken possession of the Orkneys, made suit to the King to be invested with the Earldom, which was granted on his paying 1000 golden nobles, and promising to accommodate matters with the other claimants, so that they should make no farther pretensions to the Orkneys. And it appears that *Henry Sinclair* was still Earl of the Orkneys in 1406, and likewise in possession of the Shetland Islands.” With the help of these few historical anecdotes, *Dr. Forster* is of opinion, that we may be able to elucidate what before seemed involved in obscurity. The name of *Sinclair*, or *Sicclair*, he says, is easily taken for *Zichmni* by an Italian who only hears the words pronounced.—The above reminds us of a story of a Scotsman, who declared he was personally acquainted with *Nadir Shah*, better known by the name of *Tiamas Kouli Khan*, before he left the Highlands of Scotland. He said, he was born in the same parish; that his name was *Thomas M’Laughlan*, alias *M’Killechan*; that he went as servant to an Highland officer to the East Indies, where having committed a faux pas, he fled into Persia, and by an easy transition was by the Persians called *Thomas Kouli Khan*, having dropped the *Mac* for fear of discovery.

After taking a general review of the state of affairs at this period, and making some strictures and remarks, the author in the Third Book enumerates the discoveries made in the North by the English, the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Russians, and the Danes, and exhibits an abstract of all the voyages made in those regions in modern times; a task which, amidst such a multirarious and extensive mass of materials, required not only great judgment, but the most indefatigable perseverance to perform it properly. This arduous undertaking the author, from his experience in nautical affairs, was particularly well qualified for; and he has acquitted himself with much reputation, and concludes the whole with some general observations, which were given in our last Number.

An exact Representation of the very uncandid and extraordinary Conduct of Dr. John Coakley Lettson, as well previous to, as on, the Day of Election for Physician to the Finsbury Dispensary; with some Remarks on the Establishment of the New Finsbury Dispensary. By Thomas Skeete, M. D. 8vo. Fielding. 1786.

THIS pamphlet (the profits of which are to be appropriated to the benefit of the *New Dispensary*) places the conduct of Dr. Lettson, one of the Vice-Presidents of the old Finsbury Dispensary, in a very unfavourable light. Dr. Skeete charges him not only with a direct violation of his promise, but also of employing some very extraordinary means to carry his point, and accuses him of encouraging opposition and contest, under the pretence of charity and humanity, mostly with a view to render himself conspicuous. The case is briefly this:

On Dr. Rogers resigning the office of Physician to the Finsbury Dispensary, Dr. Skeete made the earliest application to Dr. Lettson for his vote and interest, knowing him to have great weight with the electors; and received for answer, "That he thought him a proper person for such a situation; that he had every reason to think he should vote for him; but that, with regard to his interest, it was not his intention to exert it on such an occasion, as he had reason to think the Governors were displeas'd with the claim which he had made upon them in a former election; and that therefore he determin'd, in future, not to interfere." During the interview, Dr. Skeete mentioned the probability of Dr. Meyer's becoming a candidate: this Dr. Lettson seem'd to doubt; but added, that if he did, he was under a promise to give him his vote. In consequence of this conversation, Dr. Skeete reasonably concluded, that although Dr. Lettson might, in virtue of his promise, vote against him, he would not, at all events, take any active measures to serve his opponent. He was therefore not a little surpris'd at seeing, a few days afterwards, a public recommendatory letter to the Governors, in favour of Dr. Meyer, signed by Dr. Lettson. This induc'd him to repeat his visit, to inform the doctor of his sentiments on the occasion; that he thought he had deceiv'd him, and had acted contrary to his declaration; and at the same time declar'd, that he consider'd himself as call'd upon, both for the satisfaction of his friends, and his own justification, to publish his conduct, and make known his want of candour. The doctor seem'd, at first, not a little irritat'd by this declaration; but, cooling by de-

grees, attempt'd to vindicate his conduct in espousing Dr. Meyer, on the principle of the warmth of friendship, and endeavour'd to prevail on Dr. Skeete to decline the contest, in the present instance, by saying he would make a point of bringing him in on some future occasion; and when Dr. Skeete, in answer to his enquiry of "What would satisfy him?" told him, that as it was too late to withdraw his letter, he had, he thought, a right to expect he would take no farther steps against him, and that he would give up the idea of making new subscribers, and submit the event to the fair and regular choice of the old ones; he replied in such a manner, and was so civil before they parted, that the doctor, and a gentleman who accompanied him, flatter'd themselves that this interview had produced the desired effect, and that Dr. Lettson would no farther interfere. In this, however, they were deceiv'd; for on the succeeding day, notwithstanding all this civility, he determin'd to take the most active part against him; attend'd the various committees for conducting Dr. Meyer's election; and was frequently heard to say, during the canvass, that he would make sure of the election, however great the expence. After some severe, and some laughable strictures on the doctor's conduct in this stage of the business, the author gives the following account of his singular behaviour on the day of election.

"It was not sufficient for Dr. Lettson that he should be a witness to the overthrow; he was determin'd to be principal agent. He therefore exhibit'd himself in the character of judge, by filling the chair at the election; a measure so very unprecedented, and shockingly indelicate, that most of those who were present express'd their surprize. It seem'd strange that Dr. Lettson, although a Vice-President, should be permitted to take the chair, when the Treasurer of the Dispensary, and various others, not only of character, but of moderate sentiments, were present. Behold him, then, seated in the chair, when, without the slightest civility or respect to the numerous subscribers who were waiting to give their votes, and several of whom were immediately oblig'd to go into the country, or were call'd away by particular business,

business, in direct violation of the rules prescribed on such occasions, he speedily occupied the balloting glass, and with inconceivable dexterity proceeded to call over a list of proxies, for each of which he gave a vote; but which proxies had neither been paid for, nor the receipt for the money, according to custom, produced.

“ To this unprecedented plan several persons objected, and insisted that a receipt should be produced with each of the new proxies, before any of them could be considered as votes. This simple form of objection was, however, inadequate. An act of violence only could restore things to their proper channel. A gentleman, therefore, interrupted the communication between the President's hand and the glass; by forcibly placing his hat over the latter. The doctor, provoked at any measure which seemed levelled at the *dignity of his purse*, gave strong indications of passion and displeasure; and drawing from his side-pocket a bundle of bank-notes, to the amount, it is believed, of 2000*l.* dashed them on the table in the most insulting manner, observing, if they should not prove sufficient, his *banker's check-book* was ready to supply the deficiency. He haughtily called upon the spectators to remember, that he, with a few others, had founded the institution, and wished they would be unanimous in one cause, which he called the cause of charity. This would not satisfy them. The whole became a scene of uproar and confusion, and even some of Dr. Meyer's friends

joined in the cry of *Shame*.—The tumult, however, at length subsided.

“ The persevering doctor, regardless of these public marks of censure, losing sight of every thing but the *prize in view*, seemed rooted to the spot, and continued in his *dignified situation*.

“ In fine,” concludes Dr. Skeete, “ my friends and myself were not in the least surprised to find, at the close of the ballot, that there appeared for Dr. Meyer 885 votes—for myself 310, of which 294 were old subscribers, 20 new ones having only been made in my favour, and four of these, through accident, not having voted.”

In the above account, we have, as much as possible, avoided introducing any of Dr. Skeete's comments on the business, and simply adhered to facts, as we by no means wish to make ourselves parties in the dispute, or be accessory in widening the breach between men of acknowledged abilities, and established reputation: we shall only farther remark, that if Dr. Lettsom, on the one hand, does not, throughout the transaction, seem to have been guided by the *spirit of moderation*; Dr. Skeete, on the other, has, we think, yielded too much to the impression of resentment in stating the case: one benefit appears, however, to have resulted from it—It has laid the foundation of a new institution, of which Dr. Skeete is appointed Physician, and by that means afforded to the benevolent and humane a wider field for the exercise of their charity.

A Vindication of Dr. Lettsom's Conduct relative to the Election at the Finsbury Dispensary. In a Letter from J. C. Lettsom, M. D. to S. Hinds, M. B. London. J. Fielding. 1786.

THIS letter was written to Mr. Hinds immediately, it should seem, after the election, and previous to the publication of Dr. Skeete's pamphlet. Dr. Lettsom asserts, in direct contradiction to Dr. Skeete, that he told him, on his first application, that in case Dr. Meyer offered himself as a candidate, he was bound by promise to give him his *support*. Whether, therefore, Dr. Lettsom did not express himself sufficiently *clearly* on the subject, or whether Dr. Skeete *misunderstood* him, as there were no witnesses to the conversation, “ and (to use the doctor's own words) as parties may be supposed interested persons, and may state the same facts in different points of view,

less credit is due to their assertions,” we must leave it to the reader to determine between them. No notice is taken of the charges brought against the doctor's conduct on the day of election; which is the more extraordinary, as even admitting he did not violate his promise, the subsequent measure of purchasing a majority of votes, seems highly reprehensible, any present advantage arising from such a practice being greatly overbalanced by the ill effects inseparable from it. Upon the whole, this letter, which bears evident marks of being written in haste, will teach but little to justify the doctor's behaviour, and still less to encrease his literary fame.

An Amorous Tale of the chaste Loves of Peter the Long, and of his most honoured Dame Blanche Bazu, his real Friend Blaize Bazu, and the History of the LOVERS WELL, imitated from the Original French, by Thomas Holcroft. 8vo. Robinsons. 1786.

GREAT has been our disappointment on perusing this *Amorous Tale*. From a knowledge of Mr. Holcroft's talents, we expected to have found some strokes of a lively imagination, some degree of humour; instead of which, we are sorry to say, we meet with nothing but a series of dull, uninteresting, insipid adventures, without either plot, moral, or sentiment; remarkable only for the peculiarly uncouth and affected style in which they are related. As a specimen we have selected Peter's description of his mistress.

"I had not looked at Blanche, not a minute, no I am certain, not a minute, before, without knowing or suspecting aught, I sighed; yea, from the very bot-

tom of my heart. Genevieve, I do acknowledge, was a tall well-shaped maiden, yea, and also very handsome. But Blanche! Oh! Blanche was the fairest, sweetest, gentlest—Her cheeks were so red! and so white!—Angels out of doubt, must handsome be, and beautiful, but no! not so beautiful, sure, as Blanche! Where she was, every heart in love must be!—For mine own part, I certainly thought my soul would forth from my body start outright, and into her bosom leap."—Peter was *fascinated*, and so doubtless must his imitator have been, to risque his reputation by such a publication.

Considerations on the Attorney Tax, and Proposals for altering and regulating the same, so as to render it easy in Operation, and just in Principle. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Kearsley. London. 1786.

THE author in this pamphlet points out the absurdity of the law, as it now stands, in many instances. It obliges, he says, all attorneys resident in London, Westminster, and Edinburgh, to pay the annual sum of 5l. and those residing in the country only 3l. By this means many who have chambers in town, will, by calling themselves country practitioners, escape for 3l. though very able to pay the 5l. But, exclusive of this collusion, he adds, the tax does not bear equitably; the old established lawyer, whose business is extensive, pays no more than the man just entering into life, who with difficulty procures a maintenance.

To remedy these difficulties, he wishes the act to be repealed, and another passed in its stead, ordering every attorney to pay a sum proportionate to the sum sued for; such sum to be imposed on a stamped paper, containing the plaintiff's commission to the attorney to proceed. These commission stamps at the following rates,

viz. 2s. 6d. in actions from 5l. to 10l. 12s. from 10l. to 100l. 1l. 5s. from 200l. to 300l. 2l. 10s. from 500l. to 1000l. and 5l. for all above 1000l. he calculates would produce an annual revenue of 87,400l. But if it produced only half the money, or 43,700l. it would be more than double the estimate of the present tax, exclusive of the expence saved in the collection. He farther proposes laying a tax of one shilling on every sheet of writing paper, whereon is any writing constituting the cause of action in any suit; this he estimates at 22,400l. per annum; and as the gentlemen at the bar ought to contribute their mite, he would have them pay a certain sum for every appearance, motion, or pleading, together with an additional duty of sixpence on every two pages of the draft-paper of all their judicial proceedings: thus, continues he, would every man be taxed according to his gains.

Correspondence between Lord Macartney and Major General Stuart, since Lord Macartney's Arrival in England. 4to. 1786. Debret.

GENERAL Stuart, in consequence of his being dismissed from the command of the army in the East Indies, took offence against Lord Macartney, the president of the select committee which dismissed him. The charges brought against him, he says, were *unjust and false*. On

his arrival in England, he presented a petition to his Majesty, expressing his resentment against the president, in similar terms. On Lord Macartney's return, a correspondence took place, copies of which letters are here laid before the public.

An Explanation of the Case relating to the Capture of St. Eustatius. 8vo. 16. Stockdale.

THE intent of this publication is to afford information to all concerned in that capture who are the parties really responsible, and of whom they are intitled to demand an explanation. It con-

tains the appointments of the several agents to conduct the business, and points out the most effectual means to the captors of obtaining relief, and securing the remains of their property.

Account of the Association for a Periodical Tontine, for the Benefit of Persons of all Ages. 8vo. 6d. Southern. 1786.

THE scheme here proposed, is for the benefit of survivorship. A subscription is proposed to be opened for seven classes of ages, each subscriber to pay 100l. The sum subscribed to be veited in Old South-sea Annuities, and form a joint stock for each class. The increasing interest to be regularly divided among the living subscribers for a certain number of years, and at the expiration of that time, the capital to be divided among the survivors.

The first class is to consist of children under seven years of age, and each class to rise by seven years till they arrive at forty-nine. The annuities of the first class are to continue fourteen years, so that the final division will take place when the survivors come of age, and will at-

ford the means of establishing them in life. The capital of the last class of annuitants is not to be divided till the subscribers shall be reduced to one-tenth of their original number, so that each survivor will then be intitled to 1000l. for his original 100l. together with his share of the interest annually.

This plan differs from, and has the advantage over others of a like kind, by the money not lying unproductive, but producing its full value to the subscribers, which value, by deaths, increases every year; and by the capital, instead of sinking on the death of the last annuitants, as is generally the case, being divided at a fixed period among the survivors.

The Gentleman Angler. Containing brief Instructions, by which the Beginner may, in a short Time, become a perfect Artificer in Angling for all Kinds of Fish, with several Observations on Anglers' Rods, Artificial Flies, &c. also the proper Times and Seasons for River and Pond Fishing; when Fish spawn, and what Baits are chiefly to be used; with the Art of Rock and Sea Fishing; and an Explanation of Technical Terms. By a Gentleman. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Kearsley.

THIS little book may be useful to those who are possessed of a sufficient portion of patience to enable them to practise the rules here laid down. These are, however, chiefly compiled from former

publications on the same subject, and are upon the whole too complex, and often conveyed in a language not easily understood by one who is not an adept in the art, even with the aid of the glossary annexed.

The Two Farmers; an exemplary Tale; designed to recommend the Practice of Benevolence towards Mankind, and all other living Creatures; and the religious Observance of the Sabbath-Day. By Mrs. Trimmer. 12mo. Longman. 1786.

THIS Tale is a continuation of a former publication of the same author, entitled *The Servant's Friend*.—Thomas Simkins marries his fellow-servant, commences farmer, and by his industry acquires wealth and happiness, and ends his days in peace, in consequence of a well-spent life. On the other hand, Mills, who likewise became a farmer, neglects his business, and attends to nothing but cocking and horse-racing, and is in every respect the reverse of Simkins. At length one Sunday having been on a drinking

party, on his return home in a state of intoxication, he is thrown from his horse, breaks his thigh, and being in a bad habit of body, a fever ensues which puts a miserable end to his existence.

From the above the author takes occasion to inculcate many useful sentiments, and particularly censures inhumanity to dumb creatures; a practice too general, and not sufficiently noticed and reprobated by those whose duty it is to instruct mankind.

A Descrip-

A Description of the various Scenes of the Summer Season: A Poem. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Dilly. 1786.

BAD poetry is an unpardonable crime, no man being under the necessity of writing verse; but it is an aggravation of the offence, when there is neither *reason* nor rhyme. We have inserted the following stanzas of this Poem for the benefit of such readers as *can* understand them; we readily confess they are past our finding out.

“ Sweet Summer, thro’ Creation’s realm,
With lavish bounty has display’d
The charms that sorrow overwhelm,
Imparadizing all the mead.
I wou’d resound in kindred strains
Illustrious honours here reveal’d,

And borrow notes from heavenly plains,
T’ attune the theme by cherubs *peal’d*.

“ But what shall favour me inclin’d
T’ extel, of *water gems* bereft?
What penetrative thought can find
Conceal’d and scatter’d jewels left?

“ Good Angels who attendant wait
To serve and guard me, lend your aid;
Arriv’d from the celestial gate,
You’ll not our Sovereign’s works degrade.

“ Morning, with solitary gloom,
Lies drowly in cool Nature’s lap;
Faint are the gleams that yet presume;
Nor gentle breezes *pinions flap*.”

Is this poetry or prose run mad?

Memoirs of a French Officer who escaped from Slavery. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d. Rivingtons.

THE officer whose memoirs are here related, was cast away on the coast of Africa, where he continued a long time in a state of slavery, from which he was at last released, with several others, by the assistance of the French Vice-Consul. A lively description is given of his

sufferings during his captivity, and the manners of the savages are strikingly delineated; the whole exhibiting such scenes as cannot fail to excite emotion and pity, and an abstract of which the reader will find in this and the preceding Number of our Magazine.

A Descriptive Journey through the interior Parts of Germany and France, including Paris; with interesting and amusing Anecdotes. By a young English Peer of the highest Rank, just returned from his Travels. 8vo. 2s. Kearsley. 1786.

“ *FRONTIS nulla fides* ;” that is, never believe a title-page. We, however, do not mean to dispute the claims of this anonymous Peer to the *highest rank*; from his file we have no doubt he occupies the *first floor*, and

“ overlooks the whole street, and like the late Henry Fielding would be glad to be taken a *story lower*. The account here given of the several places is trite and superficial, and the anecdotes more lively than interesting.

Preaching Christ crucified, the most useful Preaching. Two Sermons preached at Exeter by William Lampot. Buckland and Sewell. 1786.

THESE are good and well-meant discourses, in which the author proves the utility of preaching Christ crucified, which he says is the chief if not the only

doctrine that should be preached; speculative theories being much better calculated for the amusement of the closet than the edification of the hearers.

A Sermon preached at the Old-Jewry, on Occasion of a New Academical Institution among Protestant Dissenters, for the Education of their Ministers and Youth. By Andrew Kippis, D. D. F. R. S. and S. A. 8vo. 1s. Cadell. 1786.

THE dissenting interest in England having been in a declining state for some time past, the ministers and members of that community have set on foot a new academical institution for the education of their youth in general, and of

the candidates for the ministry in particular. This sermon on education by Dr. Kippis was preached on the occasion, and abounds with that good sense, that candid spirit, and those liberal views, by which his writings are distinguished.

Sermons by the late Rev. Dr. James Paterfon, one of the Clergymen of St. Paul’s English Episcopal Chapel in Aberdeen. 8vo.

WE recollect few sermons in which the different consequences of virtue and vice are set in a more striking point of view—in which the practical and momentous truths of the Gospel are in-

culated in a more natural, or a more animated, style—or from which the pious Christian will reap greater benefit or greater pleasure,

Memoirs

Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, Vol. II. Cadell.

(Concluded from Page 342.)

On the Pursuits of Experimental Philosophy. By Thomas Percival, M. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. Read May 14, 1784.

HERE we have the pleasure of seeing the worthy President in his own proper character: a modern philosopher, defending the present mode of philosophizing, and dealing out cautions to the young experimenter.

This excellent paper probably originated in some philosophical disputes which have happened between Doctor Percival and his friends; and which seems to have staggered for a moment his *belief* of the superior excellency of modern philosophy over the syllogistic reasonings of Aristotle and "the very learned and ingenious author of *Hermes*." But having duly reflected upon the subject, he saw it in its true light: and having traced the causes of the *seeming* contrarieties which will ever arise, more or less, in philosophical pursuits, he digested his ideas upon the subject, and communicated them to the public.

Be this as it may, every experimentalist should learn these salutary lessons: That dogmatism is unbecoming a philosopher; that fallacy may attend our clearest views; and that unperceived diversities, in the subjects of our investigation, may render truth compatible with contrariety of evidence.

"An eagerness to establish systems, and a fastidious disdain of perplexity, contradiction, or disappointment, are dispositions highly unfavourable to physical investigation. Lord Bacon has well observed, "that one who begins with certainties, shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties." The progress of science is usually slow and gradual; and in all ordinary cases, the *pace is not to the swift*, but to the steady, the patient, and the persevering. A man of lively parts and fertile imagination generally engages in philosophical researches with too much impetuosity; and if he be fortunate in the attainment of a few leading facts, he supplies all remaining deficiencies by conjecture and hypothesis. But should his career be obstructed by contradictory phenomena, he quits the study of nature with disgust; and concludes that all is uncertainty, because he has had the mortification to find himself mistaken. A scepticism like

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this, founded in pride and indolence, is equally subversive both of speculation and of action. We can apply to no branch of human learning which is secure from illusion, or exempt from controversy; nor engage in any plan of life with undeviating judgment and uninterrupted success.

"But as disappointments in life often furnish the best lessons of wisdom, so those in philosophy may, frequently, be applied to the promotion of science. In experimental pursuits which are not undertaken at random, but with consistent and rational views, we necessarily form a pre-conception of the induction to be established. If the trials succeed in which we are engaged, our end is obtained, and, for the most part, we rest satisfied. But if the proofs fail, some unexpected phenomena often occur, which awaken our attention, suggest new analogies, and excite us, perhaps, to the investigation of other propositions of more importance than the antecedent ones. The very interesting and comprehensive discoveries of Doctor Black concerning the nature of calcareous earths and alkaline salts, in their different states of mildness and causticity, originated from an incident of this kind; and many similar examples might be adduced from the records of philosophy. But whether such be the fortunate event or not, a negative truth may be of as much value as a positive one; and consequently, success or disappointment may prove equally useful in experimental researches.

"To deduce the general characters of a body from one single property of it, individually considered, seems contrary to the rules of philosophizing; and the young experimenter should be cautious both of admitting and of forming such analogies. Yet they are sometimes so strong as to force conviction even against the evidence of sense, and of general opinion. The diamond was held by chemists, in the time of Sir Isaac Newton, to be apyrous, and could not be suspected, from any of its known qualities, to be of an inflammable nature. Yet this vigilant philosopher did not hesitate to consider it as an *unknown coagulum*, solely from its possessing a very high degree of refractive power on the rays of light. For this power he found to depend chiefly, if not wholly, on the sulphureous parts of which bodies are composed. Late experiments have confirmed this

opinion,

opinion, and fully proved that diamonds consist almost entirely of pure phlogiston, since they are capable of being volatilized by heat in close vessels, of pervading the most solid porcelain crucibles, and of being converted into actual flame.

"The accuracy of this inference is a striking proof of the importance of judicious and comprehensive analogies; and of the advantages resulting from the mode of reasoning by induction. For, to use the words of Sir Isaac Newton, "though the arguing from experiments and observations, by induction, is no demonstration of general conclusions, yet it is the best way of arguing which the nature of things admits of; and may be looked upon as so much the stronger, by how much the induction is more general." This improved species of logic was first recommended and introduced into physics by Lord Verulam, who, at a very early period of life, saw the futility of Aristotle's syllogistic system, which, proceeding on the superficial enumeration of a few particulars, rises at once to the establishment of universal propositions: a mode of philosophizing which, unfortunately for human knowledge, century after century, kept the world in ignorance.

Observations on the Influence of fixed Air on Vegetation: and on the probable Cause of the Difference in the Results of various Experiments made on that Subject; in a Letter from Mr. Thomas Henry, F. R. S. to Thomas Percival, M. D. &c. Read May 14, 1784.

This paper is evidently made up between the two gentlemen mentioned in the title of it, to settle a dispute agitated some years ago with Doctor Priestley, and to give the palm to Doctor Percival; who contended that fixed air is the food of plants; while Doctor Priestley asserted that it was poisonous to them, and that phlogiston is the pabulum of vegetables.

But a third philosopher has arisen; and the dispute is settled by our authors in this manner.

"I am informed, says Mr. Henry, that an ingenious philosopher of Geneva has made some experiments, in which he has proved, not only that phlogiston is the food of plants, but also, to the satisfaction of Doctor Priestley, that it is in the form of fixed air, in proper proportion and

place, that this pabulum is administered. The latter is the whole that we contended for; and which, we thought, we had satisfactorily proved, eight years since. On this occasion, therefore, I thought it not improper to recur to my journal of experiments, and to take this method of laying an account of them before the Literary and Philosophical Society, in order to ascertain your claim to the discovery in question."

This, no doubt, is pleasing to Doctor Percival and his ingenious friend; and whether or not they have sufficient cause of exultation, it must be highly pleasing to every friend of agriculture to find that efforts like these are making towards ascertaining the food of vegetables. For although, as yet, no satisfactory theory is established, it seems highly probable, that these essays will, in the end, terminate in discoveries beneficial to mankind.

Meteorological Imaginations and Conjectures. By Benjamin Franklin, L. L. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. Communicated by Doctor Percival: Read December 22, 1784.

How much we admire the plainness of language, the simplicity of manner, and the elevation of ideas of this *great philosopher!* In him we discover no affectation of learning—nor attempts at fine writing. This is the plain modest *natural* language of philosophy.—[For the substance of this paper see our Magazine, Vol. VIII. page 412.]

A Description of a new Instrument for measuring the specific Gravity of Bodies. By Mr. William Nicholson. Read May 4, 1784.

An ingenious Instrument.

Memoirs of the late Doctor Bell. By James Currie, M. D. Read March 23, 1785.

The life of Doctor Bell may be very interesting to "the president and members of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester;" but it does not appear to us to be of sufficient importance to be published in their Memoirs.

A Translation of Dr. Bell's Thesis de Physiologia Plantarum. By James Currie, M. D. Read March 30, 1785.

This Thesis was delivered in 1777, on the author's admission to the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and was published at Edinburgh in the same year.

It is a very *ingenious* performance, and shews that the author has bestowed some pains on the study of plants themselves, and much more on the study of books which have been written concerning them. The matter adduced is copious, and the arrangement of it judicious: all together, it would have been well calculated to please the ear without offending the understanding—the main intention perhaps of an inaugural thesis—had not the writer unfortunately discovered, towards the close of it, a *liveliness of imagination* ill suited to philosophical researches. After saying much of the *vital energy* of plants in general, and having mentioned the *sensible* and other *irritable* plants, he continues, “that these plants *live* will be granted; but I suspect that they likewise *feel*. I doubt whether we are right in confining the capacity of pleasure and pain to the animal kingdom:” and having said a few *ingenious* things in support of this conceit, he mounts himself on its wings, and closes his dissertation with telling us, that “this view of the life of vegetables adds fresh beauty to the parterre, and gives new dignity to the forest.” No wonder Dr. Percival's speculations should be so *immaterial*, when we find that they are merely an emanation from this *bright thought*.

This blemish apart, the essay before us has great merit; displaying much application and ingenuity; and we sincerely regret, with the Society, the loss of this very promising young man.



Some Observations on the Phenomena which take Place between Oil and Water, in a Letter to Dr. Percival. By Martin Wall, M. D. F. R. S. Prælector of Chemistry in the University of Oxford. Read Nov. 17, 1784.

Here we find this able experimentalist throwing fresh light on two interesting subjects; namely, the effect of oil and oily substances in preventing the crystallization of salts; and in smoothing the

surface of troubled waters, thereby rendering them transparent.

Their effect in the granulation of salts, Dr. Wall thinks, is owing to the film which they form on the surface of the brine, cutting off the free access of the air; which, Dr. Wall observes, “is requisite to the formation, and perhaps, as well as water, makes a constituent part of every perfect crystal. If the surface of the water have not a free communication with the air, and the boiling be rapidly carried on, the salt falls down in small granules, and no crystals are formed.”

“Of the effect of oil in smoothing troubled waters,” says our author, “so full an account is given by Dr. Franklin, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1775, that it is not necessary to be particular as to the matter of fact, which is now generally known. I think this fact also is easily explicable upon the principles which I have laid down, *viz.* that the particles of oil have a stronger attraction for each other (or *inter se*) than they have for water, and probably, than they have for air. Air, we know, has a considerable attraction to water, so that the one is seldom free from the other, and, when they are brought into contact, they seem to unite and adhere by the double force of chemical affinity and mechanical cohesion. Therefore, when a considerable body of air is forcibly impelled, as in a storm, upon the surface of water, it in a manner *lays hold* of the water, carrying or forcing it along with it in its course, until the water, reacting by its gravity, returns forcibly to repair its level; and by this repeated impulse and reaction, the surface of the water undergoes that violent agitation which constitutes a storm. But if oil be thrown on the surface of the water, it spreads itself over it to a considerable extent, and the wind is prevented from *laying hold* of the water, but glides ineffectually over it without causing any tumult or agitation.

“In some parts of this illustration, I shall be found to agree with Dr. Franklin, but to differ materially in this, that he ascribes the spreading of the oil on the water to a *repulsive* force, which, with the utmost diffidence and deference to his eminent abilities, I am disposed not to admit. I think the principle which I have laid down, sufficiently adequate to the explanation of the phenomenon, that the particles of oil have a very strong attraction

traction for each other, and have none at all for water, and probably not for air. The very circumstance of the oil's spreading over the whole surface of the water in one uninterrupted film, seems to favour my hypothesis; for, if the particles of oil had a repulsion to water, and at the same time a strong attraction *inter se*, they would probably not spread equally over the surface, but form into distinct globules, and immediately upon touching the water, would recede from it to the nearest part of the margin or shore. But, according to my supposition, when any quantity of oil is poured upon water, being lighter than that water, it will necessarily swim upon it; and by the common laws of hydrostatics, it will immediately tend to form an exact horizontal level: in doing this, it will spread upon the surface of the water, till it forms a film almost inconceivably thin, and perfectly unbroken, on account solely of the strong attraction of the particles of oil to each other."

We can readily agree with Dr. Wall, that on a *calm* level surface, this disposition of the oil would take place by the common laws of hydrostatics; but how it is preserved on a surface *violently agitated*, does not to our conceptions appear so obvious. The fact is indubitable; and although the theory held out by this able writer is not altogether satisfactory, it may be near the truth.

"The world," says our author, "is disposed to call this a discovery of Dr. Franklin; but in that they are much mistaken. He himself does not pretend to claim the discovery of this fact; nay, he produces many proofs, that it was well known and applied long ago. It requires, however, very frequently the name of an ingenious man to persuade us to take notice of a very common phenomenon; for this singular operation of oil, though it excited so much attention, as a novelty, when introduced by Dr. Franklin, was long ago remarked by naturalists much less informed than those of modern times."

Among these "less informed" philosophers Dr. Wall mentions *Pliny*, *Plutarch*, and *Erasmus*; and then continues, "Nor has this property of oil been considered merely as a matter of speculation and amusement to philosophers: it has been applied, from time immemorial, by the natives of various and distant countries, who could not have learned it from each other, to the most important use in procuring provisions; by the

fishermen on the coast of Provence, to enable them more readily to see the mussels and other shell-fish under the sea; by the same order of men in the Tagus, near Lisbon; and by the inhabitants of the Hebrides, even the most remote of the western isles, St. Kilda.

"About fifteen years before the publication of Dr. Franklin's Memoirs, the following paragraph, perhaps copied from some London newspaper, was inserted in the Annual Register. 'It has been remarked, it is said, that the oil spilt into the river to prevent the spreading of the late dreadful fire in Thames-street, visibly quieted the waves thereof. This efficacy of oil, in smoothing the surface of water, seems to have been long known. By an ancient law, when goods were to be thrown overboard to lighten the ship in stormy weather, if there happened to be any oil on board, and it could be come at, it was to go first; and the Ragusians at this day, when they go a fishing, throw oil upon the water with a sprinkling brush, and thereby obtain a clear prospect of the bottom. The openings thus formed by the drops they expressly call *windows*.'"

This transparency is easily accounted for on Dr. Wall's principles. The slightest rippling of the surface lessens the transparency of water. If violently ruffled, it becomes entirely opaque; but a film of oil being spread on the surface, the wind has no longer access to the water, and cannot *lay hold* of the oil; the consequence is a polished surface; and, if the water be clear, a perfect transparency.

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Facts and Queries relative to Attraction and Repulsion. By Dr. Percival.

Extracts of two Letters from Dr. Wall of Oxford to Dr. Percival, in Reply to the foregoing Queries, &c. Read Jan. 12, 1785.

Dr. Wall, in his paper on the Effects of Oil on Water, says, "I am inclined to believe that the species of attraction which constitutes chemical affinity is not counteracted by any principle of repulsion, in those cases where no affinity appears to take place; and that the *apparent repulsion* depends upon a perfectly different cause." This, with other sentiments of the same nature, which Dr. Wall lets fall in the course of his arguments, induced Dr. Percival to draw together a variety of facts, collected from a variety

of writers, in order to establish a *positive repulsive power*.

He mentions the swinging tumbler charged with oil and water; the effect of the effluvia of burnt grease upon the lungs; the globules of water on the leaves of colewort; the swimming needle; and the partial attractability of dew; subjects in themselves extremely curious. Dr. Wall replies to each of these (except the last) with great strength and closeness of argument; and draws his conclusions with the dissidence of a modern philosopher. "After all," says he, towards the conclusion of his first letter, "I would have it perfectly understood, that I would by no means pretend to deny the facts which seem to evince a repulsive principle; but only presume to offer my opinion that, *in chemistry*, these facts may be explained by the doctrine of superior elective attraction, without the necessity of introducing more principles or causes than the facts seem to require."

It does not fall within the limits of our plan to enter into the particulars of this friendly controversy; suffice it, therefore, for us to say, that we think Dr. Wall has much the best of the argument. Dr. Percival is an elegant writer, and reasons with considerable adroitness; but from his several papers which we have reviewed in these two volumes of *Transactions*, we think he writes on *philosophical* subjects as an *amateur* rather than as a *master*.

On the voluntary Power which the Mind is able to exercise over bodily Sensations. By Thomas Barnes, D. D. Read November 3, 1784.

This should seem to be one of the Doctor's best sermons, printed by way of making the second volume as large as the first. We do not mean this as a censure of the production itself; but judge, from the matter adduced, and the manner in which it is disposed, that it was not written either as a *literary* or a *philosophical* essay. As a *pulpit-oration*, we really think it has very great merit. The conclusion, we flatter ourselves, will be sufficient to establish our opinion.

"The sublimest feelings which can govern the human heart, are those inspired by religion. For religion carries the soul beyond itself, and centers all its strongest affections upon our Creator, and a better world. If these be properly

that is, habitually felt, they will be most friendly to that self-possession, which braces the mind in all its best and most lasting energies. These feelings are permanent in their nature, and large in their object. And how wonderful are often their effects! In that most awful hour of dissolving nature, when the body is racked with expiring agonies, faith and hope have often presented the most astonishing spectacles of fortitude, yea even of triumph! The mind, borne upwards towards its Maker, has been able to smile in pangs, and to exult in dissolution.

"The moral influence of this sentiment is highly interesting and important to us all. It furnishes an argument in favour of virtue and religion, too considerable to be passed over in silence. For goodness not only inspires the purest satisfactions, both in the present moment, and in future reflection, but it actually lessens the degree of bodily suffering. It not only increases the mental enjoyment, but it diminishes corporeal pain. It not only administers the sweetest consolations under disease, but it renders the disease itself less afflictive.

"Born into a world, exposed to sorrow, and inhabiting bodies liable every moment to various sufferings, of what value is it to have our minds in a condition able to sustain, and even to mitigate the sharpness of corporeal feeling! of what importance, to possess a spirit firm, vigorous, manly! and of what moment, to act under the direction of those principles, and under the impulse of those affections, which tend to produce self-possession, and inward strength!

"In order to this, it will be necessary to cultivate the habit of self-command. It will be proper to accustom the will to a dominion over sense. And it will be wise to cherish those affections, which carry the mind beyond itself, to objects permanent and noble.

"Stoicism, which affected to secure to its votaries an exemption from evil, and which, in order to this, denied that corporeal pain deserved the name, not only took its aim too high, but omitted the proper means of achieving what it is possible to attain. It enjoined resolute self denial. It established the dominion of mind over sense. But it did not expand, or elevate the passions to their noblest objects. Hence, it failed in its effect. For it will follow from what has been observed, that a mind which would be firm, must be humble. Pride may

be indeed a lasting passion—but it is selfish. And there are many moments in the present life, when the high sense of dignity must yield to humiliating circumstances, to the consciousness of weakness, and of ill desert.

“But the nobler passions, which we have before mentioned, improve by time, and meliorate by habit. The soul, whose better affections are centered upon proper objects, increases in inward strength; it is better fortified against distress and pain; and it is ripening for a world, where pain and anguish shall annoy it no more for ever,”—and ever, Amen.



A Narrative of the Sufferings of a Collier, who was confined more than seven Days without Sustenance, and exposed to the Choke-damp, in a Coal pit not far from Manchester; with Observations on the Effects of Famine; on the Means of alleviating them; and on the Action of Foul Air on the Human Body. By Thomas Percival, M. D. F. R. S. and S. A. &c.

In this affecting circumstance are drawn a multitude of incidents elucidatory of the interesting subjects which our author has here undertaken to explain; subjects painful to reflect upon, but of the greatest importance to mankind.

In this paper we see Dr. Percival to advantage; he has here data to go upon: and we know not which to admire most,—the sedulous adduction of facts;—the masterly manner in which they are disposed;—or the professional skill with which they are treated of; and there needs no hesitation to pronounce it the most valuable paper which has yet appeared in the Manchester Memoirs: for, notwithstanding its “undue length,” every page is interesting and instructive.

The means of alleviating famine, and those of fortifying the body against foul air, ought to be universally known.

“The American Indians are said to use a composition of the juice of tobacco, and the shells of snails, cockles, and oysters calcined, whenever they undertake a long journey, and are likely to be destitute of provisions. It is proba-

ble, the shells are not burnt into quick-lime, but only so as to destroy their tenacity, and to render them fit for levigation. The mat is dried, and formed into pills, of a proper size to be held between the gum and lip, which, being gradually dissolved and swallowed, obtund the sensations both of hunger and of thirst. Tobacco, by its narcotic quality, seems well adapted to counteract the uneasy impressions, which the gastric juice makes on the nerves of the stomach, when it is empty: and the combination of testaceous powders with it may tend to correct the secretion that is supposed, by an eminent anatomist, to be the chief agent in digestion, and which, if not acid, is always united with acidity*. Certain at least it is, that their operation is both grateful and salutary; for we find the luxurious inhabitants of the East Indies mix them with the betel nut, to the chewing of which they are universally and immoderately addicted. Perhaps such absorbents may be usefully applied, both to divide the doses, and to moderate the virulence of the tobacco. For, in the internal exhibition of this plant, much caution is required, as it produces sickness, vertigo, cold clammy sweats, and a train of other formidable symptoms, when taken in too large a quantity. During the time of war, the impressed sailors frequently bring on these maladies, that they may be admitted into the hospitals, and released from servitude. It would be an easy and safe experiment to ascertain the efficacy, and to adjust the ingredients of the Indian composition which I have mentioned. And I am inclined to believe, that the trial would be, in some degree, successful, because I have repeatedly experienced, in the course of my professional practice, that smoking tobacco gives relief in those habitual pains of the stomach, which appear to arise from the irritation of the gastric secretions. The like effect is sometimes produced by increasing the flow of saliva, and swallowing what is thus discharged †. And I have elsewhere related the case of a gentleman, who used to masticate, many hours daily, a piece of lead, which, being neither hard, friable, nor offensive to the palate, suited his purpose, as he thought, better than any other substance. He continued the cus-

* “See Mr. John Hunter’s paper, on the digestion of the stomach after death, Philosoph. Transact. for 1772.”

† “A lady, in this neighbourhood, was relieved of a chronic pain in the stomach, by chewing *amara dulcis*, after various other remedies had failed: and I have seen good effects from the *calamus aromaticus*, used in the same way.”

ton many years, deriving great ease from it, and suffering no sensible injury from the poisonous quality of the metal. On mentioning this fact to a navy surgeon, he acquainted me, that the sailors, when in hot climates, are wont to mitigate thirst, by rolling a bullet in their mouths. A more innocent mean might be devised; but the efficacy of this evinces, that the salivary glands are, for a while, capable of furnishing a substitute for drink. When a scarcity of water occurs at sea, Dr. Franklin has advised, that the mariners should bathe themselves in tubs of salt-water: for, in pursuing the amusement of swimming, he observed that, however thirsty he was before immersion, he never continued so afterwards; and that, though he soaked himself several hours in the day, and several days successively, in salt-water, he perceived not, in consequence of it, the least taste of saltiness in his mouth. He also further suggests, that the same good effect might perhaps be derived from dipping the sailors apparel in the sea; and expresses a confidence that no danger of catching cold would ensue.

“To prevent the calamity of famine at sea, it has been proposed, that the powder of *Salep* should constitute part of the provisions of every ship’s company*. This powder, and portable soup, dissolved in boiling water, form a rich thick jelly; and an ounce of each of these articles furnishes one day’s subsistence to a healthy full-grown man. Indeed, from the experiments which I have made on *Salep*, I have reason to believe the supposition well founded, that it contains more nutritious matter, in proportion to its bulk, than any other vegetable production now used as food †. It has the property also of concealing the nauseous taste of salt-water; and consequently may be of great advantage at sea, when the stock of fresh-water is so far consumed, that the mariners are put upon short allowance. By the same mucilaginous quality, it covers the offensiveness, and even, in some measure, corrects the acrimony, of salted and putrescent meats. But, as a preservative against hunger, *Salep* would be most efficacious, combined with an equal weight of beef suet. By swallowing little balls of this lubricating compound, at proper intervals, the coats of the stomach would be defended from irritation; and as oils and mucilages are highly nutritive, of slow digestion, and

indisposed to pass off by perspiration, they are peculiarly well adapted to support life, in small quantities. This composition is superior in simplicity, and perhaps equal in efficacy, to the following one, so much extolled by Avicenna, the celebrated Arabian physician; to whom we are indebted for the introduction of rhubarb, cassia, tamarinds, and senna, into the *Materia Medica*. “Take sweet almonds, and beef suet, of each one pound; of the oil of violets two ounces; and of the roots of marsh-mallows one ounce: bray these ingredients together in a mortar, and form the mass into boluses, about the size of a common nut.”

In treating of foul air, Dr. Percival introduces an instance of alarm given lately in the neighbourhood of Manchester, by the noisome effluvia of certain cotton works; owing principally to rancid oils, and a want of cleanings, and a proper ventilation. But by the interference of the magistrates, and some salutary regulations suggested by Dr. P. and the other gentlemen of the faculty in Manchester, the cause of alarm was removed. “Still, however,” says our author, “the delicate and valetudinary incur a risque in visiting them. For foul air, though it contain no contagious particles, may yet possess a virulence, that is capable, in particular habits, of producing fever. Like certain poisons, it effects an instantaneous change in the nervous system, by which the organs of secretion are disturbed, and the secretions themselves corrupted. The common precautions, therefore, ought not to be neglected by those who expose themselves to the influence of such vapours. The valetudinary, especially, should not enter the works with an empty stomach, should previously fortify themselves by a glass or two of wine, and counteract the sedative operation of the putrid miasms by the stimulus of hartshorn, eau de luce, or camphorated vinegar, applied to the nose. But these volatile substances are to be suffered, as much as possible, to rise spontaneously, and not to be drawn forcibly into the nostrils: for by such inhalation the noxious atoms, floating in the air, will be conveyed to the olfactory nerves with additional energy; and, being lodged in the Schneiderian membrane, they may exert their baneful powers, when the action of the antidote shall cease.”

* Lind on the Diseases of Hot Climates.

† See the Author’s *Essays Medical and Experimental*, vol. II.

Result of some Observations made by Benjamin Rush, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Philadelphia, during his Attendance as Physician-General of the Military Hospitals of the United States, in the late War.

This paper is a striking contrast to the generality of the papers exhibited in these Transactions. The result of the Observations of the Physician-General of the American Hospitals, we find here comprised in three loosely-printed pages. There are writers in the Memoirs of the Manchester Society who could have made three hundred upon such an occasion. They are introduced by the following laconic epistle to Mr. Henry.

“ Dear Sir,

“ The inclosed observations are at your service. Instead of dilating them with theories and cases, which would add only to the number of books, but not to the stock of facts, I send them to you in as short a compass as possible. They are not so fit for the public eye as I could wish; but if you think them worthy of a place in your Transactions, you are welcome to them.”

From these observations, numbered from 1 to 19, we learn that the principal diseases which proved fatal, were putrid fevers; frequently produced by the want of sufficient room and cleanliness, and a want of a free circulation of air, in the hospitals.

That “ the army, when it lay in tents, was always more sickly than when it lay in the open air: it was always more healthy when kept in motion than when it lay in an encampment.

“ Militia officers and soldiers who enjoyed health during a campaign, were often seized with fevers upon their return to the *vita mollis*, at their respective homes. There was one instance of a militia captain, who was seized with convulsions the first night he lay on a feather-bed, after lying several months on a mattress and on the ground. The fever was produced by the sudden change in the manner of sleeping, living, &c. It was prevented, in many cases, by the person lying, for a few nights after his return to his family, on a blanket before the fire.

“ Those officers who wore flannel shirts or waistcoats next to their skin, in general escaped fevers, and diseases of all kinds.

“ Lads under twenty years of age were subject to the greatest number of camp diseases.

“ The southern troops were more sickly than the northern or eastern troops.

“ The native Americans were more sickly than the Europeans.

“ Men above thirty and thirty-five years of age were the hardiest soldiers in the army. Perhaps this was the reason why the Europeans were more healthy than the native Americans; they were more advanced in life.

“ The troops from Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, sickened for the want of salt provisions. Their strength and spirits were only to be restored to them by means of salt bacon. I once saw a private in a Virginia regiment throw away his ration of choice fresh beef, and give seven shillings and six-pence specic for a pound of salt meat.

“ Most of the sufferings and mortality in our hospitals were occasioned not so much by actual want or scarcity of any thing, as by the ignorance, negligence, &c. in providing necessaries for them. After the *purveying* and *directing* apartments were separated (agreeably to the advice of Dr. Monro) in the year 1778, very few of the American army died in our hospitals.”

The volume closes with an extract from the minutes of the Society, setting forth the adjudication of a gold medal, of the value of seven guineas, promised to the author of the best experimental paper on any subject relative to arts and manufactures, &c.—and a silver medal, of the value of one guinea, to any young man attending the Society’s meetings, and under the age of twenty one, who should furnish the best paper on any subject of literature or philosophy; which gold and silver medals were adjudged to Mr. Delaval, for his elaborate Essay on the permanent Colours of Opaque Bodies; and to Mr. Thomas Henry, jun. for his Review of the Controversy between Henry Cavendish, Esq. F. R. S. and Richard Kirwan, Esq. F. R. S. relative to the cause of the diminution of common air in phlogistic processes.

Before we close our review of the volume before us, we think it right to mention an idea which has struck us more than once in perusing this and the sixth volume of these interesting Transactions.

The common occurrences of life afford little fresh matter of reflection to the philosopher; but among every nation, and in every age and period of time, extraordinary incidents and great natural facts arise from time to time, and present themselves to his contemplation. From single incidents, however, useful inferences can seldom be drawn: but from a combination of facts result the

most important truths. Therefore a permanent register of facts, carrying them down from one generation to another, becomes a thing of the utmost importance to philosophy.

This nation has long enjoyed a receptacle of the great natural facts which have arisen in it. The Royal Society of London has been, and still remains, one of the most respectable associations of philosophers the world ever knew; and its Transactions must inevitably endure, while the language they are written in exists. Ought not, therefore, every great natural fact, which presents itself in this country, to be recorded in that unperishable Register? Not only the advancement of human knowledge, but the honour of the nation appears to us to be concerned in this matter.

We cannot mean to give offence to the Society of Manchester by this observation; as most of its principal members are Fellows of the Royal Society. Nevertheless, we beg leave to consider the Manchester Society as a temporary association; arising out of the mere circumstance of a constellation of philosophers, some of them of the first magnitude, residing on the spot, or in its neighbourhood; a circumstance which even twenty years may make a considerable alteration in: in fifty years the Society may be annihilated, and in a century or two more its Memoirs be buried in oblivion, and with them the great natural facts of

which, to speak somewhat figuratively, they have robbed the Philosophical Transactions; which, from the situation they occupy, and from the broad basis on which they are built, can never be shook, much less overturned, and their place supplied, by a provincial Society.

It is far from us to think or wish evil to the Society of Manchester; we hope to see it (and other provincial societies) flourish; for, under its present patronage, it has been, and may be rendered, highly beneficial to the advancement of science: not, however, by interfering with what we conceive to be the grand purport of the Royal Society; but in drawing together and elucidating a variety of interesting subjects in EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

If it were not presumption in us to offer our advice to this respectable Society, who have styled themselves *Literary* and *Philosophical*, we could recommend to their especial attention, *English* Literature and *Experimental* Philosophy; subjects which have long suffered, and in a similar manner, under the mistaken discipline of the schools. But we repeat (if even thereby we incur the displeasure of the Society) that while the Philosophical Transactions of London remain open, let it not be presumed to record the great natural facts which may arise in this country, on the deciduous leaves of any provincial Register.

TO THE EDITOR.

Looking the other day over some old papers, I found the following letter. It was written by the well-known Dr. ISAAC SCHOMBERG to a Lady, on the culture of whose mind he bestowed much attention, and whose lamentable end (for she was destroyed by a fire) he deplored with extreme sorrow.

Dr. Isaac Schomberg, besides being a man of sense and erudition, had a soul tinged with the purest principles of integrity; and he was gifted with a noble pride of nature, which scorned the meanness of dishonour. He lived on the most familiar terms with the first characters of the age; and his death was an affliction to every man who knew him.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,
W. T.

THE METHOD OF READING for FEMALE IMPROVEMENT.

MADAM,
CONFORMABLE to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on the method of reading; which you would have had sooner, only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure-hours. I have complied with your request in both these particulars; so that you see, Madam, how absolute your commands are over me. If my remarks should answer your expectations,

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and the purpose for which they were intended; if they should in the least conduce to the spending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally do, it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that you will receive.

It were to be wished that the female part of the human creation, on whom Nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the culti-

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vading

vating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifies and gowgaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conspire to produce for their embellishment, but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour; for there is good sense in dress, as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! but I am sure, Madam, you know there is— You practise it.

The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. I would throw the subjects of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant, under the following heads:

HISTORY,
MORALITY;
POETRY.

The first employs the memory, the second the judgment, and the third the imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read history, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and the place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on Morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse, so reading being, as it were, a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we drive the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of Morality, I would advise you to mark with a pencil whatever you find worth remembering. If a

passage should strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being captivated on by bombast and flourish, which with many passes for sublime; for smooth verses which run off the ear with an easy cadence, and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense on the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Diverst both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised they could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdeuing your memory, and yet with another view besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

The task you have imposed on me, is a strong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and always having improved it to the best advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

As for my part, Madam, you have done me too much honour, by singling me out from all your acquaintance on this occasion, to say any thing that would not look like flattery; you yourself would think it so, were I to do you the common justice all your friends allow you; I must therefore be silent on this head, and only say, that I shall think myself well rewarded in return, if you will believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, as I really am,

Madam,
Your faithful

humble servant
I. SCHOMBERG.

ACCOUNT of the TASTE, MORALS, MANNERS, MODE of LIVING, OCCUPATIONS, and AMUSEMENT, of the EGYPTIANS.

[From M. SAVARY'S "Lectures on Egypt," lately published.]

LIFE is more a passive than an active existence at Grand Cairo*. The body during nine months of the year is oppressed with the excessive heats. The mind partakes of this state of indolence. Far from being continually tormented by the desire of seeing, of acquiring knowledge, and acting, it sighs after calm and tranquility. Under a temperate sky inactivity is a pain; here, on the contrary, repose is an enjoyment. The most frequent salutation therefore, that which is made use of on accosting, and repeated on quitting you, is, † *Peace be with you!* Effeminacy is born with the Egyptian, grows up with him as he advances in life, and follows him to the tomb. It is a vice of the climate. It influences his taste, and governs all his actions. It is to satisfy this disposition that the most luxurious piece of furniture in his apartment is the sofa; that his gardens have delightful shades, convenient seats, and not a single alley one can walk in. The Frenchman, born in a climate, the temperature of which is continually changing, receives every instant new impressions which keep his soul awake. He is active, impatient, and inconstant as the air he breathes in. The Egyptian who for two-thirds of the year almost invariably experiences the same degree of heat, the same sensation, is slothful, serious and patient.

He rises with the sun to enjoy the coolness of the morning. He purifies himself, and goes to prayer according to the precept †. He is presented with a pipe and coffee. He remains softly reposing on his sofa. His slaves, with their hands crossed on their breasts, stand in silence at the bottom of the apartment. Their eyes fixed on their master, they strive to anticipate all his wishes. His children standing in his presence, unless he gives them permission to be seated, display in all their behaviour the utmost tenderness

and respect. He gravely caresses them, gives them his blessing, and sends them back to the *Haram* ‡. He alone interrogates, and is answered with decency. He is at once the chief, the judge, and the pontiff of the family, which respects in him those sacred rights.

After breakfast he applies himself to his commercial affairs, or to those of the place he occupies. As to differences, they are very rare amongst a people where the monster of chicanery is dumb, where the name of attorney is unknown, where the code of laws is confined to a few clear and well-defined precepts of the Coran, and where every man is his own advocate.

If any visitors arrive, the master of the house receives them without many compliments, but in an affectionate manner. His equals go and seat themselves by him with their legs crossed; a posture by no means fatiguing with clothes which do not fetter the limbs.

His inferiors are on their knees, and seated on their heels. Persons of great distinction sit on an elevated sofa, from which they overlook the company ||. Thus *Aeneas* was in the place of honour in the palace of *Dido*, when seated on a high bed, he related to the queen the disastrous fate of Troy, reduced to ashes. As soon as every one is seated, the slaves bring pipes and coffee, and place in the middle of the chamber a pan with perfumes, the delicious vapour of which fills the whole apartment. They are next presented with sweetmeats and sherbet.

The tobacco made use of in Egypt comes from Syria. It is brought in leaves, which are cut in long filaments. It has not the pungency of the American tobacco. To render it more agreeable, it is mixed with the scented wood of aloes. The pipes, usually made of jessamine tipped with amber, are

* From the month of March to November the height of the thermometer is constantly from twenty-three to thirty-six degrees. In the other months it is seldom lower than nine degrees above the freezing point.

† This is the salutation of the Orientals. The christian religion, which is of Asiatic origin, has preserved it. At the high festivals, the priests salute each other during the communion, saying, *Peace be with you!*

‡ *O! ye Believers, before you begin the prayer, wash your face and hands up to your elbows. Wipe your head and feet down to your heels.* Coran, p. 107. tome premier, of Mr. Savary's translation.

§ *Haram* is an Arabic word, signifying forbidden place; it is the apartment of the women, called by us improperly the Seraglio.

|| *Inde toto patet Aeneas sic osus ab alto.* *Aeneid*, lib. 2. The epithet of *father*, given by Virgil to *Aeneas*, proves that this great poet was perfectly acquainted with eastern manners, with whom the name of father is the most respectable title one can confer on any man. They still think it an honour to be so called. On the birth of a son they quit their proper name for the appellation of *father of such a one*.

frequently enriched with precious stones. As they are extremely long *, the smoke one inhales is very mild. The Orientals pretend that it tickles agreeably the palate, at the same time that it gratifies the smell. The rich smoke in lofty apartments with a great number of windows.

Towards the conclusion of the visit, a slave holding in his hand a silver plate on which are burning precious essences, approaches the faces of the visitors, each of whom in his turn perfumes his beard. They then pour rose-water on the head and hands. This is the last ceremony, after which it is usual to withdraw.

You see, that the ancient custom of † perfuming one's head and beard, celebrated by the royal prophet, still subsists in our days. Anacreon, the father of joy, the poet of the graces, never ceases repeating in his odes, " † I like to perfume myself with precious effences, and to crown my head with roses "

About noon the table is covered. A large flat plate of copper tinned receives the dishes. No great variety is displayed, but there is an abundance of provisions. In the middle rises up a mountain of rice boiled with poultry, seasoned with saffron and a quantity of spices. Round it are placed hashed meats, pigeons, stuffed cucumbers, delicious melons, and other fruits. Their roast meat consists of flesh cut into small morsels, covered with the fat of the animal, seasoned with salt, spitted and roasted on the coals. It is tender and juicy. The guests are seated on a carpet round the table. A slave holding a basin and ewer, offers it to wash with. This ceremony is indispensable in a country, where every one puts his hand into the plate, and where they are unacquainted with the use of forks. This is repeated at the end of the repast. These customs appear very ancient in the East.

After dinner, the Egyptians retire into

their Harems, where they slumber a few hours in the midst of their children and their women. It is a great article of voluptuousness with them, to have a convenient and agreeable place of repose. Mahomet accordingly, who neglected nothing that could seduce mankind, whose wants and tastes he knew thoroughly, says to them, § " The guests of Paradise shall enjoy the luxury of " repose, and shall have a delicious place to " sleep in at noon."

The poor, who have neither sofa nor Harâm, lie down on the mat where they have dined. Thus, when Jesus Christ took the supper with his disciples ¶, he whom he loved had his head repose ¶ upon his bosom.

In the evening one goes in a boat upon the water, or to breathe the cool air on the banks of the Nile, under the shade of orange and ficamore trees. Supper-time is an hour after sunset. The tables are spread with rice, poultry, vegetables, and fruit. These aliments are wholesome during the heats. The stomach, which would reject more substantial nourishment, has occasion for them. They eat little. Temperance is a virtue of this climate.

Such is the usual life of the Egyptians. Our places of amusement, our noisy pleasures, are unknown to them. That famelessness which would be the greatest punishment to an European, appears to them delicious. They pass their whole life in doing the same thing, in following the established customs, without desiring any thing beyond them, without extending their ideas any further. Having neither lively appetites, nor ardent desires, they are strangers to what we call *l'ennui*; that is, a torment reserved for such persons as neither being able to moderate their passions, nor to satisfy the extent of their tastes, are a burthen to themselves, *s'ennuient* wherever they are, and only live where they are not.

ACCOUNT of the EGYPTIAN ALME, OR DANCING-GIRLS.

[From the SAME.]

EGYPT, as well as Italy, has her *Improvisatori*. They are called *Alme*, knowing they have merited this name, from having received a better education than other women.

They form a celebrated society in this country. To be received into it, it is necessary to have a good voice, to understand the language well, to know the rules of poetry **.

* One sees pipes fifteen feet long. The general standard is five or six.

† Sicut unguentum optimum in capite, quod descendit in barham Aaron. *Psalms* 132.

‡ Anacreon, ode 15.

§ Coran, ch. 25, p. 119.

¶ Erat ergo recumbens unctus ex discipulis ejus in sinu Jesu quem diligebat Jesus. *St. John*, ch 13, v. 23.

** The Arabic have the same quantity as the Latin verses, with the varied measure and rhyme of the French poetry. These advantages are not to be found in a language the profosity of which is not distinctly marked.

and be able to compose and sing couplets on the spot, adapted to the circumstances. The *Almés* know by heart all the new songs. Their memory is furnished with the most beautiful *maels**, and the prettiest tales. There is no festival without them; no entertainment of which they do not constitute the ornament. They are placed in a rostrum, from whence they sing during the repast. They then descend into the saloon, and form dances which have no resemblance to ours. They are pantomime ballets, in which they represent the usual occurrences of life. The mysteries of love too, generally furnish them with scenes. The suppleness of their bodies is inconceivable. One is astonished at the mobility of their features, to which they give at pleasure the impression suited to the characters they play. The indecency of their attitudes is often carried to excess. Their looks, their gestures, every thing speaks, but in so expressive a manner, that it is impossible to mistake them. At the beginning of the dance, they lay aside with their veils the modesty of their sex. A long robe of very thin silk goes down to their heels, which is slightly fastened with a rich girdle. Long black hair, plaited and perfumed, is flowing on their shoulders. A shift, transparent as gauze, scarcely hides their bosom. As they put themselves in motion, the shapes, the contours of their bodies seem to develope themselves successively. Their steps are regulated by the sound of the flute, of castanets, the tambour de basque, and cymbals, which accelerates or retards the measure. They are still further animated by words adapted to such scenes. They appear in a state of intoxication. They are the *Bacchantes* in a delirium. It is when they are at this point, that throwing off all reserve, they abandon themselves totally to the disorder of their senses; it is then that a people far from delicate, and who like nothing hidden, redouble their applauses. These *Almés* are sent for into all the *Harams*. They teach the women the new airs; they amuse them with amorous tales, and recite in their presence poems, which are so much the more interesting, as they furnish a lively picture of their manners. They initiate them into the mysteries of their art, and teach them to contrive lascivious dances. These girls, who have a cultivated understanding, are very agreeable in conversation. They speak their language with purity. The habit of dedicating themselves to poetry renders the softest and most sonorous expressions familiar to them. They repeat with a great deal of grace. In singing, nature is their only guide. I have heard them sing gay airs, the time of which

was quick and light like that of some of our *opéras*; but it is in the pathetic that they display their talents. It is when they make a *mael*, from the movement of the *recessant*, that the continuity of tender, affecting, and plaintive sounds, inspires a secret melancholy, which insensibly increases, and changes into tears of commiseration. The Turks themselves, the Turks, enemies of all the arts, pass whole nights in hearing them. Sometimes two of them sing together, but always with the same voice. It is the same with an orchestra, where all the instruments playing in unison, execute the same part. Accompaniments are only made for enlightened people, who, at the same time that the melody flatters their ear, wish to have their mind occupied by the justness and perfection of the harmony. Those nations, on the contrary, whose sensibility is more affected than their hearing, little capable of enjoying the charms of harmony, like only the simple tones whose beauty goes directly to the soul, without requiring reflection to perceive it.

The Hebrews, to whom the tastes of the Egyptians had become natural, from a long residence in Egypt, had also their *Almés*. It appears that they gave lessons to the women, at Jerusalem; as well as at Grand Cairo. St. Mark has preserved a fact, which proves what an empire the oriental dance had over the minds of men. "Herod celebrated his birth-day in the midst of a sumptuous banquet, where he had gathered together the chiefs of the nation, the tribunes, and the princes of Galilee. Whilst the guests were at table, the daughter of Herodias entered, and danced before them after the manner of the country. The whole assembly applauded the graces she displayed. The king, enchanted, vowed that he would grant her what she should demand, were it the half of his kingdom. Urged by her mother, the young Herodias demanded the head of John the Baptist, and obtained it."

The *Almés* assist at the marriage ceremonies, and march before the bride, playing on instruments. They make a figure likewise at funerals, and accompany the procession, singing sorrowful airs. They break forth into groans, and lamentations, and give every sign of grief and despair. These women are paid very high, and seldom appear but amongst the *grandees* and rich men.

I was invited lately to a splendid supper, given by a rich Venetian merchant to the Receiver-general of the finances of Egypt. The *Almés* sung several airs during the entertainment. They then celebrated the praises of

* For a specimen of which, see page 320.

the principal-guards. The passage which appeared to me the most striking was an immense allegory, wherein the messenger of love is made to speak. After the entertainment there was play, and I perceived that hundreds of spectators were sent to the fingers from time to time. This entertainment produced them at least fifty *aspis* or. It is true they are not always forever paid.

The common people have also their *Ahnd*. They are girls of the second class, who try to imitate the former, but they have neither their elegance, their graces, nor their know-

ledge. They are every where to be met with. The public places and the walks about Grand-Cairo are full of them. As the populace require silences still more strongly marked, decency will not allow us to relate to what a pitch they carry the licentiousness of their gestures and attitudes. It is impossible to form an idea of it, without having been a witness to these scenes. The *Bayadieres* of India are models of chastity compared to these Egyptian women dancers. You have here, the chief amusement of the Egyptians. It constitutes their delight.

ACCOUNT of the TASTE, MANNERS, EMPLOYMENTS, DIVERSIONS, &c. of the EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

[From the SAME.]

I Have given you some account of the manner of living of the male inhabitants of this country; but I have spoken very little of the women. This * oriental reserve cannot be agreeable to an European. I am now going to give you, therefore, a general idea of the manners of the Egyptian women.

The women act a brilliant part in Europe. They appear as sovereigns on the theatre of the world. They preside over matters, and decide on the most important events. The fate of nations is often in their hands. In Egypt, what difference! They are there only to be seen loaded with the chains of slavery. Condemned to servitude, they have not the smallest influence on public affairs. Their empire is limited to the walls of the Haram; for there are buried all their graces and their charms. Confined within the bosom of their family, the circle of their life does not extend beyond domestic employments †.

Their first duty is the education of their children. Their most ardent wish is to have a great number of them, since the public esteem as well as the tenderness of their husbands are measured by their fecundity. Even the poor man who earns his bread with the sweat of his brow, prays to heaven for a numerous progeny, and the barren woman would be inconsolable, did not adoption indemnify her in some degree for the injury of nature. Every mother suckles the child she has brought into the world. The first smile

of that tender creature, and an easy childbed, repay her for the pains and cares imposed upon her by this duty.

The overflowings of the milk therefore, and other disorders, which drain the sources of life of the young spouse unobservant of this law, are not known in this country. Mahomet has converted this custom, which is coeval with the world, into a precept ‡.

Mothers shall suckle their children two whole years, provided they are disposed to take the breast so long. The mother shall be permitted to wean her nurse-child with the consent of the husband." Ulysses descending into the gloomy kingdom of Pluto §, saw there his mother, who had nourished him with her milk, who had reared up his infancy.

When circumstances compel them to have recourse to a nurse, she is not looked upon as a stranger. She becomes part of the family, and passes the rest of her life in the midst of the children she has suckled. She is honoured and cherished like a second mother.

The Haram is the cradle and the school of infancy. The helpless being, just brought into the world, is not infolded in wretched swaddling-clothes, the source of a thousand disorders. Stretched out naked on a mat, exposed to the air in a spacious apartment, he breathes without restraint, and moves his delicate limbs at pleasure. His entrance into the new element wherein he must pass his

* The Egyptians never mention their wives in conversation. When they are obliged to speak of them, they say the mother of such a one, or the mistress of the house, &c. Politeness prevents one from saying, How is madam your wife? It is necessary to imitate their reverence, and say, How is the mother of such a one? Even then they would look upon as respectful, were it not the salutation of an intimate friend or relation. I relate these traits, as perfectly characteristic of oriental jealousy.

† The compiler, *Pomponius Mela*, pretends that the women do all the out-of-door labour in Egypt, and the men take charge of the house, p. 59. This assertion is contradicted by every writer who has travelled in that country.

‡ *Quran*, p. 40 l. 1. *Mr. S.'s translation*.

§ *Odyssy*, lib. 23 p. 375.

He is not remarked either by grief or tears. Bathed in water every day, reared up under his mother's eye, he grows rapidly. Free in all his movements, he tries his growing strength; he is in constant action, he rolls about, he gets up, and if he happens to tumble, his falls cannot be dangerous on the carpet or mat * which covers the floor. He is not banished his father's house at seven or eight years old, to send him to a college, where he loses his health and his innocence. It is true that he acquires little knowledge. His education is often limited to the art of reading and writing. But he enjoys a robust state of health; whilst the fear of the divinity, respect for old age, filial piety, the love of hospitality, virtues which every object presents to him in the bosom of his own family, remain deeply graven on his heart.

The girls are brought up in the same manner. The whalebone, and the bulks to which the European women fall martyrs, are unknown to them. They are left naked, or only covered with a shift until they are six years old. The habit they wear the remainder of their lives does not fetter any of their limbs, and allows the whole body to assume its natural structure. Nothing is so uncommon, therefore, as to see children full of humours, or crooked persons. It is in these eastern parts of the world that man rises in all his native majesty, and that woman displays all the charms of her sex. It is in Georgia and in Greece that those well-defined features, those admirable forms, impressed by nature on the *chef-d'œuvre* of her works, are in the highest preservation. It is there that Apelles would still find models worthy of his pencil.

The women do not solely confine themselves to the education of their children. All the domestic affairs are in their department. They are the house-keepers, and do not think it any disparagement to prepare the victuals for themselves and for their husbands with their own hands. The ancient custom which still subsists makes it their duty. Thus we see Sarah hastening to bake the cakes on the ashes, when the angels visited Abraham, who offered them the usual repast of hospitality. Before the departure of Telema-

chus †, Menelaus says to him, “I go to attend the queen and her attendants on your pace a splendid repast with the provisions that are contained in this palace.”

Subject to custom, whose unalterable laws govern the countries of the East, the women are not admitted into the society of the men, not even at table ‡, where the assemblage of the two sexes produces gaiety and *bon mot*, and gives a zest to the entertainment. When the rich are desirous of dining with one of their wives, they give her previous notice. She disposes the apartment, prepares the most delicate dishes, and receives her lord with respect and with the most refined attention. The women of the lower class usually remain standing, or seated in a corner of the room, whilst their husband is at dinner. They frequently present him water to wash himself, and help him at table §. These customs which the Europeans might justly style barbarous, and against which they might exclaim with reason, appear so natural in this country, that they have no idea of their being different in other climates. Such is the force of habit over the human mind. A custom established for ages seems to be the law of nature.

Domestic cares leave the Egyptian women a great many leisure moments, which they employ amongst their slaves in embroidering a shawl, in making a veil; in drawing designs on stuff to cover a sofa, and in spinning with the distaff.

Labour, however, has its interludes. Joy is not banished the interior of the Harem. The nurse interests you in the history of past times, by the manner in which she relates the tale. Gay or tender airs are sung; slaves accompany the voice with the tambour de basque and castanets. The *Aïm* sometimes comes to enliven the scene by their dances, and the touching melody of their voices. They gracefully repeat passionate romances. A collation, where perfumes and exquisite fruits are in abundance, terminates the daily scene. Thus do the Egyptian women strive to charm the listlessness of their captivity.

Yet they are not wholly prisoners. They have permission once or twice a week to go to the bath, and to visit their relations and

* In Egypt the rooms are paved with large flag stones, which are washed, at least, once a week. In summer they are covered with a cane mat, neatly worked, and in the winter with a carpet.

† *Odysséy*, lib. 15.

‡ Sarah, who prepared dinner for Abraham and his guests, did not seat herself at table; she remained shut up in her tent.

§ I dined lately with an Italian who was married to an Egyptian woman. He has adopted the manners of the country he has lived in so long. His wife and sister-in-law stood before me; with difficulty I prevailed on them to be seated, and place themselves at table with us. Their timidity and embarrassment were very great.

their friends. Another duty they are permitted to perform, is, to weep over the dead. I have often seen, in the environs of Cairo, disconsolate mothers repeating funeral hymns around the tombs, which they had covered with odoriferous plants.

The Egyptian women treat one another in the most affectionate manner on their visits. When a woman enters a Haram, the mistress of the house rises, makes offer of her hand, puts it on her heart, embraces her, and seats her by her side. A female slave hastens to take off her black cloak, and she is desired to put herself at her ease. She lays aside her veil, and her shift*, and retains only a flowing robe, which is perfectly adapted to her shape, and is fastened round the middle by a sash. Compliments are then paid her in the oriental style †. "My mother or my sister, why have you so long neglected us? We were fighting after your company. It embellishes our house, it constitutes the happiness of our lives, &c."^h

Slaves then present her with coffee, sherbet, and sweetmeats. They chat, they laugh, and toy together. A large dish is placed on the sofa, which is covered with pomegranates, bananas, and excellent melons. The daughter of the house, holding a ewer full of water mixed with rose-water, presents it to wash with, in a silver plate. During the time they eat, noisy mirth and joyous conversation season the repast. The wood of aloes is kept burning in the cassiole, and perfumes the apartment. After the collation, slaves dance to the noise of cymbals, and the ladies often take a share in their amusements. Before they part they often repeat, "God preserve your health! Heaven grant you a numerous progeny! God preserve your children, the joy and glory of your family ‡."

During the whole time a stranger is in the Haram the husband is not allowed to approach it. It is the asylum of hospitality, and cannot be violated without dangerous consequences. This is a privilege the Egyptian women carefully maintain, and it is rendered dear to them by a very powerful motive. A lover in disguise may be thus introduced into the forbidden places, and it is of the last importance not to be discovered. Death would pay the forfeit of the attempt. Love in this country, where the passions are impetuous, both from

the nature of the climate, and the obstacles it meets with, is often followed by tragic scenes.

The Turkish women go always under the guard of eunuchs, to take the air on the Nile, and enjoy the prospect of its charming banks. There are handsome apartments in their boats, richly decorated. They are adorned with sculpture, and are agreeably painted. They are distinguishable, from the blinds let down over the windows, and the music that accompanies them.

When they cannot go abroad, they endeavour to enliven their prison. Towards the setting sun they mount upon the terrace, and enjoy the cool of the evening amidst the flowers which are carefully preserved there. They often bathe themselves, and enjoy, at once, the coolness of the water, the perfume of odoriferous plants, the fresh air, and the sight of a million stars shining in the firmament.

So was *Bathsheba* bathing herself, when David || saw her from the top of his palace.

The Turks, to prevent their women from being seen from the tops of the minarets, oblige the public criers to swear that they will shut their eyes at the hours when they mount up them to announce the prayers; but a more effectual precaution they take is, to choose *blind men* for these pious functions.

Such is the ordinary life of the Egyptian women. To bring up their children, to employ themselves solely in the affairs of house-keeping, to live retired in the interior of their family, constitute their duties. To visit and give entertainments to each other, where they often resign themselves to wanton mirth, and to the greatest freedoms, to go on the water, or walk under the shade of orange-trees, and to hear the *Amé*; these are their amusements. They deck themselves out with as much art to receive their acquaintances, as the French women do to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the men. Naturally timid and gentle, they become forward, and are hurried away by passion, when once a violent appetite gets possession of their souls. Then neither bolts nor bars, nor the Cerberuses who surround them, are any obstacle to their desires. Death itself, suspended over their heads, does not hinder them from contriving means to satisfy their passions, and they are seldom unsuccessful.

* A habit of ceremony which goes over the other clothes, except the collar; it is like the *chemise* adopted by the French women. It is taken off, as soon as they are seated, to be free and lighter clad. In Arabic they call it *camis*.

† The titles of Mrs. Miss, &c. are unknown in Egypt. An elderly woman is called *mother*, a younger woman *sister*, a younger girl *daughter of the house*.

‡ I mention these wishes, which are very ancient in the East, since they are often to be met with in the holy scriptures.

|| I have already said that *Haram* signifies prohibited place. Book of Kings, chap. 11.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE COMEDY OF
HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.
Written by FREDERICK PILON,
AUTHOR of the COMEDY;
And spoken by Mr. FARREN:

PROLOGUES were first plays, simple
bills of fare;
You just were told your entertainment there
Without parade, or aim at brilliant hit;
Genius was thrifty then, as rich in wit.
Our modern bards a different plan pursue,
And a fair outside always hold to view;
With point and jest the prologue kill must
play,

And strike each insect folly of the day.
But folly now unstricken, wild may fly,
For the muse wails a favourite to the sky.
Can little objects charm, or fill the mind,
When Howard's claims are known to all
mankind?

Distance and clime in him excite no fears;
He visits dungeons, and the sick-bed cheers;
Fearless of danger, nobly on he goes
Round the whole globe, to heal the wretch's
woes:

Brother to all who like himself had birth,
He walks his Maker's messenger on earth;
And in the monument his country rears,
That country a divided glory shares.
To a great people, thus to merit true,
Why for our Bard shou'd we protection sue?
Worth still you foster; and where faults are
found,

You probe to heal, and not enlarge the
wound.

The reason strong that guides your ev'ry
aim,

Cancels or seals disinterested fame.
If English genius, soaring eagle-high,
All nations drops still in a lower sky,
It is because the sons of fame well know,
The praise that's worth ambition, you be-
stow.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by the AUTHOR of the COMEDY,
And spoken by Mrs. POPE.

NOW critic Jove the scale aloft suspends,
On whose dread beam the poet's tale de-
pends;

Ye Gods above, high arbiters of wit,
Who on your shining thrones in council sit;
You I implore, for our poor bard afraid,
To grant celestial, upper-gallery aid;
If you approve, with Cato I shall pray,
The gods take care of poets in the sky;
As for the Ladies—they'll sure bear my
pray'r,

New charms good-nature lends the fairest
fair;

Besides, I hardly think they can be forc'd
To a fond maid who a brave soldier chose.

Vol. X.

Who like a soldier charms the fair-one's eyes
The queen of beauty was a soldier's prize.
In love, as war, the brave man best succeeds;
Our sex reveres that valour which it needs.
Ye beaux, softly-waisted now-a-days,
That one would almost swear you put on
flays;

You, I confess, create no great alarm,
You hav'n't spirit to do good—or harm.
But yonder I spy some dangerous faces;
Good critics, I envy your favouring graces;
All I request is, when a fault's set down,
Its neighbouring beauty may be told the
town.

But after this, if you attempt to growl,
I'll excommunicate you, ev'ry soul!
In my lawn sleeves, and shirt, I'll come to
big,

In every thing a bishop, but his wig:
Nay, if you doubt, an army I will bring
Of bishops, who may crown the greatest
king;

Their sleeves of lawn, the down-wings of
the dove;
Till it falls, the cestus of the queen of love.
With aid like this, and aid you'll own di-
vine,

Who would not think success were surely
mine?

In anxious hope I wait the dread decree,
That must be final both to hard and me.

Nov. 22. Mr. Dudley's once popular
Tragedy of Cleone was revived at Drury-
lane, in which Mrs. Siddons represented the
principal character, with a degree of excel-
lence which the original performer of it (Mrs.
Bellamy) though successful in this part, was
ever incapable of. The refined feelings of
the present times affect to revolt at Tragedies
where insipidity does not prevail. Cleone
was neglected, and after a second representa-
tion laid aside.

The same evening Mr. Ryder performed
Falstaff in Henry IV. And it would be doing
injustice to the public not to say, that he
totally failed in the representation of this ex-
cellent, but arduous character. In his per-
formance there was less to commend than even
the least successful Falstaff that has been ex-
hibited for the last twenty years.

25. A School for Greybeards; or, the
Mourning Bride, a Comedy, by Mrs. Cow-
ley, was acted the first time at Drury-lane.

The plot is laid in Portugal, and the cus-
toms of that kingdom form the ground-work,
and furnish the incidents of the piece. Don
Alexis is married to the young and beautiful
Seraphina—and Don Gaspar is, on the morn-
ing of the day on which the comedy opens,
married to the charming and unhappy Antonia.
She had before been contracted to Don
3 K Henry,

Henry, whom she supposed dead, and to fly from the persecution of youthful admirers, she determined to throw herself into the protection of the wrinkled Don Gaspar. Don Henry arrives on the day of the marriage, and hence the lively interest of this couple arise. Octavio happening to see Seraphina at yespers, becomes enamoured of her charms, and believing she was the daughter of Don Alexis, instead of the wife, asks and obtains his consent for their union. This gives rise to a series of very interesting and eloquent gallantries between Octavio and Seraphina, who favours the deception, at once to gratify her love of admiration, and to serve Donna Viola, who is attached to Don Sebastian.

In this piece Mrs. Cowley must be allowed, even by her friends, to have been less successful than on former occasions. The first night it seemed to be generally condemned, and it is not likely to obtain any firm establishment on the stage. The following Prologue and Epilogue, by Mr. Cobb, were spoken before and after it, by Mr. Bannister, jun. and Miss Farren.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUES, like mirrors which opticians place

In their shop windows, to reflect each face
That passes by, still mark how Fashion varies,
Reflecting Ton in all her wild vagaries;
Point out when hats and caps are large or
small,

And regiter when collars rise or fall to
Nay, bolder grown, have sought for your
applause,

With many a naughty joke on cork and
gauze.

Yet howsoever the faucy Comick Muse
Delights fantastick Fashion to abuse,
From pert Thalia's wit let's try to save her,
And see what can be said in Fashion's favour.
How many own immortal Handel's sway,
Since Fashion to the Abbey led the way!
There taking long-neglected Nature's part,
She hail'd him Shakspeare of th' harmonick
art.

In vain had warbled Galatea's woe,
It Fashion had not bid thee tear to flow;
"Hamiltones and fire" had spent their rage in
vain;

You might as well have heard a shower of
rain.

But now awaken'd to his magick song,
Folks wonder how the deuce they've slept so
long.

His tortur'd airs, all voices made to suit;
His chorusses, adapted to a flute;
His hand-organ, hurdygurdy, tambourine,
In Handel's praise all join the general din.

When Miss is seiz'd to sing by every guest,
And fond Mama, too, joining with the rest,
Cries, "Get the new guitar Papa has bought
you,

Play the last lesson Mr. Tweedle taught you,"

Miss hems and sippers—seigns a cold of
course—

After the usual, "Dear Sir—I'm so hoarse,"
Instead of a cotillon from her book,
Where favour'd Handel triumphs o'er Mal-
brook,

By way of prelude to the charming squall,
Thrums like a minuet the march in Soul;
Papa, too, who a connoisseur now grows,
Accompanies divinely with his nose.

Since musick is so universal grown,
Shall not our Mourning Bride its influence
own?

Sure 'tis the wish of every female breast,
That Harmony may soothe her soul to rest,
Guided by Harmony's enchanting laws,
Her sweetest musick will be—your ap-
plause.

ÉPILOGUE.

"A Mourning Bride! that would be
something new!

"That I'm a mourning husband is too
true."

Cries Old Sir Tasty in his gouty chair—

"Ah! could I Wedlock's fatal slip repair.

"But young wives are a sort of flying gout;

"Torments for which no cure was e'er
found out:

"Both old men's plagues—to punish youth-
ful tricks,

"Equally difficult, alas, to fix!

"Of wife and gout, alike I stand in dread;

"For both, I fear, sometimes affect the
head."

Thus rail Old Cynics, striving to disparage
The charming silyk ties of modern marri-
age.—

In former times, when so- agreed to wed,
The silent Bride by silent Bridegroom led,
Up to the Altar march'd in solemn state:
All was demure, and stupidly sedate.
Impress'd with awe, while neither dar'd to
speak;

A Wedding was a mere *Ballet Tragique*.

Thank Heaven, we're past the ages of ro-
mance,

Wedlock is now a kind of country dance,
Where man and wife with smiles each other
gaze;

Take hands, change sides, and part as soon
as meet.

Pleasure's soft accents every care dispel,
While Hymen fiddles *Vive la Bagatelle*.

Bleat age! when ceremony's charms are
worn,

Like bracelets, not to fetter, but adorn!

When we assume deep mourning's sable shew,
'Tis Etiquette prescribes the form of woe.

While o'er our lofs, we quail have fashion's
leave,

'Ere we can venture decently to grieve.

Blameless the heir o'er the dear parchment
chuckles,

If he's unpowdered, and he wears black
buckles,

Till the Grey Frock speaks his first anguish
o'er,

And he's but half as wretched as before.—
Ere the gay Widow first abroad is seen,
Deckt in exulting bombazeen;
While the dear Colonel visits unsuspected,
And the's "as well as could have been expected;"

Custom's indulgence wisely does the borrow,
In cases of compliment displays her sorrow;
O'tears her black-edg'd paper fills the place,
Mourns as her proxy, and preserves her face.

Our Mourning Bride—who with no sorrow labours,
And mourns but in appearance like her neighbours,

Tho' forced by etiquette to drop a tear,
Good-humour loves as well as any here;
Mild in the fate which those kind smiles decree her,

Hopes that her friends will often come to see her.

December 6. Mrs. M'George appeared the first time at Drury-Lane, in *Andromache*, in *The Distrest Mother*. As this lady was proposed to supply the second characters in plays with Mrs. Siddons, perhaps it was injudicious to suffer a comparison on her first performance. In the present death of tragic actors, Mrs. M'George deserves encouragement.

The same evening *The Girl in Style*, a farce, by Mr. Schoen, was acted at Covent-Garden. This piece, had it been produced at the time it was originally written, might have been successful; at present the humour of it was obsolete, and it met with so much disapprobation that it ended with only two representations.

The following is a specimen of the Author's poetry;—

Jockey Song—by Mrs. MARTYR.

TO the post we advance, at the signal to start,
Thrice I flourish my whip over *Slimmer*-
kin's ears;

When springing a-main by a resolute dart,
He gains a whole length of the proudest
of peers.

That advantage to keep, as I list him along,
Behind me full many a glance do I throw—
I soon find I've the tuot, but old *Nabob* is
afroing,

(And the poor little peer carry'd weight,
as you know.)

I tried then to cut the third post pretty close,
At the same time the length I had gain'd
to preserve;

I gave *Slim* the whip, but he kick'd at the
dose,

And (a vile little devil) attempted to
swerve.

I chang'd, and a left-handed cut brought
him to;

But the peer, between me and the post,
made a path,

And lay neck and neck with me all I cou'd
do,

Not seeming to value my efforts a rush.
I led him, however, again to the slough,
Where he sunk to the fetlock at every stroke;
The peer had the bone—he prest'd hard at
me now,

And seem'd to enjoy much the best of the
joke.

But I cross'd at the next post, and stretching
my hand,

(As I hope to be sav'd, without malice or
heat.)

I put all his trials of skill to the stand,
For I threw the unfortunate peer from his
seat.

He recover'd his saddle by seizing the mane,
But *Slim* darted forward as swift as the
wind;

Nor heard I of *Nabob* or *Lilly* again,
Till I turn'd and beheld them come
panting behind.

My pleasure alone that sensation defines,
Which the Laplander courts from the
breeze of the South,

When I saw the peer distant'd, and dash'd
up the lines,

With my horse hard in hand, and my
whip in my mouth.

The following Prologue, written by the
author, was spoken by Mr. Molman.

O N Burlington's dead wall, where many
a song

Flutters, or swells the packthread line
along;

In wooden plates, where truncheon'd Chief-
tains trown,

Who has not mark'd—*The World turn'd up-
side down?*

There humbled man the matron needle
plies,

Shakes up the swelling bed, or pinches paste
for pies;

While lordly woman haunts chace, fight, or
feast,

A sportsman's soldier, mariner, or priest.
But shall we blame th' incautious fair who
stray,

When, man himself points out the devious
way?

A vast tiara, trimm'd with Mecklin's lace,
Shading the sable honours of his face,

Sir Flimsy rises.—A fauteuil repairs
The dire fatigue—of twelve descending stairs.

When, thus my lady;—"Do you ride to-
day?

The weather's charming;—try your new,
bought bay."

"What I!—what, ride!—on horseback
too, in May?

This room's an air-pump, where we gasp
together;

Calcutta's cold to London in this weather.
The night was killing—I am scarce alive;

Yet I will ride—with you—if you will drive,"

Wh

Who now shall wonder, should his lovely
wife

Hold fast the reins he thus resigns for life?
Up springs the fair, in health's attractive
charms,

Enfolds her infant daughter in her arms;
And bears her where the well-pois'd phaeton
waits,

And four bred horses nod in silver plates;
Smiling to mark her rostrate kisses stray
O'er the proud muzzle of each conscious
grey.

Some years have past since first our author's
brain
Teem'd with this Farce; — nor teem'd, we
hope, in vain

Since, therefore, follies which have reign'd
of yore,

Dethron'd by Fate or Fashion reign no more;
Frown not, if here I venture to recall
Scenes, brilliant scenes! scarce yet forgot by
all;

And bid you, Chorus-like, in lofty rhyme,
"To entertain conjecture of a time;"

When creeping murmur, and the poring
dark,

O'ertook fair soldiers in the tent-clad Pyk;
And from Whitehall to Hyde-park's utmost
bound,

"The hum of either camp did silly sound;"
When dauntless taylor's meaner toil forbore,
To trim the regimentals that they wore:

A time when Generals' sisters, wives and
nieces,

Wore leather-socks, and criticiz'd field-
pieces.

But lost, our Girl attends, half dead with
tear,

Though never female mis'd protection
here.

11. Mrs. Jordan, whose attraction, to the honour of public taste, still continues, performed Miss Prue in Love for Love. We have already praised this excellent performer so often, that we shall only say on the present occasion, that she deserves the commendations which have been by the town so liberally bestowed upon her.

13. Mr. Didier, from Bath, appeared at Covent-Garden, in Dathwoud, in Know Your Own Mind. In this character he acquitted himself in a manner that promises him to be a proper successor to Mr. Lee Leves.

20. A new tragedy, called ELOISA, composed of the principal characters of Rousseau's novel of that name, the story of which is also adhered to in its chief points, was brought forward at Covent-Garden. The gentleman by whom the novel has been dramatized, is Mr. Reynolds, who produced the tragedy founded on the story of Werter, which ap-

peared two seasons since at Bath, and was since played at this theatre. He is entitled to some indulgence, on the score of youth; as, report says, he is little more than twenty.

Some variations are made from the original both in the characters and incidents:—instead of Eloisa's father an uncle is substituted. Villars is introduced for Rousseau's Lord B.—, Wolmar is omitted, and St. Preux becomes the husband to Eloisa. The part of Clara is also left out.

With these transpositions and alterations the progress of the drama is as follows:—Henault the uncle is solicitous that his niece should receive the addresses of Villars, an English gentleman of high rank. Eloisa, on the other hand, is strongly attached to St. Preux;—the passion is reciprocal, but St. Preux, considering her as descended from the distinguished family of Montmorenci, the pride of France, admonishes her to receive Villars and forget him. On Villars appearing before Eloisa, he discovers by her conduct that her heart is disposed of; and on hearing St. Preux is the favoured object, professes a friendship for him, promises to assist his suit, and serve him by every means in his power. This declaration is faithfully adhered to by Villars, and both the lovers appear duly impressed with his generosity. The uncle finding his views to effect Eloisa's marriage thus defeated, engages Courcy, a gentleman in his train, to assassinate St. Preux; and the deed is reported to have been perpetrated. Eloisa becomes frantic at the intelligence, and, in one of her lucid intervals, begs to be led to the tomb where her lover is supposed to be buried:—here she is followed by her uncle, who upbraids her with the ignoble attachment; and being irritated by her reproaches, draws his sword, and is on the point of killing her, when St. Preux rushes from the sepulchre, where he had been concealed, and prevents the blow: thus interrupted, the uncle attempts to slay St. Preux, but is defeated by Villars entering, who pledges to protect St. Preux, and draws his sword in his cause. Henault a second time attempts the life of St. Preux, but Villars at the instant pierces him to the heart, and rescues his friend, who is thereby left in possession of Eloisa.

The incidents of this Tragedy are artfully arranged, though some of them are pantomimical; the sentiments elevated, glowing, and virtuous: and the language, though generally juvenile, is often elegant and beautiful.

We like the dawning of the Author's genius; and hope in time to applaud his writings.

MEMOIRS of a FRENCH OFFICER, who escaped from SLAVERY,

LATELY PRINTED AT THE CLARENDON PRESS AT OXFORD.

(Concluded from Page 368.)

ON the 23^d, before I went to work, I visited my fellow-sufferers, whom I found in a state of tranquillity, and still disposed to do nothing without me. After taking my leave, I felt some one lay their hand upon my shoulder: It was a Moor, who wished to force me into his hut. Knowing pretty well the disposition of my master, and the troubles I should get into if I staid long from home, I made a stout resistance. He was roused at my opposition, and gave me two blows with his fist, which laid me on my back, and gave him an opportunity of dragging me into his hut before I could recover myself. Here he threatened to kill me, if I stirred from the place where I now lay; in the mean while he went to reap some advantage from the materials washed on shore from the wreck.

Considering within myself, that I was not his slave, and fearing still greater misfortunes if I staid in his service, I took advantage of his absence, and set out to find my old master.

Scarce had I got an hundred yards, but the plunderer pursued me, and made me yield under the pressure of his blows.

Many Moors who were distant spectators of this transaction, ran with speed to inform my master of it. He instantly hastened to the spot, less affected by the loss of me, than inflamed by the insult he had received from the plunderer.—Armed with his carving-knife and other accoutrements, he demanded of my ravisher an explanation of his conduct. Too feeble to attack him (for there were six more well armed to assist him) my master returned home to get some friends to his support. The force was now equal on both sides, and both parties were determined to stand their ground. My master was resolved to perish sooner than leave me in the hands of his enemy; and my ravisher was too much interested to give me up without putting the matter to a trial. However, whilst the skirmish was in continuance, my old mistress marched off with me victoriously from the field.

When the contest was ended, the relations and clan of my vanquished ravisher, who were working on the shore, attracted by the sight of the women, and animated by the discourse of some of those who had fled for se-

curity, collected themselves together in a strong body, and armed themselves with sabres, in vengeance of the affront they had received in the person of one of their chiefs*.

My master was apprised of the danger to which he was exposed, and collected together his clan also. The whole field now resounded with the clangor of martial instruments. The Mussulmen advanced in excellent order. The Mougeares, as brave as their enemies, kept their files closely linked, and were led on by the cool intrepidity of their Chief. Both clans took a view of each other, and breathed vengeance and destruction to their opposers; howling and bellowing as if invoking their infernal gods. Thus two whole tribes were involved in a dispute, which originated only in two persons.

Some women, uncertain of the issue of the combat, dragged us to a distant spot. Indeed, the idea of being sacrificed to their rage, in case our masters were beaten, made us inclined to withdraw from the scene of action. Every thing was completed that was necessary to an obstinate engagement. Each army was equipped in the warlike habiliments of their respective districts; they had an equal share of natural courage, which was assisted by good order and discipline; and to render their innate ardor for glory more vehement, they were roused by the animated harangues of their leaders.

But at this instant, when all was expectation, a body of women rushed in between the lines, and threw them all into confusion. They seized hold of their sabres, and entreated them to desist, by their tears and prayers, from putting their murderous wishes into execution. The Chiefs of each clan now advanced, and after a short conversation between them, led off their men in peace to their habitations; the Mussulmen retired to their part of the country, and the Mougeares to theirs; and, after laying down their arms, they met again at the sea-side to enrich themselves by plundering the wreck.

My master having returned to the coast, gave me the liberty to go where I would; all the work he exacted of me, was to procure wood enough for the daily consumption.

* The place where we were wrecked was on the borders of the province of the Mussulmen. The Mougeares, a people situated more southerly, were the first who perceived us after our shipwreck; and by a law established amongst them, all captives are their property; thus they were our first masters.

On the 21st we entirely forsook the strand, having loaded the camels with every article of value which we had saved. About noon, almost all the natives had disappeared, taking with them their slaves, without permitting them to embrace each other at parting.

These barbarians have no other shelter than a coarse stuff, woven with a mixture of goats and camels hair, stretched upon poles eight feet in length: their furniture was very trifling, consisting of some goats skins, which served them for raiment, and a mat made of rushes, which was the bed of the whole family; husband, wife, children, and domesticks, sleeping constantly together. It was some hours before they gave me any nourishment, which, in general, was a short commons of sour milk. Afterwards I retired to sleep among the goats, which were always confined in their tents at night, to secure them from the attacks of the wild beasts that infest those parts. At sunrise they ordered me to get some fuel, and rewarded me, on my return, with a little milk. At nine they sent me to drive the goats to the pasture, accompanied by a child to shew me the proper spot. Before sun-set they were driven home; after this was finished, I went a second time for wood, and received a larger portion of food than ordinary. This was my constant method of living, all the time I was with my first master.

The land in this climate is so dry and barren, that scarce any thing but bushes is to be seen; not a tree or shrub of any height throws forth its verdant foliage. A parching thirst consumed me daily, nor could I find a rivulet to assuage its intenseness. A broiling sun tormented me, nor was there one retired spot that could afford me shelter from its arduity. By no invention could I rid me of the inconvenience, till I took to the disagreeable necessity of going naked, and of making my shirt into a turban. Barefooted, I ran without cessation over the thorns to collect my scattered flock.

One day, fatigued by excessive heat, and abandoned to despondency, I had forgot my flock, which was scattered here and there, when the sight of a fierce tiger made my heart recoil with terror. Perhaps a swift pursuit might have exposed me to the fury of this animal; be that as it may, I ran immediately amongst the bushes, and hid myself from its sight. Trembling, and scarce able to breathe for fear, I saw the tiger fall on my helpless goats. The hungry beast killed three, and gizzeted himself with devouring their trembling limbs. All the rest ran off, and took shelter in different parts of the country, so that I had much ado to reassemble them together. Now the trying moment approached—I had yet another brute to shun—I had yet to acquaint

my master of the accident. Left in a dilemma, what was to be done? My duty called me home; my fears bade me escape. Thus divided, the sun was set before I recollected myself.

[After giving an account of his having been dreadfully beat and bruised by his master, who left him bound hand and foot in the open fields, the author proceeds as follows:]

When the day began to dawn, they came to untie me, but, alas! I could not perceive my deliverers. The thickness of the dew deprived me of my sight. All hopes were now totally at an end; I could no longer endure the weight of so unexpected a misfortune. Repentance seemed to take possession of my master for his brutal conduct; every word he spoke brought fresh proofs of his penitence. But my mistress was more cruel—she said I was a useless slave, and that if I did not recover my eye-sight in three days, she would knock my brains out when I was asleep. Only imagine what ideas such unnatural expressions must have raised in my mind. I invoked the Supreme Being, I beseeched him to recover me, or take me out of misery.

My master's son made me enter into the tent, and having given me some milk, had compassion on me, and fomented my eyes. He tried to lull me to sleep; but my heart was worn raw with frequent severity, and my mind was far from being in a state of composure—I wept—I prayed for mercy. The least noise threw me into convulsions. I dreaded every instant the approach of some bloody villain to put in execution the counsel of my mistress.

Thirty-five hours had elapsed since my blindness first commenced. At this period my master's son came, as usual, to bathe my eyes, when I could faintly discover my mistress near me. With transports of joy I ran to inform her of my recovery; and my felicity was increased, by the satisfaction she expressed at the event. I was no longer sent out to seek fire, or to tend the goats; they thought only how they could get rid of me. An opportunity soon offered itself, and I was sold to a Moor that was on his journey for three goats.

On the 14th of February I followed my new master, who lived about 100 leagues from the old habitation. I found out that he was very rich, and that he possessed a large flock of sheep, goats, oxen, and horses; that he had 87 camels, six male and three female negroes, and that he was the most opulent merchant in the country: in short, I was ignorant of nothing but the work to which he intended to put me. All over the mountains my feet were exposed to the sharp flints, nor was it till the evening that we got a sight of

the next village. It struck me that that place was our home, for I did not think about merchandize: I was ignorant of the vast quantities of goods they carried with them to exchange for cattle and wool. As these clans were very hospitable, there was no necessity to carry much provision with them; a pair of scissars, a knife, or any trifling article, would furnish them with more than they could consume in eight days. They were always well armed, and marched in bodies that they might defend themselves from the robbers that might attack them.

On my first entering the place, they gave me some barley-meal steeped in water. I swallowed it with avidity, and slept soundly after it, although I lay on the bare ground. Next day we set out on our route. Before ten in the morning my legs could not carry me any farther, so that I was forced to sit down to rest myself. My master seeing me left at some distance behind, sent a Moor to flog me on with a cord, of which he was not at all sparing. More than ten times I was driven to the extremity of drinking the urine of the camels to allay my thirst, and to add to my misfortunes, the sun had raised a blister on my back, and another on my thigh, which was already much inflamed with excessive exercise. My master had no kind of feeling for me, for, in spite of all these sufferings, he exacted the same from me every day, and made me go on foot, bruised and maimed as I was. Oftentimes, when he was beating me, I have prayed him to kill me; but nothing would do; the reward of my petition was a double bastinado. At last, after a great deal of difficulty, they got me to the next resting-place. Here a violent fever seized me, which prevented me from taking either sleep or nourishment, and lasted for so considerable a time, with such unremitting vehemence, as to leave no room to doubt my dissolution.

On the approach of morning, my master called me up to prepare for the rest of the journey; but he was at last convinced that it would be better for himself that I should be taken some care of; so they placed me on a camel, and bound me fast down, that they might have the less trouble about me in case I should fall. The jolts or leaps these animals made in walking bruised me terribly, and threw me into a violent perspiration. At last, on the 25th of February, we reached the long-wished village where my master lived. Many negroes came out to meet us, and usher in their returning lord, which was attended with fortunate circumstances for me, as they brought with them plenty of meat and drink.

Three days were given me to rest my tired

limbs, which were swelled to a very great size, especially my legs, which nearly equaled the bulk of my body. Several wounds I had received on the journey, from the iahuman stripes my master gave me whenever I lagged behind, began to suppurate. My piteous condition attracted the attention of the Moors, who now turned their thoughts to some mode of cure. For this purpose they stretched me out upon the sand, and whilst four persons held me down, my master burned away the proud flesh with the blade of a carving knife, which was previously made red hot. My God! what execrating pangs did I feel! With what a roaring did I express the agonies I underwent! When I was recovered, he one day took me out a walking, and made enquiries about my fellow-sufferers. He informed me that some lived within a few days walk, and that he would send for them to come and see me. No news in the world could be more agreeable to me; returning hope added fresh vigour to my soul. I would often ask my master if he intended ever to part with me; but his answers were only such as to hint at some approaching alteration—his purpose was merely to make a better price of me.

When his wishes were accomplished, he put me on a camel, and led me to a little village called Glimy, situated about three leagues off. Many of the inhabitants came and examined me; they joined in purchasing me, but disagreeing afterwards, they came and returned me again. In the morning of the next day, one of them who had seen me in the market, came and struck a bargain with my master, and I became a slave to a third person, who brought me back to Glimy on the 15th of March.

Mahomet, which was the name of the man who bought me, sold half his share of me to a Jew of the name of Aaron. My way was to live three days with one, and three days with the other successively.

During my stay with these two joint masters, M Mure, Vice Consul of France to the Emperor of Morocco, got intelligence of our situation, and spared no pains to extricate us from our state of bondage.—Letters, written to the Emperor, were sent express by Moors to discover the immediate place where we were; and neither money nor promises, presents nor temptations were kept back, that could at all facilitate our reunion.

This at length the Consul accomplished and by his continual assiduity, their liberty was obtained, and they were sent to France; and on the 21st of November 1784, they were presented at Versailles.

AN HISTORICAL and CRITICAL ESSAY ON CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

[From the Rev. Mr. MASON'S "Collection of Anthems," lately published.]

[Concluded from Page 364.]

I engaged a young person perfectly well grounded in the rules of composition, and of promising abilities as a composer, to attend to me for some time while I repeatedly read one of the shortest of these Hymns with all the care and accuracy, with respect to accent and pause, that I was capable of; and, when he had got a complete sentence perfectly in his head, to write down on a single line, with the common musical characters, a variety of minims, crotchets, and quavers, equivalent to the times of my pronunciation, either in common or triple measure, as he found most convenient. The novelty of the attempt was a little embarrassing at first, but it soon became sufficiently easy to him, and proceeding, sentence after sentence, he produced on paper, with much exactitude, the musical time in notes, rests, and bars, of the whole Hymn *; according to my recitation. The ground-plan (as I may call it) of the musical structure being thus adjusted, I told him this was the foundation on which he was to proceed in the composition of a new Service; that he was to observe all the dimensions precisely, and neither lengthen nor shorten a single note, or vary a single rest in the whole of the melody, and that his harmony also must proceed under the same strict limitations. He thought, as might be expected, this law wondrously severe, and seeming indeed to doubt the justice and sagacity of the lawgiver, pleaded strongly to be at least indulged in a few repetitions of the words in order to facilitate his modulation. This was refused, yet still his youth and docility led him to undertake the task, till under all these restrictions he produced the *Nunc Dimittis* in four full parts, which answered my idea so

perfectly, that I ventured to practise his abilities under the same limitations on the *Te Deum*; but in this, before he sat down to compose, we regulated together what part of the words should be set chorally, and which in trio, duo, or solo, and for what kind of voices. He was even more successful in this second attempt than in the former. His composition had an unaffected simplicity in the style, and agreeable variety in its modulation; and in point of articulation was so intelligible, that without losing any thing of musical sweetness, it expressed every word almost as distinctly as solemn speaking: I say almost, because in such music, to produce this perfectly, the performers must also submit to a new regulation, and must occasionally be taught to trespass a little on the length of a musical bar, with the rests within it, so as to make it as much as possible accord with the true punctuation of the sentence.

The recommendation of this breach of time, I know will offend the musical reader at the first; but I would wish him to consider that the invention of bars † in music is of no long standing, and their use not of equal importance in every species of music. In continued airs, and dancing measures, they are of essential service: but to the music in question they appear to me by no means so necessary; for tho' I would not absolutely reject them, I would not suffer them to mark the time so precisely as to occasion any improper breaks in the continuation of a period. For this music, tho' very different in itself from recitative, ought in a great degree to be performed as that is, and might occasionally admit recitative into it, if we had a real national one ‡. But whether I am right or wrong

* The musical reader will recollect, that as the whole was written on a single line, all the notes were the same, marking only one found of the octave. Hence this scheme regulated only the duration and pauses, emphasis being put out of the question, because the duration of each syllable being ascertained, emphasis, if the music was well performed, would result from it, so far as was necessary for the purpose.

† The Historian tells us, with his customary and commendable accuracy, that their "use is not to be traced higher than 1574, and it was not till some time after, that the use of them became general. Barnard's Cathedral Music, printed in 1641, is without Bars, but they are found throughout in the Ayres and Dialogues of Henry Lawes, published in 1653. From whence it may be conjectured, that we owe to Lawes this improvement." See *Hawkins*, vol. III, p. 518. This Henry Lawes was the friend of Milton, and set the songs in his *Comus*. He found, I imagine, the use of bars more necessary to mark the time of his Ayres, than to span the just accent and quantity of his words. See note, *Series A*, p. 11.

‡ Had Purcell lived longer, it is probable this want would have been supplied. The model which Handel has given us, tho' as good as could possibly be expected from a foreigner, who had little knowledge of the genius and turn of our language, is not what a native like Purcell would have formed, or that which might, perhaps, yet be formed from the specimens he has left us, were they divested of those quavering divisions which he has set, probably, to please his scholars, and which (if in any) are in the French taste.

in this notion, (which I know is too singular to find easy and general acceptance) I am persuaded, from the success of the experiment here described, that these Services by this means would be cleared of their principal defect, tho' performed in the usual manner; for I have had the pleasure to find my young composer's attempt not only admired by the generality of hearers, but approved by many well versed in musical science.

And let it not be imagined that Church Music, so far simplified as I wish it to be, would require less real art or taste either in the Composer or Performers, than the complex style now in use. It is true these powers must take a different direction; for in order to make Sound subservient to Sense, the Composer, on his part, will find it necessary to study the force and genius of his own language, full as much as the old laws of Counter-point; to enter also, somewhat philosophically, into the nature of sounds to find those which best express the different passions, in order to adapt the tone and movement of the strain to the verbal sentiment; and tho' he must refrain from that part of his art which the eloquent J. J. Rousseau (under the article *Fugue* in his Musical Dictionary) calls "l'ingrate chef d'œuvre d'un bon harmoniste," yet he is precluded from no other exertion of his musical science.

With respect to the performers, their business, it is true, will be rendered less *operose*, yet it will not, therefore, have less merit; for to sing with taste is surely more difficult than to sing in tune. The effect of all those supplemental graces which really serve to assist musical expression, they must diligently study, and judiciously apply, either to enforce a single word, or give the proper effect to a whole sentence; and tho' they must do this without sacrificing distinct articulation to delicacy of tone, yet must they still endeavour to hit that precise medium in the vocal faculty, which pronounces and sings at the same time, and which is at once, in point of sound melodious, and in point of speech articulate: a merit to which only first-rate performers generally attain; the rest may be met with in every Catch-club throughout the Kingdom.

I have now taken notice of every musical part of our Cathedral Service, except that of

the unaccompanied chaunt used in the versicles and responses, and that other which is accompanied by the organ in the use of the Psalter. As to the former, its long prescriptive use is its best defence, except indeed that in very large Churches it serves to make the voice more audible; and tho' the monotonous cast of it, in some measure, prevents emphasis and expression, yet by a minute observance of those pauses in pronunciation which come not within the restriction of even a comma in our marks of punctuation, it may be performed with sufficient intelligibility; and has this one great merit, that it prevents all affectation of what is called modern *fine* reading, a thing almost as misplaced in the Church Service as old *curious* music.

Concerning the accompanied chaunt used in the Psalter, I agree with Dr. Bayley, that "some regard ought to be had to the general subject of the Psalms for the day, using plaintive chaunts with mournful Psalms, and cheerful with thanksgiving." But as the Psalms, in their present order, vary materially among themselves in this point, so that a penitential one is often immediately followed by another of a different cast, I would go farther, and wish that a Cathedral Psalter was composed by some judicious person, in which every Psalm should have a peculiar chaunt affixed to it; and that these chaunts, succeeding one another in the allotted parts of the Rubric for the day, should pass from major to minor keys, and *vice versa*, according to the established rules of modulation. For this purpose no new chaunts need be invented, but only a good selection made from the great variety now in use. The metrical Psalms, we know, have long had their peculiar harmonies, and I know no reason why those in prose have not as good a right to their peculiar chaunts.

I shall now close this Essay; which, short and superficial as it is, may yet go some way towards abating an ill-grounded defence to antiquity, merely because it is antiquity. When Dr. Burney, in the course of his Musical History, treats this part of his subject, I have good reason to hope that whatever I may have here advanced consonant to true taste, will be supported by more scientific argument.

ANECDOTES of HUNTING, ANTIENT and MODERN.

THE ardour for prey has formed a kind of society between the dog, the horse, the falcon, and man, which began very early,

which has never since ceased, and which will probably be permanent.

There is not a nation in which it has not

§ See Dr. Bayley's Preface to his Anthem-Book for the Royal Chapel, p. xv.

been found necessary to restrain by laws the ardour for Hunting; so natural is this exercise to man, and so apt is it to degenerate into a passion injurious both to health and to society.

Hunting was one of the first exercises of man; it was a kind of natural right, and was free to all. Every nation, however, has thought it necessary to fix restraints upon this liberty.

Solon, in order to prevent the Athenians from neglecting the mechanic arts, prohibited Hunting; the passion for which they carried too far.

The ancestors of the French, who esteemed no other profession than that of arms, after their conquest of the Gauls, abandoned the culture of the land to the natives, and reserved Hunting to themselves. It became then a noble exercise, and the principal amusement of Kings and Princes. The French Kings successively augmented their assumed rights in hunting; till Lewis XIV. at length, by his edict of 1669, claimed to himself the primitive and sole right to that diversion; asserting, that none of the nobility of his kingdom had a right to hunt, without the permission which he might grant them, whether by investiture, concession, or privilege; and that he would be at liberty to restrain that right whenever he thought proper.

Nimrod, who reigned at Babylon, devoted himself to Hunting, and delivered his subjects from the savage beasts that desolated the country. In the sequel, he easily made soldiers of his companions in the chase, and employed them in extending and establishing his conquests.

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar;

He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid' career:
Ah! had he there regain'd his tyrant hand!

TICKELL.

The sacred history describes the first warriors under the name of Hunters. Nimrod is represented as "a mighty Hunter before the Lord." Hunting was indeed so useful and so necessary to the rising societies, that there is reason to think the first King was a Hunter. It is no wonder then that the first Kings or Heroes of which Antiquity makes mention, should be characterized as celebrated Hunters. Bacchus is drawn by tigers, because he had subdued them. Apollo obtained the laurels that encircle his head, by killing the serpent Python. The heroes named Heracles (for there were many of that name) ac-

quired thrones and altars by delivering mankind from a variety of monsters; and Diana merited her temples for having been constantly employed in the destruction of noxious animals. In a word, Hunting is an employment prescribed in the book of Moses, and deified in the theology of the Pagans.

The Egyptians, in their most splendid times, were much addicted to Hunting; it was the most common exercise of the children that were educated in the court of Sesostris.

The sculpture in the two palaces of Babylon represented the Huntings of Ninus and Semiramis.

The two Cyruses delighted in Hunting; and the latter had a park full of deer, at Celenes, a town of Phrygia.

The Persians considered Hunting as a very serious employment, and an excellent preparative for war; in which they employed the same weapons, the arrows and javelins, the hatchet, the pike, and the buckler.

The Lacedemonians, who were warriors by profession, cultivated Hunting with incessant care: it was their ruling passion: they had very swift dogs, which, it is supposed, were grey-hounds. Virg. Georg. iii. 405.

The dexterity of Ptolemy Epiphanes in Hunting is celebrated by Polybius: his Ambassador told the Athenians that his master had killed a wild bull with a single arrow; and he deemed this a sufficient eulogy.

Xenophon, the disciple of Socrates, was an admirable describer of the Hunting of the hare, the stag, and the wild boar. He has indeed written a treatise expressly upon this subject.

The Romans, on the contrary, held Hunting in such contempt, that they left the use of it to their slaves, and to the very dregs of the people. They were apprehensive that Hunting, which so easily becomes a passion, might divert the citizens from their essential duties. Nevertheless, being sensible that this exercise, "from the fatigues which it occasions, the dangers incident to it, and its inuring the spectator to the shedding of blood, was proper to form men to war, they adopted the idea of frequently entertaining the people with dreadful and magnificent representations of the Hunting of wild beasts, &c.

In the year 502 of Rome, 142 elephants, that were taken in Sicily from the Carthaginians, were brought to the Circus, and afforded the people a public exhibition; they seeing these animals fight and destroy each other.

Augustus, in a single day, caused 500 wild beasts to fight in like manner; and Scourus introduced a sea-horse and 500 crocodiles.

The

The Emperor Probus exhibited 1000 ostriches, 1000 stags, 1000 wild boars, 1000 deer, 1000 hinds, and 1000 wild rams; afterwards 100 Syrian lions, 100 lionesses, and 300 bears.—Sylla had given, before him, 100 lions; Pompey, 315; and Cæsar 400.

The Lords, who, in the Low Countries, still retain the semblance of feudal power in the criminal jurisdiction, possess also, in their baronies or manors, most of the rights that are enjoyed by the Lords of Manors in England. These rights, in some instances, have been abridged by the laws of Brabant. As an example of this sort, it may be remarked, that by an article in the Joyous Entry of Brabant in the fourteenth century, it is declared, that all the natives of that Province shall enjoy the privilege of Hunting with hound and hawk through all the lands of Brabant, excepting only in the forests of the Prince, and in those manors, few in number, that had acquired the right of free warren before the beginning of that century; an article which marks, among many others, the early influence which the Commons acquired in this Province, who were thus able to controul the feudal Barons in those amusements of which they were the most jealous, the amusements of the chase. The same article extends also to all the natives of Brabant the right of fishing in the river Senne, which passes through Brussels. The Brabanders have not failed, by the exercise of these rights, to maintain the possession of them.

In the forest of the Ardennes St. Hubert was held in particular veneration. Of this Saint the holy legends record, that he was born of noble parents, was an idolater, and a Hunter in the woods, when, as he pursued the game, a deer presented itself, between whose horns was planted a miraculous cross. Struck by this miracle, St. Hubert forsook the rude life of a Hunter, and embracing the Christian faith, became an eminent Apostle in the Ardennes. The festival of St. Hubert, precious to sportsmen, and consecrated to the chase, still recalls the delight that this Saint took in his first profession of a Hunter. Neither has St. Hubert ceased to work miracles, and to lend his aid to those who suffer harm from the dog, his faithful companion in the chase. All who have the misfortune to be bit by a mad dog repair to the Ardennes and the Abbey of St. Hubert, and by their devotion to the Saint obtain, as it is said, a complete cure.

Horace says that the chase is a noble exercise, which contributes both to health and reputation; and as such he re-

commends it to his friend Lollius. *lib. I. Epist. 18.*

Pliny the younger, writing to Tacitus, boasts much of a chase in which he had taken three wild boars. "You cannot imagine," he adds, "how much the exercise of the body contributes to the sprightliness of the mind."

The Emperor Adrian was so much addicted to Hunting, and so fond of horses and dogs, that he erected monuments to their memory, and inscribed epitaphs on them. He also built a city in Mysia, which he called *Adrianoteræ*, i. e. *Adrian's Chase*, to commemorate his having, with his own hand killed a wild boar in that country.

Polibius relates, that Maximus restored discipline in the Roman legions, by often exercising them in Hunting.

It was an observation of John-James Rousseau, that the savages of America, who live only upon the produce of their Hunting, have never been subdued.

Hunting was common among the ancient Gauls. In every town they had a sacred tree, on which the Hunters suspended some parts of the animals they had killed, and consecrated them to their goddess *Arduenna*.

In the first ages of the French monarchy, no freeman, or noble, ever went abroad without a hawk upon his fist. This was what distinguished him, in particular, from a vassal. The game laws too were as severe against offences under their cognizance, as against more atrocious crimes. A person convicted of having stolen a greyhound was to pay 45 sous of the money of those times, which was the punishment fixed for the murder of a Roman tributary; and the stealing of a hawk was punished by a fine equal to that which was decreed for the murder of a slave.

By the laws of Gondebaut, Duke of Burgundy, any person that stole a dog, was sentenced to lick his posteriors, in the presence of a whole company. The stealer of a hawk was obliged to let that bird eat five ounces of flesh from his stomach, unless he chose rather to pay six crowns to the proprietor, and two, as a fine, to the exchequer.

A Hunting party terminated the great assemblies, which the first Kings of France held under the name of Parliaments.

Charles IX. King of France, composed a learned treatise on Stag-Hunting. It was printed at Paris in 1625, and is dedicated to Lewis XIII.

(To be continued.)

REMARKS

REMARKS on the EPOCHAS of VARIOUS INVENTIONS.

IT is proved, by the testimony of Philostrates and Tzetzes, that in the first century of the Christian æra, methods of making certain testaceous fishes produce real pearls, were discovered on the shores of the Red Sea. As to the first false pearls, they were fabricated at Murano; and they consisted of small beads of glass, coated within-side by a varnish of a pearl colour; but this varnish, in the composition of which entered an amalgam of mercury, was probably what induced the republic of Venice to forbid, at the commencement of the 13th century, the fabrication and sale of these pearls.

The paving of the highways appears to be due to the Carthaginians. The streets of Thebes were paved, as well as those of Herculanæum, Pompeia, and other ancient cities, in which not only pavements are observed, but even footways on each side of the streets. The city of Cordova was paved toward the middle of the 9th century by the fourth Spanish Caliph. Paris was not paved till the middle of the 12th century, in the reign of Philip II. London was paved in the 11th century; and Augbur in the year 1415, at the expence of a rich merchant. Philip the Hardy instituted the first regulations for keeping the streets clean; but the houses of Paris having no privies, and the cattle, and particularly hogs, being allowed to go at liberty in the streets, it was long before the city could enjoy the benefit of these regulations. It was not till the year 1131, that the young

King Philip, having been thrown from his horse, by a hog running between his legs, it was forbidden to leave the cattle thus at liberty; but the hogs belonging to the Monks of the Abbey of St. Anthony, were not included in this prohibition. In 1700, the proprietors of the houses in Paris were obliged to be compelled, by an order of police, to make a sufficient number of privies, &c. and it was in 1748, that a person undertook to clean the streets for 200,000 livres (8,750*l.*) and to clear away the snow and ice for 6000 livres (262*l.* 10*s.*).

The Emperor Augustus had a collection of natural history in his palace. It does not appear that any private persons had a collection among the Greeks and Romans; and it was not till the 16th century, that such collections began to be common in Europe.

The use of chimneys and stoves appears to have been absolutely unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Chimneys, raised above the roofs of houses, were not yet in use in the 13th century. The first was constructed at Venice in 1347, and the second at Rome in 1368; the latter by the order, and for the use, of a nobleman of Padua, who ornamented it with his arms.

These anecdotes are extracted from a German work just printed at Leipzig, written by the Countessor Beckmann, and entitled "Memoirs collected for the History of Inventions."

A METHOD of PRESERVING FRUITS FRESH and GOOD, and of CONVEYING THEM IN LONG VOYAGES: With a METHOD also of PRESERVING such SUBSTANCES as are liable to FERMENTATION and DISSOLUTION, when exposed to the OPEN AIR.

[From the "JOURNAL POLYTYPE DES SCIENCES & DES ARTS."]

FOR this simple, easy, and unexpensive method, we are indebted to M. Carrier, Surgeon. This gentleman brought a quantity of pine apples, plantains, sapotas, oranges, &c. from the island of St. Domingo. When they arrived at Havre, after a passage of forty-eight days, and three days after being landed, the fruit was found perfectly good to eat. The certificate of the captain, officers, and passengers of the ship was presented to the Royal Academy of Sciences; and some of the fruit was packed up in bran, and sent to that illustrious society. They did not arrive at Paris till a fortnight after, when they were decayed, from the fermentation which the bran had occasioned. It is known, moreover, that the more fermentable bodies are kept from the action of the air, the sooner

they yield to that action when they are exposed to it.

The method adopted by M. Carrier is founded upon the principle, that "the fermentation of fruit is caused only by the action of the atmospherical air upon the glutinous matter, which serves as a cement to the earthy and mucilaginous parts of bodies." But whether this be the real principle; or whether the fermentation arise from a new combination, occasioned by principles brought and communicated by the air; it is certain, that by keeping fruit and provisions from the action of that element, their freshness and duration has been prolonged; a circumstance not unknown to country house-keepers.

In consequence of this acknowledged fact, M. Carrier put his fruit, most of which was perfectly

perfectly ripe, into a hoghead, which he closed as well as he could, there not being a cooper on board. This hoghead he put into a larger one, in such a manner, that there was a hollow space of three or four inches all round; and he filled this interval with seawater, which he took care to renew every day, because the exterior hoghead was bad and leaky. This is the whole secret.

M. Carrier has presented his process to the Academy of Sciences. Messieurs de Jussieu and Foucheroux de Bondaroy, commissaries, have given their opinion, that this object was "worthy the attention of the Academy, and that they ought to encourage the author, and engage him to continue his experiments."—In communicating his process to the public, M. Carrier has put it into the power of every person to make the trial himself; and there is reason to think, that experiments made with more precautions than it was possible for M. Carrier to take, would be attended with success.

It often happens that bottles of wine, forgotten for many years, at the bottom of a well, have perfectly preserved their liquor. In many countries fruit is preserved in small cellars, or vaults, closely shut; and grapes

may be kept in them till Easter. Some persons have succeeded in keeping peaches a long time, by wrapping them in hemp prepared for spinning, and then dipping them in melted yellow wax, drawing them out thus hermetically sealed from the air. The ancients put fruit into vessels with sand well-dried; they then buried them in the depth of five or six feet. The women in the country boil their eggs as when they would eat them in the shell: they then put them into cool water, which they change every three or four days. When they would eat these eggs, they boil them once more, and they become perfectly good and fresh again. M. de Reaumur had an idea of coating them with varnish, or of dipping them in oil of raddish. Sea water, which is bituminous, loaded with nitre, and more continuous, and heavier than fresh water, appears to us very proper to produce the effect which M. Carrier attributes to it. This gentleman has certainly rendered an important service to society: for, in a country where the population is great, and where the spoiling of provisions would be a real loss, the methods of preserving them cannot be multiplied too much.

POLITICAL E C L O G U E S, No. II.

Though in the following Eclogue our Author has not selected any single one of *Virgil* for a close and exact parody, he seems to have had his eye principally upon the *Vth*, or the *DAPHNIS*, which contains the Elegy and *APOTHEOSIS* of *Julius Cæsar*.

ARGUMENT.

Mr. WILKES and Lord HAWKESBURY alternately congratulate each other on his Majesty's late happy escape. The one describes the joy which pervades the country: The other sings the dangers from which our constitution has been preserved.

THE sessions up, the Treasury boys depart,
Each to the culture of his favourite art;
Pitt to Brighthelmston flies, elate to see
His schemes matur'd in—cups of smuggled tea;
To plans of Eastern equity, Dundas
And comely Villiers to his votive glass;
Rose to revenue dreams; to dalliance Steel;
And hungry hirelings to their hard-earned meal.

A faithful pair, in mutual friendship tied,
Once keen in hate, as now in love allied,
(This, o'er admiring mobs in triumph rode,
Libell'd his Monarch, and blasphem'd his God;
That, the mean drudge of tyranny and Bute,
At once his practis'd pimp and prostitute)

VOL. X.

Adfcombe's proud roof receives, whose dark recess
And empty vaults, its owner's mind express,
While black'd-up windows to the world display
How much he loves a tax, how much invites the day.

Here the dire chance that god-like George besel,
How sick in spirit, yet in health how well,
What Mayors by dozens, at the tale affrighted,
Got drunk, address'd, got laugh'd at, and got knighted,
They read, with mingled horror and surprize,
In London's pure Gazette, that never lies,
Ye Tory bands, who taught by conscious fears,
Have wisely check'd your tongues—and sav'd your ears,—
Hear, ere hard fate forbids—what heav'nly strains
Flow'd from the lips of these melodious swans:
Alternate was the song, but first began,
(So the Muse order'd) the regenerate man.

WILKES.

Bless'd be the beef-fed guard, whose vigorous twist
Wrench'd the rais'd weapon from the murderer's fist,

Him, Lords in waiting shall with awe behold
In red tremendous, and hirefute in gold.

On him, great monarch, let thy bounty shine,

What mood can match a life so dear as thine ?
Well was that bounty measured, all must own,

That gave him *half* of what he saved—a
crown[†].

Bless'd the dull edge, for treason's views unfit,

Harmless as *Stanhope's* rage, or *Beacroft's* wit.

Blush, clumsy patriots, for degenerate zeal,
Wilkes had not guided thus the faithless steel !

Round your sad mistress flock, ye maids elect,

Whose charms severe your chastity protect;
Scar'd by whose glance, despairing love desists,

That Virtue steals no triumph from your eyes.

Round your bold master flock, ye mistred hive,

With anathems on Whigs his soul levise;
Saints ! whom the *Scyth* of human blood appals,

Save when to please the Royal will it falls.

He breathes ! he lives ! the vestal choir advance,

Each takes a Bishop, and leads up the dance,
Nor (1) dreads to break her long-respected vow,

For chaste—ah strange to tell !—are bishops now :

(2) Saturnian times return !—the age of truth,

And—long foretold—is come, the Virgin Youth.

Now sage professors, for their learning's curse,

Die of their duty in remorseless verse :

Now sentimental Aldermen expire

In prose, half flaming with the Muse's fire ;
Their's—while rich dainties swim on every plate,

Their's the glad toil to feast for Britain's fate :
Nor mean the gift the Royal grace affords,

All shall be knights—but those that shall be lords.

Fountain of Honor, that art never dry,
Touch'd with whose drops of grace no thief can die,

Still with new titles foak the delug'd land,
Still may we all be safe from *Ketch's* menac'd hand.

JENKINSON.

(3) Oh wond'rous man, with a more wond'rous Muse !

O'er my lank limbs thy strains a sleep diffuse,

Sweet as when *Pitt* with words disdainful end,

Toils to explain, yet scorns to comprehend.
Ah ! whither had we fled, had that foul day

Torn him untimely from our arms away ?
What ills had mark'd the age, had that dire thrust

Pierc'd his soft heart, and bow'd his Bob to dust ?

God ! to my labouring fight what phantoms rise !

Here Juries triumph, and there droops *Excise* !

Fierce from defeat, and with collected might,
The low-born Commons claim the people's right :

And mad for freedom, vainly deem'd their own,

Their eye presumptuous dares to scorn the throne.

See—in the general wreck that smothers all,
Just ripe for justice—see my *Hastings* fall.

Lo, the dear Major meets a rude repulse,
Though blazing in each hand he bears a

BULSE ;

Nor Ministers attend, nor Kings relent,

Though rich Nabobs so splendidly repent.

See *Eden's* faith expos'd to sale again,
Who takes his plate, and learns his French in vain.

See countless eggs for us obscure the sky,
Each blanket trembles, and each pump is dry.

Far from good things *Dundas* concern'd to roam,

Ah !—worse than banish'd,—doom'd to live at home.

Hence dire illusions ! dismal scenes away—
Again he cries, " What, what ! " and all is gay.

NOTES.

* Literally so !

IMITATIONS.

(1.) —nec magnos metuent armenta leones.

(2.) Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

(3.) Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine Poeta

Quale sopor fessis in gramine.

Come, *Brunswick*, come, great King of
 loaves and fishes,
 Be bounteous still to grant us all our wishes!
 (4)
 Twice every year with *Beaufoy* as we
 dine, (5)
 Pour'd to the brim—eternal *George*—be
 thine
 Two foaming cups of his nectareous (6) juice,
 Which—now to Gods,—no mortal vines produce.
 (7) To us shall *Brudenell* sing his choicest
 airs,
 And cap'ring *Mulgrave* ape the grace of
 bears;
 A grand thanksgiving pious *York* compose,
 In all the proud parade of pulpit prose;
 For sure Omniscience will delight to hear,
 Thou 'scapedst a danger, thou wert never
 near. (†)
 (8) While ductile *Pitt* thy whisper'd wish
 obeys,
 While dupes believe whate'er the Doctor says,
 While panting to be tax'd, the famish'd poor
 Grow to their chains, and only beg for more;
 While fortunate in ill, thy servants find
 No snares too slight to catch the vulgar
 mind:

Fix'd as the doom, thy Power shall still re-
 main,
 And thou, wife King, as uncontroul'd shalt
 reign.

W I L K E S.

Thanks, *Jenky*, thanks, for ever could't thou
 sing,
 For ever could I sit, and hear thee praise the
 King.
 (9) Then take this Book †, which with a
 Patriot's pride,
 Once to his sacred warrant I deny'd,
 Foud though he was of reading all I
 wrote:
 No gift can better suit thy tuneful throat ||.

J E N K I N S O N.

And thou this Scottish pipe, (10) which
Famie's breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in
 death,
 From lips unhallow'd (11) I've preserv'd it
 long:
 Take the just tribute of thy loyal song.

N O T E S.

† The public alarm express'd upon the event which is the subject of this Pastoral, was certainly a very proper token of affection, to a Monarch, every action of whose reign denotes him to be the father of his people. Whether it has sufficiently subsided to admit of a calm enquiry into facts, is a matter of some doubt, as the addresses were not finished in the last Gazette. If ever that time should arrive, the world will be very well pleased to hear that the miserable woman whom the Privy Council have judiciously confined in Bedlam for her life, never even aimed a blow at his august person.

‡ Essay on Woman.

|| The ungrateful people of England may possibly be of a different opinion.

I M I T A T I O N S.

- (4.) *Sis bonus O! felixque tuis—*
 (5.) *Pocula bina novo spumantia lacte quot—annis*
Craterasque duos statuam tibi.
 (6.) *Vina novum fundum Calathis Arvisia nectar.*
 (7.) *Cantabunt mihi Damætas et Lætius Agon,*
Saltantes Satyros imitabitur Alphefibæus.
 (8.) *Hæc tibi semper erunt, &c. &c.*
 (9.) *At tu sume pedum, quod cum me sæpe rogaret*
Non tulit Antigenes, et erat tum dignus amari.
 (10.) *Est mihi—*
Fistula, Damætas dono mihi quam delit olim,
Et dixit moriens, "Te nunc habet ista secundum."
 (11.) *Nec dum illis labra admovi.*

P O E T R Y.

S I R R O L A N D ;

A F R A G M E N T.

—THE Knight with starry shield,
Chas'd the gigantic spoiler from
the field :

But soon each sorrow of his soul returns,
With jealous rage and fierce revenge he
burns ;

Spurs his fleet courser on in wild despair,
And calls aloud his violated fair.

Now midnight reign'd, and thro' the trou-
b'lous skies

The sharp hail drives, and yelling blasts
arise ;

Yet brave Sir Roland with unslacken'd
force,

O'er the lone heath pursues his eager course ;
With curses rends the air, and draws to war
The potent Wizard of the shadowy car.

Far off he vic'w'd a solitary light,
Whose paly lustre pierc'd the gloom of night ;
Thither the love-lorn Hero bends his speed,
While mountains answer to the neighing
steed.

Soon as arriv'd, his wond'ring eyes behold
A pensive damsel, deck'd in robes of gold,
While mingling diamonds their effulgence
shed,

With the pearl's modest white, and ruby's
red.

Beneath an aged cypress she reclin'd,
A pendant lamp was waving in the wind,
That scatter'd far a melancholy gleam,
And ting'd the watry waltz with feeble
beam.

For near, an Ocean roar'd and dash'd around
Its foamy billows, with terrific sound ;
And ever and anon was heard the cry
Of shipwreck'd men in dying agony.

At his approach she starts, then lifts her veil,
And shews a sunken visage ghastly pale ;
On the intrepid Knight her languid gaze
Intently fixes, and at length the lays :

“ The wish'd for hour is come, by fate's
decree,

“ And thou shalt traverse yonder deep with
me.

“ The bark attends ; and lo ! the wanton
gale

“ Swells the soft bosom of th' impatient sail.

“ Then linger not, but all-enraptur'd share

“ The promis'd bliss, nor mourn thy ra-
vish'd fair :

“ I love thy manly form, thy youthful face,
“ Admire thy valour, and adore thy grace.”

The knight observ'd her with astonish'd
eye,

And much he wish'd, but more he scorn'd
to fly :

For as the breeze assail'd her gorgeous vest,
The opening folds disclos'd a putrid breath
Nearer he comes, and marks, depriv'd of
skin,

Her haggard jaws display a direful grin :

Onward she goes ; by incantation's laws

Th' amaz'd Sir Roland, unresisting draws.

“ Here leave thy steed, she cries, and never
more

“ Shalt thou behold him on this hated shore.

“ But gentlest joys th' approaching hours
await,

“ And Beauty spreads for thee her couch of
state.”

Then beck'ning mounts the bark, the knight
obeys,

Nor quits her guiding lamp's unallow'd rays.

Soon as the vessel cuts the foamy tide,

Around strange spectres and fell monsters
glide :

One bathed in tears rose from the liquid
bed,

With the soft semblance of a virgin's head,
Thrice wav'd her hand, and shook her sedy
hair,

And heav'd a piteous sigh, and cried—“ Be-
ware !”

Next came an aged seer, whose feeble breath
Could scarcely utter,—“ Knight, beware of
death !

Then plunging downward in a serpent's
form,

They curl'd the surges like an angry storm.
Now thousand other grisly shapes were seen,

Rolling their fiery eyes the waves between ;
Here shrieking maidens felt the forc'd em-
brace,

There Murder laugh'd, and shew'd his gulph-
ty face.

A moment after all was hush'd, and o'er,
And such portentous phantoms threat no
more.

But now the female at Sir Roland's side,
Who silent long the dauntless youth had ey'd

With foul grimaces, on a sudden prest'd

The knight abhorrent to her mangled breast ;

Strove with the winning voice of love to speak,

And laid her bare skull on his lily cheek ;

Imprints the bony kiss, and fain would win

The chaste Sir Roland to the deadly sin.

But when she finds not magic art inspires

The wild commotion of unholy fires,

Observes him shrink beneath her love's excess,

And turn in anguish from the loath'd caress,

Starting the left him, and in fury cried,

“ O knight accurs'd ! thou soon shalt rue
thy pride ;”

Then seiz'd her lamp, and scowling with
disdain,

Sought the calm bottom of the roaring
main.

Dark was the night, and o'er the pathless way

With rapid force the ship appear'd to stray.
In vain the youth with eye attentive seeks
The first taint dawning of the eastern streaks;
But all was hopeless, and no glimm'ring light
Gave the wish'd earnest of departing night.
Now to a shore the bark quick striking came,

And as the shock sent forth a sudden flame,
The Hero leaps upon th' uncertain strand,
And lifts his unheath'd sword with desperate hand.

While slow he trod this desolated coast,
From the crack'd ground uprose a warning ghost,

Whose figure all-confus'd was dire to view,
And loole his mantle flow'd of shifting hue;
He shed a lustre round, and sadly press'd
What seem'd his hand upon what seem'd his breast;

Then rais'd his doleful voice, like wolves that roar

In famish'd troops on Orcus' sleepy shore.

"Approach you antiquated tower, he cried,

"There bold Rinaldo, fierce Mambrino died:

"Thou too, perchance, shalt tread the self-same road,

"Approach (to fate commands) the dark abode."

The knight advancing struck the fatal door,
And hollow chambers send a fullen roar.

As slow it opens, there appears a page,
With limbs of pliant youth and face of age:

"Welcome, he cried, from dangers thou hast shar'd,

"The banquet's ready, and thy bed prepar'd."

Thro' winding passages the knight he leads,
And often sighs, and often tells his beads;

Stops at an entrance stain'd with blood, and said,

"Accept, brave youth, the banquet and the bed."

Then screaming loud he vanish'd from the sight,

And the bell toll'd amid the silent night.

Sir Roland enters, where, throughout the room,

One taper shews the melancholy gloom;
And rudely hanging by her twisted hair,

A slaughter'd female's starting eye-balls glare;

While from the curtain'd bed such groans arose,

As spoke the anguish of severest woes,
* And smote his heart——

R. M.

EXTRACT.

- **C**hampions of Slavery!
What unknown fury fills your
harden'd breasts,

* To excite horror by description has already succeeded in Mr. Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, and in the *Sir Bertrand* of Mrs. Barbauld; the above is an attempt of the same kind in verse, though the author is very sensible that the jingle of rhyme must in a great measure destroy this effect.

What demon urges thus your alien tongues
To celebrate your own eternal shame?

Whence springs that direful thirst of wealth,
which scorns

But by the blood of millions to be quench'd?

Go ye for men?—Yes, men in outward form,

In inward, more resembling the brute beast,

That, pinch'd by famine, roams the desert woods.

Ye from Experience speak—experience vile!

Perhaps from interest too, ye might have said.

Far be from me Experience of that kind!

As far—the comforts bought by others' woe!

But say—can laws or human or divine

Give thee, presumptuous wretch! the right
thou claim'st?

Most certainly they cannot—yet avarice can;

And avarice all adore.—Not all perhaps;

There are, whom Love can call her votaries,

Unbounded love—the love of humankind!

There are too, whom Compassion dares to own;

Whom Sensibility has mark'd as her's;

In short, there are (for which kind Heaven
be prais'd!)

Numbers, who never tasted of that stream
Whose poisonous draught corrodes th' inhaling heart.

Oh! could ye (yet alas! I fear it much)

Could ye conceive these hardships ye inflict!

One moment could your stony bosoms feel

But half that pain, which inward cuts the soul

Of those poor wretched vagrants—even more

Than the rude iron's chafe their wailing frames,

Or than the scorpion lashes of your whips,

Sharp tho' they be, torment their mangled flesh;

Surely you'd then relent.—Why seek those pleas,

Those slender pleas, which may excuse the deed?

Shou'd you not rather, by your nature urg'd,

Strive to embrace those gentler arguments

Which, tho' they mar thy profits, make thy praise?

Behold this almost dying slave, 'gainst whom

Thy ready arm, invest'd with the fangs

Of punishment unmerited, is rais'd;

And ere thou strik'st, consider what he is;

Look on him—is he not thy very self?

In shape, in size, in ev'ry part like thee?

Does he not move those wearied limbs of his

As thou dost thine?—and does he not too seem

To feel—when at each lash the pale blood flows?

To joy—when the short respite gives relief?

To mourn—when comforts past rise in his breast?

To weep—when other consolations fail?
And hast not thou thyself experienc'd this,
Those very passions in a lower degree?
Thou hast—but yet thou seem'st to know it
not;

Or knowing, to bestow but small regard.
Consider too, (if thou would'st not let's claim
That share of reason thou deniest to them)
Consider, they like thee possess those ties,
Those strong-knit ties, which bind each to
his own.

They too have fathers, whose decaying age
Looks up to them, and them alone, for help!
Wives whose endearments, day by day, did
use

To ease their toil, and smooth their rugged
bed!

Children—whose playful innocence dispell'd
The gloomy sorrows which perchance might
cast

Their baleful shadows o'er Hope's smiling
fields.

All these have they—and for their absence
feel.

What then must their sensations be, who
lose

In one a father, husband, brother, child!
To know that he, torn from their feeble arms,
Was forc'd in foreign climes to earn his
bread.

His bitter bread, by ~~the~~ ^{his} ~~next~~ ^{more} severe
Than even death itself;—was forc'd to drag
The length'ning chain of wretchedness, whole
load,

Tho' great, becomes more pond'rous by re-
move.

They must be sad indeed! What then art thou
Who never once reflects on all those ills,
Nay scarce accounts them such!—Say to thy-
self,

E'er that thy ruffian arm aims the curs'd
blow,

Say to thyself—' This slave, this abject slave
O'er whom, ev'n now, my sternest vengeance
tow'rs,

Has those who daily mourn his injur'd peace,
Whose groans each moment breathe his bit-
ter lot,

Lot undelerv'd, and execrate their own.'

Say thus, thou tyrant! they strike—if thou
canst.

But ye, the advocates for Liberty,
That chief of blessings—long your names
shall live!

For in Compassion's book, which Time's fell
scythe

In vain shall drive t' efface, they foremost
stand

'Mid those, whose hearts, like thine, Oh *Ram-
say!* felt;

Like thine, O *Clarkson!* flam'd with manly
zeal.

A N A C R E O N T I C.

On seeing several Gentlemen and Ladies
sporting and dancing in a Shade, on
Twickenham Mead.

DANCING on the flow'ry green,
Smiling boys and girls are seen;
Faithful to the labor's sound,
Tap'ring ancles nimbly bound.

*Kisses, nectar's sweetest part,
Fire each youthful tender heart;
Am'rous eyes expressive glance,
Mingling in the sportive dance.

Soon to bless each favour'd pair,
Love shall come with golden hair;
Hymen too shall join the boy,
Crowning all with purest joy.

A N E ' L E G Y

To the Memory of Mr. HAMMOND, Mr.
WEST, and Mr. SHENSTONE.

HAIL, tearful Muse! that rul'st the plain-
tive strain;
While fond remembrance bids my sorrows
flow,

Indulgent lend thy aid, as I complain,
And prompt each word in melody of woe!

For thy own HAMMOND is the lay design'd,
He whose unspotted soul could loves impart,
That glowing stimulate the youthful mind,
Yet nor despoil nor stain the virtuous heart.

The loves, the graces wept when HAMMOND
died,

The sylvan nymphs bewail the shades among,
(In heaving throbs their sceling beads
replied)

Oh! pin'd—again to hear his tender song.

Thy son too, Cythera, mourn'd his fate;
His bow he broke, and his quiver flung;
The flaming torch no longer wav'd elate,
And wish'd the feather'd barb in vain had
flung.

† And thou dear WEST! shalt share the
Muse's dow'r,
Thou, whose lamented death could stop the
song

Of learned GRAY, who many a pensive hour
Implor'd the fates thy genius to prolong.

If Piety could stay their stern decree,
If purest faith could tempt their hands to
slack,

(And Truth's bright visage charm that join'd
the plea)

Then had a tear not dropt to woo thee back!

* ———— Oscula, quod Venus

Quinta parte suis claris imbuit. Hor. Ode 13.

† A Gentleman, the author of several pieces in Mr. Gray's life and writings, the intimate friend sincerely beloved and admired by that Poet.

Nor Venus been again to grief a prey,
Untimely fall'n a youth, her bosom's joy,
Who tuneful sung her mild and blissful sway,
‡ Whose glowing breast aveng'd her favour'd
boy.

And thou, O BARD of LEASOWES' rural
seat!

Thou, who Elisium mad'st of humble earth;
Thou, who remote from vices of the great,
Bad'st sorrows cease, and gave to smiles a
birth;

Whose manly soul could scorn th' enticing
arms

In which gay Pleasure lulls the thoughtless
croud;

Admiring Virtue's plainer, simple charms,
To join her decent train supremely proud.

Yet when thy pulses danc'd to youthful joy,
Felt love's keen pain; by giddy passion
wragg'd,

Oft' would the tender song thy muse employ;
Oft to thy plaintive tale the Dryads throng'd.

Yes, griev'd that Phillida could, false, approve,
Caught by the pomp of drest, the flatterer's
guile;

Contemn the artless numbers of thy love,
And on the insincere bestow a smile.

While man shall burn o'er gay Anacreon's
page,

While Sappho's hapless muse records her
smart,

While Ovid's polish'd lines the youths
engage,

And soft Tibullus wins the feeling heart;

Your fame shall spread, sweet Bards! in
distant times;

Dear to each breast that glows with young
desires;

Your tuneful numbers heard, in diff'rent
climes,

Shall warm the bosom with congenial fires.

In some thick grove the pensive lover strays,
Where soothing fancy paints his absent maid,

An urn, memorial fair! to you he'll raise,
And 'twine the myrtle's ever-verdant shade;

And when the beauteous maid his arms infold,
Your names he'll join to pledge his tender
vow,

(To list'ning swains again your names be told)
Again the tribute pay, as I do now.

PHILO-CLASSICUS.

E L E G Y.

LO! where Cynthia pale-glimm'ring re-
flects her dim rays,
With faint lustre gilding the slow-scaling
wave!

There oft' o'er that sad spot in anguish I gaze,
Where my poor William sleeps in his watery
grave.

He fell, hapless youth, in the morning of life,
To true love a victim, and sharp-tooth'd
despair!

The content lent her image, yet inward at
strife,

From the weeping eye oft' stolç the trickling
tear.

One dark night, when storms 'gan to hover
around,

O'er the wild heath he wander'd—the distant
floods roar!

I sought him; but ah! he was not to be
found,

Those eyes ne'er beheld the dear fugitive
more.

Soon, alas! the dire tidings assaulted mine
ear:

Confirmation compleated what doubt first
began;

My reason gave way to the pang of despair,
And my sorrows found me asserting the man.

Is then my fond brother my William, no
more?

My constant companion, my dear bosom-
friend?

Was there none to protect from the torrent's
loud roar?

No arm stretch'd to save him from this hap-
less end?

Sweet shade, rest contented! I seek not to
chide;

I seek not to blame or insult the rash deed:
Yet ah! could'st thou not in thy HELL'RY
confide,

Who beheld not unconscious thy gentle heart
bleed?

Sensibility sure would have taught me to
grieve;

Perhaps sharing thy woes might have eas'd
thy full mind:

But alas! my concern thou didst always
deceive;

Hadst thou known my fond bosom, thou'dst
then been more kind.

‡ There is a pretty thought of Mr. West's, in his Elegia.

Quod mihi tam gratæ missi dona camææ.

Displaying the power of love, he continues:

Ille gregem taurosq; domat, & vique leonem.

"Seminis; ille ferus, ultus Adonis, apros.

Which I would thus render: He mildly rules the flock, the bull can tame,

And sweetly soothing still the lion's roar;

But stern avenger of Adonis' fame,

With rankling arrows galls the savage boar.

For think'st thou thy Henry thy passion would
scorn,
Or upbraid the effusions of pointed distress?
No;—I'd calm'd by soft pity thy poor heart
thus torn,
And by sweet soothing sympathy made the
pain less.

Nor shalt thou, tyrant custom, that nature
perverts,
Ever force me to hide what I inwardly feel;
What—because cold Philosophy sorrow
deserts,

Must I never the force of ass. sion revell?

Begone, ye unthinking!—my heart cannot
bear

To recall the rash deed, yet the torrent deny:
Shall I check the deep groan, quide the
quick-starting tear,

Which slow-trickling steals from the softow-
ful eye?

No—I will not.—By reason, by nature
forbid,

Let uncessur'd the brother indulge his sad
grief;

Let him mourn the dear victim by friendship
unchid;

Let him seek from the still-gushing anguish
relief.

Let him weep unavailing the fatal decree,
Which bereft him of all earthly comfort and
joy;

Let him blame—wretch presumptuous, can
human eyes see?

Just Heaven's intutions can vain mortals spy?

Oh my God! much I wroug thee—yet dost
thou forgiv.?

Dost thou raise up reflection to lighten my
woes?

Come then, calm resignation! with thee let
me live,

In thy soft'ring arms let me welcome repose.

Faith and Hope both combining forbid me
to mourn:

I obey—and this sweet consolation is given,
Time will come when William and thou shalt
be one;

Time will come when both shall be happy in
Heaven!

AUBINUS.

THE SEQUESTERED LOVER.

YE wild waving woods, that now closing
your shade,
Now wantonly parting, disport with the
beam,

Thou river whose current refreshes the mead,
And you, ye rude ruins that shadow his
stream;

Ye flocks that hang white on the side of yon
hill;

Ye herds who beneath, crop the grass of
the vale,

Ye that chirp in the hedge, or skim light on
the rill,

Or fluttering, give your gay wing to the gale.

Sweet inspirers of thought! and thou sweet A,
thou Dove,
Whose silver plumes shine thro' the boughs
of the tree,

Escap'd from the cage and away from the
love,

All silent and sad, a companion to me!

Ah why, as I gaze on the landscape around,
Why suddenly starts the fond tear to my
eye?

Tho' smiling each object, and cheerful each
sound,

Why steals from my bosom the sorrowing
sigh?

Enchant the fair scenes, 'till enraptur'd I find
That sweetest oblivion the Muses bestow,
'Till the sun-shine that gilds you, shall heigh-
ten my mind,

And my fancy forgets that my heart has a
woe!

So free may ye flourish, fair scenes as ye rise!

So still be your charms by Simplicity

grac'd,
In native luxuriance still please and surprize,

Nor by folly be tashion'd, nor tortur'd by
taste.

So when the glad seasons their blessings shall
yield,

And Ceres enrich you, and Flora adorn,
May the laborer's laugh echo loud in the field,

And the breeze whither tott thro' the
mellowing corn.

And fowhen the evening's mild glories decline,
And fade from the sky the last blushes of
light,

Unfulfill'd and cloudl. s may CYNTHIA shine
E'er yet you are hid by the envious Night!

And whilst her fair form glitters bright in the
flood,

And sheds on its bosom a tremulous ray,
Tips the top of the hill, gilds the gloom of
the wood,

And softens each beauty that glar'd in the
day.

"In such a night," following *Philomel's* voice,
As she sings her sweet song to the listening
air,

Sequester'd from crowds, or by chance or by
choice,

To this bower should some gentle spirit
repair:

Whilst tenderness breathes in the nightingales
strain,

To tenderness tun'd as delighted they stray,
This verse may they see, if this verse should
remain,

Nor heedlessly turn from a wanderer's lay.

Perhaps they will deem him neglected,
forlorn,

As they mark how his numbers all flow;
O Fortune the sport, or of Beauty the scorn
Conjecture his sorrows, and pity his woe.

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Perhaps they will deem him neglected,
forlorn,

As they mark how his numbers all flow;
O Fortune the sport, or of Beauty the scorn
Conjecture his sorrows, and pity his woe.

Ah,

Ah no, let them envy his happier fate,
 Let them envy the youth that to *Stella* is
 dear;
 Nor wish he was wealthy, nor wish he was
 great,
 Whose poverty proves that her love is
 sincere!

L I N E S

*Inscribed on a Temple in the Gardens of Castle-
 Town, in Ireland; erected by Lady LOUISA
 CONOLLY, and dedicated to Mrs. SIDDON.*

TO thee, O *Siddons*, in this calm retreat,
 Approving Judgment dedicates the
 seat;
 Pledge of esteem, which from her friendship
 flows,
 Whose bosom with no mimic pathos glows.
 Not to thy genius or thy fame confin'd,
 Her admiration more applauds thy mind,
 And sweet simplicity which charms the
 heart,
 Beyond the mighty magic of thy art;
 Beyond the melting music of thy tongue;
 Beyond the graces that around thee throng;
 Beyond thy countenance, inspir'd to shew
 Each sad vicissitude of tragic woe:
 That from the obdurate breast a sigh can
 steal,
 Compelling torpid apathy to feel:
 Thy glowing cheeks which equally inflame
 When ting'd by love, and when suffus'd by
 shame;
 Thy lips, where keen contempt half smiling
 dies;
 The vivid anger flashing from those eyes;
 Whose brows, when agonizing griefs op-
 press,
 Bend to the eloquence of deep distress;
 Thy frantic piercing shriek which rends the
 ear,
 Chilling the soul with sympathetic fear;
 For strong Expression's every power divine,
 And all its vast varieties are thine.
 Nor less thy social worth in humbler life,
 The tender mother and the faithful wife,
 Shall from the actress half our praises
 claim,
 Whose private virtues gild her public fame.

O N L A U R A ' S T O M B.

In Imitation of SANNAZARIUS.

By a distinguished young Nobleman.

IF tears in Heav'n had been a sign of woe,
 Each Deity had wept when *LAURA*
 died!
 But see, beside her tomb *Love* breaks his
 bow,
 And *Venus* too, has thrown her torch
 aside!

Dear *LAURA*, while the Heav'ns and men
 repine,
 Above such general grief is my despair:
 O could my soul pursue the track of thine,
 'Twou'd find *Elysium*, where it found my
 Fair!

O N T H E D E A T H O F T H E P R I N C E S S
A M E L I A.

By MARIA FALCONER, aged 15.

SOME mournful muse assist my pensive
 lay!
 O fly from bow'rs array'd in purple bloom,
 Leave the sweet fragrance of the flow'ry
 May,
 And drop your tribute o'er *AMELIA*'s
 tomb.
 O would angelic Milton's muse descend,
 And touch the string of her harmonious
 lyre,
 Then might her fame reach earth's remotest
 end,
 And ages yet unborn her worth admire.
 Yet humble as I am, I wish to pay
 The last sad tribute to her memory dear,
 Whose heart, unobscured as the new-born
 day,
 Knew well the task to check the rising
 tear.

As dew from Heav'n revives the drooping
 flowers,
 Her bounteous hand heal'd Sorrow's wounded
 breast;
 Where grim Oppression durst exert her
 powers,
 A sympathetic grief her soul express'd.
 But why, lov'd Princess, do we mourn thy
 doom;
 Why wish thee back to life's uncertain
 shore;
 Why drop these fruitless tears upon thy
 tomb;
 Thy bliss shall last when time shall be no
 more.

E X T E M P O R E O N A P A I R O F S C A L E S.

By the SAMS.

WOULD thoughtless men their actions
 weigh
 In Reason's even Scale,
 And mind in all they do and say,
 That folly don't prevail!
 Then might they shun the many ills
 Which inattention brings;
 By reason balance all their wills,
 And happier be than Kings.

O D E to H O P E.

[In Imitation of COLLINS's beautiful Ode to Simplicity.]

I.

O Thou whose magic power
Can ev'ry bliss restore,
Which chance or baleful destiny oppose;
Who, prone to ease Distress,
And all her cries redress,
Com'st at Misfortune's call, and cheer'st her
woes :

II.

Thou whose unbounded store,
Like seas without a shore,
Along the tide of Time increasing floats ;
Who oft' with smiling ray
Illumes life's little day,
O nymph below'd ! accept my lisping notes.

III.

When chill'd by Want's bleak blast,
The wanderer sinks aghast,
Thou bind'st his wounds and sooth'st his
tortur'd soul ;
Thy star divinely bright
Darts thro' the gloom of night,
And waves its genial fires from pole to pole.

IV.

Lo ! where with aching eye
The Child of Slavery
Unpitied groans beneath the tott'ring load ;
His lot no respite knows,
No aid his friendless woes,
Save thine, who strew'st with flowers his
thorny road.

V.

The trembling seamen's cries,
When threat'ning storms arise,
By thee are heard, from thee their comforts
flow ;

What tho' the rude winds roar,

And thund'ring billows pour,
Rise mountains high, or furious foam below :

VI.

Still 'mid the mad'ning scene
Thy form benign is seen,
Still sweeps thy pinions o'er th' inclement
waste ;

While in the lurid air
Thy whisp'ring voice they hear,
Calming the chaos mass to murmur'ing rest.

VII.

But most thy influence breathes,
'Where Love her roscat wreaths
In some seques'er'd vale delighted twines ;
There oft' t' invoke thy aid,
Soft steals the list'ning maid,
There oft' resorts the train of rustic hind.

VIII.

The' fix'd with vengeful hand,
Death's crew terrific stand,
Tho' grisly-gleaming thirsts th' insatiate spear ;

Yet ev'n in that dread hour
Thy heav'n-appointed power
Prepares the soul, and blasts th' expiring
fear.

IX.

Friend of the bleeding heart,
Thy gent'est charm impart,
O deign to heal this grief-corroded breast ;
So shall, enhanc'd by care,
Sweet Peace once more appear,
And all my silent sorrows sink to rest.

Paraphrase on Isaiah, chap. ix. ver. 6.

Written for CHRISTMAS DAY.

"And his name shall be called WONDER-
FUL."

I.

AGAIN we hail th' auspicious morn
When our incarnate GOD was born,
In mortal flesh array'd !
How strange, how wonderful, that He,
The great, almighty Deity,
A helpless "Child" was made !

II.

How wonderful, when here we view
The "Counsellor" divinely true,
To whom all wisdom's giv'n !
In adoration lost, we trace,
Within the new-born Infant's face,
The "MIGHTY GOD" of Heav'n !

III.

Most wonderful to hear this Child,
The "EVERLASTING FATHER" call'd,
And glorious "Prince of Peace !"
This mystery Angels ne'er could scan ;
E'en *They*, like weak and feeble Man,
To wonder ne'er shall cease !

E. T. P.

PASTORAL ODES.

ON Æther's soft bosom of shade
As Evening hung hov'ring around,
In silvery softness array'd,
And bent o'er the grey-mantled ground ;

A myrtle, the symbol of love,
He bore from its mossy recess,
And, taught by the shade-dwelling dove,
'Twas Damon's his flame to confess.

The rose-hud expanding to view,
In imag'ry equall'd the fair ;
As kind and benign as the dew,
That softens Aurora's first air.

His sorrows he told with a sigh,
Melodious as Philomel's tale,
Whose notes are re-echoed and die
On the ear of the list'ning vale.

But much more enduring than those of the
shade,
They mantled and liv'd in the mind of the
maid.

Kent.

W. P.

HOW rusty and dark is the grove!
The beech her gay verdure has lost!
Can this be a season for love,
This season of winds and of frost?

The curlews with clamorous care,
And field-fares revisit the mead;
The wood-pigeons darken the air,
In flocks to the wheat-closure lead.

An elm that was shelter'd from cold,
Its leaves to the cold unresign'd,
Past scenes of felicity told,
Of Summer still put me in mind:

The Summer aft-smiling as thee,
Dear Delia, as sweet as the breeze,
Which play'd round our wood-skirted lee,
And bow'd in respect the green trees.

Return, ye soft moments, ah why did ye
cease
To rob me of Delia, of comfort, and peace!
Kent. W. P.

On seeing a most amiable and sensible Wo-
man in Tears, with a beautiful Child by her
Side in the same Situation.

SENSIBILITY, bright spark of sacred birth,
That marks the soul in all its radiant worth,
When Celia wept, I saw thee sit enshrin'd
Within the casket of her precious mind;
And when she wept not, then her sorrows
more

Spoke from her eyes than in her tears before.
And see her tender pledge of nuptial love,
Mild in her aspect as the turtle-dove!
Child of her heart, whose damask cheeks dis-
close

The tears like dew-drops on the morning rose.
Kent. W. P.

A S O N G.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

WHEN love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain,
How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,
Betray the sweetly-anxious pain!

For thee a mutual flame I own,
Thy joy, thy sorrow both are mine;
Thy ~~virtue~~ all my soul have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mope,
I trust the tear that dims thine eye;
I see fair TRUTH thy lip adorn,
And hear her voice in ev'ry sigh.

ADDRESS to the NIGHTINGALE!

Written by the SAME.

LONE Minstrel of the moon-light hour,
Who charm'st the solitary plain,
I pensive haunt the secret bow'r
That echoes to thy mournful strain.

How soothing is the voice of woe
To me, whom love has doom'd to pine!
For 'midst the sounds that plaintive flow,
I hear my sorrows melt with THINE.

S O N G

In the New Comedy of the GREYBEARDS.

SWEET rosy sleep! oh do not fly!
Bind thy soft fillet on his eye,
That o'er each grace my own may rove,
And feast my hapless, joyless love!

For when he lifts those shading lids,
His chilling glance such bliss forbids!
Then, rosy sleep, oh do not fly,
But bind thy fillet on his eye.

J E U D'ESPRI T,

Or a Translation from the Greek by one
PETER KING, in the Year 1703.

* (Never before printed.)

CEASE, Witless Critics, cease your pains
To prove poor PETER has no brains
From foreign tongues to render:
I, resting on his mighty name,
And eager to build up his fame,
Will be his work's defender.

Comparisons of that or this,
Who censured well, but wrote amiss,
Whose lines are most melodious,
I hate,—and always pass them by,
Because—forsooth—I'll tell you why,
Comparisons are odious.

From guardians of the Common-Weal
Of Letters, I at once appeal
To Ministers of State, or—
The Bishops-bench assent will nod,
And, if 'tis wanted, swear by G—d
That KING's the BEST translator.

RULES of LAW fit to be observed in Pur-
chasing.

FIRST see the land which thou intend'st to
buy,
Whether the seller's title clear doth lie,
And that no woman to it doth lay claim,
By dowry, jointure, or some other name,
That it may cumber:—Know if bound or
free

The tenure stand, and that from each feeoffee
It be releas'd:—That the seller he be old
That he may lawful sell, thou lawful hold,
Have special care that it be morgag'd he,
Nor be intail'd on posterity.—

Then if it stand in statute bound, or no;
 Be well advis'd what quit-rent out must go;
 What custom-service hath been done of old,
 By those who formerly the same did hold.
 And if a wedded woman put to sale,
 Deal not with her, unless she bring her male;
 For the doth under covert-baron go,
 Altho' sometimes some also traffick to.

Thy bargain being made, and all this done,
 Have special care to make thy charter run
 To thee, thine heirs, executors, assigns,
 For that beyond thy life securely binds.
 These things fore-known, and done, you may
 prevent

Those wrongs rash buyers many times repent.
 And yet when as you have done all you can,
 If you'll be sure, deal with an honest man.

E P I G R A M.

A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

BY MR. HARRISON.

FONDNESS of money is the vice of age,
 Young Squander-Guinea cries; 'I'll
 take no thought about it!'

Weak boy ^{to} doubt experience makes men
 sage:

Thou'lt know, when years bring sense, there's
 nothing done without it!

EPITAPH on a Monument, in LYDD
 CHURCH, Kent, written by Mr. ANSTEV.

On an amiable Lady, who died after a lingers
 illness in the 31st year of her age,
 and had earnestly prayed that her
 only child might not survive her.—The child
 died in a short time after its mother.

N. B. An Angel is represented on a Mo-
 nument in basso relieve, holding up a
 Child to its Mother in the clouds, and is
 supposed to speak the following lines:

THY prayer is heard—reliev'd from
 mortal harms,

Receive thy darling infant to thine arms—
 Sweet Saint! on thee when pining sickness
 prey'd,

Thy beauty canker'd, and thy youth decay'd.
 'Twas *shine*, with patience seek, to Heav'n
 resign'd,

With Faith that arm'd, and Hope that cheer'd
 thy mind,

Death's ling'ring stroke undarm'd to sustain,
 And spare thy pitying Friends' and Husband's
 pain;

Studious thy heartfelt anguish to disguise
 From sympathizing Love's enquiring eyes,
 Conceal the tear, suppress the struggling sigh,
 And leave a bright example how to die:—

'Tis now to crown thy wish, reward thy worth,
 To wean each fond, each yearning thought
 from earth;

And bring thy much lov'd object of thy care,
 Thy joy to perfect, and thy Heaven to share.

The following EPITAPHS are the produc-
 tion of LADY CRAVEN and Miss
 HANNAH MORE. They are inscribed
 upon Monuments in the parish-church of
 Claybrook in Leicestershire.

To the memory
 Of CHARLES JENNER,
 Clerk, M. A.

Vicar of this parish,
 Who died May 11, 1774,
 Aged 38.

HERE in the earth's cold bosom lies
 entomb'd

A man, whose sense by every virtue grac'd;
 Made each harmonious Muse obey his
 lyre:

Nor shall th' erasing hand of powerful TIME
 Obliterate his name, dear to each tuneful
 breast,

And dearer still to soft Humanity;
 For oft the sympathetick tear would fluff
 Unbidden from his eye; another's woe
 He read, and felt it as his own.

Reader,

It is not Flattery or Pride that rais'd
 To his remains this modest stone; nor yet
 Did partial fondness trace these humble
 lines,

But weeping Friendship, taught by Truth
 alone,

To give, if possible, in future days,
 A faint idea to the race to come,
 That here reposeth all the mortal part
 Of one, who only liv'd to make his friends.
 And all the world, regret he e'er should
 die.

E. C. 1775.

Sacred
 To the memory
 of

CLUER DICEY,
 Who died the 3d of October, 1775,
 Aged 60.

O Thou, or friend or stranger, who shalt
 tread

These solemn mansions of the silent dead,
 Think, when this record to enquiring eyes
 No more shall tell the spot where Dicey
 lies;

When this frail marble, faithless to its
 trust,
 Mould'ring itself, resigns his moulder'd
 dust;

When time shall fail, and nature feel decay,
 And earth, and sun, and skies dissolve
 away;

The soul this consummation shall survive,
 Defy the wreck, and but begin to live;
 Oh pause! reflect, repent, resolve, amend!
 Life has no length—Eternity no end.

HANNAH MORE.
 SURPRISING

SURPRISING EFFECTS of ORIGINAL GENIUS, exemplified in the POETICAL PRODUCTIONS of ROBERT BURNS, an Ayrshire Ploughman.

[From The LOUNGER*.]

TO the feeling and susceptible there is something wonderfully pleasing in the contemplation of genius, of that super-eminent reach of mind by which some men are distinguished. In the view of highly superior talents, as in that of great and stupendous natural objects, there is a sublimity which fills the soul with wonder and delight, which expands it, as it were, beyond its usual bounds, and which, investing our nature with extraordinary powers and extraordinary honours, interests our curiosity, and flatters our pride.

This divinity of genius, however, which admiration is fond to worship, is best arrayed in the darkness of distant and remote periods, and is not easily acknowledged in the present times, or in places with which we are perfectly acquainted. Exclusive of all the deductions which envy or jealousy may sometimes be supposed to make, there is a familiarity in the near approach of persons around us, not very consistent with the lofty ideas which we wish to form of him who has led captive our imagination in the triumph of his fancy, overpowered our feelings with the tide of passion, or enlightened our reason with the investigation of hidden truths. It may be true, that "in the golden time" genius had some advantages which tended to its vigour and its growth; but it is not unlikely that, even in these degenerate days, it rises much oftener than it is observed; that in "the ignorant present time" our posterity may find names which they will dignify, though we neglected, and pay to their memory those honours which their cotemporaries had denied them.

There is, however, a natural, and indeed a fortunate vanity in trying to redress this wrong which genius is exposed to suffer. In the discovery of talents generally unknown, men are apt to indulge the same fond partiality as in all other discoveries which themselves have made; and hence we have had repeated instances of painters and of poets, who have been drawn from obscure situations, and held forth to public notice and applause by the extravagant encomiums of their introducers, yet in a short time have sunk again to their former obscurity; whose merit, though perhaps some-

what neglected, did not appear to have been much undervalued by the world, and could not support, by its own intrinsic excellence, that superior place which the enthusiasm of its patrons would have assigned it.

I know not if I shall be accused of such enthusiasm and partiality, when I introduce to the notice of my readers a poet of our own country, with whose writings I have lately become acquainted; but if I am not greatly deceived, I think I may safely pronounce him a genius of no ordinary rank. The person to whom I allude is *Robert Burns*, an Ayrshire ploughman, whose poems were some time ago published in a country town in the West of Scotland, with no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents. I hope I shall not be thought to assume too much, if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view, to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellence appears to deserve.

In mentioning the circumstance of his humble station, I mean not to reit his pretensions solely on that title, or to urge the merits of his poetry, when considered in relation to the lowliness of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford. These particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems to me fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause. One bar, indeed, his birth and education have opposed to his fame, the language in which most of his poems are written. Even in Scotland, the provincial dialect which Ramsay and he have used is now read with a difficulty which greatly damps the pleasure of the reader; in England it cannot be read at all, without such a constant reference to a glossary, as nearly to destroy that pleasure.

Some of his productions, however, especially those of the grave stile, are almost English. From one of those I shall first present my readers with an extract, in which I think they will discover a high

high tone of feeling, a power and energy of expression, particularly and strongly characteristic of the mind and voice of a poet. It is from this poem, entitled *The Vision*, in which the genius of his native county, Ayrshire, is thus supposed to address him :

Wish future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase, -
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar ;
Or, when the North his steely store,
Drove thro' the sky,

I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

Or when the deep green mantled earth
Warm-cherish'd every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,

I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

When ripen'd fields and azure skies
Called forth the reapers rustling noise,
I saw thee give their evening joy,
And lone stalk ;

To vent thy bosom's swelling rife
In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm, blushing, strong,
Keen shivering, shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored name

I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild, send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Mistled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By Passion driven ;

But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

Of strains like the above, solemn and sublime, with that rapt and inspired melancholy in which the poet lifts his eye "above this visible diurnal sphere," the poems entitled *Dispendency*, the *Lament*, *Winter*, a *Dirge*, and the invocation to *Ruin*, afford no less striking examples. Of the tender and moral, specimens equally advantageous might be drawn from the elegiac verses, intitled, *Man was made to Mourn*, from *The Goats*'s *Saturday Night*, the *Stanzas To a Mouse*, or those *To a Mountain Daisy*, on turning it down with the plough in April 1786. This last poem I shall insert entire, not from its superior merit,

but because its length foits the bounds of my paper.

* Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush among the fleurs

Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas ! 'tis no thy neighbour sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mong the newy weat

Wi' speckled breast ;
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth

Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers cur gardens yield,
High-shelt'ring woods, and wa's maun shield ;
But thou beneath the random bield
Or clod of stane,

Adorns the histie stubble-field,
Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou list'st thy unassuming head,
In humble guise ;

But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betray'd,

And guileless trust,
'Till she, like thee, all foil'd, is laid
Low in the dust

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card

Of prudent lore,
'Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er !

Such fate to suff'ring worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To Misery's brink,

'Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He ruined sink.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—No distant date ;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate,
Fall on thy bloom,

'Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

I have seldom met with an image more truly pastoral than that of the lark in the second stanza. Such strokes as these mark

* Wee, little ; maun, must ; fleurs, dust ; weat, wet, a substantive ; could, cold ; glinted, peep'd ; bield, shelter ; stane, stone ; wa's, walls ; histie, dry, chapt, barren.

the pencil of the poet which delineates Nature with the precision of intimacy, yet with the delicate colouring of beauty and of taste.

The power of genius is not less admirable in tracing the manners, than in painting the passions, or in drawing the scenery of nature. That intuitive glance with which a writer like *Shakespeare* discerns the characters of men, with which he catches the many changing hues of life, forms a sort of problem in the science of mind, of which it is easiest to see the truth than assign the cause. Though I am very far from meaning to compare our rustic bard to *Shakespeare*, yet whoever will read his lighter and more humorous poems, his *Dialogues of the Dogs*, his *Dedication to G— H—*, *Esq*, his *Epistles to a young Friend*, and to *W. S—n*, will perceive with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this Heaven-taught ploughman, from his humble and unlettered station, has looked upon men and manners.

Against some passages of these last-mentioned poems it has been objected, that they breathe a spirit of liberalism and irreligion. But if we consider the ignorance and fanaticism of the lower class of people in the country where these poems were written, a fanaticism of that pernicious sort which sets *faith* in opposition to *good works*, the fallacy and danger of which a mind so enlightened as our Poet's could not but perceive, we shall not look upon his lighter muse as the enemy of religion (of which in several places he expresses the justest sentiments) though she has been somewhat unguarded in her ridicule of hypocrisy.

In this, as in other respects, it must be allowed that there are exceptionable parts of the volume he has given to the public, which caution would have sup-

pressed, or correction struck out; but Poets are seldom cautious, and our Poet had, alas! no friends or companions from whom correction could be obtained. When we reflect on his rank of life, the habits to which he must have been subject, and the society in which he must have mixed, we regret perhaps more than wonder, that delicacy should be so often offended in perusing a volume in which there is so much to interest and please us.

Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul which are sometimes the muse's only dowry, break forth on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble at it was, in which he found content, and wooed the muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortunes have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint what I have learnt from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek under a West Indian climate that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose "wood-note wild" possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride.

CURIOUS METHODS by which our ANCIENT MONARCHS conveyed a GRANT of ROYAL LANDS to their FAVOURITES.

WILLIAM the Conqueror granted to an ancestor of Lord Rawdon the estates in Yorkshire, on which is the noble mansion called Rawdon Hall, still enjoyed by his father the Earl of Moira; in the following brief poetical deed, according to the custom of the times—

I William King, the third yere of my reign,
Give to the Paultyn Roydon, Hope and

Hopetown,

With all bounds both up and downe,
From Heven to Yerthe, from Yerth to Hel,
For the and thine therein to dwell,
As truly as this Kyng tight is myn;
For a Crossebow and an Arrow.

And in token that this thing is sooth,
I bit the whyt wax with my toth,
Before Meg, Mawd, and Margery,
And my third soone Henry.'

A grant of an estate in Devonshire was originally made by the celebrated John of Gaunt to a great family (viz. the Bassets of Heanton Court) of that county, in a similar manner:

I John of Gaunt
Do freely give and grant,
From me and mine,
To thee and thine,
The Barton-Fee
Of Umberleigh.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Petersburg, Oct. 27.

THE last advices from Archangel, the principal town of one of the most northern provinces of this empire, give a pleasing account of the general approbation expressed on the opening the great plan of national education, which the Empress commenced in all the provinces on Monday the 3d instant. In the morning of that day the inhabitants of the city assembled in the Great Church, where divine service was performed, in which was introduced a particular form of Thanksgiving for this distinguished blessing, which through the hands of our Sovereign the Almighty has been pleased to bestow on this country, a region hitherto enveloped in the grossest darkness of ignorance and superstition. In the evening the whole city was illuminated. The schools are now filled with the children of parents who never knew any thing more than Nature in her most brutal state could teach. Our sagacious Sovereign sees that the true happiness and greatness of a nation is to be firmly established on no other basis than a general knowledge of those principles which religion and morality prescribe; and we flatter ourselves, that this new institution, which we owe to Catherine the Great, will in time dispel the barbarism of the North, and raise in the Russians a spirit of emulation, the very soul of industry and commerce.

The views of the Empress in this national improvement has called forth the zeal of some patriotic individuals. M. Demidoff has made a present of 5000 roubles [1250l.] towards the support of the schools in Moscow; and at the opening these seminaries at Twer, the nobility of the province, by a voluntary contribution, raised the capital sum of 27,398 roubles [6,261l.] for promoting the design of general civilization throughout that district.

Potsdam, Nov. 5. The pages of the late King of Prussia have sold all the wardrobe of their deceased master for 402 rix-dollars; but the Jews who purchased it sold it again for 4000, not owing to the value, but merely to the enthusiasm of the people, who discovered such eagerness to possess a relic of that Monarch, that an old lady gave 200 rix-dollars for a pair of ragged breeches. His Majesty had but eleven shirts; at least no greater number was found among his linen.

The following is a translation of two letters, the one from the Emperor, the other from the King of Prussia, to Mr. Blanchard, who had solicited the permission of those Sovereigns to make aerostatic experiments in their dominions:

‘ I received your letter, Mr. Blanchard. By various experiments made in different places, you have so fully gratified the curiosity of all those who were your spectators, that there remains no doubt of your success. But it is not until, by your scientific acquirements and repeated experiments, you shall have found out a method by which you can render those travels, which you denominate aerostatic, useful, that you can afford me any pleasure in coming to Vienna to instruct me on the subject. In the mean time, I remain yours affectionately,

[Signed] JOSEPH.

*Vienna, Nov. 2, 1786.**Letter from the King of Prussia.*

‘ I am obliged to you, Mr. Blanchard, for the offer which you make me in your letter of the 23d of October; and if I decline accepting it, it is rather on account of the interest I feel in your preservation, than for any other cause. Notwithstanding all the confidence which might be reposed in your expertness and genius, the attempts which you make are so perilous, as by no means to secure you entirely from the fear of possible disaster. I should be most sensibly affected if such an event should happen in my dominions; and the very apprehension of it would be sufficient to destroy the pleasure which otherwise I should derive from an aerostatic experiment, conducted by the most enlightened mind. For these reasons, I must decline the offer you make me; at the same time praying sincerely to God, that he may take you under his protection.

[Signed] WILLIAM.

Versailles, Nov. 17. This laconic answer was returned by his Most Christian Majesty to a remonstrance from the manufacturers of Abbeville, complaining that the new treaty of commerce would greatly injure them in the sale of their cloths, owing to the acknowledged superiority of those manufactured in England:—“ Make yourselves easy,” said the Monarch to the Deputies. “ It is in your power to avoid the evil you dread: Try to do as well, or even better than your neighbours, and I answer for your obtaining the preference.”

Graetz, Nov. 18. We learn from Gnas, a town in the Lower Syria, in the jurisdiction of Gleichenberg, that the following very extraordinary circumstance took place there: One Charron, a widower, had a daughter arrived to years of maturity, and the young woman, transported to the most extravagant degree of superstition and fanaticism, imagined

gined that she could have no hopes of salvation, unless she purified herself by fire. She communicated her intention to her father, who being equally superstitious, approved of her design, and even promised to assist her in carrying it into execution. All Saints day was the time appointed for carrying this abominable project into effect. On the preceding evening the girl herself placed several faggots in the oven. When divine service began the next day, the miserable self-devoted victim set fire to the faggots, and when the oven was red-hot, with the assistance of her father, she entered the fiery

apartment, the door of which the father closed, and having stopped up the vacancies with clay tempered with water, placed a crucifix before the oven, and then went out of the house with every appearance of tranquility and satisfaction. Having told some persons whom he met, that his daughter was doing penance in the heated oven, they hastened to her assistance; but, before their arrival, the body was entirely consumed. The father was apprehended and conducted to Gleichenberg, where he has undergone an examination.

SCOTLAND.

Scotland, Nov. 30.

WE are informed from Irvine, that a number of people, called *Buchanites*, have returned again to their old habitations. They relate many of Mrs. Buchan's tricks and impositions, and the high hand with which she ruled over these deluded people. The distribution of the provisions to every one, she kept in her own hand, and took special care that they should not pamper their bodies with too much food. When any person was suspected of having an intention to leave the society, she ordered them to be locked up and ducked every day in cold water, so that it required some little address in any one to get out of her clutches. The society being once scarce of money, she told them she had a revelation, informing her, they should have a supply of cash from Heaven; accordingly, she took one of the members out with her, and caused him to hold two corners of a sheet, while she held the other two. Having continued holding the sheet for a considerable time, without any shower of money falling upon it, the man was at length tired, and left Mrs. Buchan to hold the sheet herself. Mrs. Buchan, in a short time after, came in with five pounds sterling, and upbraided the man for his unbelief, which she said was the only cause that prevented it from coming sooner. Many of the members, however, easily accounted for this pretended miracle, and shrewdly suspected that the money came from her own

hoard. That she has a considerable purse is not to be doubted, for she fell on many ways to rob the members of every thing they had in value.

Among other things, she informed them one evening, that they were all to ascend to Heaven next morning; therefore it was necessary they should lay aside all their vanities and ornaments, ordering them, at the same time, to throw their rings, watches, &c. into the ash-hole, which many were foolish enough to do, but some very prudently hid any thing of this kind that belonged to them. Next morning she took out all the people to take their flight; after they had waited till they were tired, not one of them found themselves any lighter than they were the day before, but remained with as firm a footing on the earth as ever.—She again blamed their unbelief—that want of faith prevented their ascension and complained of the hardships she was under in being obliged, through their unbelief, to continue with them in this world. She fell on a new expedient at last to make them light enough to ascend—nothing less was found requisite than to fast for forty days and for forty nights; the experiment was immediately put in practice, and several found themselves at death's door in a short time; she was then obliged to allow them some spirits and water; but many resolved to submit no longer to such regimen, and went off altogether.

IRELAND.

Cork, Nov. 18.

THE house of Mr. Casey, a woollen-drapery, at this city, built in a hilly situation, near the North-bridge, which crosses the river Lee, and contiguous to a rock, which appeared to hang over its roof in the rear, was last night crushed to ruins by a vast fragment of the rock tumbling on it at midnight. The whole of the family, consisting of nine or ten persons, with a gentleman

who arrived in town yesterday, were all in their beds, and every one perished.

Dublin, Nov. 14. On Saturday last the gaoler of Kilmainham delivered up to the Hon. Prime Serjeant Brown, bonds, notes, and securities, to the amount of 5000*l.* in value, which were some time since stolen out of his house in Sackville-Street. They were recovered in consequence of the respite granted to Cunningham, and delivered by

one of his comrades, in hopes of procuring a mitigation of the sentence.

The above robbery was committed under the guidance of a postillon in the Prime Serjeant's service, who admitted the robbers into the stable-yard, where a ladder was procured, by which means they entered the house, through one of the windows. They

went to the Prime Serjeant's bed-chamber, searched his pockets, and having found the key of his escrower, went out without his having awakened, unlocked it, took away all the papers and sixty guineas in cash, and went off very leisurely, without the least disturbance.

C O U N T R Y - N E W S .

November 24.

MR. Needham, a Leicestershire drover, who had been to Smithfield to sell his cattle, on his return as an outside passenger in one of the coaches, was on Wednesday evening taken dead out of the basket at Market Harborough. Upon searching his pockets, 500l. in bank notes, and upwards of 100l. in cash, were found on him. He is supposed to have perished from the cold. It cannot however be said that he died of necessity.

Bristol, Nov. 25. The damage done by a late hurricane at Barbadoes, is nearly confined to the shipping. Letters dated so late as the third of October, brought by the Polly and Charlotte, Capt. Lee, (late Gibraltar) were blown out by the storm, assure us, that the ~~injury~~ effects of the island scarcely felt it, and that there never was a greater prospect of good crops of sugar and cotton than the present year affords, the island having been favoured with very fine and seasonable rains. Part of the cargo of the Generous Plaster, (which was drove ashore and lost) with the hull and stores, were saved.

Chatham, Nov. 29. A poor woman was this week committed to Maidstone gaol, on her own confession, of having been an accessory in a murder. Her declaration to the Justice was as follows;—That about six years ago she lodged at the house of a wo-

man who lived on the Point at Portsmouth, and carried on the employment of a procurer for seamen; that she then cohabited with a marine belonging to the Courageux, who having received about ten guineas prize-money, the daughter of the procurer endeavoured to seduce him to sleep with her that night; but he refused. The marine being intoxicated with liquor, the daughter knocked him down with the poker, and repeated her blows till he was dead; they then all assisted in carrying out the body to the sea-shore; to which fastening stones, they endeavoured to sink it in the water; but finding that ineffectual, they dug a hole in the beach and buried it; the mother afterwards gave her six guineas, if she would not publish the fact, but would go over to Ireland; to which she consented, but her mind was so disturbed in consequence of the part she had taken, that she could have no peace by night or by day; and had therefore given herself up to justice.—A copy of the examination is sent to the mayor at Portsmouth.

Newmarket, Dec. 4. A bet of 1000s. by his Grace the Duke of Queensberry, that Mr. Hull's Quibbler did not run twenty-three miles within the hour. Quibbler won, having performed his ground in fifty-seven minutes, ten seconds. There were numerous bets, and considerable sums won and lost on this occasion.

M O N T H L Y C H R O N I C L E .

Oct. 27.

THE man who had undertaken, for the sum of 20l. to bring to the ground the weathercock upon the spire of the old Abbey Church of St. Alban's, succeeded in his enterprising and very hazardous attempt; he descended about four o'clock in the afternoon, amidst the applauses of a great concourse of people. This adventurer is a young man, by trade a basket-maker; and he made his scaffold from the ground to the top of the spire entirely with osier twigs, forming a serpentine passage, with a kind of landing-place (if the phrase may be allowed) every six or eight steps.

29. This morning as one of the Bath mail-coaches was coming to town, it was

stopped by a highwayman, at Gunnersbury-lane, who was shot dead by the guard on the spot: there were found on him three watches, 25 guineas, and some silver.

Nov. 3. The young man who lately visited Carlisle gaol, and was very liberal to the felons, has since paid a visit to the prisoners in Derby gaol, and pulling out a handful of money, left five guineas to be distributed amongst them, which amounted to about 4s. each. He appeared like a farmer, but by his dusty shoes, seemed as if he had travelled on foot; he is tall, dark hair, and very plain in apparel.

The same person has been at York and Nottingham; at York prison he left five guineas for the felons; and at Nottingham he gave

gave to the felons, ten in number, a guinea each.

Saturday se'night Mr. Simpson, cashier of the Aberdeen Bank, passed through Carlisle, having under his convoy a banditti of eight vagrants, men, women, and children, belonging to a gang of travelling tinkers, whose wives and children generally beg about the country. They were pursued into England for the purpose of recovering a part of 1600*l.* of Scotch notes, which were lost in a pair of bags about two months ago, in Fife-shire; and which were found by a beggarman: but this gang coming up, claimed and took possession of the greatest part of the property. The man who found them is now in Glasgow gaol, and gave information against this party, who were taken at Preston, and money, notes, and goods, to the amount of near 900*l.* recovered. In their progress South, they changed their rags for finery; purchased a caravan, and employed a hardresser at Penrith, where they purchased 160*l.* worth of millinery goods, and before they left that place they were quite metamorphosed, by their dressing in a superior style: during their stay at Penrith, and in the course of their journey, they behaved with the most foolish generosity, and often refused taking change. When taken, they were making merry over a very large bowl of punch.

Capt. Right, lately carried to Corke gaol, in Ireland, was taken at the head of near 600 insurgents, called Right Boys, by two grenadier officers, having only 18 grenadiers under them. This little party has gained great honour by their bravery.—The officers are, Captains George and Charles Duke, sons of Mrs. Duke, a widow lady of Quarly, in Wilts.

4. This day the Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when sentence of death was passed upon twenty-nine capital convicts.

This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the counties of Selkirk and Corke.

9. The Lord-Mayor went to the Eycher Chamber, accompanied by the sheriffs, aldermen, and city-officers, with little more than the state of private gentlemen. None of the shops in Cheap-side, or on Ludgate-hill, were shut up.

The Gazette de Santé, published in France by authority, has made public the following cure for all scrophulous disorders, commonly called KING'S-EVIL, under the sanction of the College of Physicians:—“Take com-

“mon aqua vite, or brandy, 20 ounces;
“of fixed volatile alkali concrete, and gitan root, otherwise called felwort or half-moxy, of each one drachm and a half.
“Let these infuse in the liquor for the space
“of 24 hours before you use it, and let it remain under the root, as it will get
“strength the more it is in that situation.
“The dose is fasting, before dinner and supper, at each time a table-spoonful of the
“mixture.

11. Came on in the King's Bench, a trial at bar in the remarkable cause between Miss Mary Mellish, natural daughter of the late Charles Mellish, esq; of Nottinghamshire, and Elizabeth Rankin, his niece. This cause had been tried at Nottingham before, when a verdict was obtained by Miss Mellish, which was set aside by a subsequent one in the Common Pleas. The deceased made two wills, one in 1774, which gave place to another in 1780. There was also a codicil in 1781, and the contest was, to which of the wills it applied; the plaintiff contending, that the will of 1780 was cancelled by destroying a counterpart in the possession of the testator; and the defendant shewing, that no such counterpart was ever executed. There were four subscribing witnesses to the will, one of whom deposed, that he, together with the others, subscribed two instruments; but his testimony was overturned by the three others, who only acknowledged to have signed one. The whole of the trial resting on this point, the jury were led by the body of evidence, when the plaintiff was nonsuited.

13. The following account, sent to us by a gentleman lately arrived from the East-Indies, contains a fuller relation of the loss of the Cato, than those which have already appeared in the Calcutta and Madras papers:—“In the beginning of the present year, some rumours that had been for some time in circulation concerning the Cato, were confirmed by the arrival of a French packet boat at Ceylon, the crew of which related, that a Maldivè* boat put off to them to barter cocoa nuts for brandy; and that one of the officers perceiving a pistol in the hand of the chief of the Maldivè vessel, desired to examine it. Perceiving it to be uncommonly well mounted, he enquired how they came by it; when they informed him by means of a Moorish interpreter, who spoke tolerable French, that an English man of war had some time before been cast away on one of the islands named Santa Maria, and that the

* The Maldivia islands are a cluster of low on this side the island of Ceylon.

islands in the Indian ocean, about 500 miles

sailors wanted to take their wives and their daughters from them; whereupon the king resolved that they should die, and accordingly he artfully prevailed on them to remove to another island, pretending that he was uneasy at having so many strangers near him. This proposal met the approbation of the Cato's officers and crew, and particularly as they depended upon being furnished with a Maldivian vessel, of burthen sufficient to carry them to one of the nearest English settlements. Upon the crew's being arrived on this island, a number of natives from the different islands, who had been treacherously concealed in a large cave, rushed upon the unhappy English, armed with European and other weapons; and having overpowered them, threw them from a rocky precipice into a deep cavern; and those who were not killed by the fall, were crushed by heavy stones thrown on them.—The account further stated, that most of the Cato's company were drowned, when the ship was wrecked; as the number who escaped did not amount to more than 140.—It is supposed that this unhappy event took place in February 1782.

Whitchell, Nov. 24. This morning one of the king's messengers, dispatched by the right honourable William Eden, arrived with the most christian king's ratification of the treaty of navigation and commerce, signed the 26th of September last, which was exchanged with Mr. Eden, against his majesty's ratification, on the 20th instant, at Fountainbleau, by his most christian majesty's commissary and plenipotentiary.

18. This night's Gazette contains addresses to his majesty from the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, Berwick, Lanark, and Ayr; the bishop and clergy, and the mayor, aldermen, and citizens of Carlisle; the synods of Dumfries, Angus and Mearns; and the franchise of Wenlock in Salop.

A very important discovery, has lately been made at Calcutta, respecting the influence of the moon in fevers and other diseases incident to the human race:

“Doctor Balfour, who has lived at Bengal upwards of 14 years, has observed the influence of this planet to shew itself with respect to fevers in a very remarkable manner, and has found from repeated experience—

1st. That, in Bengal, a constant and particular attention to the revolution of the moon, is of the greatest consequence in the cure and prevention of fevers. 2d. That the influence of the moon in fevers prevails, in a similar manner, in every inhabited part of the globe; and consequently, that a si-

ilar attention to it is a matter of general importance, in the practice of medicine.”

21. Orders having been given for removing Mr. Aylett (the attorney convicted of perjury) in a coach, as privately as possible, he was on Tuesday morning at eight o'clock, taken from Newgate to the King's Arms, Palace Yard, by Mr. Blades, and other attendants.

At twelve the culprit was brought out, and placed upon the pillory, where his head and hands were completely locked down, according to the true intention of the law. The hissing, hooting, hallooing, and shouting, was incessant for a few seconds. The sheriff, under-sheriffs, high-constables, &c. kept moving within the circle, in contrary directions, and at the same time that it very much relieved the scene, it had the effect of keeping the strictest decorum. The crowd upon the houses, in the coffee-houses, in coaches, and on horseback, was very great. The culprit was turned round four or five times, and saluted with a fresh peal of hooting, accompanied with loud bursts of laughter; but it did not appear that the least attempt was made to throw any thing at him.

After the culprit was on the pillory a full hour, he was taken out; the officers drawing themselves into a phalanx, to conduct him back to the King's Arms. In about half an hour the mob was dispersed, and Mr. Aylett was reconducted to Newgate.

22. The following prisoners were executed on the platform opposite Newgate; viz. James Wood, Thomas Tanner, and Henry Lenham, for feloniously stealing in the dwelling-house of William Taylor, two gowns, two shirts, and other apparel; John Shepherd, for a robbery on the highway; George Woolford, and William White, for highway robberies; and Henry Brown, for burglary.

23. This day was transferred at the Bank the sum of 471,000l. on account of the Landgrave of Hesse, so much being due for Hessian soldiers lost in the American war, at 30l. a man.

24. Letters from Normandy give an account of an act of heroism that deserves to be recorded. In the storm between the 6th and 7th of last month, the vessel commanded by Captain Robert of Fecamp, was driven on shore, when Jean Francois Pestel, of the parish of Bernier sur Mer, judging that it was scarcely possible the vessel could escape being overset, undressed himself, and having tied a rope about his wrist, plunged into the sea, and gained the shore, notwithstanding the extreme darkness of the night, and the fury of the wind and waves. By means of this rope he saved the lives of ten persons

be left on board, and in two minutes after the last had quitted the ship, she was dashed to pieces.

Notwithstanding the immense numbers which compose that astonishing shoal of herrings which annually, in the month of June, comes from the North sea, and in its passage visits these kingdoms, a bulk which is supposed to exceed the size of Great Britain and Ireland,—yet the fecundity of this fish is not nearly so great as that of several other kinds. Mr. Harmer, in his accurate tables, has instanced the increase of the herring in the following manner. A herring, caught the 25th of Oct. weighed 5 oz. 10 penny-weights; the weight of the spawn was 480 grains, and the number of its eggs thirty-six thousand nine hundred and sixty. But a cod-fish, taken Dec. the 23d, contained 12,540 grains of spawn, and the number of its eggs was three millions six hundred and eighty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty. The fecundity of the flounder he has also shewn to be nearly one million and a half.

25. This night's Gazette contains addresses to his Majesty from Whitehaven, Kirkwall, Elgin, Tain, Wick, the Ministers and Elders of Lothian and Tweedale, and from the boroughs of Cocker-mouth and Milborne-Port.

27. A city has been lately discovered not more than 130 leagues from Petersburg,

which in the magnificence of its ruins nearly equals those of Tadmor, and in the elegance of the vases, statues, &c. which have been found there, surpasses any thing that has been discovered in Herculaneum.

Lieutenant Egde, in his Danish majesty's service, who was left by captain Lowenorn at Iceland, to go on the discovery of East Greenland, arrived in Copenhagen on the 4th of this month, with the agreeable and important news, that he had approached within two miles of that country, hitherto unknown, where he saw cattle grazing, but that the ice prevented his going farther.

29. At a general meeting of the subscribers to the design of paying a public grateful tribute to the character of Mr. Howard, held at the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand, Mr. Alderman Boydell in the chair, Resolved, That as there is a great difference between the request of an individual and that of a community, there is room to hope Mr. Howard may, upon due consideration, overcome the repugnance, testified in letters to several of his friends (and by them communicated to the meeting) to the objects proposed by this subscription; and consent that a grateful community may, by erecting a statue to him, do itself the honour of shewing that it is not unworthy of such a member.

B I R T H S, DECEMBER 1786.

THE Duchefs of Grafton of a daughter.

The Lady of the Right Honourable

Lord Napier, of a son and heir, at Kinsale, in Ireland.

P R E F E R M E N T S, Nov. & Dec. 1786.

THE Right Hon. Sir John Parnell, Bt. Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, to be one of his Majesty's Privy Council of this Kingdom.

John Henry Cochrane, Esq. to be one of the Commissioners for the receipt and management of his Majesty's customs in Scotland.

The honour of knighthood on John Wilson, Esq. lately appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Common-Pleas.

Corps of Engineers. Colonel Sir William Green, to be chief engineer, vice Major-General James Bramham, dec. Lieut. Colonel John Phipps, to be Colonel; Capt. Frederick Geo. Mulcaster, to be Lieutenant-colonel: Capt. Lieut. John Wade, to be captain.

30th. regiment of foot. Major-General Williams Roy, to be colonel, vice John Par-

slow. Brevet-Major William Gunn, of the 6th dragoons, to be Lieutenant-governor of Chester, vice Thomas Frazer. Brevet-Capt. William Wemyss, to be deputy Adjutant-general of the forces in North-Britain, with the rank of major, vice Alex. Ross.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been pleased to appoint Dr. Gilbert Blane to be Physician to the household, in the room of Dr. Hallifax, promoted to be his Royal Highness's Physician, and Dr. David Pitcairne, to be one of his Royal Highness's physicians extraordinary.

The Rev. Mr. John Keet, to the office of Reader and Preacher to his Majesty's household at Hampton Court, vice Dr. Richard Dickson Lillington, dec.

Sir Alexander Munro, Knt. and Richard Frewin, Esq. to be Commissioners for the management of his Majesty's custom duties

in England, vice Sir Stanier Porten, *knt.* retired, and John Jefferys, *Esq.* dec.

Dr. Berkeley, prebendary of Canterbury (son of the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne) to the rectory of St. Clement Danes, Strand.

Earl of Ailesbury to be a Knight of the Thistle.

Mr. Richard Davis, of Lewknor, Oxfordshire, to be Topographer in ordinary to his Majesty, vice George King, dec.

Charles Bannor, *Esq.* to be Resident Surveyor and Deputy to the Comptroller-General of the Post Office.

Sir Clifton Wintringham, *Bart.* to be Physician to his Majesty's forces, vice Sir Edward Wilmot, dec.

Thomas Leggat, *gent.* to be Deputy Commissary of the musters at Scilly.

The Rev. Dr. Elliott, master of Sidney College, Cambridge, to be Vice Chancellor of Cambridge, vice the right worshipful Sir James Marriott, *Knt.* LL. D. Master of Trinity-hall, who has declined accepting the office of Vice-Chancellor.

James Kilkpatrick, *esq.* Recorder, of

Bridport, to be Town-Clerk of Bristol, vice Sir Abraham Elton, *bart.* resigned.

His Grace the Duke of Portland, High Steward of the city of Bristol.

Dr. Joddrell, F. R. S. physician to the London Hospital.

The Rev. Dr. Lamb, rector of Cheping Warden, in Northamptonshire, Principal of Magdalen Hall, vice Dr. Denison.

The Rev. George Travis, A. M. (author of the letters to Mr. Gibbon) to the Archdeaconry of Chester, vice the Rev. Mr. Taylor, resigned.

Sir Richard Jebb, *bart.* physician in ordinary to his Majesty, vice Sir Edward Wilmot, *bart.* dec.

General Fawcett and Lord Galway to be Knights of the Bath.

The Hon. Wm. Elphinstone, *esq.* to be a Director of the E. India Company, vice Rich. Hall, *esq.* dec.

The honour of knighthood on Richard Arkwright, of Worsworth, in the county of Derby, *esq.*

MARRIAGES, Nov. and Dec. 1786.

GEORGE Douglas, *esq.* M. P. for Roxburghshire, to Lady Eliz. Boyle, daughter of the late Earl of Glasgow.

The rev. Mr. Johnson, curate of Ashley in Staffordshire, to Lady Townley, eldest of the late Sir C. Towaley, *knt.*

Sir G. W. Farmer, *bart.* of Mount Pleasant in Sussex, to Miss Sophia Kenrick, third daughter of Richard Kenrick, *esq.* of Nantclwyd in Denbighshire.

At Ormskirk, Capt. Connor, aged 74, to Miss Latham, aged 27.

At Southampton, Dr. Carter, to Miss Mary Lee, of Corn-Hall, Shropshire.

John Buckworth Herne, *esq.* to Miss Price, daughter of Sir Cha. Price of Blount's court, Berks.

P. W. Colebrooke, *esq.* of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Eliz. Jane Grant, of Woolwich.

Storor Braumont, of Barrow upon Soar, *esq.* to Mrs. E. Mounsey, of Lincoln.

The rev. Edward Jacob, rector of Shillington, Dorset, to Miss White, of Marlborough.

The rev. Thomas Topping, of Iwerne, Dorset, to Miss Mary Turner, daughter of the Rev. Wm. Turner, of Roxborough.

John William Commerell, *Esq.* of the horse guards, to Miss Bosanquet, of Bedford square.

At Bradfield, near Bury, the Rev. Mr. Smyth, rector of Euston, to Miss Burton.

Lieut. John Boscawen Savage, of the marines, to Miss Cock, of Portsmouth,

Robert Lambeth, *Esq.* of Dorchester, to Miss Sibella Green, of Exeter.

The Rev. John Williams, M. A. fellow of Jesus college, to Miss Dolben, of Rhinewadaw, in Merionethshire,

Charles Cracroft, of Tretower in Breconshire, *Esq.* to Miss Watkins, daughter of Walter Watkins, *Esq.* of Dan-y-graig, near Abergavenny.

Walter Rice Howell, *Esq.* of Mafegwyn, to Miss Rees, youngest daughter of the late William Rees, *Esq.* of Laugharn.

Thomas Carr, M. D. to Miss Godby, daughter of Robert Godby, *Esq.* senior Alderman of Huntingdon.

At Winchester, the Hon. Capt. de Courcy, brother to Lord Kinsale, to Miss Ann Blennerhasset, niece to Major Poole, Lieutenant-Governor of Pendennis castle.

The Rev. Henry Eyre, of Landford, Wilts, to Miss Frances Pettward, of Putney, Surry.

John Johnston, *Esq.* late commander of the Barrington East-Indiaman, to Miss Carter, daughter of the late Richard Carter, *Esq.* banker.

Major Eyre Coote, of the 47th regiment, to Miss Sarah Rodbard.

The Rev. William Nelson, M. A. rector of Hillborough, in Norfolk, to Miss Young, sister of the Archdeacon of Norwich.

Robert Colville, *Esq.* of Horn-ington-hall, in Suffolk, to Miss Agill, daughter of Sir Charles Agill, *Bart.*

Colonel Fox, younger brother to the Hon. C. Fox,

C. Fox, to Miss Clayton, sister to Lady Howard.

Colonel St. George, of the 70th regiment, to Miss Chenevix, grand-daughter to Dr. Chenevix, late Bishop of Waterford, with a fortune of 60,000l.

John Moultrie, Esq. son of Gov. Moultrie, to Miss Ball, eldest daughter of Col. Ball, resident in Bristol.

Sir James Hall, of Douglafs, Bart. to Lady Helen Douglas, daughter to the Earl of Selkirk.

Francis Wilson, Esq. of Somerset-Place, 60 Mrs. Linkill, of Newcastle upon Tyne.

At Wantage, the Rev. Edward Shaw, vicar of that parish, to Mrs. Seymour.

Colonel Culler, of his Majesty's 55th regiment of foot, to Miss Grant, daughter of Major Grant, of Shrewsbury.

John Lipira, Esq. of Mile-end, to Miss Quarrill, only daughter of William Quarrill, Esq. of Snaresbrook, in Essex.

At Southampton, — Jelly, Esq. to Miss Lucy Sharp, late of Compton, near Snaresbury.

At Southampton, Edward Fiott, Esq. commander of the Hartwell East-India-man, to Miss Sarah Lys, of that town.

The Hon. Miss Arundell, Countess of the sacred Roman Empire, youngest daughter of Lord Arundell, Count of the Roman Empire, to the Hon. Charles Clifford, brother to Lord Clifford.

Mr. Thomas Barlow, jun. of Leeds, to

Miss Rudd, daughter of Dr. Rudd, of Darlington.

James Henry Lee, Esq. of Adlestrop, in Gloucestershire, nephew to the Duke of Chandos, to the Hon. Miss Twissleton, eldest daughter of Lord Saye and Sele.

The Right Hon. Lord Henry Murray, brother to his Grace the Duke of Athol, to Miss Kent, daughter of Richard Kent, Esq. of Liverpool.

William Afsheton, Esq. of Cuedale, in Lancashire, to Miss Brooke, sister of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart. of Norton Priory in Cheshire.

The Rev. Mr. Lancaster, of Queen's college, to Miss Ping, of Oxford.

Lieutenant Colonel Emmerick, to the second daughter of John Spateman, Esq. merchant of London.

At Blackburn, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, to Miss Sophia Ricketts.

The Rev. Charles Bertie, M. A. rector of Honiton, to Miss Lucy Ewings: the gentleman is in his 84th year, the lady in her 64th.

Thomas Seawell, Esq. of Boskham, in Surrey, to Miss Newcombe, of Hackney.

John Thurlow Dering, Esq. of Crowhall, in Norfolk, to Miss Rebecca, by, of Skipington, in Leicestershire.

Hale Young Wortham, Esq. of Aspeden in Hert, to Miss Proctor, daughter of Thomas Proctor, Esq. of Benges-hall.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, DEC. 1786.

November 16.

MRS. Catherine Simond, in the 93th year of her age.

20. At Edmonton, aged 82, Mrs. Jane Aldworth, relict of Mr. Aldworth, of Athwell, in Hertfordshire.

21. Sir Edward Wilmot, bart. of Chadefelden, in Derbyshire, in the 94th year of his age. He had been physician to the royal family 42 years.

Mr. Richard Crush, of Roxwell, Essex, aged 84.

Mr. Thomas Godfrey, farmer, in Boreham, aged 85.

At Kingland Place, Mr. Maurice Dreyer, in the 50th year of his age.

Thomas Berney, Esq. aged 33, justice of the peace for the county of Norfolk.

Lately at Curke, Mr. West Digges, formerly of the Haymarket Theatre. His first appearance on the stage was at Dublin, in 1749.

23. At Wincanton, Somersetshire, Mr. Thomas Gapper, late of the Inner Temple.

John Wormald, esq. merchant and alderman of Leeds.

William Walker, esq. of Crow Nest, near Halifax.

Lately at Powick, near Worcester, Mrs. Russell, wife of William Russell, esq. and niece to Lord Somers.

24. Sir Walter Stirling, of Harpur-street, Red Lion-square.

Mrs. Turpin, wife of Mr. Turpin, bookseller, St. John's-street.

The Rev. Mr. Edward Clarke, rector of Buxted, Suffex. He was formerly chaplain to the Embassy to Spain, and author of a 4to. volume of Letters on Spain.

Lately at Plymouth Dock, of a fever caught by sleeping in a damp bed at an inn, aged 24. the Rev. Samuel Nanjulia, late of Trinity College, Oxford.

25. At Deptford, Captain Thomas Robinson, aged 98, upwards of 50 years a Commander in the West-India trade.

26. Mr. Fremont, apothecary, at Brompton.

Mrs. Dunn, of Tavistock-street, Bedford-square,

square, relict of Tho. Dunn, Esq. of Dulwich.

At Bell Dock, Wapping, Capt. Savage, for several years owner and commander in the West-India trade.

Lately at Kensington, Winwood Serjeant, Esq. many years a land-surveyor of the customs of the port of London.

27. Mrs. Parsons, of Lower Grosvenor-street.

At Waterstock, Mrs. Ashhurst, mother of Mr. Justice Ashhurst.

Mr. Jefferey, ironmonger, Oxford-street.

Lately at Winchester, the Rev. William Cawthorne Unwin, rector of Stock cum Ramsden, in Essex,

28. Thomas Spring, Esq. of the Custom-house, in which he had been 40 years.

Mrs. Rous, daughter of Thomas Rous, Esq. of Piercesfield, Monmouthshire.

At Edinburgh, William Wallace, Esq. Advocate, Sheriff Depute of Ayrshire, Professor of Scots law in the University, and one of the Assessors to the city of Edinburgh.

Miss Jane Rous-Drummond, at York.

29. At the Manor-house, Oxlwick, the Rev. Archibald Crawford, Master of the

Academy there, and formerly of the Academies in Hatton-Garden and Cross-street.

— Wayer, Esq. of Bishop's Hall, in Essex.

Mrs. Tatterfal, of New Quebec-street, Marybone.

The Rev. Mr. La Trobe, in the 59th year of his age.

At Sabbergham, in Cumberland, Isaac Denton, Esq. Steward to the Bishop of Carlisle.

30. At Lowesby-Hall, Leicestershire, Sir Thomas Fowke, Groom of the Bed-chamber to the Duke of Cumberland.

Lately at Lisbon, George Speake, Esq. of Jordans, near Ilminster, Somersetshire.

D.E.C. 1. At Upper Clapton, Mr. Zachariah Gisborne, in partnership with Messrs. Crank, wine-merchants, in Cannon-street.

George Lucy, Esq. of Chafficote, in Warwickshire.

2. Mr. Edward Shewell, at Camberwell, stock-broker.

Mr. William Pyner, younger son of Mr. Pyner, of Lombard-street.

4. Mr. Jolliffe, Gardener, at Lambeth, in the 76th year of his age.

5. At York, the Rev. Richard Tillard, Vicar of Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

BANKRUPTS.

William Sutton and Isaac Cooper, of Cheap-side, goldsmiths. Joseph Wilkinson and John Milligan, of Bishop Bonner's Hall, Bethnal-green, cowkeepers. Philip Day, of Cheap-side, carver. John Farrar, late of Liverpool, brewer. George Lewis, of Bristol, glover. Benjamin White, now or late of Cirencester, Gloucestershire, dealer. Thomas Jephcott, formerly of Daventry, Northamptonshire, ironmonger. John Meadowcroft, of Heap, Lancashire, and Robert Healey, of Bamford, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. Thomas Ansley, of Newland, Gloucester, cornfactor. Joseph Pasmore, of Church-street, Deptford, bricklayer. Vivian Davenport, of Coventry-street, Lincoln-draper. Robert Solloway, of Gloucester, pin-maker. Samuel Cheesewright, of Aldersgate-street, hosier. Joseph Bowles and Richard Bowles, of Great Ryburgh, in Norfolk, millers. James Radcliffe, of Worcester, mercer. James Welcombe, of Williton, Somerset, draper. Thomas Legg, of Bristol, vintner. Thomas Bingham, of Gainborough, draper. Richard Perkins, late of Holborn, horse-dealer. Robert Barnard, of St. Mary, Rotherhithe, Surry, broker. James Carter Hornblower, of Bris-

tol, iron-manufacturer. Richard Earwaker, late of Prifat, Hants, but now of Chertsey, Surrey, dealer. William Jones, of St. Catherine's Bridge, shipbuilder. Sir Lawrence Cox, Knt. late of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, but now of Scotland-yard, timber-merchant. Mary Sheppard, of Bond-street, milliner. Robert Denbigh Hicks, late of Teddington in Bedfordshire, apothecary. Sarah Goldsworthy, late of Taunton Saint Mary Magdalen, Somerset, mercer. Robert Dunlop, of St. Mary-Axe, merchant. Charles Bruce, late of Northampton, shopkeeper. Thomas Smith, of North Nibley, in Gloucestershire, blanket manufacturer. Abraham Schroder, of Litchfield-street, tailor. William Stark, of Bluecoat-buildings, Aldersgate, merchant. William Langley, of Newton Abbott, Devonshire, grocer. Thomas Scarisbrick, of Kendal, Westmoreland, dy-falter. Adam Hill, late of Heap, Lancashire, woollen manufacturer. Thomas Dod, late of George-street, but now of Broad-street, lace-man. Alexander Thom, of Pancras-lane, factor. Robert Hopper, late of Gravesend, Kent, dealer. Edward Leigh, of Lothbury, haberdasher. Thomas Sprent, of Oxford-street, ironmonger.

† The Domestic Intelligence, as well as all the Monthly Lists and Theatrical Register, will be given complete to the End of the Year, in our next Number, together with the Index to this Volume.



S U P P L E M E N T
T O T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER 1786.
T H E A T R I C A L J O U R N A L .

C O V E N T - G A R D E N .

TUESDAY night, Dec. 26, a Pantomime entitled "*The Enchanted Castle*," was performed for the first time. The arrangement of the scenes, and the literary part of the performance, is by Mr. Andrews. The music is principally composed by Mr. Shield; a few airs only are compiled; and in the design and execution of some very delightful scenery, Mess. Richards and Carver have infinitely exceeded their former labours.

It being impossible to give a particular description of every scene in this novel exhibition, we shall only attempt to give a sketch of them in general.

Harlequin and his man Zana are shipwrecked on an enchanted island, where they would have been subjected to the powers of a formidable magician, and two of his diabolical auxiliaries; but fortunately Zana has procured the bough of a sacred tree, which possesses virtue sufficient to counteract all the tremendous powers of necromancy. They are informed by the Genius of the Wood of the efficacy of this bough, it having hitherto preserved them; he, however, changes it for the usual wand of the *malley here*, with which he commences his adventures. Thus fortified, Harlequin ventures through all the mazes of an enchanted castle, and a succession of scenes are presented to the audience, calculated to inspire an awful terror. In this castle Columbine, who is the daughter of a Nabob, is confined; and Harlequin, after encountering many intimidating horrors, effects her release from the captivity of magic: but while they are taking a repast, the ardour of his passion occasions him to make a trespass upon her chastity, which she repulses with virtuous indignation, and is taken away from him. For this attempt he is deprived of his speech, but is directed to Boston in America, by the Genius, who tells him that he shall there recover it. Harlequin arrives at Boston, and regains his speech. A *vaudeville* is introduced, the contents of which Zana undertakes to explain; and this constitutes a vehicle for some strokes of temporary ridicule, in the different scenes it is supposed to display; at last it is opened, and Columbine issues forth, and the lovers are reconciled. From this place they depart in a vessel for England, which is unfortunately swallowed up in a dreadful tempest; but Neptune

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afterwards releases them, and they arrive safe in London: they visit Guildhall, and Harlequin exerts the influence of his powerful wand, which brings down Gog and Magog, who present their formidable persons to the audience. They are afterwards involved in whimsical adventures, from which they are, as usual, relieved; and Harlequin, at last, in the grand temple of the Nabob, the father of Columbine, receives the hand of his fair mistress, which completes his happiness.

The Poetry is better than usually falls to the lot of a Pantomime; as the following specimen will evince.

A I R.—HYMN.

'Tis your's to possess, if you practise no harm,
In the *hymns* of joy, life's most exquisite charm!

What no wealth can procure, what no power can remove,
That purest of passions, the virgin's first love.

How sweet is the candour of youth to impart
The earliest impression that fixes the heart!
Which fondly betrays, while it strives to reprove

The glance, and the sigh, and the whisper of love.

To read in that language which eyes only speak,

The tender avowal that flushes the cheek;
That softness which nature and reason approve,

When sanctus'd by honor, and waken'd by love.

Oh, cherish that bliss, which so rarely is found!

Be your vows with the wreath of fidelity crown'd;

Then bless in the wife, new endearments you'll prove,

To equal the charms of the Virgin's first love.

Wednesday morning the 27th, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived at the seat of the Earl of Sandwich, at Hinchinbroke, near Huntingdon. In the evening his Highness attended his Lordship's domestic theatre, in the middle of the frontispiece of which was his Royal Highness's crest, and

3 P

the

the following quotation, from one of Virgil's Eclogues,

Melius cum veneris ipse canemus.

The performances were preceded by the following PROLOGUE (said to have been written by the Earl of Sandwich), which was delivered by Launcelot Brown, Esq. Member of Parliament for Huntingdon, and followed by the representation of the *Mack Doctor*, and *The Remp*, in which the characters were supported by Ladies and Gentlemen of his Lordship's acquaintance. *High Life below Stairs*, and the *Virgin Unmask'd*, were also acted. His Royal Highness left Hinchinbroke on Friday at noon.

It must be observed, that the former motto of Lord Sandwich's private theatre was,

Reascensur quæ jam cecidit.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken before the PRINCE of WALES, at HINCHINBROKE, the Seat of the Earl of SANDWICH, Dec. 27th, 1787.

VOLTAIRE, with wit, and every science blest'd,

By Princes envy'd, and carest'd,
Long in each polish'd Court of Europe shin'd,
By turns the scorn and wonder of mankind.
From Court at length to rural shades remov'd,
And still attended by the Muse he lov'd,
With youthful sports he sooth'd declining age,
And was himself an actor on his stage;
Of all the various systems he profess'd,
He found that Mirth and Laughter was the best.

Friends to his cause, his doctrine we embrace,
And dedicate to Mirth this ancient place;
With his example plac'd before our eyes,
This rural Theatre is bid to rise.

And now, while Faction tears this faded isle,

And hireling penmen each good act-revile;
When BRITAIN, from some late events, may fear

New sets of rulers, almost every year;
When modern Patriots solemnly declare,
No country can such heavy burthens bear,
Yet void of shame, with unembarrass'd face,
Double those odious taxes when in place;
Let us with judgment our condition scan,
And say, Retirement is the wisest plan,
There, with good cheer, and pastimes such
as these,

The neigh'ring circles we each night may please,

And with our friends, thus innocently gay,
Sport the remaining term of life away.

But let me add, that if our humble state
Attracts the notice of the good and great;
If those most elevated on the earth,
Respected for their virtues more than birth,

To visit these abodes should condescend,
And to our trifles their attention lend,
No longer will we call it a retreat,—
The world shall envy this much-honour'd
feat.

PROLOGUE

To the Tragedy of ELOISA.

Spoken by Mr. POPE.

THAT Culpit's fate is ever counted hard,
Who meets no trial, and is doom'd unheard,
Our youthful Poet, yet an infant Muse,
Whom critics censure, and whom foes abuse,
Asks but that candour you so oft have shewn,
And all his terrors, all his fears are flown.
Yet, by his future fame, he bade me say,
Though sense nor genius smile upon his lay,
Still he will never prostitute his page
To injure Virtue, or degrade the Stage.

Rouffeu, long since revolving in his mind
The various miseries decreed mankind,
With partial pity and peculiar care,
Recall'd the torrows of a love-torn pair:
That pair! whose sorrows every breast has
sigh'd,
Who liv'd lamenting, and lamented died.

Wrapt in their story, he a tale began,
Which though resembling, varied in its plan.
What once was Abelard he call'd St. Preux,
But to poor ELOISE he still was true.
He drew her form, her animated mien,
Her artless virtue, and her pride serene.
A gallant Briton too adorn'd his page,
A generous Husband, and a female Sage.

Such were the characters his fancy drew,
And such the scenes our Bard presents to you.
Yet much they're vap'd, much perchance are
marr'd,

For little has he watch'd his brother Bard.
Though hapless ELOISE is still the same,
Though lost St. Preux still maddens at her
name;

Yet other heroes, other scenes are shewn,
And the whole tale is neatly made his own,
But when he thinks how often you have
spar'd,

How oft' have pitied an afflicted Bard,
He hopes to meet a merciful reward.

EPILOGUE

To the Tragedy of ELOISA.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS,

Written by M. P. ANDREWS, Esq.
RELEASED from scenic care, that mourn-
ful art,

Which paints in tears the anguish of the heart;
Freed from those wounds, which ever rankling
prove,

No thornless roses deck the wreath of Love;

The well-feign'd story done, and every Breast
With real or fictitious woes impress;
(For oft the soften'd mind, when pensive
grown

From other's ills, will contemplate its own)
Be't mine some cleaveful moments to renew;
And chasing flow, wake reflection too.

To you, ye fair, I make my first appeal,
Ere Fashion's witchery o'er your senses steal;
Ere rip'ning Winter, big with fancy'd joy,
Scarce leaves one pause for reason to employ;
Routs, concerts, balls, assemblies o'er and o'er,
With friendly visits to—each other's door;
The private party, where, full nine in ten,
Just mount the star-cave, and trip down
again:

Thou to the sprightly Opera eager prance,
And crowd the Coffee-room to—view the
dance;

Or on grand gallop, scouring to and fro,
Pass a delightful evening—in the snow.

Ere thus immerg'd in Pleasure's gay career,
(Two months usurp th' enjoyment of a year)
Say, shall I quit a while my humble walk,
And join the tonish world in sprightly talk?

"Aye, do," cries naughty Lady Susan Highup,

"Dear Mrs. *Muttock*, what a part to cry up!

"How! love a man only because he's good—

"Whose vulgar veins can't boast one drop
of blood;

"What's youth and grace in commoners
forthwith?

"I'd rather wed a Duke without a tooth."

"And so would I without a single feature,"

Cries sweet Miss *Dripping*; fashionable
creature!

Papa, (a tallow-chandler by descent),

Had read "how learning is most excellent;"

So Miss, return'd from boarding-school at
Bow,

Waits to be finish'd by Mama and Co.

"See, (proue,) (says Ma) how spruce our
Nan and tall,

"I'll lay she cuts a dash at Lord Mayor's
ball."

In bolts the maid—"Ma'm!—Miss's master's
come!"

Away fly Ma and *Nan* to dancing-room.

"Walk in, Monsieur—come *Nan*—draw
up like me."

"Ma foi, Madame!—Miss like you as two
pea!"

Monsieur takes out his kit—the scene begins—

Miss trusses up—my lady-mother grins—

"Ma'mselle, me teach a you de step to tread—

"First turn a your toe—then turn a your
little head—

"One—two—tree—sink a—rise a—balance
hon!

"Now entre-chat—and now the cotillon.

(*Imitating the different steps.*)

"Pardieu!—Mam'selle be von enchanting
girl,

"Me no surprize to see he'ved an Earl!"

"With all my heart, (says Miss) Monsieur,
I'm ready"

"I dream'd last night, Ma, I should be a lady."

Thus doth *Dripping*, all important grown,
Expect to shine with *her* not their own.

New airs are got, fresh graces, and fresh
washes,

New caps, new gauze, new feathers, and
new fashes;

'Till just complete for conquest at Guildhall,
Down comes an order to suspend the ball:

Miss screams—Ma scolds—Pa seems t'have
lost his tether,

Caps, custards, coronets—all sink together!
Papa resumes his jacket, dips away—

And Miss lives single 'till next Lord May's
day.

May no such disappointment wait our head,
But all his labors meet their best reward.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

A Letter from Dinant, dated Dec. 2, says, "the castle of this place, which, in the course of last war, was used as a receptacle for prisoners taken at sea, has been lately blown down by one of the heaviest gales of wind that ever has been experienced in this part of the world. There was only four prisoners (natives) committed by the Commissary, two of whom were buried in the ruins, and were afterwards dug out dead; the others made their escape, and have not since been heard of.

We hear from Vienna, that in consequence of the number of prostitutes which appear in public, the Emperor has determined there shall be four houses assigned for their residence, and that they shall not be suffered on

any account to appear in the streets, to corrupt the manners of the people. It is said the convent of St. Laurent is to be appropriated for this purpose.

Naples, Dec. 2. The 13th of last month a terrible battle was fought near the island of Corfica, between a Maltese frigate commanded by a Noble Knight of Malta, and an Algerine cruiser of equal force; the engagement began at ten o'clock in the morning, and continued without intermission till two in the afternoon, during which time they were along-side each other frequently, fighting yard-arm and yard-arm with the most determined resolution. The Algerines made several attempts to board sword in hand, but were vigorously repulsed every time

with great slaughter.—The Maltese, who are sworn enemies to the infidels, shewed astonishing bravery through the whole action, and fought like so many furies, determined never to strike; but at last unfortunately their ship caught fire, and in a short time blew up, and all on board perished except one man, who was taken up the next day upon a piece of the mast by a small bark, and brought in here a miserable spectacle. By this man's account, it is generally believed, what remained of the pirates must have sunk soon after, as their vessel was entirely dismasted, and in a very shattered condition a considerable time before the frigate blew up. He further says, that the Maltese frigate had not above 40 left alive, when she took fire, out of the whole complement, and that the captain and first lieutenant were killed in the beginning of the action.

The present winter has been felt very severely in most parts of the continent. The Danube was frozen over near Vienna so

early as the beginning of October; great quantities of snow fell about the Appennines and Pyrenees in the course of last month, and destroyed vast numbers of cattle and sheep. On the 6th of this month no fewer than 11 English ships and 28 of other nations were ice-bound in the harbour of Cronstadt.

By accounts from Naples, we hear that Mount Vesuvius, which had been tolerably free from eruptions for near eleven months, had on the 31st of October last, burst with uncommon violence, and thrown up vast quantities of calcined stones. The lava destroyed several vineyards four miles from the volcano six days after, and continued burning with great fury when the letters, which are dated the 23d of Nov. last, came away. It is remarkable, that no previous notice of this eruption was heard by any subterraneous noise taking place, which has generally heretofore been observed,

C O U N T R Y - N E W S.

Roth, Dec. 9.

ON Thursday morning last about three o'clock, a fire the most furious in its consequences that ever happened in this city, broke out in the house of Charles Hayward, in Avon-street; every apartment in which was occupied by poor persons. Before any of the wretched lodgers were alarmed, the fire had got to such a height, that only seven out of fourteen were saved, two of whom jumped from the window of the attic story.—The names of those that perished were Eliz. Yapp (the widow of a razor-grinder) and her daughter who sold matches; Mary Hayward, daughter of the keeper of the house; Catherine Woolley, (a basket woman, whose husband had left her) and her two children; and a travelling boy who was sick.—Hayward and his wife, and Eliz. Priestly, were among those that escaped; the latter was so much hurt in her knee by the fall, that it is feared an amputation must take place, if her life can be preserved.—Every article in the house was consumed; and the poor creatures, reduced to the greatest distress, are humble supplicants for the benevolence of the humane.

The screams of the miserable sufferers were dreadful beyond description, and the situation in which they were found truly affecting.—Elizabeth Yapp, kneeling at the feet of the bed with one arm round her daughter's neck; the daughter lying on the bed, with her arms round her mother's waist. Catherine Woolley, with her two children, under the bed. The young man who was ill of the small-pox, lying by the bed-side; and Hayward's daughter lying across the bed, with her legs hanging over, and almost

burnt off. Hayward was burnt in the face in attempting to save his daughter.

The fire began in the ground-floor, and was first discovered by the lodgers under ground!—Hayward procured water with a design of putting it out, but on opening the door the flames were so fierce, as to scorch him considerably, and the stair-case instantly taking fire, prevented the escape of his daughter, who had ran up stairs to alarm the lodgers above.

Lewes, Dec. 11. About eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, the St. Aulfie, a Cornish sloop, Capt. Walter Colner, from East Loos, laden with oats, barley, &c. was driven on shore near the place where a Spanish ship had stuck, and in a short time was dashed to pieces. The captain and crew, four in number, quitted the wreck in time to save themselves, but a young couple, passengers, who could not be prevailed on to leave the vessel, unhappily perished. The unfortunate lady, who was related to Lord Courtney, (who had procured her husband a place in the Admiralty-office, of which he was going to take possession) some time after the sloop struck, presented herself in a situation which, if possible, added horror to the scene, being suspended by the heels in the rigging, which had entangled her, till the wreck went to pieces, when the merciless ocean overwhelmed her, and she was no more seen.

The Captain says, that so averse was Mr. Giles (that being his name), who perished, to leaving the wreck, that after he and his crew had got safe to land, he lashed himself to a rope and swam again to the wreck, and having boarded her, fastened a rope round Mrs. Giles, for the purpose of having her hauled

hauled on shore; but her husband immediately cast it off again, and exclaimed, "My dear Bella, don't leave me!" She said!—Mr. Giles's body has since been found, and was yesterday evening interred in Newhaven church-yard. Diligent search was made after the body of Miss Giles, in order that she might be buried with her husband, but without effect.

A melancholy accident attended the above wreck from the land:—A young man, a blacksmith, who had consented to be let down the cliff 140 feet high, to assist the persons in saving their lives from the wreck, had the misfortune to lose his own life, owing to the rope's breaking as he was hauling up again, when he fell to the bottom and was dashed to pieces.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Nov. 30.

HIS Majesty's ship *Pegasus*, commanded by his R. H. Prince William Henry, is safe arrived at Halifax, Nova-Scotia; where his Royal Highness was welcomed on shore by Major-General Campbell, and Governor Parr, and received the congratulations of the officers and inhabitants; and a general illumination took place in the evening, notwithstanding his Royal Highness's request, that all military form and etiquette, with respect to his princely dignity, should be laid aside, and himself considered merely as a naval commander.

At Worcester, a town in Massachusetts Province, New England, about 30 miles from Boston, a mob of 1500 people surrounded the court-house, where the Judges sit for the administration of justice. At twelve o'clock, when the Judges of the court, preceded by the High-Sheriff, approached the court-house, they were stopped at the door by points of bayonets,—in consequence of which they assembled at a tavern, and were under the necessity of adjourning *sine die*. The mob then held a convention, in which they passed a vote that the senate, the courts of common pleas, sessions, and judges, were grievances, and common nuisances, as well as expensive and unnecessary.

The American newspapers represent that country in a state of anarchy and confusion. The assembly of Rhode island had passed a law to inflict the penalty of 100l. on persons refusing to accept their *paper money*, or even uttering any expressions tending to depreciate it. The country people, by whom the towns were formerly supplied with provisions, have determined no longer to frequent the markets; and the inhabitants of Providence, and other places in Rhode island, are reduced to the utmost distress for want of the necessaries of life.

Aylet, the attorney, (for perjury) paid his fine of 500l. and was discharged from Newgate.

On the first inst. Jacob Martin Lorrel, and Mary Elizabeth Lorrell, his sister, were strangled and then burned at Orleans, for murdering their father, by whom they were

discovered committing the detestable crime of incest.

DEC. 1. A committee appointed by the planters and West-India merchants, at their late meeting at the London Tavern, waited on the Minister, to state to him, that the duty upon French brandy being reduced half-a-crown upon each gallon by the new commercial treaty with France, *rum*, which is the produce of our own islands, will, and inevitably must, thereby be very considerably injured and diminished in the consumption, unless a like proportion of the duty on rum is allowed to be taken off, in order to give the produce of our own islands the same chance in the market as heretofore. The representation being finished, the Minister replied, "that he could not think of making any alteration upon the duty of rum."

The masonic lodges in Pennsylvania have renounced their submission to and dependence on the masonic authority of Great-Britain, and declare themselves independent and free.

Mr. Eden has presented to his Majesty a miniature picture of the French King, set in diamonds, as a mark of his Christian Majesty's friendship towards his Britannic Majesty.

4. In consequence of the late application to the Gresham committee, the Royal Exchange was shut for the first time at three o'clock.

The American Plenipotentiary presented the Rev. Dr. White of Pennsylvania, and the Rev. Dr. Provost of New-York, to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, to be consecrated bishops for the United States. The Rev. Dr. Griffith of Virginia is to be made a third, to complete the government of the episcopal church in those States.

Previous to the month of September 1865 the stables of Mrs. Nesbitt of Norwood had been often robbed; on the 19th of that month they were robbed, and on the 22d of October following they were again robbed by two men; but John Warren, her coachman, who lay over the stables, being alarmed, and prepared with a blunderbuss, fired at one of them, and killed him on the spot, since which many of the like attempts have been made, and the family alarmed, par-

ticularly on the 3d of October last, when the stables were again robbed of a box coat, and other livery clothes. Thursday evening last, about six o'clock, Mrs. Nesbitt and family were alarmed by the report of a gun or pistol, and upon going out, Warren, the coachman, came running from the stables towards the house, saying, that a man came behind him as he was carrying a pail of water into the stables, and said, "damn you, I have been waiting for you, and now I have got you at last," and immediately fired at him with a horse-pistol, the ball of which had grazed his face and cut the lace of his hat. Upon examining the premises, it was discovered, that the robbers had taken away a pair of sheets, two blankets, two jackets, a blue coat, and other articles out of Warren's bed-room, the property of his mistress. Information of this alarming transaction being sent to Bow-street, Mr. Bond, with Mr. Jealous, went to Norwood to enquire into the matter. In the course of Warren's examination, Mr. Bond discovered something that induced him to believe that his story of being fired at was a fiction, and upon desiring Mr. Jealous to go and search his apartments over the stables, all the articles mentioned to have been stolen, were found hid under several trunks of hay. This naturally led to a suspicion of Warren's being the thief in the former robbery; his person being searched, a letter was found from a late female servant of Mrs. Nesbitt's, residing near Portland-chapel, in whose lodging the livery clothes were found, which she, on her examination, declared Warren brought there about a month since. Warren being brought to Bow-street, was committed to Tothill-fields bridewell for re-examination, and afterwards to Newgate, and the woman to a separate prison.

An application has been made to the court at Doctor's Commons, for a certificate of excommunication against a well known character, (Lord G. G—) for contumaciously refusing to appear in the ecclesiastical court to prove a nuncupative will. The certificate was refused.

[A nuncupative will is made by the last words of the deceased, in the nature of a request. The words must be spoken in the presence of a stated number of witnesses, and a certain person happens to be one. He does not deny the fact, but sets up an excuse, that as he is a mutual friend of both parties, for and against the will, he will not meddle in the business.]

Yesterday came on to be tried before Judge Buller and a special jury at Westminster hall, the long-pending cause, brought by the principal glass-sellers in London, to vacate Mr. Argand's patent for the lamps

now so much in use; when after a trial of six hours, the jury found for the Crown, being the third verdict found against Mr. Argand, by which the patent is entirely set aside.

This evening the ship *Barberstein*, Captain Van Vlanderen, from Middleburg to the East Indies, came to an anchor in the Downs, having on board about 200 recruits to relieve the Dutch garrison at the Cape. Between four and five o'clock the next morning the recruits mutinied, and after compelling the captain to get out of bed and show them where the money was stowed, they confined him and the other officers, and placed centries over them. They then broke open three chests of dollars, and every one taking as many as he could carry, they hoisted out the boats and left the ship to the number of about 80 or 90. An armed brig (the *Scout*, capt. Le Herne) lying near, and observing the signals of distress made by the Indiaman, fired a shot at the long-boat, which was then got at some distance, and in which were 70 of the rioters, and brought her to, and upon search, a number of dollars, to the amount of about 12,000, were recovered; these men were then sent on shore, where they were received by a party of the 55th regiment of foot, appointed for that purpose. They were immediately secured, and lodged in Sandown Castle, where they now remain; and on a further search, about 400 dollars more were taken from them. Before the long-boat had quitted the ship's side, the captain and officers got upon deck, when a scuffle ensued, and it is supposed four or five of the rioters fell into the sea and were drowned. As these men had filled their pockets with dollars, their drowning was much facilitated, and it was observed that after they fell in, not one of them rose upon the surface of the sea. About 6,500 dollars are missing, a great part of which are supposed from the hurry and confusion to have been dropped into the sea.

7. The following gentlemen, delegated by the city of London, (viz. Sir Thomas Halifax, Aldermen Newnham, Watson, Lewes, Pickett, Sanderson, Le Mesurier, Newman, and the Comptroller and Solicitor, waited upon the Minister, to represent to him the several rights and privileges of the corporation which would be infringed by the general terms of the French treaty of commerce, unless they were particularly included therein: when Mr. Pitt, with the greatest candour and liberality of sentiment, gave them an assurance, "That altho' their rights and duties would have been unintentionally invaded and taken away, if this application had not been made, yet, being now fully possessed of them, he should think it his duty to protect them in the most ample manner, as well

As those of every other corporation whose claims were equally just with those of London.

9 This day fortnight the son of Mrs. Sparke, who formerly kept the Black Bull inn, Newcastle, but had retired to Benwell, after spending the evening with his mother, and having, it is supposed, drank too freely, (a practice he was too much addicted to) came down stairs, and ordered the girl to leave the house; but she not complying, he violently turned her out of the door, which he locked after her; on which the maid went and slept at a neighbouring house, and going home pretty early in the morning, she found the doors open, and was met by her master, who informed her that he had been fighting with the devil all night, and had at last killed him: she paying no regard to what he said, he respected her to the evidence of her own eyes, and told her the devil lay dead up stairs, dressed in his mother's cloaths. On her going up, a most horrid spectacle presented itself; Mrs. Sparke lying dead, wounded in many places, and the bed-cloaths strewed about the room all bloody. The coroner's jury brought in their verdict *wilful murder*, on which he was committed to Morpeth gaol.

Between five and six o'clock this afternoon, the house of farmer John Easthorn, at Prospeduck, near Helston, took fire: the farmer being absent at the time was sent to, and made all the haste he could home, to preserve his money and writings, which were valuable; his child followed him up stairs, whom he threw out of the window into a neighbour's arms; he then ran to his books, and from thence back to the window, and put one leg out, but the fire was so strong that it overpowered him, and he was burnt to death.

11. This morning early, the body of William Livingstone, Esq; in partnership with Messrs. Gregory, Turnbull, and Co. merchants, King's Arms-yard, was found in the ditch between the gardener's ground and the road, leading from Kent-street turnpike to the Castle at Newington. Mr. Livingstone's horse was in the ditch likewise, and was taken to the Royal Exchange next day at noon to be owned, where it was discovered to whom it belonged by means of a saddler's recognizing the saddle, which he had sent home to Mr. Livingstone only on Saturday last. Mr. Livingstone had dined at the house of Mr. Turnbull, on Blackheath, and riding to town in the evening with some gentlemen, parted with them about eleven o'clock, at the turnpike, at the end of the road where this unfortunate accident happened. It is imagined the horse took fright at some object, and suddenly started off the road into the ditch. M.

Livingstone's arm was broken, and enlarged in the bridle, when his body was found.

This morning early, two old houses in Spital-Fields, in which several poor families lived, were blown down, and ten men, women, and children, who were in bed, were buried in the ruins. Six of them were dug out but little hurt; two others so much, that they died soon after, and the others, who were the parents of the children, were killed.

The same morning a melancholy accident happened in Jermyn-street:—About half past one in the morning, a voice was heard by the watchman, crying, "Murder! Murder!" the watchman ran to assist, and found a man struck on the area rails; he assisted to get him off, and got immediate assistance to have him carried to St. George's Hospital, where he expired whilst under the surgeon's hands.—The Jury on the coroner's inquest, after a full investigation, brought in their verdict *Accidental Death*, in consequence of which five men and a boy, who had been taken into custody on suspicion, were released. It was proved that the deceased had fallen from an affluent to a very reduced state, and being obliged to submit to a toilsome method of getting his livelihood, stung with remorse on the recollection of his past devotion of his time and money to women and wine, he threw himself out of a window, and stuck upon the rails.

The Committee of Common-Council appointed to enquire into the causes of the high prices of provision, have published their report, in which they state, that the practice of forestalling by the carcase butchers and salesmen, is a principal cause of the high prices of meat.

12. A Proclamation in this night's Gazette fixes the meeting of Parliament to the 23d day of January.

The same Gazette contains addresses to his Majesty from the Islands of Barbadoes, Antigua, Grenada, Dominica, and St. Vincent, congratulatory of his Majesty's happy escape from assassination.

At the close of the election for a coroner for the county of Middlesex, on casting up the poll, the numbers were,

For Mr. Collett	—	199
Mr. Hill	—	501
Mr. Stuing	—	438

Majority in favour of Mr. Collett 698.

At a general meeting of the Members of the London Library Society, the following gentlemen were chosen as a Committee for the year ensuing. Rev. Dr. Kippis, F. R. S. and S. A.; Rev. Dr. Roes, F. R. S.; Mr. H. Amory; Dr. Crawford, F. R. S.; Rev. Mr. Gregory, F. S. A.; Dr. Hamilton, Dc. Simmons; F. R. S.; W. Vaughan, Esq.; Rev. Mr. Walker; Dr. Lettison, F. R. S.

and S. A.; Rev. Mr. Jarvis; Rev. Mr. Martyn, F. R. S.; J. H. Stone, Esq.; Rev. Mr. Lewis; Rev. Mr. Nares; W. Esdaile, Esq.; Dr. Wells; and W. Scullard, Esq.

14. A gentleman of the name of Lock addressed the General Court of Bank Proprietors, and gave notice that he should move at the next Court in March, for an account of the Company's affairs to be laid before them. It is strange that such accounts should require a question, as the 12th bye-law directs that the state and condition of the Company should be laid before the Proprietors at every dividend Court; whereas no such state or condition is ever noticed at these Courts at all.

Last week Wm. Barnes, guard to the Liverpool stage coach, whilst stooping to buckle his shoe with a brace of pistols in his belt, then round his shoulders, one of them, loaded with three bullets, accidentally discharged itself; one bullet passed thro' his thigh, the other two lodged in his groin; of which he died in great agony, at the Cock-Inn at Stony Stratford;—where the next day Wm. Woodman, a passenger on the roof of the Coventry stage-coach, was killed passing thro' the gateway, the arch having caught his head, and crushed him violently against the roof of the coach, that his neck and back were both fractured, of which he instantly died.

On Friday the 8th instant a circular cavity in the earth, about 6 feet diameter, was discovered in a corn-field at Handley, Dorset, belonging to Mr. Randall, by a shepherd's boy. On examination, this aperture leads to a considerable cavern at about the depth of ten feet from the surface, extending in every direction at least 20 feet in diameter; at about 35 or 40 feet is a body of water, supposed to be nearly 150 feet deep.—This discovery leads to various conjectures among the curious in the neighbourhood; but whether it be from a natural or artificial cause is yet undetermined.—The field where this cavern is, is nearly a plane, and the soil nearly a solid body of chalk.

19. A letter from Madrid, of the 7th ult. says, that the treaty between the Kings of Spain and France respecting the Floridas is actually concluded; and that the following are the leading articles in it. By the first article, his Catholic Majesty cedes the sovereignty of the Floridas to his Most Christian Majesty, for an equivalent to be agreed on between the two Courts.

2d, The subjects of Spain, who chuse to remain in the said Colonies, are to be maintained in, and enjoy their antient privileges.

3d, His Most Christian Majesty is obliged to keep eight battalions of 500 men each, as a barrier to prevent the interruption of traffick on the Spanish Continent.

4th, His Most Christian Majesty, for himself and his successors, guarantees all the possessions to the Crown of Spain which it now possesses in South America, the South Sea, and all the islands in the Atlantic Ocean, which they actually possess at present.

5th, His Most Christian Majesty binds himself and his successors, never to alienate the aforesaid Colonies, without an equivalent in favour of Spain.—The other three articles are merely formal, as in all treaties.

Extract of a letter from Port Henderson, Jamaica, Nov. 5.

"We wrote you by the Prince William Henry, who has since returned dismasted, by another storm, which has fallen heavy on this unfortunate island. It began on the morning of the 20th of last month, between three and four o'clock, blowing S. E. to S. and continued till two o'clock in the afternoon. Though this storm has been less severe than either of the two last, yet the canes being much taller in this late season than they were in the former storms, have suffered more; but the plantain trees not quite so much; nor have so many houses been blown down. The Leeward parishes have suffered most, and in some places the crops are entirely ruined. The shipping here, in proportion to their small numbers, have suffered as much as in any former storm. Provisions have not rose a great deal since the storm, the island being better provided with ground provisions than in the former storms."

21. A general court was held at the East-India House, when it was resolved that the dividend from Midsummer to Christmas be eight per cent.

22. In the report of the committee on the high price of provisions, there is an article, intituled, a Statement of the Acts of Parliament for inclosing commons from 1775 to 1786; in which it appears, that more than half the number of acres inclosed are, by clauses in the respective acts, restrained from pasturing any sheep in them, for a certain number of years; some twelve years, others more, some less; so that the feed for sheep is thus clearly and positively decreased, and which circumstance undoubtedly tends to increase the price of mutton. The fact as it stands in the totals (after reciting the number of acres in each act, together with the names of the counties and parishes) is as follows:

From the year 1775 to the year 1786 (both inclusive) the gross number of acres inclosed, is 488,640

Of this number 233,522 acres have been inclosed, without any restraint in the mode of cultivation. But there are 255,118 acres inclosed, in which "no sheep are permitted to feed during a certain number of years;" some acts specify twelve years, some more, and some less. The obvious inference is, that

that if there be left food, there will be a less quantity bred, and consequently it will be dearer.

The sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 23 prisoners received sentence of death; 52 were ordered to be transported beyond the seas, and four to Africa; eight were ordered to be privately whipped and discharged; nine to be publicly whipped, some of whom were also to be imprisoned; one was fined 12d. and to be imprisoned one month, and one for three months.

Among the above convicts, were Michael Walker, Richard Payne, alias James Davis, and John Cox; the first a principal, in feloniously and wilfully murdering one Duncan Robinson, near Smart's-Buildings, Holborn, by cutting him down the face and shoulder, and stabbing him in different parts of his arm, of which he died in about three days; and the other two for being present, aiding, and assisting in the said murder. One of the prisoners had picked the pocket of a Mr. Hunt, who was walking in company with the deceased—Mr. Hunt apprehended the thief, and a scuffle ensued, in which Mr. Hunt knocked down his antagonist twice, when Payne attacked him, and Mr. Robinson coming to his assistance, received the dreadful wounds from Walker. They were executed on Monday the 18th inst.

At the above sessions a soldier was indicted for breaking open a box and stealing a hat. In the course of the evidence, it appeared, that the crime was committed with the express intent of obtaining a passage to Botany Bay. (The soldier had publicly declared so.) He was found guilty; and the Recorder immediately passed the following sentence: "Prisoner—you shall have your desire, in being transported; but it is fit that you, and every other mistaken wretch like yourself, who, rather than do their duty like a good soldier, prefer being disgracefully transported from your country, should know, that the Court have a power to alter the place of your destination—The Court therefore direct you to be transported to Africa, for the term of seven years."

James Bradley, a watchman, was also convicted of a robbery whilst upon the watch. The Recorder immediately passed sentence upon him, observing, that there was an end of all security, if the very men who are employed to protect his Majesty's subjects committed depredations themselves. Had the colour of his crime been a single shade deeper, it would have been a capital offence, and in that case, there could not have been the most distant hope of his Majesty's mercy. In the present instance, he should pronounce

the severest sentence the law would permit—transportation to Africa for seven years.

23 This night's Gazette contains the Address of the High Sheriff and the Hundred of Wirksworth, in the County of Derby.

The same Gazette contains the ceremonial of the knighthood and investiture of Sir William Fawcett, lieutenant-general and adjutant general of his Majesty's forces, and of the Right Hon. Robert Viscount Galway, comptroller of his Majesty's household, Knights of the most honourable order of the Bath.

In answer to the memorial of the West-India Planters and Merchants, the Minister has promised a reduction of 3d a gallon duty on rum;—the Merchants and Planters want 5d. which would be just two-thirds of the duty on brandy, and be on a level with Portugal and French wines.

24. Sunday last the three American Priests were ordained bishops at the Archbishop of Canterbury's private chapel, in Lambeth Palace, by his Grace, assisted by two other English bishops.

Butler, the celebrated author of Hudibras, was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent-garden.—Some of the inhabitants of that parish hearing some time ago, that a famous man had been buried in their church, and regretting that neither stone nor inscription recorded the event, entered into, and collected a subscription, for the purpose of erecting something worthy of Butler's memory. Accordingly they employed an artist, who constructed an elegant monument, and lately fitted it up in the portico of the church, bearing a medallion of that great man, which was taken from the monument put up by Barber, the Mayor of London, in Westminster-Abbey. The following lines were contributed on the occasion, at the request of the subscribing inhabitants of the parish, by Mr. O'Bryen, and are engraved on the stone beneath the medallion:

A few plain men, to pomp and pride unknown,
O'er a poor Bard have rais'd this humble stone;
Whose wants alone his genius could surpass,
Victim of Zeal! the matchless Hudibras!

What though fair freedom suffered in his page!
Reader, forgive the author—for the age—
How few, alas! disdain to cringe and crawl,
When 'tis the mode to play the Sycophant!

But oh! let all be taught from Butler's fate,
Who hope to make their fortunes by the great,
That Wit and Pride are always dang'rous things,
And little faith is due to Courts and Kings.

28. Last week the body of the unfortunate Mrs. Giles was found, very much disfigured, on the beach, between Newhaven and Seaford. Her remains were carried to Newhaven, and decently interred in the church-yard there, by the side of her husband.

Every account from America confirms the distractions that reign in those States, which, taking their rise from the absolute inability of the people to support the necessary expences of independent Governments, must necessarily subsist as long as their independency; nor will they probably enjoy a moment's tranquillity till they put themselves under the protection of some foreign power. The only alternative, therefore, left for them is, to become subjects of France, or return to their former allegiance to England; and which of the two will be the most eligible, they may

easily judge, from a comparison of the treatment the French colonies receive from their mother country, with that which they formerly met with from Great Britain.—[*Heaven forbid that Great Britain should accept their offer!*]

29. From a statement of the public revenue and expenditure, published in the papers (for the accuracy of which we do not pretend to vouch) it appears, that the former, from Christmas 1785 to Christmas 1786, amounted to 14,210,000l. and the latter to 16,698,720l.

It appears that there were tried last year at the Old-Bailey — 1149
Of whom were capitally convicted 133
Convicted of felonies — 542
Acquitted — 430
Of the number capitally convicted, there were executed — 44

P R E F E R M E N T S, DEC. 1786.

THOMAS Boothby Parkyns, Esq. appointed Groom of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in the room of the late Sir Thomas Fowke.

The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Galway, Comptroller of his Majesty's household,

invested with the order of the Bath.—Richard Arkwright, Esq. of Wirksworth, Derbyshire, knighted.

Peter Franklin, Esq. appointed collector of the Customs at Kingston, Jamaica, in the room of Thomas Davison, Esq. deceased.

M A R R I A G E S, DEC. 1786.

THE Rev. George Haggitt, M. A. to Miss Penelope Heigham, youngest daughter of the late Pell Heigham, of Bury, Esq.

The Rev. Mr. Stevenson, fellow of King's college, to Miss Thackeray, of Cambridge.

Oswley Rowley, of Huntingdon, Esq. to Miss King, of Benwick in the Isle of Ely.

John Dover, Esq. of Hockham Hall, Norfolk, to Miss Stewart, of Somerset-street, Portman-square.

At Dorchester, Lieut. Ferting, of the Navy, to Miss Colson, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Colson, of Studland.

Charles Long, Esq. of Saxmundham, to Miss Long, of South Audley-street.

Charles Blatchley, Esq. to Miss Heigham, eldest daughter of the late Pell Heigham, Esq. of Bury.

At Prestwick in Yorkshire, Mr. Daniel Milns, aged 22, to Miss Betty Whitehead, aged 12. And (as a *contrast* may be added) at Hallingden, John Taylor, Esq. aged 81, to Mrs. Rambottom, 84.

Major Yeoman of Whitby, to Miss Hale, second twin-daughter of General Hale.

John Rush, of Sreatley, Esq. to Miss Mayhew, daughter of John Mayhew, Esq. of Broad-street, Soho.

Baron Meurier, of Hanover, to Miss Pointer, of Enfield, in Hertfordshire.

M O N T H L Y O B I T U A R Y, DEC. 1786.

Dec. 9.

MR. Munsey, parish-clerk of St. Mildred's, Poultry.

Mr. Edward Short, of the Tower.

Mr. Joseph Gates, marshalman to the Lord-mayor.

Mrs. Cawley, wife of Mr. Cawley, Norfolk-street, Strand.

The Rev. Thomas Wickham, A. M. vicar of Castle Cary, and prebendary of Wells.

20. Mr. Gregge, clerk of the Chreque, belonging to his Majesty's Yeomen Guards.

At the Grove, in Hertfordshire, the Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Clarendon, one of his Majesty's Postmasters General, a Lord of the Committee of Trade and Plantations, and a Privy Counsellor. His Lordship was second son of William the second Earl of Jersey. In the year 1752, he married Lady Charlotte, daughter of William Capel, the third Earl of Essex, by his first Countess, who was daughter of the last Earl of Clarendon. In the late reign he was several years Minister at Berlin, Dresden, &c. In 1748 he was

one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and was Member for Tamworth many years. In 1756 he was created Lord Hyde. In 1763 his Lordship was appointed Joint Postmaster General, in the room of Lord Egmont, but was removed in 1765 to make room for Lord Besborough. In 1771 his Lordship was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in the room of Lord Strange, deceased; which post he held until the year 1781, when he was removed to make room for Lord Ashburton; and at the end of 1783, was again appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which place he held until October, when he was a second time removed from the Duchy, and a second time appointed Joint Postmaster General, in order to accommodate an arrangement made in favour of Lord Hawkebury; who was thereupon appointed Chancellor of the Duchy. In 1776 his Lordship was created Earl of Clarendon. His Lordship was succeeded by his eldest son, Lord Hyde, (who was born in 1753, and married in 1783, to Miss Ford) which occasions a vacancy in Parliament for Heltone, his Lordship being Member for that borough.

11. John White, Esq. of Isleworth.

Mrs. Morris, relict of Robert Morris, of Swantea. Esq. in the 86th year of her age.

The Rev. Thomas Manning, who had many years conducted a private seminary of education at Kensington Gore.

Miss Susan Weikett, daughter of Mr. Weikett, of the Custom-House.

Lately at Pontefract, in Yorkshire, in his 87th year, Gervas Duficy, Esq. an eminent physician of that place.

12. William James, Esq. F. R. and A. S. formerly a banker.

Lately at Temple-mills, Berkshire, George Pengree, Esq.

13. Mr. Williamson, many years Parish-Clerk of St. Mary at Hill, Billingsgate.

William Waller, Esq. Barrister at Law.

Mr. John Thomas, several years cellar-keeper at the King's Bench prison.

14. Capt. Carr, of the Barwell East-India-man.

Lately at Alresford, Hants, Lieut. Col. John Van Tulcken, late of the 45th regiment.

15. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Earl of Home.

16. At Manchester, aged 101, Mr. Jonathan Ridgway, formerly a master bricklayer.

17. At Ipswich, Mrs. Thurlowe.

In Clarges-street, Piccadilly, the Right Hon. Henry Koper, the eleventh Lord Teynham.

In Spring-gardens, in the 81st year of her age, Lady Itham, relict of Sir Edmund Itham, of Lampport, Northamptonh. Barr.

Lately at Jamaica, Major David Cooper, commanding officer of the 14th regiment of foot.

18. Mrs. Marianne Chalie, wife of Mr. Matthew Chalie, merchant.

At Edinburgh, Charles Lord Gray.

19. Mr. John Dobinson, Attorney at Law, New-Inn.

20. In Dover-street, the Right Honourable Dowager Lady Beaulieu.

21. Mr. Scoones, sen. Attorney at Law, at Tunbridge.

Lately, on his passage from Amsterdam to London; — Mackenzie, Esq. Commissary for the British army in Germany in 1769.

Lately, advanced in years, — Blackburn, Esq. of Oxford, in Lancashire, grandfather of J. Blackburn, Esq. Member for that County.

23. In Golden-square, Henry White, Esq. late of the Province of New-York, and many years a member of his Majesty's Councils.

Mrs. Sulanna Matthew, of Westham, Essex.

The Rev. Dr. Burdlem, rector of Wilbech, in the Isle of Ely, Minister at Romford in Essex, and Chaplain to Lord Townshend.

Philip Lewis, Esq. of Lanrumney, in the county of Glamorgan.

24. In Goodwit-street, in the 75th year of his age, Mr. John Keeble, above 40 years organist to St. George's, Hanover-square.

At East Burnham, in Bucks, Charles Eyre, Esq. first Secondary of the Court of Exchequer.

Lady Mary Howard, aunt to the Earl of Carlisle.

Lately at Upsall, aged 77, the famous Valerino, the most celebrated natural Philosopher of the present age, well known for his curious works on mineralogy.

25. At Homerton, Mr. Thomas Hanby, formerly a wholesale ironmonger, in Fosterlane, Cheapside.

At Kensington, the Hon. Capt. William Murray, brother to the Earl of Dunmore.

Isaac Baugh, Esq. senior Alderman of Bristol.

At Mile End, aged 96, Capt. Manship, many years commander of a vessel in the Turkey trade.

26. Mr. Avre, of Sackville-street Tavern, Piccadilly.

Thomas Fitter, Esq. of the Custom-House.

27. Major Charles Veatch, of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

29. Mr. John Curtis, brewer, at Wapping.

At Tooting, advanced in years, the Dowager Lady Leasing, of the kingdom of Ireland.

At Walthamstow, Peregrine Bentie, Esq.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BANKRUPTS.

TH. O. Pricley, of Bradford, Yorkshire, Innkeeper, Dealer and Chapman. John Harrison, of Sowerby Row, Cumberland, woodmonger. Francis Page, of Watling-street, in the parish of Wellington, Salop, timber-merchant. Elizabeth Page and Tho. Page, of Watling-street, Salop, dealers in cheese, horses, and co-partners. Jacob Bell, of Low Lights, in the parish of Tynemouth, Northumberland, ship-builder, dealer and chapman. Jacob Bell, of Tynemouth, ship-builder. John Elgie, of Cargo-street,

Ormesby, Yorkshire, corn-factor. John Small, of Crediton, mercer. Samuel Drinkwater, of Lea, Gloucestershire, farmer. Wm. Gracey, of Cow-croft, Middlesex, cabinet-maker. Abraham Beresford, of Moneyash, inn-keeper. William Farrel, of Rotherhithe, mariner. John Armitage, of Newark upon Trent, coach-maker. David Lawson, of Rothbury, Northumberland, woollen-dra- per. Robert Preston the elder, of Stockton upon Tees, money-scrivener.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY-LANE.

Oct. 27. **C**HANCES—Richard Cœur de Lion.

- 28. Provoked Wife—Ditto.
- 30. Miser—Ditto.
- 31. Trip to Scarborough—Ditto.

November 1, till Monday the 13th, no Performance at either Theatre, on account of the Princess Amelia's decease.

- 13. Venice Preserved—Bon Ton.
- 14. Confederacy—Richard Cœur de Lion.
- 15. Every Man in his Humour—Ditto.
- 16. Clandestine Marriage—Ditto.
- 17. Fair Penitent—Two Civil by Half.
- 18. Ditto—Ditto.
- 20. School for Scandal—Richard Cœur de Lion.
- 21. Heiress—Ditto.
- 22. Cleone—Gentle Shepherd.
- 23. Twelfth Night—Romp.
- 24. Cleone—High Life below Stairs.
- 25. School for Grey Beards—Englishman in Paris.
- 27. Chances—Richard Cœur de Lion.
- 28. Trip to Scarborough—Ditto.
- 29. Country Girl—Lyar.
- 30. Heiress—Richard Cœur de Lion.

Dec. 1. Strangers at Home—Virgin Unmasked.

- 2. Macbeth—Gentle Shepherd.
- 4. Wonder—Richard Cœur de Lion.
- 5. Tempest—Catherine and Petruccio.
- 6. Distressed Mother—Waterman.
- 7. School for Grey Beards—High Life Below Stairs.
- 8. Ditto—Lyar.
- 9. Venice Preserved—Bon Ton.
- 11. Love for Love—Rich. Cœur de Lion.
- 12. School for Grey Beards—Ditto.
- 13. Isabella—Humourist.
- 14. School for Grey Beards—Richard Cœur de Lion.
- 15. Gamester—Virgin Unmasked.
- 16. School for Grey Beards—Romp.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Oct. 27. Rule a Wife and Have a Wife—Richard Cœur de Lion.

- 28. Duenna—Omai.
- 30. Mourning Bride—Richard Cœur de Lion.
- 31. Foundling—Poor Soldier.

- 13. All in the Wrong—Cheats of Scapin.
- 14. Love in a Village—Barataria.
- 15. Love for Love—Rofina.
- 16. All in the Wrong—Cheats of Scapin.
- 17. Love in a Village—Country Wife.
- 18. He would be a Soldier—Richard Cœur de Lion.
- 20. Ditto—Ditto.
- 21. Ditto—Poor Soldier.
- 22. King Henry IV.—Poor Vulcan.
- 23. He Would be a Soldier—Tom Thumb.
- 24. Castle of Andalusia—Barnaby Rattle.
- 25. He Would be a Soldier—Love in a Camp.
- 27. Fair Penitent—Omai.
- 28. He Would be a Soldier—Padlock.
- 29. Merry Wives of Windsor—Rofina.
- 30. He Would be a Soldier—Two Misers.

Dec. 1. Fontainebleau—Cheats of Scapin.

- 2. He Would be a Soldier—Omai.
- 4. Malcontent—Ditto.
- 5. He Would be a Soldier—Midas.
- 6. Love in a Village—Gul in Sryle.
- 7. He Would be a Soldier—Ditto.
- 8. Duenna—Cheats of Scapin.
- 9. He Would be a Soldier—Love in a Camp.
- 11. Romeo and Juliet—Barataria.
- 12. He Would be a Soldier—Hob in the Well.
- 13. Know Your own Mind—Ditto.
- 14. He Would be a Soldier—Ditto.
- 15. Man of the World—Rofina.
- 16. Love in a Village—Cheats of Scapin.

DRURY-LANE.

18. Love for Love—Rich. Cœur de Lion.
19. Douglas—Criticick.
20. Country Girl—Richard Cœur de Lion.
21. Love for Love—Jubilee.
22. School for Grey Beards—Ditto.
23. Heireis—Ditto.
26. Geo. Barnwell—Harlequin's Invasion.
27. Tempest—Ditto.
28. Beggar's Opera—Ditto.
29. Country Girl—Richard Cœur de Lion.
30. Every Man in his Humour—Harlequin's Invasion.

COVENT-GARDEN.

18. Fontainbleau—Hob in the Well.
19. Merchant of Venice—Love Alameda.
20. Eloisa—Hob in the Well.
21. Ditto—Anatomist.
22. Ditto—Poor Vulcan.
23. Beggar's Opera—Anatomist.
26. Jane Shore—Enchanted Castle.
27. Grecian Daughter—Ditto.
28. Love for Love—Ditto.
29. Fair Penitent—Ditto.
30. Wonder—Ditto.

A GENERAL BILL of all the CHRISTENINGS and BURIALS From DECEMBER 13, 1785, to DECEMBER 12, 1786.

Christened, Males	—	9183	Ten and twenty	—	855
Females	—	8936	Twenty and thirty	—	1612
In all	—	18119	Thirty and forty	—	1868
Buried, Males	—	10253	Forty and fifty	—	2007
Females	—	10201	Fifty and sixty	—	1675
In all	—	20454	Sixty and seventy	—	1305
Whereof have died			Seventy and eighty	—	982
Under two years of age	—	6693	Eighty and ninety	—	437
Between two and five	—	2039	Ninety and a hundred	—	68
Five and ten	—	906	A hundred	—	1
			A hundred and one	—	3
			A hundred and two	—	2
			A hundred and six	—	2

The DISEASES and CASUALTIES this YEAR.

Abortive and still-born	593	Evil	17	Palsy	80	Drowned	178
Abscess	8	Fever, malignant fever, scarlet fever, spotted fever, and purples	2981	Pleurisy	13	Excessive drinking	6
Aged	1339	Fistula	4	Quinsy	4	Executed	7
Ague	6	Flux	12	Rheumatism	4	Found dead	7
Apoplexy and suddenly	218	French pox	66	Rickets	1	Frighted	
Asthma and phthisick	335	Gout	63	Rising of the lights	1	Froze	
Bedridden	13	Gravel, stone, and strangury	52	Scald-head	1	Kill'd by falls, and several other accidents	58
Bleeding	10	Grief	5	Scarvy	3	Killed themselves	22
Bloody-flux		Head-ach	1	Small-Pox	1210	Murdered	5
Bursten and rupture	3	Headmouldshot, horsethoehead, and water in the head	16	Sore throat	19	Poisoned	2
Cancer	51	Jaundice	51	Sores and ulcers	13	Scalded	1
Canker	1	Imposthume	5	St. Anthony's fire	4	Shot	
Chicken-pox	1	Itch	1	Stoppage in the stomach	9	Smothered	
Childbed	192	Leprosy	1	Surfeit	1	Starved	3
Cold	8	Lethargy	1	Swelling	3	Suffocated	4
Colick, gripes, and twisting of the guts	18	Liver-own	2	Teeth	457	Chir. { Males 9183 Females 8936	
Consumption	4987	Lunatick	34	Thrush	40	In all	18119
Convulsions	4981	Measles	793	Tympany		Bur. { Males 10253 Females 10201	
Cough and whooping-cough	200	Miscarriage	6	Vomiting and loose-ness	3	In all	20454
Diabetes		Mortification	172	Worms	13		
Dropsy	828			CASUALTIES.			
				Bit by a mad dog			
				Broken limbs			
				Bruised	1		
				Burnt	9		

CHRONOLOGY of the Most REMARKABLE EVENTS of 1786.

January 2.

THE Halfewell Indiaman lost off the Island of Portland; Captain Pierce, with seven young ladies, all the passengers and crew, except about fifty, were drowned.

3. A severe gale of wind at Plymouth, which damaged many ships, and destroyed and sunk some, particularly the fishing-boats. Some of the Quays were also blown down.

De Chameron, who committed the extraordinary robbery on Mr. Mackay, was, by order of the French King, committed to the Bastille, in Paris, and put to the torture.

4. A riot at Holdsworth, near Exeter, occasioned by the horse-tax, in which several persons were bruised.

9. Lord Macartney arrived in town from the East Indies, having sailed from Calcutta, in the Swallow packet, the sixteenth of August, and left the government under the direction of Mr. Macpherson.

10. Trecothic outward-bound Indiaman lost in Talland Bay. Captain Elder, son, and eleven of the crew, drowned.

Much thunder and lightning in various parts of the kingdom.

12. During the sitting of the General Quarter Sessions of Peace at New Malton, the center beam gave way, and upwards of 300 persons fell into the area, upwards of twelve feet, but no lives were lost.

14. A fraud was committed on the Bank of England by a person paying to the Cashier ten pounds, and receiving, as usual, a square bit of paper, with the sum written on it, which he changed to 100l.

18. The King of France published an arret revoking the droit d'Aubaine, and empowering foreigners of every religion to settle and purchase lands in France.

24. Parliament opened with a Speech from the Throne.

26. The Lord Lieutenant opened the session of Parliament in Dublin, and Mr. Orde gave the House of Commons an assurance that there was no intention to revive the Propositions.

27. The Ambassador from Tripoli was presented to his Majesty at St. James's. He brought a present to his Majesty from the Bey of a very curious saddle, with rich and elegant accoutrements.

February 6. Alarming fire in Guildhall.

11. Thirteen persons were found guilty and condemned at the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, for a design to blow up the King's Bench prison, in which they were confined.

13. Mr. Fox, in consequence of the scrutiny being declined by his opponents, and a return given at last in his favour, made his election for Westminster.

17. Mr. Burke opened the subject of Mr. Hastings' impeachment, in a speech of three hours, and moved for various papers to enable him to substantiate the charge.

27. The plan of fortifications laid down by the Duke of Richmond, and proposed in the House of Commons by Mr. Pitt, was negatived by a majority of one; the casting vote being given by the Speaker.

March 3. Burleigh-house robbed of curious paintings, antiquities, &c.

8. Uncommon storm of wind and sleet in Westmoreland.

15. A fire broke out in the Haymarket, which consumed several houses, and upwards of fifty carts with hay in them.

23. The ticket No. 34119, was drawn first at Guildhall, which transferred the property of Sir Ashton Lever's Museum to Mr. Parkinson.

24. Mr. Eden set off on his embassy to Paris.

25. The Sheriffs of London presented a petition to his Majesty, for enforcing the execution of the laws respecting capital convicts.

26. Accounts arrived from France of Prince Lewis de Rohan being deprived of the dignity of Cardinal by the Pope for consenting to be tried by a lay tribunal.

April 1. Mr. Eden had his first audience of the King of France.

6. The famous police-bill passed in Dublin.

The Judges in Ireland were stopt by the Right Boys in the county of Kerry, and prevented from continuing the circuit.

11. Lord Cornwallis appointed Governor-General and Commander in Chief of Bengal.

12. Sir Guy Carleton appointed Commander in Chief of Quebec, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland.

16. Officers of the guards wore swords instead of spontoons.

19. Near 2000l worth of gold and silver coinage, of Charles I. and II. discovered by a labourer, in Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire.

25. The New England American States published a book of Common Prayer for the use of the Episcopal Church.

May 1. Mr. Hastings appeared to make his defence at the bar of the House of Commons.

The most luminous Aurora Borealis appeared that ever was remembered.

3 Lord

5. Lord George Gordon was excommunicated in the parish of St. Mary-le-bonne.

8. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland prorogued the Parliament of that country.

June 7. A duel was fought in Hyde-Park between Lord Macartney and General Stuart, in which the former was wounded in the first shot.

The sale of the Portland Museum closed, the whole purchase of which amounted to about 4546l. though it cost the Duchesse upwards of 100,000l. in the collection.

9. Mr. Fitzgerald was executed in Ireland, for the murder of Patrick Randall Mc'Donnell, Esq. together with Brecknock, his accomplice.

12. Remarkable blight in Kent, Suffex, and Berkshire, &c.

15. Sunday-toll at Blackfriars Bridge let for 355l. per annum.

Lord Sydney presented to his Majesty, at the levee, a bulge of diamonds, delivered to him from Mr. Hattings, through the medium of Major Scott, and said to be presented from the Nizam of the Decan.

20. Cause between the Honourable Mr. Fox and the High Bailiff of Westminster determined against the latter with 2000l. damages.

28. Intelligence received at the India House of the death of Tippoo Saib.

July 1. A copper coinage for the use of the Isle of Man issued from the Mint.

9. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales dropped his establishment, and appointed four gentlemen to arrange his affairs, and appropriate the greater part of his income to the payment of his debts.

11. His Majesty prorogued the Parliament with a Speech from the Throne.

The three youngest sons of his Majesty arrived at Stade, whence they set out for Hanover.

24. An earthquake at Bonn.

28. The Dutch conclude a truce of thirty years with the Algerines.

August 1. A treaty of commerce was concluded between his Prussian Majesty and the United States of America.

2. An attempt made on his Majesty's life by Margaret Nicholson, as he was alighting from his carriage, at the Palace-gate, St. James's.

3. Lord Galway's seat in Yorkshire was purchased for his Royal Highness the Duke of York, for 100,000l.

16. A little before four o'clock in the morning, a shock of an earthquake was felt at Whitehaven, as also in the Isle of Man, Dublin, and various other places, but no damage ensued at either of them.

17. Their Majesties, with the Prince Royal, Princesses Elizabeth and Augusta, visited the University of Oxford, and afterwards Bleheim House.

22. Mr. Spearman was charged on the watch by Lord Shaftsbury, for endeavouring to interrupt his marriage with Miss Webb.

24. Major Scott, Lieutenant-General of St. Helena, was arrested by two Sheriffs officers, in his bed, at the Carleton Hotel, Pall-Mall; and though he was declared to be in such a situation that removing must be his death, and an offer made to let them take care of him where he was, the fellows inhumanly insisted on taking him away. As soon as he got out of bed, the unfortunate gentleman expired.

26. The Prince's stud was put up to sale.

September 1. The convention between his Majesty and the King of Spain was exchanged by the respective Secretaries of State.

4. The Duke of Milan, brother to the Emperor of Germany, arrived in England, accompanied by his Dutchess.

19. A Colony to be established in New-Holland.

A Mr. Heron, of Newcastle upon Tyne, killed by falling from Lunardi's Balloon.

25. Ship Mercury, Davidon, master, wrecked off Dunkirk, and 113 persons drowned, mostly tradesmen from Edinburgh, Leith, &c.

29. Commercial Treaty with France signed at Versailles, by Mr. Eden, and M. Vergennes.

Nov. 9. The Lord Mayor's Day observed in a private manner, on account of the death of her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia.

12. Lady Strathmore forcibly carried off by Mr. Bowes, and others, from a shop in Oxford-street.

28. Mr. Bowes, in consequence of an attachment issued against him, was produced in Court, and afterwards committed to the King's Bench prison.

29. Mr. Eden presented his Majesty with a picture of the King of France, richly set in diamonds.

31. The famous cricket match was played at Mon Brilliant, between his Royal Highness the Duke of York and a number of gentlemen, for 4000 guineas the main.

Dec. 11. Great encroachment of the sea at Brighthelmstone, washing away the battery, houses, &c.

13. The Committee of Aldermen and Common Council appointed to enquire into the high price of provisions, published their report.

I N D E X

To VOL. X. OF THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

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