

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 SEPTEMBER, 1784.

[Embellished with, 1. A striking Likeness, beautifully copied by STOTHARD from an original Painting by GAINSBOROUGH, of JOHN STANLEY, Esq. M. B. Master of the King's Band. And, 2. View of the ASCENT of Mr. LUNARDI's celebrated AIR-BALLOON from the Artillery-Ground, Moorfields, September 15, 1784.]

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L O N D O N :

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E R R A T U M.

By a mistake the name of A. HILL is subscribed to Letter I. p. 190. We beg the Reader will correct this error, as it was *not* written by that gentleman.

A N S W E R S T O C O R R E S P O N D E N T S.

Albert and D. Pugh are received.

We have likewise received *Ollim Fodla*. He will already have seen that the piece he supposes to have been suppressed, was only accidentally postponed. The first paragraph of his Letter is not intelligible to us. We presume he knows that his last requisition was immediately complied with.

A. B. Julian, Leonidas, and an Admirer of Mrs. Siddons, are better calculated for a Newspaper.

G. H. can only have our thanks for his intention.

C. I. F's. second Essay is received, and will be printed in our next.

Timoleon cannot be inserted.

The *Heads* recommended by *J. B.* will not be forgot, if he will send us Anecdotes of the several persons he wishes to see engraved.

Phil. Sparrow's Verses are indecent and contemptible.

Our Correspondents will oblige us by sending their Pieces before the 15th of the Month.

A L I S T O F N E W P U B L I C A T I O N S.

- | | |
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| <p>IMISON's School of Arts, 8vo.
An Essay to prove the Insufficiency of a Subaltern Officer's Pay.
Two ancient Scottish Poems; the Gaberlunzie Man and Christ's Kirk on the Green. With Notes and Observations. By John Calender, Esq.
Enquiry into the principal Phœnomena of Sounds. By Mr. Young.
The Noble Peasant, a Comic Opera. By Thomas Holcroft.
An Abridgement of Captain Cook's last Voyage.
Richardson's Statical Estimates of the Materials of Brewing.
Elements of Modern Gardening.
A Letter to Dr. Priestley.
A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Sarum.
A Letter to Sir Cecil Wray.
Fuller's Address to the Humane Society.
Avaro and Tray. A genuine Tale. By Major Henry Waller.
A Collection of English Exercises, translated from the Writings of Cicero only. By W. Ellis, A. M.
Observations on the Commerce of the American States. By John Lord Sheffield. Sixth Edition. With an Introduction in Reply to Remarks and Objections against it; Additions and new Tables.
Opinions on interesting Subjects of public Law and commercial Policy, arising from American Independence. By George Chalmers, Esq.
Essay on the Investigation of the First Principles of Nature. Part I. By Felix O'Gallaghan.
The Case of the Rev. Dr. Harwood.
Knowles's Letter to the Rt. Rev. the Lord</p> | <p>Bishop of Norwich.
The Beauties of Great Britain.
The Elements of Short Hand.
The Scripture Lexicon.
A Letter from a Medical Gentleman to his Friend.
A Rhodomontade of Politics.
An Authentic Journal of the late Siege of Gibraltar.
A View of the British Empire.
Winter's Sermons.
Saurin's Sermons, Vol. III. Translated by Robert Robinson.
God the Author of Peace and Lover of Concord. A Sermon preached at Deal, July 29, 1784. By Wm. Backhouse, D. D. 4to.
Parkinson's Sermons.
Wakefield's Sermons.
Prettyman's Sermon.
Bishop of St. David's Sermon.
Horne's Sermon.
Burnaby's Sermons.
The Trial of the Dean of St. Asaph.
Dialogue in the Elysian Fields. By Eliza Ryves.
Aikin's Kalendar of Nature.
The History of the Rise and Progress of Geography. By the Rev. John Blair, LL. D. 12mo.
Poetical Attempts, by the Author of Thoughts upon the Creation.
Ode to Robert Brooke, Esq. occasioned by the Death of Hyder Ally. By Eyles Irwin, Esq.
Knight's-Hill Farm, the Statesman's Retreat, a Poem.
Shooting, a Poem.</p> |
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EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

LONDON REVIEW;

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1784.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Some ACCOUNT of JOHN STANLEY, Esq.

[With an excellent Engraved LIKENESS of him.]

TO the honour of the present times, England is no longer to be pointed out as barren of masters in the polite arts. Music, which formerly derived little advantage from natives of this island, now can boast of several Professors, who rival the Italian and German masters both in performance and in composition. The English school, we trust, will continue to do honour to the science of music; and it will afford us great pleasure to record occasionally the lives of such of the professors of the art, as, from their abilities and virtues, deserve to be transmitted to posterity.

Of these, the gentleman we have selected for this month is not the least distinguished. Mr. Stanley was born on the 17th of January, G. S. 1713. At about the age of two years, he had the misfortune to fall on a marble hearth, with a china basin in his hand, by which accident he was deprived of his sight. At the age of seven years he first began to learn music, and soon arrived at considerable excellence in playing on the harpsichord.—His master was Mr. Reading, organist of St. John's, Hackney, and a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Blow. When he first began to learn, it was without any prospect of deriving more advantage from the science than merely amusement; but being observed to take great delight in the art, and making a considerable progress in it, his father was advised to apply to Dr. Green, the organist of St. Paul's, for further instructions, under whom he studied with great diligence and success.

Determining to make music his profession, he obtained, at the early age of eleven years, the place of organist of All-hallows, Breadstreet, in November, 1723, and that of St. Andrew, Holborn, August 16, 1726. He was elected in May 1734, by the Benchers of the honourable Society of the Inner Temple, their organist. Both these latter posts he has ever since continued to hold.

On the death of Mr. Handel, in the year 1760, he, in conjunction with Mr. Smith, (to whom, with himself, Mr. Handel had bequeathed his music) undertook to superintend the performance of Oratorios first at Covent-garden, and since at Drury Lane. This he continued until within two years last past. On the death of Dr. Boyce, in February 1779, he was appointed Master of his Majesty's Band of Musicians; and in May, 1782, succeeded Mr. Weideman as Conductor of it.

In July, 1738, Mr. Stanley was married to Miss Arlond, daughter of the late Edward Arlond, Esq. Captain in the honourable East India Company's service, but has no children.

Mr. Stanley was admitted Bachelor of Music, at the University of Oxford, on the 19th of July, 1729.

It is a maxim in philosophy, that the loss of one sense always strengthens the others. This position was never more clearly demonstrated than in the person † of Mr. Stanley, whose retentive memory is almost beyond the bounds of probability. He is never at a loss
for

† In many particulars Mr. Stanley resembles the celebrated Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, late Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. We are told by Dr. Richard Davies, who wrote that gentleman's life, that he was deprived of his sight at the age of one year.—“It was (says our Biographer) by the sense of feeling that our author acquired most of his ideas at first; and this he enjoyed in great acuteness and perfection, as it commonly happens to the blind, whether by the kind gift of nature, or the necessity of application. Yet he could not,

for any thing that he has learnt in his profession, even in his juvenile years. The manner and propriety with which he has conducted the Oratorios for many years past has not only excited the admiration, but also the astonishment of all the admirers of that elevated species of music; and it is worth recording, that at the performance of one of Handel's *Te Deums*, for the benefit of a public charity, the organ was half a note too sharp for the other instruments that were to assist at the performance; on which occasion he transposed the whole of it with as much ease and address, as any other person could have done by the help of sight.

Any person's voice being once heard by him, he never forgets; and if twenty people were seated at a table with him, he will address them all in regular order, without their situations being previously announced to him. In the younger part of his life, riding on horseback was amongst his favourite exercises; and but of late years it was uncommon thing, when he lived in *Salter's Buildings* on *Epping Forest*, and wished to give his friends an airing, to carry them the most pleasant road, and point out to them the most pleasing prospects. His hours of relaxation in the evenings are often passed at whist, where it is at once as curious as entertaining to see with how much readiness and judgment he plays the game; each card is marked at the corner with the point of a needle; but these signs are so delicately made, as hardly to be felt or seen by any person that is not apprised of it.

With these slight marks Mr. Stanley is generally the first whose hand is arranged; and it is no uncommon thing for him to upbraid the party with being tedious in sorting their cards.

He distinguishes with great accuracy the size of a room merely by the sound, and supplies the deficient sense so amply by the acuteness of the others, that he seems to feel but few of those wants which might naturally be expected from one who is deprived of the advantages arising from sight.

As though singularity was fated to attend Mr. Stanley, it is remarkable that a few years ago, without any previous illness, and without any subsequent inconvenience, he lost all his hair from his body. This remarkable incident, we believe, was described in the *Philosophical Transactions* about the year that it happened.

As a composer, Mr. Stanley is always sweet and pleasant. If he does not possess the fire of Handel, he never disgusts with insipidity. He has carefully cultivated the style in which he was originally instructed, which, if it does not exhibit as much of what is called *Taste* as may be found among other authors, at least discovers more good sense.

It is almost unnecessary to enter into his merits as a performer, those being as universally known as acknowledged; and as we do not mean to write a panegyric on this gentleman's talents, justice will authorize us in pronouncing him at once a prodigy and an ornament to his country.

as some have imagined (and as Mr. Boyle was made to believe of a blind man at *Maastricht*), distinguish colours by that sense; and having made repeated trials himself, he used to say it was pretending to impossibilities. But he could with great nicety and exactness discern the least difference of rough and smooth in a surface, or the least defect of polish. Thus he distinguished, in a set of Roman medals, the genuine from the false, though they had been counterfeited with such exactness as to deceive a connoisseur, who had judged by the eye. But, says the Professor, I, who had not that sense to trust to, could easily feel a roughness in the new cast sufficient to distinguish them by. His sense of feeling was very accurate in distinguishing the least variation in the atmosphere. I have been present with him in a garden making observations on the sun, when he has taken notice of every cloud that disturbed our observation almost as justly as we could. He could tell when any thing was held near his face, or when he passed by a tree at no great distance, provided the air was calm, and little or no wind: these he did by the different pulse of the air upon his face. Again, a refined ear is what such are commonly blessed with who are deprived of their eyes. Our Professor was perhaps inferior to none in the excellence of his ear: he could readily distinguish the fifth part of a note; and by his performance on the flute, which he had learned as an amusement in his younger years, discovered such a genius for music, as would probably have appeared as wonderful as his excellence in the mathematics, had he cultivated that art with equal application. By his quickness in this sense, he not only distinguished persons with whom he had ever, once conversed so long as to fix in his memory the sound of their voice, but in some measure places also. He could judge of the size of a room into which he was introduced, or the distance he was from the wall; and if ever he had walked over a pavement in courts, piazzas, &c. which reflected a sound, and was afterwards conducted thither again, he could exactly tell whereabouts in the walk he was placed, merely by the note it sounded."

Davies's Life and Character of Professor Saunderson, p. 11 and 13.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for SEPTEMBER, 1784.

No. VII.

THIS has not been a very idle month in the political world, notwithstanding the suspension of the proceedings of our Parliament, whether we consider the imaginary or the real business of that period.

Our modern patriots, ever upon the wing of lying Fame, eager to trumpet bad news for Old England when their friends are out of place, seized an opportunity to publish an infraction of the peace by the French at Newfoundland, in fortifying the two islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. The dispatches of the chief Commander on that station settled all that matter as soon as broached, to the satisfaction of all the people of Great Britain, excepting the men of the above description.

Much about the same time the King of Prussia was ordered out upon a sudden march with twenty thousand men into some of the provinces of Holland; and although his Prussian Majesty presumed to disobey that peremptory mandate, yet our funds, somehow or other, suffered a shock or downfall at the same time which they have not yet recovered.—But this mystery we leave to be explained and commented upon by the great dealers in transfers of that incomprehensible commodity.—So much for ideal politics: the serious part on the Continent we shall come to by and bye.

The above statement reduces our national affairs to a very narrow compass, which is principally contained in the advertisements from the different revenue offices, informing us what new burdens are laid upon our shoulders, and in what manner we are to bear them and deport ourselves under them; as well as new regulations for, and additions to, old taxes.—Indeed they are so numerous in their kinds, and multifarious in their operation, accompanied with so many penalties, that to learn to know our duty in this respect, and strictly practise it, may very properly be considered a science of itself, however dull, disagreeable, and uncomfortable the study of it may be.

Of all these new burthens, that of the tax on windows seems to be the most irksome, unpalatable, and unpopular. But as it is brought in by way of commutation to ease the public of another heavier burthen, and to improve the revenue by the suppression of smuggling; the single question is, whether the end is worthy of the means, and the means adapted to the end?—This has been bringing to the test in the course of this

month, and is still at issue; and according to the present appearance of things, we cannot help thinking our apprehensions thrown out in our last Magazine are strictly verifying;—the burden laid on the people being sure, fixed, heavy, and permanent;—the benefit resulting therefrom, unsubstantial, undefined, precarious and fluctuating, subject to contingencies, and the collisions of contending bodies of men, interested and inimical to the public weal.—On this subject we intend to be more explicit and pointed in the ensuing month: at present we shall only say, that it is a comfort to the people, that the event of the present struggle about the price of Tea must and will be known before the Window Tax can be levied; and if it should take a wrong turn, Parliament may meet and new-model the commutation system before any harm accrues to the people.

Sundry other taxes are just now taking place, some of which will occasion a good deal of murmuring among manufacturers and their customers. We hope all due lenity and tenderness will be exercised by the officers and collectors entrusted with the enforcing of these numerous revenue laws, for the sake of the public tranquillity.

Ireland continues nearly in its usual track, neither dependent nor independent, properly speaking, upon Great Britain, clamorous for liberty, yet more and more discontented as liberty expands itself over that island.—The people there seem not to see or comprehend the boundaries of legal chaste liberty, or their own wishes for that fair object of human delight. It is to be feared they know her not when they see her, nor feel her benign influence when shed abundantly over them.—It is the gift of few mortals to distinguish true liberty from licentiousness; of fewer still to enjoy the one alone without plunging into its vile counterpart, wild licentiousness. May the people of Ireland see their own true interest, and adhere to it! and may our ministers be able to point it out to them, to lead the rational part gently to it, and restrain the mad licentious part from their own destruction! But this will not be done by continuing in the track marked out by the Coalition.

We now come to the serious scene of politics now acting upon the continent of Europe.—The dispute between the Emperor and the Dutch has advanced rapidly in the course of this month towards a very important crisis, decisive of the grand question,

“War or peace between these two powers?”—a question which may eventually involve most of the continental powers of Europe in its consequences!—a train which we have neither time nor room at present to investigate.—Most probably, however, a blow will be struck by one side or both, that will decide the question before we can have another opportunity of animadverting further on the subject. We apprehend the Dutch must succumb, or destructive war will be their sudden ruin.

Whatever turn things may take between these two jarring powers and the respective potentates who may think proper to join the one or the other, we enter our formal protest against Great Britain taking any part in the quarrel directly or indirectly, to embroil the people in a war which no way concerns them—wherein neither of the parties has the least claim upon her in point of honour, gratitude, friendship, justice, interest, or self-preservation! a war which might involve her in consequences more fatal than those feverely felt from the late dreadful war, but could not possibly yield her the least benefit in possession, reversion, or expectancy. These observations are too self-evident to need any illustration, explanation, or proof by argument; but if they should be called into question, we are ready and willing to go into the most ample proofs of our allegations.

The peremptory declaration of the Emperor, and his consequent proceedings to bring

things to an issue, have been the means of suspending for the present the internal feuds and animosities pointed against the Stadtholder and his friends: perhaps they will now look to him for deliverance from their present troubles and impending dangers.

If any thing had been wanting to complete the embarrassment and confusion of the Dutch republick, it is amply provided in that gross insatiation, their turning against their old, steady, and never-failing friends, to place all their trust and confidence in the French Court!—a court inimical to all republican institutions in general; particularly to their republic *ab origine*;—a court intimately connected and closely united with a monarchy which to this day looks upon them with an evil eye, considering them as his revolted subjects, to be reduced to his allegiance the first favourable opportunity;—a court where the sovereign is in a near degree of consanguinity and cordial friendship with the Emperor, their present grand adversary! In such a situation they had no need of adding the Republic of Venice to the number of their enemies, open and declared, or secret and hidden.

The manœuvres of the Russian squadrons seem to mean nothing more at present than exercising and disciplining their men. If they occasion any alarm, it is confined to the neighbouring northern powers, who keep it among themselves without disturbing the rest of Europe.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE of GEORGE-ALEXANDER STEVENS.

OF this person, an extraordinary one in his way, some account seems to be necessary; as, for the singularity if not extent of his genius, he has perhaps left no one person with whom he may be compared.

His origin is not accurately known; but we have been informed that he was born in London, about Holborn. He was the son of a tradesman, and brought up with a view to some mechanical employment. The obscurity of his birth has cast a veil over the early part of his life. Whether dissipation, prodigality, want, idleness, profligacy, or inclination, led him to employ his talents in public, we are unable to determine; but the first notice we meet with concerning him, is as a strolling player in one of the provincial companies, whose chief head-quarters were at Lincoln, where he performed some time *. His own account of himself, extracted from a poem, called, ‘*Réigion, or the Libertine*

Repentant,’ 8vo. 1751, affords us every reason to suppose that the tenor of his life had not been much influenced by the rules of piety or virtue. Thus he describes himself:

“BY chance condemn’d to wander from
my birth

An erring exile o’er the face of earth;
Wild through the world of vice,—licen-
tious race!

I’ve started folly, and enjoy’d the chase:
Pleas’d with each passion, I pursu’d their
aim,

Chooe’d the gay pack, and grasp’d the
guilty game;

Revel’d regardless, leap’d reflection o’er,
Till youth, till health, fame, fortune, are
no more.

Too late I feel the thought-corroding pain
Of sharp remembrance and severe disdain:
Each painted pleasure its avenger breeds,
Sorrow’s sad train to Riot’s troop succeeds;

Slow wasting sickness steals on swift debauch ;

Contempt on pride, pale want on waste approach."

This poem was written during a fit of illness, and probably made no longer impression than until health returned.

The next year, 1752, he was performing in Dublin ; and while there, published a burlesque tragedy, called ' Distress upon Distress,' which does not appear to have been acted. The year following he came to London, and obtained an engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre ; where he performed without any applause, which indeed his performances on the stage were in no respect intitled to. In 1754, he published a poem, called ' The Birth-Day of Folly,' in imitation of The Dunciad ; but proceeded in the design no further than the first book. In January, 1755, the Theatre in the Haymarket was opened with an entertainment ridiculing Macklin's British Inquisition, and called ' The Female Inquisition. By a Lady.' It was supposed to be written by our author, who delivered a Proemium and Peroration ; but though aided by the assistance of Miss Isabella Wilkinfon's performances on the wire, it ended without any advantage to the adventurers, after being four times repeated.

At this period Mr. Stevens was celebrated at the several convivial societies then in being, of which there was a great number, as, the Choice Spirits, High Borlace, Comus's Court, &c. and wrote many of the songs he has since been applauded for. His finances were generally at a low ebb, and his person in duration. He experienced the extremes of mirth and jollity, as well as want and dependence ; and led a life, if unstained by crimes, yet despicable for its meanness and irregularity. He usually wrote pieces of humour for Shuter, to deliver at his benefit ; and we believe was the author of a Droll, acted at Bartholomew Fair by that Comedian in the year 1759, called, *The French flogg'd, or, The British Sailors in America.* In 1760, he published a Novel, in 2 vols. called, *The History of Tom Fool* ; and in 1761 began a

periodical publication, entitled, *The Beauties of the Magazines.* In 1763 he gave the public some entertainment at the expense of his friend Shuter and Nancy Dawson, in "*The Dramatic History of Master Edward, Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Llaneddwhydd, and others, the Extraordinaries of these Times,* 12mo.†— For Shuter he composed the first sketch of his Lecture on Heads, which is said to have owed its origin to his meeting, in one of his strolling excursions, with a country mechanic who described the members of the Corporation with great force of humour. Whether the humour of the piece was not congenial with that of Shuter, or whether he was inadequate to the talk, it is certain it was at first scarcely noticed. Luckily for the author, he was prompted to enlarge his plan, and having furnished himself with a complete apparatus, he went into the country, and repeated his Lecture with so much success at various places, that he was soon enabled to amass and remit home several large sums of money ; by which he secured himself in affluence during the rest of his life.

In April 1764 he commenced his Lecture at the Haymarket, greatly to the advantage of his fortune and reputation. He afterwards travelled over every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland ; and even made a trip to North America, and at every place met with the most flattering and generous reception.

After the Lecture on Heads had apparently been repeated often enough to lose some of its effect, he composed another entertainment of the like kind, called *The Supplement,* being a new Lecture upon Heads, Portraits, and Whole Lengths. It began in February 1766 ; but notwithstanding the Lecturer's acknowledged reputation, it was coldly received, and ended with six nights performance. It was tried again the next year, but with little more success, being repeated only seven nights.

The money he had acquired by means of his Lecture having made the drudgery of literature unnecessary to him, we do not find that he produced any performance until January 1770, when *The Court of Alexander,* a

† He appears at this time to have been at variance with Shuter. In page 145 of the above work, Miss Ann speaks of them both in these terms :—" I will say that for you, Ned, that your gratitude and my virtue are two very fine things, if any body could but tell where to find them. There was *what's his name*, who wrote the Droll for you, and made you your *Dish of all Sorts*, and *The Day of Taste*, and several comic songs, which have been of such service to you in your benefits, both in town and in the country, how did you serve him ? Didn't you expose him falsely and scandalously ; and strove, by what you said of him publicly, in some of the most infamous bawdy-houses that you frequent, to render him contemptible ? and he had never done any thing, to my knowledge, to merit such treatment.— I wish he would write something about you ; I wish he would ; nothing he could print against you could be half so bad as the abuse you have loaded him with, Nedly ; but he don't value you nor I neither.

burletta, set by Dr. Fisher, was acted at Covent Garden with, at least, as much applause as either the author or composer deserved. In 1772, owing to a pirated edition of his Songs being published at Whitehaven, he printed a genuine collection of them at Oxford, in octavo. In 1773 appeared *The Trip to Portsmouth*, a comic sketch, acted at the Haymarket, consisting of a few detached scenes, begun and finished in five days. He performed in this piece for the last time himself, and afterwards repeated his Lecture on Heads both in London and several other places, when, at length, finding his faculties become impaired, he sold the property in his work to Mr. Lee Lewes, a comedian of some eminence, who endeavoured, but without

success, to catch the spirit of the original author. The Lecture on Heads will probably never again meet with the favour it formerly obtained.

It was his misfortune that his mind and body did not keep pace with each other in their decay. He sunk by degrees into a state of all others the most distressing to those who have any connections, either of friendship or consanguinity, with a person so unhappily circumstanced. He retained his bodily faculties after his mind had lost its powers, and exhibited a miserable spectacle of idiotism and fatuity. At length, after several years remaining in this condition, he died at Baldock, in Hertfordshire, September 6th, 1784.

T H E H I V E : A C O L L E C T I O N O F S C R A P S .

Letter from Allan Ramsay, Author of *The Gentle Shepherd*.

(C O P Y .)

To Mr. John Simbert *, in Boston, New England.

‘**M**Y dear old friend, your health and happiness are ever an addition to my satisfaction. God make your life ever easy and pleasant—half a century of years have now row’d o’er my pow, that begins now to be lyart, yet thanks to my Author, I eat, drink, and sleep as sound as I did twenty years syne; yes, I laugh heartily too, and find as many subjects to employ that faculty upon as ever; fools, fops, and knaves grow as rank as formerly, yet here and there are to be found good and worthy men, who are an honour to human life. We have small hopes of seeing you again in our old world; then let us be virtuous, and hope to meet in heaven.—My good auld wife is still my bedfellow; my son †, Allan, has been pursuing your science since he was a dozen years auld—was with Mr. Hyffidg, at London, for some time, about two years ago: has been since at home, painting here like a Raphael—set out for the feat of the Beast, beyond the Alps, within a month hence—to be away about two years.—I’m sweer to part with him, but canna stem the current, which flows from the advice of his patrons, and his own inclinations—I have three daughters, one of 17, one of 16, and one of 12 years old, and no re-waly’d dragle among them, all fine girls. These six or seven years past I have not wrote a line of poetry; I e’en gave o’er in good time, before the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.

* Mr. John Simbert was a portrait-painter, who left England with Dean Berkeley, afterwards Bp. of Cloyne. That project miscarrying, Mr. Simbert went to Boston, married, and died.

† The late Allan Ramsay, Esq. painter to his Majesty.

Frae twenty-five to five-and-forty,
My muse was nowther sweer nor derty;
My Pegafus wad break his tether,
E’en at the shagging of a feather,
And throw ideas scour like drift,
Streaking his wings up to the list:
Then, then, my faul was in a low,
That gart my numbers safely row,
But eild and judgment gin to say,
Let be your fangs, and learn to pray.

I am, Sir, your friend and fervant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.*

Edinburgh, May 10, 1736.

E P I T A P H

On Miss SHIPLEY’S Squirrel, killed by her Dog.

By Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLYN.

ALAS! poor Mungo!

Happy wast thou, hadst thou known thy
own felicity!

Remote from the fierce, bold eagle,

Tyrant of thy native woods,

Thou hadst nought to fear,

From his piercing talons,

Nor from the blundering gun of the thought-
less sportsman.

Safe in thy wired castle,

Grimalkin never could annoy thee;

Daily wast thou fed with the choicest viands,
By the fair hands of an indulgent mistress;

But, discontented,

Thou wouldest have more liberty.

Too soon, alas! didst thou obtain it;

And, wandering, fell

By the merciless fangs of wanton, cruel Ranger.

Learn hence, ye

Who blindly seek more liberty,

Whether subjects, sons, squirrels, or daughters,
That apparent restraint

Is real liberty,

Yielding peace and plenty with security.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

On the CAUSES and EFFECTS of a NATIONAL SPIRIT and SENSE of HONOUR.

A SENSE of honour, and a resolute spirit, are the foundation of prosperity both in private and public affairs; without them abilities are of little value, and even integrity loses much of its worth.

Experience daily shews, that, with a moderate capacity, and a tolerable character, a firm and decisive temper carries a man through a world of difficulties; while, on the contrary, acknowledged parts and a candid disposition, if accompanied with weakness, are of small utility.

If in private life the want of resolution is a source of many inconveniencies, it is still of greater detriment in public transactions. Nations should ever be on the *qui vive*, as the French pertinently express it, incessantly on the watch in whatever regards their honour. Like the credit of a merchant, it must be supported at all costs: the least flaw or suspicion is injurious, and it requires usually more pains and labour to repair the damages done by a slight neglect in these matters than would have been necessary to prevent them.

But this spirit is chiefly needed in those arduous conflicts that seem reserved in the vicissitudes of time to try the prowess and capacity of nations in their successive turns. When the perilous day is arrived which is to decide of the fate of states and kingdoms, it is principally on fortitude of mind the decision rests.

History furnishes a multitude of examples of states reduced to the most forlorn situation, and which, contrary to all expectation, were saved by those resolute exertions that were inspired by a sense of national honour.

When Darius Hystaspes, and his successor Xerxes, projected the invasion of Greece, they little knew what sort of men they would have to contend with: accustomed to make war upon nations ill governed, or deficient in vigour and spiritedness of disposition, they flattered themselves they should meet with no greater resistance.

But the causes that had favoured the Persian arms in former enterprizes did not subsist among the Greeks. They were, though not equal in numbers to the several people whom the Persians had subdued, yet far above them in that sense of honour which produces a lasting courage, and a perseverance in difficulties.

This qualification was not founded on vain notions of themselves, which the least meritorious are as apt to cherish as the worthiest of men. It was built on a foundation solid

and visible, on the excellence of their national institutions, and on the superiority of character they derived from them.

They were taught from their infancy to look on their country as preferable to any other, on account of its wise laws and regulations, much more than from its natural advantages. They were made sensible betimes of the preference it deserved over all others, from the ingenuity of the natives, and the works of art and genius in which they were so eminently distinguished.

These were the motives held out to the Greeks for setting a due value on their country, and esteeming themselves beyond other people. Their manners and rules of living, the liberality of their ideas, the principles of magnanimity which they inculcated, all these powerfully conspired to form that respect and attachment to the society they were members of, which constitute what is called a sense of national honour.

This salutary feeling did not certainly exist with the same warmth in their enemies. The Greeks were sensible of their inferiority in this respect, and of the causes whence it proceeded; which were a degree of zeal and activity in the cultivation of the public interest, comparatively small to their own, and a neglect of those qualifications and endowments which tend equally to ornament the mind, and to infuse a manliness of disposition.

Fraught with these ideas of supereminence, they viewed the Asiatics with contempt, and felt an inward vigour that inspired them with a resolution never to yield to foes that were unworthy of entering the lists of comparison with them in any thing but riches and numbers. They would have thought it a disgrace to their character to submit to such masters; and were persuaded their prudence and superiority of conduct and discipline would prove an overmatch, and extricate them from every danger.

In such a situation were the inhabitants of Greece, when the Persians invaded them with innumerable armies, and thought to bring them under subjection as they had done so many other nations.

But here they found a firmness and intrepidity that astonished them, and baffled all their efforts. They found a people universally resolved to endure every calamity, rather than bow the neck to servitude. They saw them burning their towns and ruining their country, and intent only on the saving of their families from the hands of the enemy: they saw every man able to bear arms pre-

paring to face them with a determination that admitted of no medium between death and victory: they quickly experienced the difference between such men and the multitudes connected together by mere obedience to their chiefs. Whatever strength or agility of body, or other advantages, these might boast, they were not supported by that national spirit which adds such weight to military skill, and often renders a less portion of it more efficacious than a greater.

Thus it was entirely to the high sentiments of honour imbibed among the Greeks from their earliest years, that we are to ascribe their preservation from the Persian yoke, and the summit of glory to which they afterwards attained.

Various are the sources from which a sense of national honour may flow. Among the Greeks, as it appears, it was produced by a conviction of their nobler qualities, and their superior capacity in arts and liberal endowments. But it has also been derived from other causes, if less exalted, yet not less effectual in their operations.

Commercial successes have often proved a firm basis of invincible courage, and inspired a people with the highest notions of their worth, and with the strongest adherence to each other in time of danger. The pride resulting from the possession of riches is communicated to every member of the body politic, and begets a sort of imaginary participation, from the consciousness of belonging to a community where the benefits accruing from them are shared more or less by every individual.

A striking example of the force of a national spirit, created by such means, was displayed by the Carthaginians on the revolt and insurrection of the mercenary troops in their pay.

After the conclusion of the first war in which they were engaged with the Romans, it was found necessary to disband the numerous armies they had so long kept on foot at an enormous expence. But the difficulties and delays that arose in settling their arrears exasperated this unruly multitude: confiding in their numbers, they threw off all obedience, and took the resolution of turning their arms against their masters, and stripping them of their riches.

The Carthaginians, taken in a manner by surprize, could make little resistance at first: the insurgents accordingly carried rapine and devastation over the territories of the republic, and reduced Carthage itself to the utmost distress.

But the spirit of that people remained unshaken: though surrounded by a numerous army of veterans, and deprived of all expectations of relief from any friends or allies, yet

they did not despond, but bravely determined to rely on their own courage for deliverance.

In this perilous situation, they animated each other by the recollection of the conspicuous figure they had made during a succession of ages, and the respect and terror their name had impressed on surrounding nations, and through such a vast extent of lands and seas. The remembrance of their forefathers, whose labours and industry had raised Carthage to such a degree of eminence, inspired them with a fortitude and undauntedness that overcame all hardships, and produced such exertions of courage and ability as their enemies could not withstand. After a bloody war waged with men inured to the strictest discipline, and thoroughly conversant in all kinds of military knowledge, they came off completely victorious, notwithstanding the forces with which they encountered them were composed of their own citizens, until this dreadful trial unacquainted with the use of arms, and whose only qualification in the field of battle, on their first setting out, was a resolute determination to shed the last drop of their blood for the defence of their country.

In modern ages, the same motives excited the Venetians to assert their cause with an equal degree of intrepidity.

Like the Carthaginians, they had founded their prosperity on commerce, and had acquired a measure of strength and importance that roused the jealousy of all their neighbours, and involved them in a quarrel that was high proving fatal to their very existence. Their armies were destroyed, their towns and provinces taken, and the enemy was preparing to assault their very city: but the spirit of the people was invincible; they prepared to meet the worst that could happen, and soon convinced their enemies how dangerous a task they would find it to carry matters to extremities.

This seasonable display of resolution cooled the ardour of those who had imagined their defeats had depressed their minds, and would render them an easy conquest. As they continued to act in this manner, and made their foes sensible they would perish in maintaining the honour of the Venetian name, these thought it advisable to desist from the plans of destruction they had formed.

The last century presents us with an instance of a similar kind.—Holland did not act an inferior part either to Carthage or Venice, when environed with enemies on every side, and menaced with dangers, many of which were realized, and the others only avoided by a heroic destruction of their own country, to prevent its falling into the hands of an ambitious invader.

The spirit of national honour never appeared with more lustre than upon this memorable occasion. The terms dictated by an imperious enemy stationed in the heart of their country, shewed by their arrogance how little it was presumed the Dutch were able to make any farther defence. But the haughtiness and injustice of these very terms only served to rouse the indignation of that people. They laid aside, from that moment, all ideas but those of the most resolute resistance: they unanimously chose to perish rather than yield; and if no other remedy could be found for their misfortunes, their ultimate resolves were to commit themselves to the mercy of the seas, and to seek a place of refuge in the farthest extremities of the globe.

So daring a plan manifested how deeply they were actuated by a spirit of attachment to the name and honour of their nation. They could not consent to renounce that political existence during which they had achieved such mighty things, and even valued it at a higher rate than the preservation of their native country.

In the three cases of Carthage, Venice, and Holland, we have strong proofs, that commercial ties are as fully able to unite a people in a firm adherence to the cause and reputation of their country, as that consciousness of supereminence in arts, liberal accomplishments, and mental qualifications, which rendered the Greeks so remarkable for a high sense of the honour and dignity of their nation.

There is, however, another cause of spirit-edness which seems still more powerful than the other two: this is the glory acquired by martial exploits. When a people are habituated to feats of arms, and spend their lives in a continual round of military occupations, it is natural they should contract the highest notions of their importance, and should look upon themselves with uncommon respect.

A warlike nation cannot fail to esteem itself above others that differ from it in this particular. Daily experience proves how slightly those are thought and spoken of by it, who do not excel in the profession of arms.

When a nation becomes remarkably successful in war, it acquires a loftiness of soul that influences every individual of which it is composed: the reputation of the whole is enjoyed by all the separate parts, and produces a warmth of connexion between them in the support of that common object of their enjoyment, which animates them incessantly to espouse its cause with the utmost alacrity and vigour

Thus we always find a victorious people full of individuals ready upon the least occasion to maintain its honour at all hazards. The triumphant æras of every state and kingdom in the universe abound with proofs of the zeal manifested by their respective subjects in asserting the dignity of their country whenever they thought it called in question, and in standing up for its real or imaginary rights against all opponents.

While Spain was at the head of Europe, the natives of that kingdom assumed an air of superiority, of which all Europe complained; nor were they less noted for courage and daringness in the field. The deeds performed in the reign of Charles V. and the great military reputation to which the Spanish troops had attained, filled them with a boldness and bravery that long rendered them a terror to their neighbours.

In the days of Gustavus Adolphus, the name of a Swede became highly respectable in war. The inhabitants of that kingdom prided themselves in their military excellence to such a degree, as to exert the most enthusiastic valour on every opportunity: they courted danger, as it were, for the sake of signalling their valour, and of proving how much their countrymen were above others in martial endowments.

When France took its turn of political supremacy, the glory of its victories and conquests was remarkably felt by the individuals of that kingdom; they lost no occasion of expressing how highly they were affected by them. The sentiments they inspired communicated themselves to persons of all ranks, and were productive of a spirit that survived the causes which had given it birth. Even in the latter years of Lewis XIV. at a time when defeats and losses attended his arms every where, still the sense of national honour was far from being subdued: the French behaved valiantly every where, and they who were confederated against them had men to combat entirely worthy of such enemies.

This shews with what force the very idea of having once been triumphant in war, operates on those who belong to the nation which possessed that character. It is an incentive of the most potent nature; it incessantly supplies fresh confidence to the unfortunate, and leads them on to new trials; it banishes despondency, and encourages men to hope for the best in spite of the worst.

Thus it was with the unhappy cotemporary of Lewis, Charles XII. of Sweden. Though beaten, conquered, and almost ruined, he still persisted in facing his enemies, and taught his subjects to expect a revival of his former successes. They seconded his wishes with a zeal hardly inferior to his own. Such was

the spirit of national honour throughout Sweden, that the very peasants thought themselves invincible when fighting under his banners. In a battle fought with the Danes, a regiment of Swedish boors defeated and cut in pieces the Danish regiment of guards, consisting of select veterans.

A people in whom a traditional sense of honour has eminently dwelt for ages, are the Swiss. It has been to them a shield of defence upon a multiplicity of emergencies. Bravery has long been their principal inheritance and support, and is indeed the very foundation on which their independence has hitherto stood immovable. The remembrance of the valour exerted by their forefathers in the establishment of liberty, and in preserving it, recurs to their minds like a lesson of instruction how to behave, should they ever be called upon to imitate them. From the specimens they have occasionally exhibited, how well they can acquit themselves in such cases, a spirit of military emulation has descended from father to son, which has procured them the character of being a nation of soldiers. Long have the states and kingdoms of Europe supplied their armies from this country. Such is the opinion entertained of their prowess, that while attempts of conquest have been made over sundry of their neighbours, they have remained unmolested. The last potentate that undertook to subdue them, was Charles the Bold, sovereign of the Low Countries; but he met with a reception that will never be forgotten while the memory of heroic actions is preserved. The battles of Granon and Morat which they won over that ambitious prince, are such monuments of intrepidity and fortitude, as neither ancient nor modern history can exceed.

These signal defeats of so resolute and enterprising a warrior have proved a warning to all succeeding generations. The aspiring Charles V. his no less designing son Philip II. in the midst of their unceasing projects of aggrandisement, were peculiarly circumspect in their behaviour to the Swiss. Ferdinand II. and his son Ferdinand III. emperors of Germany, were princes of as much ambition as any of the Austrian line: but even while fortune attended their arms in every quarter, and seemed for a time to promise them an almost intire subjection of the empire, they did not dare to manifest any hostile intentions towards Swisserland: though descended from a family that had hereditary pretensions on that country, they never shewed the least inclination to assert them.

Lewis XIV. of France in the highest career of his successes always paid them a marked deference. Some politicians have

even thought, that such was his fear of offending them, that had they interfered in favour of Spain, when that monarch seized the Province of Franche Comté, which lay contiguous to their borders, he would have restored it, sooner than involved himself in a quarrel with Swisserland.

But their moderation and love of peace were always no less conspicuous than their valour. They have constantly observed a strict neutrality respecting the differences among the European powers. Satisfied with the enjoyment of freedom and tranquillity at home, they have never entertained an idea of making acquisitions abroad; and are upon that account, and from a variety of motives all much redounding to their honour, the very best of neighbours.

No other people in Europe can boast of possessing, like the Swiss, the unanimous good will and opinion of all the rest. Envy, suspicion, old grudges, and frequent enmity, are the portion of them all without exception: as they are often at variance, so they are perpetually on their guard against each other; and there is no sincerity in their mutual professions of amity. Peace among them is only a cessation of hostilities; their endeavours to thrive by the cultivation of commerce, and the encouragement of manufactures and other arts, are in fact no more than preparations for new wars.

The Swiss alone may be said to live in a state of real tranquillity, neither disturbed by present, nor by the prospect of future quarrels, which is far from being the case of any other state. If not engaged in actual disputes, they live in a continual dread and expectation of them; and hardly know from one day to another, whether they will not, either as principals or accessaries, be forced to take part in some of those altercations that succeed each other of late with so universal a rapidity.

This truly enviable situation of uninterrupted peace the Swiss may wholly ascribe to the reputation they have so long and so justly claimed, of possessing an uncommon share of national spirit, and displaying it invariably upon every proper occasion.

The mountains, rocks, and fastnesses of Swisserland are sometimes mentioned as their chief security against invasions: but ignorance, inattention, or injustice, can alone countenance so wrong a suggestion. Are not their Italian neighbours guarded on all sides by the Alps, which form a natural rampart on the north of that peninsula, where only it is accessible by land? But the truth is, that no ramparts will secure those who want spirit to defend themselves. It is much more to the valour of the Swiss than to the obstructions

obstructions raised by nature, the disinclination of ambitious princes to molest them is due, as well as the disappointments that have befallen such as have made attempts of this kind; while on the other hand, the most difficult passes, defiles, and precipices, have never been able to arrest the continual in-

vasions which have for so many centuries been the fate of Italy, and made that beautiful country an object of everlasting contest among foreign competitors, almost to the exclusion of the natives themselves.

(To be continued.)

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The ACADEMIC. No. III.

— *Civium andor prava jumentum.* HOR.

IT has been laid down as an established maxim, that when subjects have once rebelled against their Sovereign, their regard for personal security requires a perseverance in the same measures, and that the arms which they have once taken up in opposition to so dangerous a power, ought never to be thrown away. I am not at present disposed to investigate with minuteness the political tenets of the maintainers of this opinion, but shall content myself with enquiring, in the present question, whether the mistakes of Government were sufficient to justify the admission of so odious a crime as Rebellion; and considering whether the reasons assigned by the Parliamentarians for their conduct to Charles I. ought to convince us of the justice of their motives.

Opinions, as well as manners, vary with the times: no basis has yet been found firm enough to ensure the duration of these, any more than of kingdoms and of empires; the one have been experienced to be equally as unstable as the other. Revolving years have been productive of alterations in the walks of imagination and of literature, no less than in the world of politicians. The jargon of the schools, the categories of Aristotle, and a number of sonorous terms expressive of no idea, are no longer, though once the only standard of erudition, considered as necessary in the formation of the man of real learning; nay, even the opinions, says Lord Orrery, of the great Sir Isaac Newton and his followers, which are now looked upon as incontrovertible, may one day hence be exploded and derided. Nor is it in matters of speculation only, where no absolute certainty can be ascertained, and where experiment can have little room to exert its all-convincing powers, that this fluctuating principle operates on the minds of men; but even religion, whose cultivation or neglect implies the happiness or misery of mankind, whose proofs are incontestibly clear, whose precepts are simple, and liable to no artifice or chicanery of perverters, has not at all times met with equal entertainment. One age runs with precipitance into all the gloomy horrors of enthusiasm, and the ill-grounded terrors

of superstition; the next, from a consideration of the impropriety of the religious conduct of their ancestors, and a consequent determination to avoid that improper conduct, rushes into the opposite extreme, embraces the principles of the libertine, and wanders in irreligion and impiety.

The sentiments of the period under consideration, with regard to this important subject, were of the former description; and this topic engaged the attention, and exercised the polemical faculties, of every member of the commonwealth, from the monarch down to the peasant. The terrible impressions made by the bigotry and persecutions of the cruel Mary, had not yet been totally eradicated and forgot; and every approach, however distant, to Popery, and every remaining feature of that detested abomination, roused the fears, and excited the alarms, of the populace. Some small reliques of the Popish form of worship as yet remained unreformed; and though by men of enlarged minds and extended ideas they may be looked upon as insignificant or indifferent, yet at this time they were sufficient to raise a furious civil war,

Ulli ferratos postes portasque refringere,
to shake the foundations of a kingdom, and withdraw the supporters of a British throne. The first reformers, hurried on by an inveterate antipathy to the church of Rome, and irritated by opposition, had laboured under a culpable want of moderation in the prosecution of their designs, and were determined to leave no vestige, whereby the prevalence of that mother of idolatry in preceding ages might appear; episcopacy therefore, though warranted by scripture, and perhaps the best mode of church-government, was abolished, merely because adopted by the superstitious Conclave. But those of the Church of England, either from their own wisdom or the secret lukewarmness of the Monarch, had permitted no groundless prejudice or spirit of contradiction to deprive them of their sober judgment, or the fruits of cool reflection; they therefore, convinced of its utility, had established the authority of Bishops, and had

had so far acted in conformity to the Popish tenets. But in this age, when every one looked upon himself as equally entitled to the favour of Heaven with the best of men, and as no mean proficient in the doctrines of Christianity, and even boasted to feel the spirit of inspiration within his breast; men, who believed themselves inferior to none, were ill disposed to submit to the dictates of superiors, and acquiesce in the dependence of subordination; and in this situation of affairs, every ceremony, however inconsiderable, was considered as idolatrous, and every formality as far from a suitable correspondence with the fervor of their zeal, and the spirituality of their devotions. The surplice, bowing at the name of Jesus, kneeling at the sacrament, and other matters of form, were decried as Papistical; and the danger of a re-admission of the Papal power, and of an extirpation of the Protestants from the persecuting principles of that sect, excited the apprehensions of the kingdom from the one end to the other.

The leaders of the Parliament had too much sagacity and penetration not to perceive the opportunity which offered itself for promoting their designs, which, by this time, in all probability extended to the total dissolution of the Monarchy. The Bench of Bishops, when reconciled to the views of the Court, had always been a considerable support to it; and as the Clergy had necessarily a great influence on the affections of the generality of the people, no mean share of the security of the Crown depended upon their good opinion.—Nay, so much were Monarchy and Episcopacy thought to be connected in the nature of things, that it has been the assertion of some great man, (I think of King James I.) that the abolition of the one involved the ruin of the other. Accordingly, the partizans of liberty resolved to make these the first sacrifice to their ambitious views, and esteemed a diminution of their power as a prelude to gain a superiority in the Upper House, as they had already done in the Lower; a motion, therefore, was made to incapacitate them from taking seats in the House of Lords as Peers of the realm.

It seems to have been the singular fate of Charles, to be always in the end obliged to give way to every attack upon his rights. Though for a while he endeavoured to stem the torrent of opposition, and to parry the attempts of his adversaries, yet, from a want of steadiness, he at length suffered the perseverance of his enemies to prevail. The present was a bold attempt; it was an attempt that at once struck at the privileges of the subject, and the prerogative of the King: by depriving a part of the people (the Clergy)

of representation in Parliament, it levelled its aim at the very vitals of the constitution, and contradicted all the maxims of civil liberty. Charles, as usual, at first refused to give his assent to the bill; but the incendiary Commons had means enow to which they might recur for promoting their destructive aims. Tumultuary petitioners, at their instigation, assembled in infinite numbers about Whitehall; they complained of the obstinacy and arbitrary disposition of the King; and the cry of 'No Bishops, No Bishops,' resounded from every quarter. It was in vain that Charles alleged that his education was among Protestants; it was in vain that he appealed to the general tenor of his conduct since his accession to the Throne: no promises, no professions, could allay the blind impetuosity of an inflamed multitude. Assent was necessary; and the unhappy Monarch was obliged to disqualify his best friends, to deprive himself of the means of defence, and expose himself to the attacks of every malignant foe.

The Commons, not satisfied with this concession, as was foreseen, proceeded to make other requisitions; and the act, by which the Crown resigned the prerogative of dissolving the Parliament without its own consent, and a thousand others equally unjustifiable from the rules of British government and British liberty, were demanded, and, by the means above recited, obtained. But it would be endless to enumerate each of their violences, and undertake to demonstrate the injustice and the unreasonableness of each distinct item. Suffice it then to say, that every one was liable to the censure of a man of impartiality no less than the deprivation of the Bishops, as they all, in proportion to their extent, centered in the same point.

In such circumstances, no eloquence or subtle sophistry is required to vindicate the name of Charles from the imputations of faction, or to refute the arguments of his adversaries. Nor, in my opinion, can any one arraign with justice the subsequent measures of this Prince, or find the least ground for denominating him a tyrant. Mild and beneficent in his ends, and moderate in the means for the attainment of them, it might have been expected that success would have attended his steps, and his reign have been glorious and happy. But such were the peculiar circumstances of the times, and such the fate of this Prince, that all his virtues were in reality so many faults; and those good dispositions which constitute the value of the private man, and which at almost any other period in the English annals might have been productive of general felicity, now became the source of his afflictions. Indeed, it does

not always happen that the best men succeed here below; the Almighty hath in his infinite goodness and wisdom so disposed of earthly goods, that from the prosperity of the irreligious, and the persecutions and misfortunes of those who most study his glory and service, we might be taught to expect another more perfect state, where the difference between merit and demerit shall be clearly decided, and proportionate rewards be assigned.

That many of the leaders of the Commons were originally men of integrity and honour, and that at first they acted from principle, and a sense of their duty to their country, must certainly be allowed: finding, however, during the contest, a favourable opportunity to aggrandize themselves, and pushed forward by the audacity of the few, who had long ago planned the erection of an Oligarchy on the ruins of the Monarchy, they were insensibly seduced to the commission of such violences as rendered a perseverance in them necessary.

The Independents, who openly professed their inveteracy to every thing which carried the appearance of superiority, whether civil or ecclesiastical, had now gained a considerable majority in the House, and, with the savage and daring Cromwell at their head, every thing subversive of order and all political regulations was to be expected from them.—The Presbyterians, in their turn, were now foiled, and, after labouring for a series of years, and risking their lives and fortunes in order to establish liberty and freedom, were obliged to give way to the mysterious intrigues and dark cabals of a few usurpers. But they perceived their error too late; they had alike disabled themselves and the Crown from making resistance. Thus the mild, the humane, the pious Charles, whose fault was sincerity, and whose crime was irresolution, fell an unhappy victim to the enthusiasm of Presbyterians, and the hypocrisy of Independents.

R E M U S.

Oxford, Aug. 15, 1784.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

REVIEW and EXAMINATION of FRENCH LITERATURE.

By Dr. ANDREW S.

[Continued from page 99.]

THE French have long been noted for romances and novels. They overflowed the last century like an inundation, and vitiated during a considerable time the taste of almost all Europe.

When people of curiosity and leisure are at the pains of perusing some of the voluminous productions of that sort which were in such request at that æra, it cannot fail to astonish them, that compositions so wild, so absurd, and so bombastic, should find such multitudes of readers.

There are none of them deserving the least attention. In fact, they are totally forgotten at this day. The taste of the French nation has long since undergone an entire alteration, and will admit of nothing that is not correct and regular.

But though they reject the turgid and unnatural romances of former days, they are willing to admit of novels written with elegance of style and probability of incidents.

Some of the most approved writers in this line are Marmentel, Crebillon, son to the celebrated tragic author, Marivaux; and Prevot, known for his numerous translations from the English.

Among the novels of prime note must be classed *les Mémoires de la Vie du Comte de Grammont*, by Hamilton. It is an original in point of style and of method; full of wit and

pleasantry; and keeping truth in view in the midst of laughter and merriment.

As time is precious, especially to a traveller, stint yourself chiefly to these: or if you cannot refrain from others, consult the most judicious of your French acquaintance, which have the vogue of the day; that being usually the principal merit of such productions.

From the severity of this stricture, I am bound however, by all the laws of criticism, to except *Gil Blas*, and *le Diable Boiteux*, both written by Le Sage. Never was a truer and more entertaining picture of human life and manners exhibited than the former, nor a keener and more witty satire on vice and folly than the latter. His *Bachelier de Salamauque* may deservedly keep them company.

I cannot deny that there are abundance of other ingenious performances in the same line, written in French: but I am at the same time so desirous that you should apply yourself to something more solid and profitable, that I do not chuse to enlarge upon this subject.

You will meet but with too many opportunities of sacrificing time to such amusements. Numbers of the gay world read nothing else but such books. You will find them too often on the tables of the literati,
and

and the toilets of both your male and female acquaintances at their country houses; for here the French of all ages and denominations deem themselves at liberty to think of nothing but mere pastime and pleasure.

There are two works in the French language, which some have thought proper to mention in the catalogue of romances: but they certainly deserve a higher place: these are *Telemachus*, and the *Travels of Cyrus*.

The first, though written in prose, is unquestionably the most beautiful poem in every other respect that ever appeared in the French tongue. The second is an excellent selection and arrangement of historical facts, connected together by a judicious fable, tending to form and enlighten the understanding, and at the same time to enrich the memory with a large portion of useful knowledge.

No modern production has met with more applause than *Telemachus*. It has endeared the name of Fenelon, its illustrious author, to the whole world. But the *Travels of Cyrus* have not, if I may venture an opinion, been sufficiently diffused in the literary circles of Europe.

On their first appearance they had some enemies to encounter in the field of criticism: but their defects were so slight, and so readily rectified, that they soon gained their author, the celebrated *Ramsay*, a prodigious reputation. The ingenuity and erudition so judiciously blended in this performance, render it of the most extensive utility, and afford equal pleasure and instruction.

It may not be improper to take notice, that this is another instance of a foreigner producing a work of prime merit in the French language; *Mr. Ramsay* being a native of Scotland.

I now come to that branch of literature where indeed the merit of the French is confessedly very eminent.

This branch is history, till very lately too much neglected in England, but long since cultivated in France with great assiduity and success.

The first French book of this kind I would earnestly wish you to read, is *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, by *Bosquet*. It is a chronological account of the world until the close of the eighth century. It is written with great eloquence, and is full of learning and instruction.

Les Discours sur l'Histoire Ecclesiastique, by *Fleury*, is another object I must point out to your attention. They are the very pith and essence of all that is worth knowing on this matter. Peruse them with care and diligence, and do it more than once.

His *Traité des Etudes* claims also your notice. It is an historical abstract of the an-

cient methods of studying, with excellent directions what books, and in what manner to study.

The *History of France*, by *Father Daniel*, is the best extant. I do not propose him as a faultless writer: but he is copious, exact, and, considering his situation in life, more impartial than could almost be expected. His style is correct and flowing; and, though not remarkable for energy, is clear, unaffected, and altogether very pleasing.

A work which, for its intrinsic and evident utility, claims a high consideration in the republic of letters, is the *Ancient History*, by *Rollin*. If any man deserved well of youth, it is certainly he. No one has so greatly facilitated the means of that knowledge which becomes a gentleman. He wrote with an eloquence and dignity befitting his subject; and well deserves the words I have seen under a print of him, *Leges et religes*. Forget not *Crevier*, the elegant continuator of his *History of Rome*.

Rapin Thoiras should be read by an Englishman on two accounts: he has written the history of our country; and he has done it with impartiality. His style is rather dry and frigid; but his judgment and penetration make ample amends.

Farther *Orleans* has treated of the same subject in a far more entertaining manner. As you have years and discretion sufficient to think for yourself, you may peruse him without any danger to those principles which ought ever to be uppermost in an Englishman.

Vertot is a writer whose diction is equally correct and eloquent. He is full of entertainment, and few authors are more in request with their countrymen. His *Revolutions of Sweden* and of *Rome* are highly esteemed, the latter especially.

The *History of the famous League of Cambray* against the Republic of *Venice*, by *Dubos*, is a performance of singular merit: it displays a fund of political knowledge, very curious and interesting to such as are desirous of being well acquainted with that important and celebrated period. It is written in a noble and elevated style, and has met with the universal acceptance of all Europe.

A composition of peculiar merit is the *Life of Henry the Fourth of France*, by *Perefixe*. It was designed for the instruction of *Lewis the Fourteenth*, by the author, who was his preceptor. It abounds with excellent passages, and is incomparably the best account of the reign and actions of that great monarch: it is a book which every prince ought to read.

There is an abridgment of the French history

history, written of late years by Mons. Henault, a man of uncommon abilities and sagacity: it is extolled as a most perfect and finished performance.

St. Real is an author whose historical pieces have met with extraordinary praise. The Spanish conspiracy against Venice is unanimously allowed to be a master-piece.

The learned Tillemont's History of the Roman Emperors is written with an exactitude and care, and with a correctness and precision of style, that have procured him the highest reputation.

All these writers, I doubt not, you will bestow the utmost diligence in perusing. I could have mentioned many others very deserving; but these are incontestably the first upon the historical catalogue.

If I have omitted the celebrated Abbé Raynal, it is not because I have forgotten him; but that his writings are of a particular class, being a mixture of history and philosophy, blending and supporting each other in a manner that renders him an original in this sort of composition.

I recommend him to your most attentive perusal. His head and his heart seem of the purest and sublimest frame. No writer appears more sincerely zealous for the common happiness of society; none more determined to promote it by the uniform tenour of all his writings.

Another historical performance of an original nature, is the Considerations on the Rise and Decline of Rome, by the illustrious Montefiquieu.

I will not have the vanity to say any thing in praise of a work that is above all commendation. The concurrent testimony of all Europe has long pronounced it to be the noblest monument of historical wisdom that ever yet appeared. It is read by all nations as a book of oracles; and has left nothing to be added on the subjects it has treated.

A person of great rank and dignity, and of no less discernment and sagacity, has intitled this famous performance "The Roman History, written for the use of Kings and Ministers of State." This is a compendious but fully expressive eulogium.

I will close this review of the principal historians among the French with Voltaire. He is by accurate judges esteemed not only one of the best, but the very best historian that nation has produced. He excels in all the qualities required in that province; imagination, fire, elocution, judgment; he possesses them all in perfection: his language is elegance itself, and his style is full of grandeur and energy: his characters are drawn to the life; and his descriptions are pictures that

strike the eye, and turn his readers into spectators.

His History of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, and that of Louis the Fourteenth of France, have immortalized them together with himself. You cannot be too much conversant in both these admirable performances.

Will you permit me to add a word in favour of three compositions, from which, as I have derived much pleasure, I flatter myself you will do the same. These are the History of Louis the Eleventh of France, by Duclou; that of Sobiecki, by Coyer; and the Life of the Emperor Julian, furnished the Philosopher by some, and by others the Apostate, written by Lableterie.

Of all branches of polite knowledge, history is the most useful as well as the most ornamental to a gentleman. It is that which teaches him the science of states and nations, and fits him to make a figure on the great theatre of the world.

An English gentleman should be particularly versed in history; not only that of his own country, but those of as many others as he can possibly spare time to read and study. It is chiefly by an application of this kind that he will become of public utility: he will learn what courses to avoid, by contemplating the calamities they have occasioned; and what measures to pursue, by considering the benefits they have produced.

Men of rank and fortune in some other countries may doubtless attain the same knowledge; but in them it will prove inactive and fruitless: it is only in states blest with liberty that such a science is not a dead letter to the possessor.

Study therefore history beyond all other subjects. It will bring you most honour and profit: it will enable you to shine in public deliberations, and to act upon necessary occasions. It will, in short, supply the demands of both theory and practice.

But were you destined to spend your life at a distance from the busy scenes of the political world, still it is highly becoming an individual of condition above the vulgar in this land of liberty, to qualify himself to judge of what passes on the stage of public transactions.

In this light, history is an amusement and a benefit: it relieves our leisure hours, and teaches us at the same time what to applaud and what to condemn. It is attended also with another consequence of still greater weight: when people in power know that their conduct will undergo the examination of an intelligent public, able to weigh their actions in the scale of historical comparison, and to judge of the present by the past, they

will certainly pay more deference to its opinion, and will endeavour to deserve its approbation by the rectitude of their measures.

History however can never be again on the same footing of splendour it was in ages of old.

Whatever historians France or any modern nation may have produced, let us not imagine they bear any proportion in point of merit to those of antiquity.

Two reasons concur to decide in favour of these: they were born and bred in republics, and enjoyed an unlimited freedom in the manifestation of their thoughts; and they wrote in a superior language.

Should any one object the examples of Livy and Tacitus, let them recollect that the first wrote at a time when, tho' liberty was oppressed, it was not extinguished. Augustus did not wish to appear its enemy: on the contrary, he always spoke with the utmost respect of the sovereignty of the Roman people: hence a great degree of liberty remained, not only in appearance, but also in reality.

Tacitus wrote under the Emperor Tra-

jan, the greatest friend to the rights and liberties of mankind that ever sat upon a throne.

But the historians of modern ages have not had the same advantages. To say nothing of the inferiority of their language, which however is a weighty consideration, they were the subjects of monarchs, and had measures to keep.

From these two causes, we never can expect such historians to arise again as those of Greece and Rome. One alone of these causes is sufficient to rank them above modern writers; and one of them is sure to subsist, were the other to cease.

Whatever degree of liberty may become the portion of mankind, there is no likelihood that in any future age a language will be formed equal to the Greek or Latin.

In this respect we must be content to yield perpetual precedence to the ancients: happy if we can compensate this deficiency by equalling them in that exquisiteness of sense and judgment, for which they are not less conspicuous than the unrivalled beauty of their language.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

On TRUE and FALSE TASTE.

GENTLEMEN,

I KNOW of no topic that has more frequently employed the writers of essays than TASTE, nor any that has given them more trouble to less purpose. Taste has been to the author what mercury has been to the chymist, a splendid but fugitive subject: adepts have been always labouring to fix it, and it has always eluded their diligence and their skill. I shall, however, make one more attempt to ascertain how far a criterion can be established to distinguish false taste from true, and in what particulars taste is not subject to any such criterion.

Taste has been usually distinguished into true and false. True taste has been defined to be a faculty that distinguishes and relishes beauty; and false taste, a faculty that relishes as beautiful what has no beauty.

This has led to a critical examination of beauty: and many attempts have been made to reduce it to some common standard; to prove there is beauty in the abstract; and that it is not wholly relative to, and dependent upon, a sense perceiving it. It has been said to consist in proportion, and in an apparent fitness or relation to some particular use. But a moment's reflection will shew these notions to be false. What relation has the beauty of a particular set of features, or complexion, to a common standard of proportion, or to a particular use? In complexion there can be nothing relative

either in use or proportion; and two sets of features may be equally useful, and have the same proportion with respect to each other, and yet not excite the same ideas of beauty in the same mind; and the same set of features and complexion may not excite the same ideas of beauty in different minds.

A Negro thinks a Negro more beautiful than an European; an European thinks just the contrary: by what can we determine whether the Negro or European has true taste? or that either of them admires as beautiful what has no beauty?

If this criterion is wanting, it must be confessed that beauty is wholly relative to that kind of internal sense which we call taste: beauty is that of which the perception gives pleasure of a peculiar kind: whatever gives pleasure of that peculiar kind, is so far beauty.

Among other paradoxes that have been advanced on this subject, it has been said that beauty is distinguished only by comparison often repeated. We have been told, that "if a man born blind was to recover his sight, and the most beautiful woman was to be brought before him, he could not determine whether she was handsome or not; and that if the most beautiful and most deformed were brought before him at once, he could no more determine which to prefer, having seen only those two." Now though, having seen only one woman, he could not determine

mine whether the woman he saw had more or less beauty than other women, yet he would surely perceive beauty: he would perceive an object that excited a pleasing sensation of a peculiar kind. If he was not necessarily determined to this pleasure by a sense, it is difficult to conceive how this pleasure could ever be produced: and if he did not, by different sensations, prefer the beautiful to the ugly woman the first time he saw them, what could determine him to a preference afterwards? The writer who advances this notion, supposes his blind man would learn to prefer the beauty, by observing her form to be most consonant to the general form of nature. But why, then, do we think a toad ugly, and a pheasant beautiful? Both are equally consonant to the general form of nature in their several species; and there is no form that can be called the general form of nature, with respect to different species.

And here it may be remarked, that the pleasure which attends the idea of beauty, simply considered between the sexes, is of the same kind with the pleasure that accompanies the idea of beauty excited by other objects. To this idea of beauty, desire is accidental. We have not always most desire, with respect to that object which we allow to be most beautiful. That which in this case fascinates the imagination seems to be rather some expression of sensibility, either fancied or real; some indication of a mind eminently qualified to receive and return a tender, a refined, and exquisite delight. But this nameless, and perhaps indefinable charm, though not in proportion to beauty, is yet incompatible with positive ugliness and great deformity.

With respect to the perception of beauty, however, all men have something in common: all men agree, that a bird is more beautiful than a toad; though all men do not agree which is the most beautiful bird.

This has enabled us to define the particular figures and qualities which produce the idea of beauty in general. We have discovered, that this idea and the sensation that accompanies it are in general produced by variety with uniformity, and by bodies whose surfaces are bounded by a particular line.

But this does not at all tend to prove, that beauty is not wholly relative to a sense, which, upon the perception of certain objects, perceives also an idea, which man has distinguished by that name, to express a pleasure peculiar to the contemplation of it. It cannot be denied, that the Author of Nature might have endowed us with a sense that would have received the same pleasure from seeing a toad, that we now feel from seeing a pheasant; and

in that case we might have said that a toad was beautiful, and a pheasant ugly, with the same truth and propriety that we now say a toad is ugly, and a pheasant handsome.

What we call beauty, elegance, grace, and sublimity, in painting and poetry, are equally relative to a sense, and dependent upon it, with what we call beauty in natural and material objects.

We can, indeed, judge whether an action is invented with probability, whether nature is justly described, whether a sentiment is consonant to truth, and whether images are combined with congruity, without appealing to a sense; because fiction, description, sentiment, and metaphor, may be referred to realities in nature, of which all men have the same ideas: but by what common test shall we determine which of two verses is the most harmonious, which of two sentiments is most beautiful, or which of two images is most striking?

The same is true with respect to the beauties of painting; that is, true with respect to the objects of which painting is the representation.

As we have therefore no criterion to distinguish beauty into false and true, we have no criterion to distinguish taste into false and true, as far as it relates to mere beauty in any object, whether natural or artificial, material or intellectual.

TASTE, however, has other objects that are also the objects of judgment; and with respect to these, taste has a criterion. Some men have a faculty that instantly discovers, approves, and relishes, what judgment would distinguish and approve after the labour of investigation.

Some men also have a faculty that approves what judgment, after investigation, would condemn. There is a taste that approves and relishes that in which there is use, propriety, and truth; and a taste which approves and relishes that in which there is neither. But as use, propriety, and truth, may be ascertained by the comparing powers of the mind, and are, in their nature, independent of sense, we can easily demonstrate one of these faculties to be false taste, and the other true.

It is, perhaps, reasonable to determine in favour of their taste with respect to objects that have no criterion, whose taste with respect to objects that have a criterion can be proved by that criterion to be just.

With respect to those objects that have a criterion, a good taste may be acquired, if that which is acquired may not rather be referred to habit than a sense. He who has often discovered fitness and propriety by his understanding, will, at length, have formed an association of ideas which will generally

preclude investigation; as he that has often measured land, will, at length, be able to judge nearly of quantity without measuring.

With respect to the figure and disposition of clothes, furniture, equipages, gardens, and houses, taste is perpetually changing; and whatever happens to be preferred is distinguished, for the time, by the name of fashion. As far as the objects of this taste are relative to use or to nature, so far they may be distinguished into right or wrong, and so far taste may be proved to be true or false; but infinite varieties will be found rising in perpetual succession among the progeny of fashion, which, with respect to use and propriety, are equally indifferent; and as to these, the taste that prefers and condemns has equal pretensions to rectitude. He, however, who prefers singularity, and obstinately adheres to antiquated modes, in things indifferent, may certainly be convicted of false taste: for it may be easily and irrefragably proved, that where conformity to general customs is innocent, singularity is a fault.

This leads me to observe, that the manners also are objects of taste. It is to the honour of civil society, that the appearance of a disposition to give pleasure is taught by the name of good-breeding; and that a kind of artificial good-nature is recommended to ambition under the title of politeness, and considered as the necessary qualification of a gentleman, and the test of his character. The faculty that, in all situations, intuitively discovers and approves the polite in manners and conversation, may be considered as taste; and, as far as politeness can be referred into the gratification of others, this taste has a

criterion. It will, however, be very partial and limited in those who have not quick discernment and keen sensibility. There are some pains and pleasures which persons of this character only can feel, and therefore which they only can discern in their causes. He who knows not the pain or pleasure that certain niceties and minutiae in manners produce, can practise them only by imitation; and, in many cases, imitation will not lead him to the practice; for a different behaviour in different circumstances will produce the same effect; and he that cannot discover the cause why the same behaviour that produces a certain effect at one time, produces a different effect at another, can never determine which behaviour is polite, in all the varieties of circumstance and situation, by taste, any more than he can judge of colours that he does not see, or of sounds that he does not hear: he will be frequently in the situation of a pullet, which being taught by instinct to scratch the ground or dunghill for worms or grain, will use the same action if she is fed upon a marble slab.

TASTE, with respect to the imitative arts, has objects that have and that have not a criterion, which it is of some importance to distinguish; for many pernicious effects are continually produced by the usurpations of taste, which has arrogated a right to determine, in opposition to reason, concerning those things of which reason is the judge.

An attempt to limit the jurisdictions of taste and reason with respect to PAINTING will be the subject of a future letter.

C. I. F.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A F R A G M E N T.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

HOR.

AS I lay on my pillow this morning, ruminating on the happiness of conjugal bliss, a thought entered my mind, that I would call upon the charming *Aurelia*. When I arose, I peeped out of my window fronting the rosy east, and, fondly contemplating, the beauties of the prospect induced me to proceed. It was such kind of prospect as delights the fancy of him who is fond of verdant fields, flowery lawns, and mountains topt with wood.

I found *Aurelia* at that early hour in her father's garden, delightful place! seated in an alcove, listening with mute attention to the natural, mournful, and harmonious strains of the love-warbling bird.—Silence prevailed;

and Love conducted me to the side of *Aurelia*. She blushed, proof of virgin innocence, which gave fresh beauties to her lovely cheeks, where little Dimples sported with the Loves and Graces.

I proposed a jaunt a few miles, to enjoy the morning, and add to the happiness which now presented itself in every prospect. I saw sweet compliance in her face at my proposal. In *Aurelia* all the Graces center; she is as mild as the Zephyrs on the banks of the Bore, sweet as the hawthorn on the hedge, and delightful as the beauties of the spring in the country. Blest with her, what could I more desire? could there be room for a wish? Where could that best, that most

sublime,

sublime, that utmost extent of our happiness be found, if I did not possess it? for

“Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth.”*

Aurelia and I took an airing a few miles from the noise and bustle of the city, to one of the most rural, agreeable and sequestered retreats formed by art and nature for the pleasure and amusement of man: here we passed most part of the morning in making observations on the various objects which claimed our attention. Here, under a sun-burnt hedge, grew the luxurious strawberry, whose rich exhalation diffused a ravishing odour around the garden.

The moss-rose, which guarded each separate walk, entwined with honeysuckles, added fresh sweets to the jonquil and narcissus, that were wafted by gentle Zephyrs, and rendered it charming indeed! Surely our first parents could not enjoy a greater share of bliss in Eden, of which this was a copy in miniature.

A grove at one end, through which a gentle stream glided, made the scene still more rural, and rendered it a fit place for persons possessing hearts mutually united as ours. Here we awhile reposed ourselves under the cool shade of the wide-spreading branches of the lordly oak, and *Aurelia* favoured me with the favourite song of “Water parted from the sea.”

You must not accuse me of flattery or exaggeration, when I assert the little songsters of the grove stood mute and attentive while she

was singing; the charms of her voice soothed their little bosoms to peace; harmony, heavenly harmony filled the grove: her notes of concord swelled in each avenue and vale;—echo repeated the dying sounds. Sure maid was never happier! happier no man could be!—

In *Aurelia* all the Loves and Graces meet, and every thing that’s soft, and every thing that’s sweet. This mental repast soothed each faculty of the soul to the sweetest sense of love. I told *Aurelia* with what fervour I loved:—I looked at her then, and beheld a delightful suffusion overspreading her delicately formed cheek; all the passions of love thrilled my blood; and rapture touched my heart. *Aurelia* sighed:—in that sigh I eloquently read the various emotions of her soul.

We quitted this pleasing Elysium, in which we passed many moments of bliss. Our converse was cheerful and instructive. *Aurelia* is virtuous, amiable, and sincere; free from art. How charming is pure nature! I left her at night to pass her hours in those sweet slumbers, which none but virtuous minds experience.

When I retired to my closet, the great luminary of day was retiring to the lap of *The-tis*, and discovered such a beautiful scene at his departure as exceeds the most sublime ideas. How instructive are the works of nature!

Yours, &c.

R. W.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

COLLECTION of ORIGINAL LETTERS to RICHARD SAVAGE*, Son to the EARL of RIVERS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. SAVAGE, at Button’s Coffee House, in Ruffel-street, Covent-Garden, London.

I HAD for some time with great impatience waited the favour of your’s, which I hoped would sweeten my confinement, deceive a few perplexing hours, and have made me forget my pains with the pleasure it would yield me. And long (at least I thought so) had

I looked for that remedy in vain, when I had one day been hobbling abroad to receive the welcomes of my neighbours, and shewing what an awkward figure a gouty cripple makes, at my return home I was agreeably refreshed (faint and weary as I was) with your reviving cordial; the most pleasing entertainment I had met with since your last, especially since it brought me the tender benoanings of compassionate *Clio* †—the sweetness

* See Dr. Johnson’s Life of this author, in his Lives of the Poets.

† Under this name the lady here mentioned published several poems in *Savage’s Miscellanies*, 8vo. 172. Aaron Hill in a letter to Mr. Savage, dated June 23, 1736, (see *Hill’s Works*, Vol. I. p. 336) speaks of her in these terms: “Poor C—o! it is long since I met with an affliction more sensible, than the information you sent me concerning her! If half what her enemies have said of her is true, she was a proof, that vanity overcomes nature in women, which it could never yet do in men. For desire of glory wants power to expel the pusillanimity natural to some ambitious princes and generals; while, in that amiable pursuit of conquests, it prevailed not only against the finest reflection, but impelled an assumed lightness

ness of whose soul, and the softness of whose pen, (had her kind wish of being my neighbour took place) would soon, without any other application, have soothed and softened my most obstinate affliction, lulled my cares and sorrows asleep, charmed my anguish into ease, and spoke peace to the severest of my pangs and tortures.

But, alas! our lives are unequally chequered—Those pleasing reflections, and this transporting joy, which your kind condolance gave me, proved but short-lived—A sudden gloom overspread these dawning beams of satisfaction, and my new-born ease soon withered, drooped and died, when I read the pressure poor Clio's soul sigh'd under, and the storms of trouble that overwhelmed your's.—Insupportable must your afflictions be, since you tell me you had not been blessed with Clio's conversation for some months—Hard, indeed—to be oppress'd and sick to death, and denied the friendly assistance of that fair hand, and the advice of those sweet lips, which have the *only* power to pour in oil and ease, to hush your griefs, to dispel your melancholy, and to pronounce pleasure and transport to your most angry accidents, your most irritated imagination—If you are the brave, the gallant man I take you for, (and sure I cannot be deceived) ten thousand bars and bolts, with twice the number of wolves and tygers to guard the pass to each, would be dangers too mean, and obstacles too weak, to keep you from paying your respects to her, to whom all the world owes honour; when you are sure, at the same time, of fetching in exchange an infallible cure for all your cares, since you have merit, *envied merit*, enough to recommend you to Clio's esteem, who is so good a judge of worth, and who takes a delight to dignify Mr. Savage with the endearing title of *friend*.

I mourn to see two such stars labouring in a cloud of any kind—Exert your courage, and be yourselves—You that teach others to fight, lead generals out to kill and conquer, must not, by any part of your behaviour, betray your own want of bravery and resolution. Shine as bright, brighter (I would say, if I

could think it possible) than ever. Prove that you are philosophers as well as poets, and that you can suffer like heroes, as well as write like angels. You see, if you will not think it vain to urge my own example, that I have rubbed through a most shocking fit of the most painful distemper, by the mere force of patience, and plain wooden crutches; you then, whose sublimer fancies can call in better aids than those that lie in the common road of vulgar thought, must not drop, for shame.

Besides, consider, that the gay world which you were sent to bless and adorn, lies at present, for your sakes, in deep mourning and distress. Rouse then your genius, and let not the malign influences of your planets blast and destroy all that bloom and beauty, all that wit and gallantry which you were born to bestow on a dull insipid world, and which you cannot, without the utmost injustice to us and our posterity, upon any account deny.

I long to see those storms blown over, and to read your's and Clio's lines, delighting and dazzling with their usual lustre. I long too for Gideon*, as it will be a proof of your cure, as well as for his own beauties; and as he will ever stand in my view a lasting argument, a never-to-be demolished monument of the unmerited favour and condescension of my most generous and ingenious benefactors, to whom I beg you will convey my most respectful acknowledgments; and, for your pains, (if it be any) be pleased to accept of my most humble thanks, and be assured I am

A most affectionate friend,

And a very great admirer of both,

Nov. 3, 1722.

A. HILL.

LETTER II.

To Mr. SAVAGE.

SIR,

I RETURN you the two acts of your comedy †, concerning which I need not repeat what I observed to you some time ago by word of mouth.

lightness over even constitutional modesty." In 1752 was published, "CLIO, or the Secret History of the Life and Amours of the late celebrated Mrs. S—n—n, written by herself, in a Letter to Hillarius, 2mo." In Hill's Works are several poems addressed to, and concerning this lady; and the letter in vol. ii. page 61, to his daughter, evidently relates to CLIO.

* Gideon was an epick poem written by Aaron Hill, of which several parts were printed in pamphlets and Savage's Miscellanies; and just before the author's death (1749) he resumed his design of completing this work. Three books were published in 4to. in that year, but the author's death, March , 1749-50, seems to have occasioned the rest to be suppressed.

† Probably *Love in a Veil*, which had been acted at Drury-Lane in 1719, without success. Mr. Savage wrote no other comedy that is known.

Your

Your *Enthufiaft**, which I alfo now return you, is a wildernefs of wit, which, to make it a ftriking and regular *Garden*, requires nothing more than it already abounds in. But it will be neceffary to *prune* the overgrowth of mixed boughs—to *transplant*, with fome labour, and to cut a thorough *vifita*, to let the crofs walks into, and to open a clear profpect.

That I may fully explain what I mean by this metaphor, I have taken the liberty to make fuch a change in the firft ftanza, as you will find it eafy enough to carry on through the reft. The two firft lines are added, becaufe there is no allegorical meaning evident without them; and, if this ftanza were to have been only taken in a literal one, it would have been lame in the confequence you draw, in the end of it. For fears of light pouring on a man's eye, are not capable of raifing prophetic fires in his mind; but they become capable, by help of the allegory, when they are fuppofed the imaginary lights of infpiration, which break down through the region of enthufiafm, into which it was therefore neceffary to lift you in the firft couplet.

I am afraid the four firft lines in the fecond ftanza muft be ftruck quite out, for they can have nothing to do in the allegory; and the proper fenfe begins at your running back to time's beginning. It is true, the blue curtain—fears of aether—and ftars falling through it, are fuch amiable profpects, that it will vex you to take off your eyes from them. The lines are indeed fine ones; but it is a mere jack-o'-lanthorn light they fhine with, and can ferve for nothing but to tempt the reader, as they have done the writer, a good deal out of his way. In fhort, in a poem truly fublime, nothing, how fine foever, is pardonable, if not *neceffary*—All muft be proper—all uniform and exactly of a piece; nay, the poet errs moft who writes beft, if what he writes is placed unjuftly; as that courtier would offend moft who came richeft dreffed into the king's prefence at a time of deep mourning.

You certainly judged well, when you made the Garden of Eden your ftarting-point—Your race is thereby boundlefs, for you have all the world before you. This only caution feems neceffary, that in all the ftories you allude to, you fhould not alone confider, whether they will fhine in defcription, but alfo whether the actions they confift of were the effects of *enthufiafm*; for, as every reader will judge of your meaning by the name of your poem, and as the name you have chofen

binds you down to enthufiafm, fo all will be judged as incoherent or extravagant, which is not connected by fome vifible tendency to enthufiafm, or its confequences.

Every poet either *affirms* fomething, or *teaches* fomething. If you defign only to alert, that fuch and fuch things, at fuch and fuch times, were fo and fo done, this, indeed, gives good fcope for defcription: but where then is the *ufe* of the poem? and why fhould it carry the name of *The Enthufiaft*? But, if it is your intention to inftruct your readers, from fome fatal examples of enthufiafm's evil influence, that they fhould refift its firft impreffions, your poem is, in this cafe, *named* rightly, but not rightly *executed*.

In my opinion, it would much better fuit with the drift of your poem, if it were called the *Alpiver*, or fome fuch name as might tend chiefly to the meafures of *ambition*; which paffion you might then purfue, in all her failing efforts, from the early ages to the prefent; and, difplaying in the moft beautiful manner the fhort life and reffleffnefs of power, draw thence a noble moral of the vanity of human nature, in fo ardent a purfuit of it.

If you will confider a little the force of thefe reafons, and let me know, when I fee you, what your fentiments are about fuch a change of the name, and conduct, of your poem, I will add fome other occafional remarks, as we look over the ftanza's together.

Your genius is fo greatly indebted to *Nature*, that, having heaped all her bounties on you, fhe will never forgive you the extravagance of fpendng on her flock, when, by a commerce with *Art*, you may fo vastly encrease it. The more you *think*, the more convinced will you become of the neceffity there is to work on a plan, completely formed, before you touch the parts feperately. No painter ever laid on his colours, till his chalk lines were perfected.

I fhould confider myfelf as a moft unworthy betrayer of the confidence you place in me, if I forbore to exprefs my whole opinion in both lights. I know not which is a guilt one fhould with moft abhorrence avoid—that low-fpirited envy which cafts a fhade over beauties, or that ungenerous indifference which makes us negligent to the flips, which a friend can as eafily correct as be told of. I have no room to fay more, but that I am, with the moft open fincerity,

S I R,

Your very faithful friend,

And moft obedient fervant,

April 3, 1721.

A. H I L L.

* We are unable to trace this poem to the prefs, unlefs it was the fame afterwards published under the title of *The Wanderer*.

LETTER III*.

To Mr. SAVAGE.

SIR,

I RECEIVED an odd sort of a letter from you; the first paragraph of which is to complain of a gentleman's *envy*, *ignorance*, want of *common sense* and *common honesty*, and a good deal to the same purpose, or, rather, to no purpose at all.

Believe me, Mr. Savage, as the world goes, there is no manner of need to seek occasion of multiplying enemies. Every body has too many; and the meanest is, too often, considerable enough to do us mischief. I cannot see, that it will be any way to your advantage, to let the world know that you think so contemptibly of a gentleman, whom though I am altogether a stranger to, I have heard better judges allow to have fine qualities.

I am sorry to see a mind that loves virtue, and delights in exalted thinking, drawn awry, by feeble prejudice, to act contrary to its tendency. I dare say, of all the numerous company who were present at the argument you mention, only Mr. Savage thought Mr. Savage in the right. That might have been so, and the single person not out-reasoned though out-voted; but you must give me leave to tell you, it was not so in this case: nay, if it had been so, there is a certain graceful appearance of submitting one's own opinion to the united assertions of a whole company, that is every well bred man's delight to practise; or, if you could not so far prevail against yourself, yet, is there not a *manner*, a persuasive, winning, gentle, and obliging *air* of contradicting? Shall a supercilious turn of arrogance give influence to a speaker? or, rather, shall not pride be jostled by other pride? and the man be sure to go away without his company's esteem, who proves himself too much his own esteemer?

Even in a *Prince*, men bear with hatred and reluctance an imperious nature; but it is intolerable in a private gentleman. It is barren of all good—but a most fruitful nurse of sorrow, danger, and repentance. Let me intreat you, be your own friend, and change or mortify this over-rampant something, which your enemies call vanity. When you are *above* the world, it will make you only *uneasy*—while you are *below* it, it makes you *ridiculous*.

* From this and the subsequent Letter, a more just opinion may be formed of the eccentric being to whom they are addressed, than from Dr. Johnson's admirable but partial representation of him.

† This was the Epilogue to 'Sir Thomas Overbury,' acted at Drury Lane, 1724, in the Summer season. It was spoken by Mrs. Brett.

§ Afterwards the celebrated Dr. Young.

Thus much my friendship, and the sincere affection I have for you, obliged me to say, in answer to that part of your letter; on which subject I will add, that I desire you to forget your promise of letting me hear more of the same kind hereafter. It is, I assure you, very disagreeable to me, and I shall take it as an affront to myself, if you urge it any farther.

As to the Epilogue †, I should be sorry to deny a much greater favour than that, to a gentleman whom I would fain love, always, as heartily as I do now. If I can please your taste, (so nice as it seems grown) it is necessary, at least, I hear the lady rehearse her part—she only read it when I saw her.

On the whole, be *grateful* as you please—it is a lovely virtue! but disdain partiality, either one way or the other; 'tis a crookedness of soul, and makes our reason ill-shaped and ugly as our ignorance.

I am, SIR,

Your faithful friend,

And your most humble servant,

A. HILL.

May-day, 1723.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. SAVAGE.

SIR,

I AM sorry to see you have given yourself the trouble to prove, what I wanted no proof of—that you are not easily persuaded to exchange your own opinion for a better.—I am not fond of writing letters to no purpose, and especially in a business I have nothing to do with; but, after I have declared to the world that I admired your good qualities, you would have reason to think me rather your flatterer than your friend, if I should not acquaint you with your ill ones.

You are so blinded by a love of your own reasoning, that you often mistake the very point you are to reason on. You have done this two or three times in your last letter to me. I bid you, in mine, be grateful—but not partial. I said this, because I judged your violence in defending Mr. Young ‡, even where he is not defensible, to proceed from a quick and generous sense of his personal regard of you.—To this you answer—Gratitude may oblige you to be silent, but not to praise unjustly.—Is it not plain, now, that your earnestness is no small enemy to your

understanding? Pray be advised, and believe that to think humbly of yourself will make the world proud of you.

I have nothing to do with a defence of Mr. Bond's *, or attack of Mr. Young's writings. I am only concerned that you affect so unhappy a manner of arguing, that the air of your opinion destroys the drift of your meaning; and you turn a friend to an enemy, where you would make a convert of a contrary thinker.

If Mr. Savage, as you say, still thinks Mr. Savage in the right—it signifies very little what he thinks for the future. He will be the phoenix of his company: for, wherever he goes, he will meet nobody who thinks like him.—I am sorry, as your friend, and ashamed, as your admirer, when I read such a paltry declaration as this, under your own hand!—What! is it magnanimity to be impenetrably obstinate?—You have too just an idea of reason, to think really in this manner, and 'tis only a positive puffiness that swells you to the pretence of it. You know very well, if you take counsel from reflection, that nothing is truly great that is not just, and nothing can be just, that submits to be biased either one way or the other.

Pray what do you mean by telling me, that your respect to me will keep you silent for the future, when you hear Mr. Young slightly treated?—I would not, myself, hear him slightly treated; and why, then, do you suppose I would desire another to do it? It's one thing to treat a gentleman ill, and another to speak frankly of his writings. This was Mr. Bond's case; and I can by no means esteem it reasonable in you to confound such contraries.

You ought, I assure you, to be a great champion in wit, if you would defend Mr. Young's † poetry from all the assaults it lies open to; and I should have a much meaner opinion of him than Mr. Bond has, if he could be poor-spirited enough to think at all the worse of any man because he thought contemptibly of Mr. Young's writings. I have been often told, and sincerely believe it, that Mr. Bond was formerly a professed declaimer against my verses; but what a monster should I be, if, for so low a cause as that, I allowed him neither learning, wit, honour, common sense, or common honesty?

Mr. Young has a thousand things in his writings very finely conceived, and expressed with a noble strength of eloquence; and he has as many every way the reverse: and what is all this to the haughty manner of declaring

and pushing on your opinions on all subjects you discourse of? It is that I with altered in you; it is that your friends grieve for, and it is that your enemies rejoice at.

I cannot help entreating you to act the inquisitor a little severely within your own bosom. There wants nothing but an alteration in this point to make Mr. Savage as amiable as he is worthy, and to force every body to think of him, as does

His very sincere friend,
and humble servant,

3d May, 1723.

A. HILL.

LETTER V.

To Mr. SAVAGE.

SIR,

I HAVE yours, and know not whether I was more grieved for you, or more ashamed of you, at my reading it. You are a gentleman I have always been desirous of distinguishing by a regard that may one day have its fruits for your benefit. But you are so un luckily acted upon by your impatience under truth when it mortifies your most remarkable weakness, that there is continually some occasion or other arising, wherein you seem to labour at lessening your own interest in a heart that would fain be fond of you.

Pray send me no answer to this letter; for I would shun, methinks, all occasion of becoming more disobliged by you.—I was going to send you back your letter, with a desire that you would keep it by you for three months, and then look it over again. By that time, it will appear to you, as it does now to me, the most indiscreet effect of a mixed pride, friendship, and vanity. But I suppose you have kept a copy, which pray make that use of. Look not on it till three months hence, and then tell me honestly what you think of it.

I don't know what you mean, by my being angry at your letter. I told you no such thing; I only said, that when your letter came to my hands, I was disobliged by you, not by your letter. I had newly heard from all hands the silly story of your insisting publicly on having the paper printed without alteration; and I found too, that you had not kept the promise you made me, of telling nobody that we had been together that day, when I walked into the fields with you. It was upon this last occasion that I recommended to you that Italian maxim, of a *lock'd breast and an open face*, which means, that a

* William Bond. See an Account of him in *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. I.

† At this time neither *The Love of Fame* nor *The Night Thoughts* of this author had appeared.

wife man should, without the ill grace of appearing close and reserved, conceal what is not proper to be told, and say nothing that should be kept secret. This advice your vanity has misled your understanding to construe after the silliest manner in the world, and to make a ridiculous remark on, that it is fitter for a *Machiavel* than a plain dealer—that is to say, a plain dealer ought to be as open as a sieve, and tattle every thing without heed in every company.

Why do you tell me of listening to tales? If I desire my friend not to speak of a thing, and he promises, and then breaks that promise, and I hear the thing again from those to whom he has reported it, and reproach him for breach of faith, and wish him to guard his worth against such levity—is this to listen to trifling tales?—I am ashamed to see such loose reasoning under the hand of one I have so much esteem for.

You run out beyond my comprehension, when you talk of *submissive, but not servile*.—If you mean either of these to me, I disclaim both.—Be servile to nobody; but submit always to reason. He who requires more is a proud fool; and he who does less, a vain trifler.

You are mistaken, when you say I should be surpris'd at their names, who have told you, I am less your friend than I seem to be. I am seldom surpris'd at any thing. I should else have been more so at your extraordinary letter. I know not what you have heard; but if you can believe it, you deserve to find it true. What benefit? what hope? what motive, but my affection and regard to your merit, can I have to pretend I value you? What interest could I have in flattering you? Or do you know me so little as to think I would flatter you, even though your fortune were as haughty as your mind is? You are very little skilled in nature, if you cannot discern that my manner of treating you frankly is the strongest proof I could give you of my friendship; and yet if you go on to receive it after the manner you have done, you will change frankness into bluntness, and put friendship out of the question.

You are rude and ungrateful in what you say of the three offers I made you. Your sister is a person wholly unknown to me, and whose good or ill will I consider as equally insignificant. Therefore, as to that article, I

shall trouble myself with no letter, since I find, by what you write of her silence and behaviour to you, that she is not worth your thinking of, and only means to prevent you in what she feared you might do to the family dishonour. Sure, you think yourself very considerable, and me very light, when you say I am entering into a *correspondence* against you. Whatever value you may put upon me as a friend, I fancy, if I could incline to be your enemy, I should not want a *confederacy* to do you mischief.

The Plain Dealer*, to recommend your subscription, and the poems that I promised you, you have a claim to expect, because I did promise them. I will discharge that promise as much to your advantage as I can. But I will now make you another; that if ever you send me such another letter as this was, it shall put an end to our acquaintance and correspondence for ever. You judge giddily, and then act as if your ingenuity was only given you to be made the *dupe* of your self-affection.

You make me smile at the assuming air with which you decide concerning my remarks, that *some are good, and some not so*. How easily could I make you ashamed of that most mistaken comparison of the two metaphors!—How sincerely am I concerned to detect such an enemy within you, that (unless you change much) will shut your eyes for ever against the only light that can adorn you! Not to love the truth that would serve us, because it supposes us not quite perfect, which nothing human ever was, is an odious and stupid vanity; which can no sooner be found out, but all men will fly it as a pestilence.

I have twice read your letter, but will now throw it aside; for there is something in it that looks ungenerous, and is so conceited a return for the true kindness I meant you, that I will study to forget you with it; and continue (if you will not contrive to make it impossible) S I R,

Your affectionate friend,
and humble servant,

A. HILL.

Believe me, if you knew but how hearty a contempt I have for either praise or dispraise, you would not talk to me of discontinuing to publish your opinion, &c.

13th August, 1724.

[To be continued.]

* A periodical work, written by A. Hill and Mr. Bond.

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

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

The History of Greece. By William Mitford, Esq. London. 4to. 16s. Boards. Murray, Fleet-street; and Robson, New Bond-street. 1784.

A HISTORY of Greece, as is very justly observed by Mr. Mitford in his Preface, may certainly be considered as one of the desiderata of modern literature; and we congratulate the public on the prospect they have of seeing this so well supplied as the work now laid before them promises.

This volume gives an account of the affairs of Greece, from the earliest dawn of their history, till the conclusion of the Persian invasion by the battles of Plataea and Mycale. To select what is probable from the cloud of fiction in which the earlier annals of Greece are enveloped, to separate history from mythology, and to draw into one point of view the various actions of the different independent States, is a task the difficulty of which is well known to all who are at all conversant with Grecian story. In these points Mr. Mitford has acquitted himself beyond our most sanguine expectations. The rise and progress of the different families of the Grecian race; their customs, manners, laws, and religion, in their earlier ages, and the gradual change of barbarism into refinement, are delineated with the greatest clearness and precision; and while the various authorities produced shew the extreme literary knowledge and diligence of the author, the just reflections he occasionally introduces, and the comparisons he often makes with modern events and modern manners; and above all, his apparent knowledge of military affairs, so essential to the treating properly of the annals of a warlike people, shew that he is every way equal to the task he has undertaken.

It is impossible, in the narrow limits of a Review, to give any adequate specimen of the general merit of a performance which so greatly depends on the arrangement of the subject, and the dependence of one part on the other. All that we can do is to select some passages for the perusal of our readers, by which they will be enabled to judge of the style and manner of the author.

We shall first give our readers the conclusion of the second Chapter, as it places the

father of poetry in a light which, in our opinion, he very justly deserves, and gives an instance of Mr. Mitford's manner of illustrating his subject by examples drawn from more modern times.

“Such were the Trojan war and its consequences, according to the best of the unconnected and defective accounts remaining, among which those of Homer have always held the first rank. The authority, however, of the great poet as an historian has in modern times been variously estimated. Among the ancients it was less questioned. As it is of the highest importance to the history of the early ages that it should have its due weight, I will mention here some of the principal circumstances of proof in its favor: others will occur hereafter. In Homer's age, then, it should be remembered, poets were the only historians; from which though it does not at all follow that poets would always scrupulously adhere to truth, yet it necessarily follows, that veracity in historical narration would make a large share of a poet's merit in public opinion: a circumstance which the common use of written records and prose histories instantly and totally altered. The probability, and the very remarkable consistency of Homer's historical anecdotes, variously dispersed as they are among his poetical details and embellishments, form a second and powerful testimony. Indeed the connection and the clearness of Grecian history through the very early times of which Homer has treated, appear extraordinary, when compared with the darkness and uncertainty that begin in the instant of our losing his guidance, and continue through ages.—In confirmation then of this presumptive evidence, we have very complete positive proof to the only point that could admit of it, his geography; which has wonderfully stood the most scrupulous inquiries from those who were every way qualified to make them. From all these, with perhaps other considerations, followed what we may add in the fourth place, the credit paid to Homer's history by

the most judicious prose-writers of antiquity, and among the early ones particularly by Thucydides. But the very fame of the principal persons and events celebrated by Homer seems to have led some to question their reality. Perhaps it may not be an improper digression here to bring to the reader's recollection a passage in the history of the British islands, bearing so close an analogy to some of the most remarkable circumstances in Homer's history, that it affords no inconsiderable collateral support to that poet's authority as a faithful relater of facts, and painter of manners. Exploits like that of Paris were, in the twelfth century, not uncommon in Ireland. In a lower line they have been frequent there still in our days; but in that age popular opinion was so favourable to them, that even princes, like Jason and Paris, gloried in such proofs of their gallantry and spirit. Dermot, king of Leinster, accordingly formed a design on Dervorghal, a celebrated beauty, wife of O'Ruark, king of Leitrim; and, between force and fraud, he succeeded in carrying her off. O'Ruark resented the affront, as might be expected.—He procured a confederacy of neighbouring chieftains, with the king of Connaught, the most powerful prince of Ireland, at their head. Leinster was invaded, the prince was recovered, and, after hostilities continued with various success during many years, Dermot was expelled from his kingdom. Thus far the resemblance holds with much exactness. The sequel differs: for the rape of Dervorghal, beyond comparison inferior in celebrity, had yet consequences far more important than the rape of Helen. The fugitive Dermot, deprived of other hope, applied to the powerful monarch of the neighbouring island, Henry the Second; and in return for assistance to restore him to his dominions, offered to hold them in vassalage of the crown of England. The English conquest of Ireland followed."

In the Appendix to the fourth Chapter, Mr. Mitford treats of the chronology of Grecian history, in which he is singularly happy; and we conceive he has fixed the age of Homer to have been much nearer the Trojan war than is usually imagined, by arguments that are uncontrovertible. The following passage appears to us unanswerable:

"Had the return of the Heracleids preceded the time in which Homer flourished, is it conceivable, that among subjects which so naturally led to the mention of it, he should never once have alluded to so great an event, by which so total a change was made of the principal families, and indeed of the whole population of Peloponnesus, and of the western

coast of Asia Minor, with the adjacent islands?"

The following just, and we believe new, picture of the British constitution will, we trust, be highly acceptable to all our readers. After describing the different forms of Grecian government, Mr. Mitford proceeds, "It may here perhaps be a digression not entirely useless for illustration of the subject before us, to observe, that the British constitution is a composition of all the legal simple forms acknowledged by the Greeks, monarchy, oligarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. Monarchy with us perfectly accords with the Grecian sense of the term. The Lords form the oligarchal part of the Constitution, and the House of Commons properly the aristocratical, being composed of persons elected by the people to legislative authority, for merit real or supposed. The democratical principle, equal law, or, in the Greek term, isonomy, singularly pervades the whole; the privileges of the Peer extending in no degree to his family, and the descendants even of the blood-royal being people subject to the same laws, the same burdens, and the same judicature with the meanest citizen. Rights of election, trial by jury, and parish and tything offices, together with the right of addressing and petitioning either the executive or any branch of the legislature, form a large democratical power, more wisely given and more wisely bounded, notwithstanding some defects, than in any other government that ever existed."

Mr. Mitford is a strenuous supporter of the general authenticity of Herodotus, against those who accuse him of wilful deviation from veracity; and he also asserts the superior claim to credit of Grecian history to that of Roman, in spite of the Roman Satirist's opprobrious epithet, *Græcia mendax*.—The justness of the following remark must strike every body:

"Nothing apparently, so much as the elegance of ingenuity, every where intermixed with early Grecian history, has driven many to slight it as merely fabulous, who have been disposed to pay great respect to the early history of Rome; giving a credit to the solemn adulation of the grave historians of Italy to their own country, which they deny to the fanciful and inaccurate, but surely honest and unflattering accounts, remaining to us of elder Greece."

From these extracts the reader may form some judgment of the abilities of the author. With these, we doubt not, the learned reader will not be satisfied, but will recur to the work at large; for the completion of which we shall wait with anxious expectation.—Mr. Mitford has some particularities in his manner

manner of spelling Greek names; the reasons for which he gives in a note. For our part, we must confess, in indifferent things we are no friends to unnecessary innovation.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. MITFORD is the son of a gentleman who was formerly of Queen's College, Oxford, and was called to the bar, but early quitted the profession of the law. His family is a younger branch of the Mitfords of Mitford Castle in Northumberland, and nearly related to the Duke of Northumberland. Our author was born in London, and was educated at Cheam school, in the county of Surry, from whence he was removed to Queen's College, Oxford. He was also entered of the Middle Temple, but quitted the pursuit of the law as a profession, on engaging in the service of his country, by accepting a commission in the South Hampshire militia. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the situation held by our

author, is the same formerly possessed by Mr. Gibbon; and the historians of Rome and Greece have both been in succession lieutenant-colonels in the same regiment. When Mr. Mitford first had a company, Mr. Gibbon was his commanding officer, and he succeeded to his post in 1779, a post which he still holds. In 1778 he was elected a Verdurer of the New Forest, where he possesses a considerable estate. He is generally known to be the author of a very learned and ingenious Essay on the Harmony of Language, published in 1774; and A Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly the Militia, of this Kingdom. Mr. Mitford resides chiefly in New Forest, is a widower, and devotes his leisure to learned retirement. His uncle is one of the Six Clerks in Chancery; and he has a brother, a very rising man at the bar, who has lately obliged the profession of the Law by the publication of a treatise, much esteemed, on the Pleadings of the Court of Chancery.

A Tour in the United States of America. Containing an Account of the present Situation of that Country; the Population, Agriculture, Commerce, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants: Anecdotes of several Members of the Congress, and General Officers in the American Army; and many other singular and interesting Occurrences. With a Description of the Indian Nations, the general Face of the Country, Mountains, Forests, Rivers, and the most beautiful, grand, and picturesque Views throughout that vast Continent. Likewise Improvements in Husbandry that may be adopted with great Advantage in Europe. By J. F. D. Smyth, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London. G. Robinson, &c. 1784.

WE are sorry to be under the disagreeable necessity of beginning our Review of this Tour with a paraphrase of a sentence in the author's advertisement, wherein he says, "The most painful talk throughout this work, has been to mention the hardships I have undergone." We can safely say of our task in perusing *these volumes*—*Hic labor—hoc opus*; and though with him we have *much to lament*, we can equally "solemnly declare" we have no resentments to indulge; the author, whether he ever visited America, or never was out of the sound of Bow-bell, (a matter somewhat problematical) being totally unknown to us; and we only wish we could conclude the sentence like him, by saying, we had met with something that had afforded us *either gratification or pleasure*.

To be perpetually obliged to find fault, is not only an ungracious, but a most displeasing office; and never are we so happy as when an opportunity offers of speaking well of a performance; but,

"Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise;" nor can we forget or deviate from *Trifram's* maxim, "Dinah's my aunt, but Truth is my sister."

Canine madness has ever been considered as one of the greatest misfortunes to which

human nature is liable: this, however, at a certain period of the disease, is attended with a symptom known by the name of *Hydrophobia*, or an aversion to the sight even of water. What a blessing would it be, not only to many an author, but to the public in general, and to us poor critics in particular, if the *Cacoethes scribendi*, a madness much more dangerous, as it is infinitely more common, were subject to a similar disgust to ink!

As a proof of the truth of this assertion we shall, *imprimis*, present our readers with a few extracts from the Introduction.

The author tells us, "he has no apology or excuse to offer for the publication of this work, but sincerely good intentions [to himself, or the public], and an earnest desire of communicating and *transfusing* throughout this the parent state of *British America* a more general as well as a more particular knowledge of that *extensive* and *extraordinary* country, than seems to prevail at this interesting period, notwithstanding the great, though lately much to be lamented, *hostile intercourse* between that vast continent and these kingdoms."

He candidly acknowledges a multitude of deficiencies *originating* in want of *abilities* [a very bad source indeed!]. He has, however,

to counterbalance this, "resided in that country for a considerable length of time, in which he became perfectly reconciled and habituated to the manners, customs, dispositions, and sentiments of the inhabitants [as will appear]. He eagerly fought out, and pursued with a degree of avidity rarely felt, every treatise and publication relative to America [this book-chace is a novelty], but always had the extreme mortification to meet with disappointment in his expectations, every one grasping at and enlarging on the greater objects, and not a single author descending to the minutiae, which compose as well the true perspective as the real grand intercourse and commerce of life." What this means, we confess, we cannot discover. The author, however, studiously avoids this error, having given a very minute recipe to make *bumbo* or *toddy*, "a liquor composed of water, sugar, rum, and nutmeg."—Wonderful discovery!

We are now presented with what our author calls *families*: "For a description of the formation of a single brick, of a vast multitude of which, artfully arranged, prodigious buildings and elegant palaces are constructed, to a person entirely unacquainted with such a thing, is as necessary, beneficial, and sometimes equally agreeable as the description of the edifice itself."

He next solicits the indulgence of the public, "as several matters related in the following pages are perfectly novel, uncommon, and strange, to an European reader, especially to a Briton, who may thereby be induced to decide against the veracity and probability of the whole, from the apparent incredibility, to him, of such singular phenomena, and, in his opinion, marvellous surprising relations."

"For, however singular, wonderful, and astonishing some things may appear, yet the author solemnly declares, he has been solely guided by nature and truth."

Should these volumes be favourably received; "he means to proceed with a brief account of the late war, in regular progression. If otherwise, he conceives the publication of two volumes void of desert, a sufficient objection on the public, to whom, as well as to himself, it will be most agreeable, and more direct, to cancel or suppress the remainder."—This we heartily recommend to him to do for his own sake as well as ours, not conceiving what good end it can answer, "to make proper distinctions between a writer's capacity and his good intentions," how "a want in the former can be supplied by the latter," or how the strictest candor and impartiality can atone for a deficiency of abilities."

The work itself commences in a new style, somewhat abruptly: "We came in sight of

land on the fourth day of August, in the forenoon, in a fine day, with a clear serene sky;" without informing us in what year, or even in what century; whence we came, or how.

The land, he tells us, "appeared at a distance like the tops of the trees just emerging above the horizon, on the surface of the water; and as the ship approached, arose higher, but only the height of the pines, with which all the land on the sea-board is covered."—This sentence contains, in the first part, some minute, though not very novel, information. The latter part of it is somewhat obscure; for whether the land arose, or the pines, or only the height of the pines, or whether they only seemed to arise as the ship advanced, requires some explanation, especially to a Briton.

Few of the discoveries made by our celebrated circumnavigators can compare with this, viz. "That a regular decrease of soundings, and a change of colour in the water, are the only preservatives of ships, in the night and hazy weather, from running on a dangerous, shallow, and flat coast."

But our author's discoveries are not confined to navigation. Natural history is likewise indebted to his lucubrations; for we find, that "a musketoe is a species of gnat, only larger and more poisonous."

In addition to the above, the four first chapters contain descriptions of Cheapeake-bay, the different beautiful situations and gentlemen's seats on James River, its falls; Williamsburg, Richmond, &c.

The following extract from Chapter V. may serve as a specimen of our traveller's descriptive powers: "The whole appearance of the country and face of nature is strikingly novel, and charming to an European.

"The air, the sky, the water, the land, and the inhabitants being two-thirds blacks, are objects entirely different from all that he had been accustomed to see before;—the sky clear and serene, very seldom overcast, or any haze to be observed in the atmosphere;—the rains falling in torrents, and the clouds immediately dispersing;—frequent dreadful thunder, in loud contending peals; thunder-gusts often happening daily, and always within two or three days at this season of the year;—erectations and flashes of lightning constantly succeeding each other in quick and rapid transitions.

"The air dry, and intensely hot in the summer, cold and piercing in the winter, and always keen and penetrating; during the night thousands of lights, like bright burning candles, being large winged insects, called Fire flies, gliding through the air in every direction; frequently vanishing, and perpetually

ually succeeded by new ones. The rivers large *expanse* of water, of *enormous* extent, and spreading under the eye as far as it can compass; nature here being on such a scale, that what are called great rivers in Europe, are here only *considered as inconsiderable* creeks, or rivulets. The land an immense forest, extended on a *flat plain*, almost without bounds; or arising into *abrupt* acents, and at length swelling into stupendous mountains, *interspersed* with rocks and precipices, yet covered with venerable trees, hoary with age, and torn with tempests. The mountains suddenly broken through, and severed by mighty rivers, raging in torrents at the bottom of the *tremendous chasm*, or gliding in awful majestic silence along the deep vallies between them. The agriculture on the plantations is different from every thing in Europe; being either tobacco three feet high, with the plants a yard apart; or Indian corn, at the distance of six feet between each stalk, in regular straight rows, or avenues, frequently twelve or fifteen feet in height.

"While the mind is filled with astonishment, and *novel* objects, all the senses are gratified."—Admitting this *novel* doctrine, how great must have been our readers gratification on perusing the above extract! but how much superior the man's who is broken alive on the wheel! *His* mind is no doubt filled with astonishment, and *broken bones* are, in all probability, a *novelty* to him.

In Chapter VII. we have an account of the black snakes, who, it seems, are excellent mousers; of an animal resembling a fiddle with feet; and squirrels that clear twenty yards at a leap.

Speaking of the different classes of inhabitants in Virginia, he says, "The third or lower classes of people (*who ever* compose the bulk of mankind) are here *more few* in number, in proportion to the rest of the inhabitants, than in any other country in the universe."

In one of the author's *little emigrations* on the banks of Tar River, his horse fell lame, which obliged him to stay at a tavern, at Bute's County Court-house, kept by one *Jethroe Sumner*, an agreeable facetious host, who has since become a General in the American army, of whom he gives this description: "He is a man of a person *lusty*, and rather handsome, with an easy genteel address. His marriage with a young woman of a good family, with whom he received a handsome fortune; his being a captain of Provincials last war; but above all, his violent principles, and keeping an inn at the Court-house (which is scarcely thought a mean occupation here), singular as the latter circumstance may appear, contributed more to his appointment and promotion in the American

army than any other merit."—We always considered, having seen service, independence, and zeal for the cause he engages in, as the best merits an officer can have to intitle him to promotion in any army.

In Chapter XVI. we are entertained with the account of a Mr. *Henderson*, the son of so poor a man, that he was obliged to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic, after he was grown to maturity; and yet by his own merit raised himself to be Associate Chief Judge of the province of North Carolina; which post he quitted, and established a new numerous and respectable colony, on a domain of no less than one hundred miles square, situated on the back of Virginia and the Carolinas, on the rivers Kentucky, Cherokee, and Ohio.

To convince us that his abilities are no less eminent as a poet than a prose writer, Mr. Smyth has indulged us with an Ode written in Solitude.

- "1. Whilst my friend is improving his fortune and mind
 "On the banks of the rapid Roanoak,
 "Here to silence and solitude am I confin'd,
 "Like a bird just escap'd from the hawk.
- "2. While merchants are scheming and
 "toiling for gains,
 "Using means that are honest or vile;
 "Whilst narrow-soul'd misers are racking
 "their brains,
 "To heap up more gold and more guile—
- "4. While doctors sell health by the grain
 "in retail,
 "And barter off death by the lump;
 "Whilst interest and power against merit
 "prevail,
 "And honor's lost low by the slump—
- "9. Let the Muse their deformities glaringly
 "show,
 "And Vice in her colours display,
 "Awak'ning Reflection will urge them to
 "know
 "They like butter-flies blaze but a day.
- "13. In praise of the fatal excesses of wine,
 "Didstain to be seen with a pen;
 "Nor boast of being rais'd into something
 "divine,
 "When debas'd greatly lower than men.
- "14. Where murder for honor is shamefully
 "dropt,
 "O never attempt to defend;
 "Nor plunge the fell sword, for a casual
 "jest,
 "In the breast of your worthiest friend."

We have here only presented our readers with one *third* of the beauties of this elegant ode, which for *irregularity of measure* (the *sine qua non* of modern odes) sublimity of thought, elegance of expression, and beautiful images of *blazing butterflies*, &c. far exceeds every thing in the English language since Sir Richard's days, save, and except, that most ingenious poem, entitled, "Knight's Hill Farm."

Chap. XXIII. gives a description of a Back Wood's rifleman, his dress and sentiments; and a definition of Felicity, which, according to Mr. Smyth's notion, beyond a doubt consists, in a *great measure*, in the attainment and gratification of our desires, and the accomplishment of the *utmost bounds* of our wishes. Were we believers of a metempsychosis, we should conclude that the soul of a late physician, who defined *competency* "to be a little more than a man had," had transmigrated and taken possession of our Esquire's body.

Now the rest of the perilous adventures of this marvellous Esquire, who, if

"Int'rest and pow'r did n't 'gainst merit prevail,"

had an equal claim to *knighthood* with any man since the Knight of all knights; how he visited the Catawba's, the Moravian towns of *Salem, Bethania, and Bethabara*—where women are in common—the mountains of Ararat—the great Alamance; how he met with agreeable surprizes, and fortunate escapes; his adventures with the *beautiful Miss Betsy Bailey*, which, like

"The story of the bear and fiddle,
Begins, but breaks off in the middle;"

Elegiac Sonnets and other Essays. By Charlotte Smith, of Bignor Park, in Suffex. 4to. Dodfley. 1784.

AS we acknowledge in the amplest manner the female right to literature, so we consider all candidates for public favour, of that sex, as intitled to every candid allowance. The present authoress observes, that the little poems which are here called Sonnets, have no very just claim to that title; but they consist of fourteen lines, and appear no improper vehicle for a single sentiment. She adds, that some very melancholy moments have been beguiled by expressing in verse the sensations those moments brought, and that she can only hope for readers among the few who to sensibility of heart join simplicity of taste.

We think that readers of this description will be pleased with several of these poems, and therefore we give one of them as a specimen.

how he fell in with some Indians, who, in lieu of scalping him, entertained him with venison and wild honey (instead of *currant jelly*); how he got admittance in a fort which abounded in scenes of iniquity and obscenity; how he saw cat-fish that measured from twelve to eighteen inches between the eyes; how he found out that our *external virtues* are but few, and difficult to be discovered; that the Indians have *no kings*, but that the principal men of their nation become *such* by their merit alone; how he sailed down the *Ohio and Mississippi*, and met with some Chickesaws; how he visited East Florida; how he changed his place of residence from Virginia to Maryland, and there discovered (what had been practised long before his time, no farther off than France) that corn, instead of being threshed might be trodden out by horses; how he underwent *barraffments* on account of loyalty; how he travelled 110 miles on foot in two days, was betrayed by a false friend, taken by the rebels, rescued, and had a most perilous escape; how he waited on Lord Dunmore, and was taken for a spy; how he took refuge in the *great dismal swamp*; went through astonishing dangers and fatigues; fell through the ice into the Potomack, and was at length sent to prison at Philadelphia: Are not these, and many more

"_____ most disastrous chances,

"Most moving accidents by flood and field;

"And hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach,"

together with his political opinions, sentiments, and impartiality, recorded in the 75 chapters of that book of books, *A Tour in the United States of America?*

On the Departure of the NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu!

Farewel, soft minstrel of the early year!

Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,

And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.

Whether on * spring thy wandering flights
await,

Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive Muse shall "own thee for her
mate,"

And still protect the song she lov'd so well.
With cautious steps the love-lorn youth shall
glide

Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy
nest; [hide

And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall
The gentle bird that sings of pity best.

For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love.

* This alludes to the supposed migration of the Nightingale.

▲ View of the British Empire, more especially Scotland; with some Proposals for the Improvement of that Country, the Extension of its Fisheries, and the Relief of the People. Walter; and J. Sewell, Cornhill. 1784. 3s.

EVERY part of Nature that falls within our observation, is capable of a certain degree of improvement peculiar to itself.—The human mind, the noblest work of God with which we are acquainted, is capable of the highest degree of culture. It is this which constitutes the principal difference between the most barbarous and civilized nations, as well as between the most rude and polished of the same nation.

The inferior animals are also capable of some culture; and this is necessary to bring them to their perfection, and to render them subservient to those purposes of utility for which they were destined. Thus, the sagacious elephant, the generous horse, the faithful dog, and the patient and laborious ox, must be trained, in order to answer their various destined ends. The art and skill of the gardener and farmer sufficiently shew that the vegetable creation may be brought to a much greater degree of perfection and utility, than when left merely to the care of Nature. Even the inanimate productions of the earth must be brought to perfection by the art and industry of man. The metals so useful and necessary to human life, and iron in particular, the most useful of them all, are not produced perfect, but in a state of ore, which must undergo many chemical operations before it becomes iron; and the same may be said of most other metals.

The earth itself, the nurse and mother of men, and of all other animals, needs culture, in order to render it a comfortable habitation. What wonderful improvements have been made in the province of Holland! In its natural state, it was full of marshes and fens, and scarcely habitable by man or beast; sometimes overflowed by the sea, and by rivers; and at others intolerable, from an ordure excited by the heat of the sun. But, by the indefatigable industry of a laborious people, it has become one of the most populous places of all Europe. Flanders was once an inhospitable forest, inhabited only by wild beasts; but by human industry it is now converted into fruitful fields, and into rich and flourishing cities. The same observation applies to Venice, and many other quarters of the globe. Though one country may be more indebted to Nature than another, yet every soil is capable of some improvement.

The best exercise of a patriot is, to discover and to advance the purposes to which the natural situation and contour of his country,

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its various productions, and the genius of its inhabitants, may be rendered subservient.

Mr. Knox deserves well of his fellow-citizens, not only for the patriotism of his intentions, but for the industry and the ability with which he has pursued a grand object.

The volume now under consideration contains many facts of very great importance, and consists of three parts; an Introduction, a View of the Highlands, &c. and an Appendix. These we shall consider in their order.

Our author begins with a sketch of the British politics and wars, from the Revolution to the year 1784, including the origin and progress of the national debt. At the death of William III. in 1702, the first national debt amounted to the then unheard-of sum of	£16,000,000
Debt, after the death of Queen Anne in 1714, increased to	55,000,000
Ditto, at the commencement of the war in 1740, after a peace of 27 years	46,000,000
Ditto, at the end of the war in 1748	78,000,000
Reduced in 1755, after a peace of seven years	3,000,000
Debt at the commencement of the war in 1755	75,000,000
Debt at the end of the war in 1763	146,000,000
Reduced in 1775, after a peace of 12 years	10,000,000
Debt at Midsummer 1775	136,000,000
Debt at Midsummer 1783	257,000,000
Debt at Midsummer 1784	272,000,000
The annual interest of ditto, including the expence of management, nearly	10,000,000
Ditto, per day, £27,397	
The Peace Establishment, including the Civil List, above	5,000,000
To be raised by the public annually,	15,000,000
Ditto per day, £41,096	
Amount of the annual national revenue, January 1783	12,000,279
Additional taxes, June 1783, estimated at	560,000
	<hr/> 12,560,279
D d	Surplus

Surplus of the annual expence above the annual revenue, for which additional taxes must be levied, or savings appropriated	2,439,721
Estimate of the annual expen- diture, according to the Earl of Stair	16,229,311

Money expended by Great Bri- tain in foreign parts since the Revolution :	
On German affairs	100,000,000
— American ditto	260,000,000
— Gibraltar and Minorca, . .	40,000,000
	£400,000,000

From these statements our author justly observes, that peace is our only hope, and ought to be the ardent wish of every friend of his country and of humanity. He observes, that the years of peace since the Revolution are 55, those of war 41; in all 96; within which time all our national debt has been contracted. The amazing sums that have been raised to pay the interest of this debt, are also mentioned. The estimates of lives lost in battle, by shipwreck, and other accidents of war, are next taken notice of; and these, according to our author, cannot be fewer than a million of British subjects, and European allies, besides the Asiatic list; amounting to near four millions of industrious, inoffensive inhabitants, killed or starved: and if to these accounts we add the losses on the part of our rival and her allies, we may fairly estimate the whole to be six millions of people, who have fallen sacrifices to war and famine in all their horrible shapes, and for which these kingdoms are in a great measure respon- sible.

We have next a very short, but distinct account of the Colonies and Settlements both in the East and West Indies, and also on the coast of Africa, which still compose a part of the British Empire, with an estimate of the exports and imports to and from England; as also of the exports and imports to and from the revolted Colonies.

Estimate of English exports and imports to and from its remaining settlements in 1773, that year serving as an average medium of ten years from 1765 to 1775, being the highest average of general exports and imports in the commercial annals of this island :

	Exports to	Imports from	Sea- men.
East Indies	£845,707	£1,933,096	6000
African forts	662,112	68,424	3900
West Indies	1,235,734	2,700,814	12000

Canada -	316,867	42,394	400
Nova Scotia	27,032	1,719	100
Newfoundland	} 77,744	68,087	20000
Fisheries			
Hudson's Bay	6,467	8,943	130
	3,171,663	4,823,477	3,171,663

Balance against exports £1,651,814

Could we ascertain the value of supplies for garrisons, particularly in Africa, the balance against exports would exceed 2,000,000l. But of the articles which swell the amount of imports, we circulate a considerable quantity over Europe, chiefly for specie.

Estimate of English exports and imports to and from the revolted Colonies, upon periodical averages of ten years from 1700 to 1780 :

	Exports.	Imports.	Balance in fav. of Exports.
Fm. 1700 to			
1710	£ 267,205	£. 265,783	£ 1422
1720	365,645	392,653	—
1730	471,342	518,830	—
1740	660,136	670,128	—
1750	812,647	708,943	103,704
1760	1,577,419	802,691	774,728
1770	1,763,409	1,044,591	718,818
1780	1,331,206	743,560	587,646
	£.200,000 per annum should be added to the exports, being the value of slaves imported into these provinces by the British merchants directly from Africa. This included, Lord Sheffield states the total amount of balances in favour of England between 1700 and 1773, at — — — £.20,000,000		
	From which may be deducted the estimate of supplies for the army and navy, the same being valued in the exports } 10,000,000		
	£. 10,000,000		

Against this balance, and all the commercial benefits which England derived from North America previous to the revolt of the Thirteen States, Lord Sheffield and other writers have brought forward the following ponderous sums advanced by this country, viz.

To the annual civil establishments of the provinces, previous to the war in 1755	- - - £. 70,000
To ditto from the peace of 1763 to the time of the stamp act	- 370,000

To the high bounties granted by Parliament to encourage American produce, as hemp, flax, fir, and pine timber, pitch, tar, turpentine, indigo, &c. supposed in the whole to be annually — £200,000

To commercial indulgences allowed the provinces at the expence of the British merchants.

To losses sustained by those merchants from bad payments, particularly since the year 1775, when America owed several millions.

But these considerations, however important, are trifling to the expence of the three last wars, which Lord Sheffield places to the account of America, and estimates as follows, viz.

	£.
The war commencing in 1739	31,000,000
1755	71,000,000
1775	100,000,000

£.202,000,000

The expence of the last war seems to be under-rated by several millions.

We are next favoured with some observations on the relative situation of Great Britain and France, with regard to climate, soil, extent of territory, commerce, revenue, and other particulars; in most of which the preference is given to the latter of these kingdoms.

“Considering our situation, says our author, in every point of view, national improvements, and the increase of population, seem not only matters of expediency, but of positive necessity; objects of the first importance, and to which all other concerns are only secondary in a very distant degree. Happily, the field which yet remains for the exercise of a patriotic administration, the internal resources still in reserve for the relief of an oppressed kingdom, afford a pleasing, well-grounded prospect, that we shall not only be able to surmount present difficulties, but even to rise, with redoubled strength, from the ruins of a shattered empire. If we wish to erect the fabric of future prosperity on a permanent basis, we must return to our deserted native country; trace out the unexplored gifts of nature, and bring into action all its hidden treasures. England in 1784, contrasted with England at the Revolution; with Ireland, Russia, and North America, is a highly improved country. But England in 1784, compared with Holland, China, ancient Greece, Italy, and Egypt, is yet in a state of nature; still more so is the northern part of our island, as will appear in the subsequent review of that kingdom.”

He concludes this article with shewing how the deficiencies of revenue may be made good, and how the national debt may, within a reasonable time, be discharged.

The Introduction next proceeds with a brief view of the history and present state of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, in Scotland: that though improvements in the various branches of husbandry have made ra-

pid progress in the Low Lands, since the year 1750, yet much remains to be done.—

The same observation may be applied to manufactures and commerce. We have here an account of the character and manners of the Low Lands of Scotland, which is extremely just, and forms in many particulars a striking opposition to those of South Britain. Our author also takes notice, that Scotland, next to England, is the most valuable nursery of seamen in the British empire. He justly observes, that a powerful, well-appointed fleet, and a proportionate number of men, always in readiness, will ever be necessary both in peace and war. “And,” says he, “as the manning of the navy hath ever been attended with considerable difficulty and expence to government, and with circumstances of oppression towards many who are dragged into that service against their consent; there is not, in the whole system of British politics, an object of greater importance to the defence and prosperity of the kingdoms, than that of increasing the number of hardy, intrepid seamen, by means of the northern fisheries and coasting trade. The arguments for a vigorous attention to this national object derive additional force from the sober manners and tractable dispositions of those men, a circumstance well known to the naval officers, and much approved of by them.”

Our attention is next directed to Scotland, considered as a commercial nation, and its great importance to England in that view.—Some proposals are made for a more liberal system of polity relative to that kingdom, with conjectural estimates of the beneficial consequences which would flow therefrom to the whole island. We have here many curious and important calculations, and historical remarks, which our narrow limits will not permit us to insert.

Our author, in order to establish the positions which he has been endeavouring to enforce, concludes his Preface in the words of Mr. Arthur Young, Dean Tucker, and of other writers of the first reputation.

In the second part of this volume we have an account of the Highlands, &c. and first, of the divisions and face of the country, with the names of the principal islands, and the number of inhabitants, which were 48,000 before the late emigration to America.

We are next presented with a most affecting, though, we believe, no ways exaggerated, description of the distresses of the Highlanders, arising from their natural situation; from the oppression of proprietors; from their being decoyed into the army by stratagem; and from a variety of other circumstances. Their character, manners, and importance, are likewise described.

Our author shews us that the Highlands, though they be in the same latitude with many of the northern countries in Europe, yet are far behind them in respect of towns, commerce, and navigation; and therefore those countries, as Sweden, Russia, Norway, and others, must have commanded the attention of their respective governments much more than the Highlands of Scotland have attracted the notice of the British Parliament.

The next article contains a description of the produce of the Highlands by sea and land, and likewise the improvements that might be made both for the more comfortable subsistence of the inhabitants, and for the benefit of the whole of Britain.

It is next observed, that Scotland admits of three artificial navigations: 1. The southern navigation between the Forth and the Clyde. 2. The western navigation between the Clyde, or Loch-Fyne, and the Atlantic. 3. The northern navigation between Fort William and Inverness. The author makes a number of judicious observations on each of these, and shews how the two last might be greatly shortened at a very small expence.

The author next presents us with a view of the herring fisheries, which are distinguished by various names: 1. The Western, or Loch-Broom, fishery. 2. The Northern, or the Orkney and Shetland, fishery. 3. That on the East side of the kingdom. He shews the discouragements under which they now labour, and their importance to mankind; that they are an inexhaustible mine of wealth, sufficient to enrich a considerable part of the Scottish nation, besides the giving employment, as in Holland, to people of thirty different professions, by which they may become highly subservient to the commercial interest of these kingdoms.

Our attention is now directed to the most important object with regard to the improvement of the Highlands, namely, the expediency of erecting villages and harbours at proper distances from each other.

"After having selected, says our author, the particular lakes destined to become the scenes of population and business, it would be necessary to examine into the depth of water, the rivulets, timber, metals, soil, and other particulars; and to have drawings of each respective lake, for the inspection of government and the public.

"The business thus far advanced, an act of parliament would be requisite to enable the board of trustees at Edinburgh to purchase fundry lands whereon to erect the buildings, and to accommodate the same with small gardens and fields. Every village would also require a territorial revenue, from 2 to 300 pounds, for the support of a

clergyman, free-school, repairs, and other purposes, at the discretion of the trustees in time being.

"The expence of lands, thus purchased, for the various purposes of building, accommodating and endowing every respective village, may be estimated at 10,000 pounds.

"The buildings requisite at the first establishment of the proposed villages are,

"1. A key or breast, for small craft.

"2. A range of warehouses, for casks, staves, hoops, salt, nets, fish, oil, grain, meal, skins, wool, flax, bark, timber, coals, and other bulky articles.

"3. Sheds for persons employed in gutting, salting, and curing the herrings; with lofts where the people may be sheltered at night from the inclemency of the weather. Every village should also be furnished with materials for erecting temporary sheds or tents for the convenience of occasional distant fisheries.

"4. A small market place.

"5. A corn mill.

"6. A church, and house for the minister.

"7. A school house, where reading, writing, the common rules of arithmetic, and practical navigation may be taught gratis.

"8. A public inn.

"There might possibly be some difficulty in procuring useful mechanics to settle in these remote parts, previous to the regular establishment of fisheries, and commercial intercourse. Therefore, to encourage adventurers, as coopers, carpenters, net makers, blacksmiths, &c. it would be necessary to build fifteen or twenty dwelling houses, where these persons might live rent free; each house to be accommodated with three small inclosures. 1. For a garden and offices. 2. For potatoes. 3. For the support of a cow.

"Such luxuries as these, with variety of fish at no expence, would draw thither useful workmen from every quarter, and give stability to all the valuable purposes proposed by the public.

"Considering the great plenty of materials for building in these parts; as stone, lime, timber, slate; and the cheapness of workmanship; a village, thus composed of small neat houses, might be raised by contract at no great expence. The whole, including the keys, warehouses, &c. might possibly be completed for 10,000 pounds; consequently the erecting of ten commodious seaport towns would cost no more than

Endowing of ditto	—	100,000
The inland navigations	—	127,000

£. 327,000

a sum scarcely equal to the average expence of Gibraltar for one year only, and which would soon be repaid by an increase of trade and

and revenue. But, should any of the towns fail of success, so as not to answer the valuable ends proposed by government, the lands and other property could at any time be sold, and the money refunded to the exchequer, or applied to some other public uses."

The author having made some observations on the places which he judges most proper for these villages and harbours, concludes his view of the Highlands with a few remarks on the famine, the failure of the fisheries, and the hurricanes of 1782.

We come, last of all, to the Appendix, which consists of two parts: the first of which contains corroborating proofs respecting the calamitous state of the Highlands, extracted from Dr. Campbell's Political Survey of Great Britain, and from Mr. Pennant, and Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Highlands of Scotland.

The second part contains Remarks on the Short Tour of Scotland, comprehending the southern division of that kingdom, and a considerable portion of the Highlands.

This small volume contains much information, and many entertaining and interesting calculations, though we strongly suspect there are some typographical errors in some of them, which, indeed, it was scarcely possible to avoid amidst such a variety. Our author shews that he is well acquainted with the state of every quarter of the British empire, and particularly with the present state of the Highlands of Scotland, which is certainly calamitous in many respects; and which, we believe, he has described justly, and without exaggeration. Every part of the work shews observation, unwearied diligence, and, the noblest of all principles, generosity and benevolence towards the human race in general, and his country in particular. His plan of improvements is not chimerical, but seems to be the result of sound reason and judgment, and to be practicable and within the abilities of government to execute. It would be attended with the most beneficial consequences to the nation. It would rescue many thousands of honest and virtuous citizens from indigence and distress, and render them happy in themselves, and useful to their country. It is undoubtedly, therefore, entitled to the consideration of Parliament, and we wish it all the success which it justly deserves.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR (Mr. Knox).

IT was originally the intention of Mr. Knox's relations, that he should have been brought up to the Kirk or Church of Scotland; but his mother's brother (a clergyman) having become intimately acquainted with

Messrs. Foulis, booksellers in the University of Glasgow, perceiving their flourishing situation, strongly recommended his being placed under those gentlemen.

The report which they were pleased to give of his conduct during his apprenticeship, and chiefly at the expiration of it, induced the abovementioned clergyman (his parents being then dead) to venture his little fortune in Mr. Knox's hands, and to co-operate with Messrs. Foulis in every friendly office.

London was their object. There they entered upon a respectable line of business, chiefly in the wholesale and foreign way.

Mr. Knox had always, however, a strong propensity to a country life; and having lost, by death, several friends whom he greatly valued, the house, though one of the most elegant in the Strand, and commanding an extensive view of Surrey and Kent, became so irksome that he changed the scene, and went to Richmond in 1775; but he still retains a branch of the book-selling business. His mode of living is very simple; and the beauties of the place, its environs, and numerous walks, afford him high enjoyment. To these circumstances may be added, the satisfaction which a small, but valuable, library affords; particularly books of Moral Philosophy, Natural History, Geography, Agriculture, and Antiquities.

Mr. Knox had the honour, some years ago, to be admitted a corresponding member of the Antiquarian Society at Edinburgh, upon the recommendation of the Earl of Buchan, though personally unknown to his Lordship. Many letters have since past between his Lordship and Mr. Knox, in one of which he wrote in a desponding stile, and full of complaints against his opponents, declaring, at the same time, his resolution to quit his ungrateful country, and retire to America. Mr. Knox, in his answer to that letter, stated the nature of that country and people; the disappointment which his Lordship would meet with, when he found himself among mere farmers, traders, and fishermen, and where literature and science had made little progress. He agreed, that as public spirit in his native country was at a very low ebb, we could not afford to lose him; that he considered him, therefore, as public property, and finished his letter by protesting against his crossing the Atlantic. His Lordship thanked Mr. Knox for the advice, and dropped the correspondence.

Being mostly in the wholesale way, he used almost every summer to go to Scotland, in the way of business, and partly through an irresistible impulse to explore every corner of that country.

He began these journeys about twenty years ago, and has repeated them thirteen times. In the Highlands he met with many difficulties. He sometimes travelled on foot, sometimes on horseback; and when he came to a salt water lake, or branch of the sea, a little Highland boat was to be hired, with six men in mild, and eight men in stormy weather. He sometimes sat at the stern of the boat for many hours, under incessant rains, while the waves continually poured in their angry foam. Having been brought up at Glasgow, and consequently tainted with superstition, he considered himself as employed in a good work; and though he had often reason to fear that the next wave would send them to the bottom, he never was on that account terrified at the impending danger. "If I am to perish here, he would say within himself, let me be resigned. If I survive, I shall still persevere, be the consequences what they may to my person or fortune! Of how little consequence is the life or property of an individual, when compared with the benefits which may flow to 3 or 400,000 people, should these attempts succeed?"

Being the original editor and sole proprietor of Guthrie's Grammar, Mr. Knox inserted various particulars in the successive editions of that book; such as the fidelity of the Highlanders, and the utility of permitting them the use of their favourite drefs: but being greatly limited in room, he began in

1782 to collect from about five reams of manuscript papers, the chief materials of the present performance, and a Commercial Map of Scotland. The sheets respecting the Highlands, the fisheries, and inland navigation, were printed separately, and circulated privately in both Kingdoms, in the hope that gentlemen of rank or influence would take the affair in hand. And Mr. Knox's expectations have happily succeeded; a Committee of the House of Commons is now upon the business, and a person has been sent from Edinburgh to explore the western coast and islands. The members of the Committee were furnished with copies of these sheets, and the whole were read openly to the whole body at one or two meetings. Mr. Knox was desired to attend; but though he went to London for that purpose, he returned from the door of the Committee Room without sending in his name, and he has not repeated the attempt. He was seized with a palpitation as soon as he entered the adjoining room, and was glad to get off without being observed by any of the Members; for had he gone before them, he could not have spoken a word. He waited, however, next morning on Mr. Dempster, who told him that he, as chairman, had been desired to communicate the unanimous approbation and thanks of the Committee for the plan and the information which the sheets afforded.

The present State of the Ottoman Empire, containing a more accurate and interesting Account of the Religion, Government, Military Establishment, Manners, Customs, and Amusements of the Turks, than any yet extant; including a particular Description of the Court and Seraglio of the Grand Signior; and interspersed with many singular and entertaining Anecdotes. Translated from the French Manuscript of Elias Habesci, many Years resident at Constantinople in the Service of the Grand Signior. London. R. Baldwin. 1784.

M. HABESCI, in a very short Preface, assigns his reasons for undertaking a work of this kind, which so many have attempted before him, viz. the extreme difficulty which they must inevitably have laboured under of obtaining authentic information on many subjects, which his situation, (having been from his infancy brought up at Constantinople under the care of an uncle, who enjoyed a considerable office of honour and confidence in the Seraglio, and after arriving at years of discretion himself employed as secretary to a grand Vizir in the reign of the late Sultan) gave him daily opportunities of acquiring in the most ample manner.

The Introduction contains an account of the political origin of the Mahometan religion. "That Mahomet (says our author) was the founder of the Mussulman faith, is a well known fact; and all historians agree that Mecca was the place of his nativity; but they

almost all disagree as to his original rank in life, and the causes which induced him to set up as a legislator."

After a close examination of whatever could tend to ascertain this disputed point, M. Habesci affirms, that so far from being of an obscure origin, as some writers have asserted, his grandfather Abd-el-met-allah was high priest, and chief of the tribe Absoch, which inhabited the coasts of the Red Sea.

He next relates the various steps by which from a menial servant (to which humble station the usurpation of his uncle had reduced him) he raised himself to be a law-giver and conqueror of great part of Africa, some provinces in Europe, all Syria, Damascus, Jerusalem, Antioch and Persia; which extensive territories he, at his death, which happened in 631, left to be governed by his successors.

"The

“The title of *Caliph*, which had been bestowed on him when he was invested with the diadem at Mecca, in a limited sense, signified no more than high-priest; but in his person it comprehended the idea of king, priest, and prophet; and as none of his successors could support a claim to these three characters, an attempt was made to separate the offices, and to dispose of the temporal dignity to one of his relations, (for he left no son) and the spiritual to another. This occasioned a family contention; but at length Omar was elected to fill the Saracen throne, by the army, and his competitors submitted to the power of the sword.”—

“Omar being assassinated, a fresh dissension took place about the succession, which by degrees weakened the empire, wrenched the sovereign authority from the house of Mahomet, and laid the foundation of another revolution,—the establishment of the *Turkish* upon the ruin of the Saracen empire.”

Chap. I. contains a sketch of the History of the *Turkish* or *Ottoman Empire*, from its origin to the present time; beginning with the reign of Ottoman its first founder, who taking advantage of the distracted state of the Greeks, laid siege to Constantinople and took it by assault. He reigned 28 years, and died in 1325 at Prusa in Bithynia, the ancient seat of the Turkish Government.

Among his successors Mahomet II. the eleventh emperor of the Turks, made himself conspicuous by the total destruction of the Greek empire, and the expedition against Rhodes defended by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. “It would be unpardonable (says our author) to take leave of this part of the Turkish history without some delineation of the character of this very extraordinary man.—He was a monster and a great prince; shining accomplishments and detestable crimes were blended in his conduct, and virtue and vice predominated in their turns, as policy, interest, or passion dictated.

“He had a sovereign contempt for all religions, and called the founder of his own the *Chief of Banditti*. He cultivated learning and the polite arts, almost unknown to his predecessors, and was skilled in many languages; in fine, Mahomet might have rivalled the most illustrious heroes of antiquity, if his debaucheries, his licentiousness and his cruelty had not tarnished the lustre of his military glory and of his fine accomplishments. Some of the many well-attested instances of his savage barbarity are denied by Voltaire and other historians; but, independent of his putting to death several captive princes, in violation of treaties of capitulation, his cutting off the whole house of Notaras, because that nobleman refused to give up one

of his daughters to his lust; and his ordering seventeen of his pages to be ripped up, to discover which of them had eaten a melon which had been stolen from him, are sufficient to make his memory detestable.”

Soliman II. better known by the name of Soliman the Magnificent, claims also some attention, from his conquest of the Isle of Rhodes, and the expulsion of the Knights from thence, whom he afterwards unsuccessfully attacked in their new residence at Malta. He likewise took Buda, and laid siege to Vienna, but was repulsed with the loss of 80,000 men.

“Historians (says our author) have discovered a striking resemblance between Soliman and Charles V. Both were equally qualified for peace or war, and memorable for the great number of journeys, sieges, and battles in which they were personally engaged. But Soliman was undoubtedly the greatest warrior; and Charles the ablest politician. There are likewise some other traits in the two characters totally dissimilar. Charles was sincere, (in what?) true to his engagements, and merciful to his captives (his severity to the Protestants excepted). Soliman, on the contrary, was capricious, a violator of treaties, and inhumanly cruel. His officers were frequently under the necessity of undertaking impracticable enterprises, in which they perished miserably from the dread of being put to an ignominious death if they disobeyed. The following letter, written on a long linen bandage, and sent to one of his generals, whom he had ordered to build a bridge over the Drave, and who had returned him an answer that it was impracticable, may serve as a specimen.

“The Emperor Soliman, thy master, dispatches to thee the same courier thou hast sent to him; orders thee to build the bridge over the Drave, without paying any regard to the difficulties that may occur in the execution of it. He gives thee to understand likewise, that if the bridge is not finished at his arrival, he will have thee strangled with the piece of linen which announces to thee his supreme will.”—This is literally, *Sic volo, sic jubeo, siet pro ratione voluntas*.

The remaining reigns have little remarkable in them, and are only scarce distinguishable by the different numbers of brothers and nephews bow-strung at each accession; a circumstantial account of which being to be met with in many authors, we proceed to Chap. II. which gives an account of the religion of the Turks.

“The theological, moral, and civil law of the Turks is contained in three books. The first the *Al-koran*, composed by the Prophet himself. The doctrines contained in it

must indispensably be believed by every Mussulman as essential to his salvation.

“The second, the *Affonach*, explains the traditions of Mahomet, and the decrees of the most learned of the Mahometan doctors.”—It is exactly similar to the Jewish Mishnah.

“The third, called *Amanis*, treats of and places in corollaries the inferences deducible from the two first for the conduct of life. The two latter are said to have been compiled by Mahomet’s four immediate successors.

“The first article of the Turkish Faith is, to believe that there is but one God, and that Mahomet is his Prophet. There are five other practical precepts called the Fundamentals of Religion. These are *ablution*, *prayer* (to be performed five times a day), *the observation of the fast of Ramadan*, *to give alms indiscriminately*, and *to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca*, if no lawful impediment prevents it.”—Each of these the author minutely enters into, and says, he can take upon himself to assure the reader, that the precepts which forbid drinking of wine and eating of pork, have only a nominal existence; and treats Sir James Porter’s opinion that the Turkish ladies are *incomatible*, as a vulgar error, attributing the Knight’s ignorance on this head to his *inappetence*.

Chap. III. treats of the Beyram, the principal festival of the Turks, corresponding with the Easter of the Christians, which begins immediately on the discovery of the new moon succeeding that of the Ramadan. This festival continues three days. On the first the Grand Signior, attended by his court in the most superb dresses, goes at break of day to the principal mosque, where he sacrifices three sheep.

Polygamy is allowed among the Turks; but the number of their wives is limited to four, rather from economy than from the rigour of the law, the husband being obliged to make a settlement upon each wife at his marriage.

“The morality of the Turks consists chiefly in works of charity, and they extend the practice of this virtue even to building public inns for the convenience of travellers, and aqueducts and reservoirs to provide water for public use.—In all religions some good things are to be found—in the Mahometan there are many.”

Chap. IV. relates to the ministers of the Turkish religion. Of these the Mufti is the sovereign pontiff, at once the oracle of religion, and the expositor of the law; he is appointed by the Grand Signior, and consequently has the discretion to consult his will and pleasure before he gives a decree, or issues a religious mandate, “well knowing,

that if he acts contrary to the will and pleasure of the monarch, he will be deprived at once of his office and infallibility. His fixed annual income amounts to about 15,000 Turkish piastres, nearly 3000 pounds sterling, exclusive of the *tour du baton* arising from the disposal of the rich benefices of the royal mosques. M. Habeski says, he knew one of these sovereign pontiffs who had sixty-two women in his haram, all remarkably handsome and young—but by no means satisfied with their *sacred* master.—The *Rev.* author of *Thelyphthora* would have made an excellent Mufti—in theory at least.

“Next in office are the two *Caddisefbins*, the one for *Romania*, the other for *Natolia*. To these succeed the *Moulahs*, who are considered (blessed junction) as both lawyers and churchmen.

“The superintendants of the mosques are chosen by the Grand Vizir, and are called *Imans*.”

The *Emirs* may likewise be ranked in the class of ecclesiastics. They are distinguished by wearing a green turban, and pretend to be lineal descendants of Mahomet. They enjoy numberless privileges; among others, that of having any person’s hand cut off who strikes them. The Turks, however, of the present day have found out a method of evading this privilege, by taking off their green turbans first with the utmost respect, and then beating them fondly.

Chap. V. gives an account of the religious orders and sects in Turkey, and of the schisms in the Mahometan religion, amounting at least to *seventy-two*, the chief of which are those of *Omar* and *Ali*.

In Chap. VII. a description is given of the mosques, their privileges, and revenues, particularly that of *St. Sophia*, whose fixed annual income amounts to more than £. 50,000 sterling.

Chap. VIII. treats of the irreligion of the Turks and its probable consequences, among which the author, in the spirit of prophecy, foretels an approaching revolution in the Turkish system of religion and civil government.

Chap. IX. treats of the *Seraglio* and the *Porte*. “The *Seraglio* does not (says our author) mean only the apartment to which the Grand Signior’s women are confined, as we are too apt to limit the word, but the whole enclosure of the palace in which the Ottoman Emperor, with those employed in his immediate service, resides. The circumference of this vast enclosure is very near six English miles; the buildings within it are innumerable; the wall surrounding it is thirty feet high; it has nine gates, two of which are magnificent; that which is the entrance from the square of

St. Sophia, is truly superb, and from it the Ottoman Court takes the name of the Sublime Porte. The number of its inhabitants amounts to 10,000. An account of the nature of their several employments is here given; and among other curious matter, the received opinion of the Sultan's throwing his handkerchief to the girl he elects, is exploded as an idle tale without any foundation."

Chap. X. and XI. relate to the administration of government throughout the Ottoman Empire. "The Governors of the Provinces are divided into three classes, the *Beglier Beys*, the *Rashaw Beys*, and the *Sargiachs*, distinguished by the number of horses tails borne before them as marks of honor."

Chap. XII. XIII. and XIV. treat of the respective governments of Grand Cairo, Wallachia, and Moldavia, of the Tartars, and of the States of Barbary, allies to the Porte.

Chap. XV. and XVI. treat of the nations tributary to the Ottoman Empire, and of the revenues of the Ottomans, their treasuries, and the persons who have the administration of them. "All the revenues of the empire are divided into two departments, one in the Seraglio, and the other in the City. The principal is called *Miri*, the other *Kafsa*; the first is the treasury of the empire under the direction of the *Defierdar*; the second, the Grand Signor's private bank, of which the *Kissar-Agba* is the administrator. The revenues paid in to the imperial treasury amount to 30,000,000 piastres, or six millions sterling, exclusive of the produce of the gold and silver mines."

"The revenues of the *Kafsa* are of two kinds. The tribute of the tributary nations is certain, and amounts to 1,015,000 piastres: the other revenues depend on circumstances. The incidental revenues are much more considerable, and are derived from the inheritance of the bashaws dying without succession; *pecuniary punishments* (commonly called *finés*); the tenth of all acquisition, and part of

the production of the mines."

Chap. XVII. XVIII. and XIX. treat of the military government of the Ottoman Empire, in which the author gives a circumstantial account of the different corps which compose the army, and the numbers of each; he makes the total amount of the military force of the empire 432,570 men.

Chap. XX. describes the general political system of the Turks. It contains many curious observations; but to make extracts from it would be difficult: we therefore recommend it to the perusal of our readers; only remarking that the author, *en passant*, has a *political* stroke at Lord North, and rectifies some mistakes of Sir James Porter.

The three next chapters state the Turkish policy with respect to the different powers of Europe.

Chap. XXV. shews the manner in which the Turks treat the ambassadors and ministers of Christian princes. The XXVIth Chap. gives an account of the ceremonial of the public entry of a Venetian ambassador into Constantinople. Chap. XXVII. offers some useful hints to the diplomatic corps resident at Constantinople.

Chap. XXVIII. XXIX. and XXX. contain a description of the city, its mixed inhabitants, and police.

Chap. XXXI. gives an account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, interspersed with several singular anecdotes.

The seven last chapters relate only to the trade carried on between Turkey and other countries, but afford no inconsiderable share of instruction on that head.

Upon the whole, this work evidently shews the author to have been thoroughly master of his subject, and, though neither so volutinous nor elegant a publication as Picart's, contains as much real, and probably better authenticated information, and is well worth perusal.

Sermons on some of the most useful and interesting Subjects in Religion and Life. By the Rev. J. Moir, A. M. London. J. F. and C. Rivington. 1784.

THE reverend author prefaces this volume of Sermons with an introductory Advertisement, in which he informs his readers, that "the subjects, leading thoughts, and by far the most striking passages in four of the Sermons, are borrowed from one of the best preachers this or any other church ever produced. His name has been long famous in the religious world; and every reader of *taste* and *piety* must be struck with the sublimity, the richness, and originality of his matter wherever it appears. To point him out to them is unnecessary; and others, who

may think the subject beneath the exertions of genius, will not be very anxious either to know who he is, or what he has written.—His language, in many parts, is so uncouth and obsolete, however, that it renders him almost unintelligible to modern readers; but his meaning, like the finest diamond, amply repays the trouble of polishing. And thus, perhaps, to bring forward old truths in something like a new dress, is the best apology which, at this time of day at least, can be offered for the publication of any Sermons whatever."

However dear to a *Critic* his reputation for *raffie*, as well as *piety*, may be, we are under the necessity of sacrificing it at the shrine of Truth, by candidly acknowledging our inability to distinguish the four Sermons here hinted at from their companions, either by the *sublimity* or the *richness* of the matter; nor will the *originality* of it help us to unravel the mystery; the whole work being composed of materials, and finished in a style equally *original*, rich, and sublime, and which cannot fail of striking every reader.

It is much to be lamented, that Mr. Moir has left us in the dark in a matter of such *moment*, as we are thereby prevented from forming any judgment of his skill as a lapidary. Not having had an opportunity of seeing the diamond in the rough, we can only observe, that whatever its intrinsic value may be, or whatever trouble he may have bestowed in polishing it, the setting is still so *uncouth*, as in a great measure to destroy its brilliancy.

How far bringing forward old truths in something like a new dress, is, or can be, an apology for publishing these, or any Sermons, now, or at any other time of day, we must leave our readers to determine, and proceed to lay such extracts from the Work before us, as have most forcibly struck us.

Sermon I. is on the Divine Government of the World. The text is taken from the Book of Revelations; in which book, says the Preacher, "many *marvellous, magnificent, and interesting scenes, objects, and events*, are exhibited. It was *inspired* and published in the infant and suffering state of the Church, when the strange unintelligible doctrines of the cross were most irreputable; when the *raucion* of religion was confined to a few poor unlettered men; and when the fierce and sanguinary spirit of persecution raged in all its malignity and strength!

"To soothe, assist, and comfort the serious and well-disposed, under such awful and distressing circumstances, the *ultimate ends* of the divine government are here distinctly and impartially disclosed. With this salutary and benign intention, many *mystic visions are seen; souls are opened in Heaven; trumpets are sounded in the air; and vials are poured on the earth*. And there is certainly a most beautiful, striking, and becoming propriety in thus shutting up the canon of scripture, with a full description of all those splendid and affecting solemnities which *precede, presage, and accompany* the final consummation of things.

"To join the whole creation of Heaven

and Earth, in saying *Alleluia*,—for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, seems peculiarly seasonable for us at this critical juncture*, when every wind that blows from almost every quarter of the Globe may be *fraughted* [Is this word obsolete, uncooth, or original?] with tidings of national disgrace, property lost, territory invaded, or friends massacred; when the great principles of honesty, honour, and holiness, have so evidently lost their influence and credit; and when vices of the greatest magnitude, the deepest dye, and the most *popular acceptation*, call aloud for vengeance: to recollect that the counsels of princes, the animosities of nations, the *genius* of fleets and armies, and all the infernal fiends of war and devastation, are still under his controul, who regards our best interests with infinite tenderness and attention.

"Why should the attributes of God be questioned, because moral are not more obvious than natural intricacies; or because the counsels of Heaven are not better understood by *knats* that flutter on the earth, than the mechanism of a fly, or the vegetation of a plant?"—How rich and sublime a thought!

"God only always, and every where, knows perfectly, what *is*, and what *is not*."

"It is a great and never-failing comfort, that *he is of one mind*, and *who*, or what can turn him?"

"Let then the *hemisphere deepen*, and the tempest rage; let thunders rend the heavens, and earthquakes depopulate the world; let property change its owners, and kingdoms their tyrants; the elements run into confusion; the pillars of the universe shake, and nature go to wreck: Who sees not the presiding Divinity kindly over-ruling every public and private commotion? and who, thus happily alive to all the blessings of the divine government, does not adopt the anthem in the text—*Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth*."

From Sermon II. on the Sublimity of Christ's official character, we shall only select the introductory sentence. "The hero of this allegorical book is the blessed author and finisher of our faith; in the description of whose very eminent person and qualities, some of the most striking and *splendid metaphors are assembled and appropriated*. He is exhibited in the text (Revelation xxi. 16.) under the similitude of a *star*, which shews his religion to be no more in its best estate than a light in a *dark place*."—Splendid indeed! but this style is so familiar to the

* This relates to the late war, in which most of these Discourses were composed and delivered.

author, that he cannot even speak of a worm in humbler terms.—“Not even the worms, these *rutblefs ministers of putrefaction*, who mangle alike the prince and the peasant, dare touch his pious relics.”

Sermon III. treats of *Moral Beauty*, and contains many original thoughts; such as, “Even certain things which have only a sort of *relative merit*, though very different from that which is *real*, maintain in every nation and age the most sovereign empire over all such sentiments and desires as have by far the greatest influence in life.

“Who knows not that virtue appears in all her lustre and excellence, to those only who have pure and upright hearts? And this is one reason, among others, why she comes so seldom in sight, and is treated so disrespectfully when she does.

“Perhaps nothing looks so *big and consequential* in your eyes, as power; and yet the history of all mankind demonstrates, that it never conferred one moment’s felicity on a *single individual*.”

Sermon IV. is on Regeneration, or Religious Conversion; in which our author observes, “that the *pious and learned puritans* in the last age, and many of their *impious and illiterate* followers in this, who make a mere job of their mystical refinements, allow none to be real christians who have not felt a *supernatural revolution* in all the faculties of their minds, effected in a *sensible, instantaneous, and mysterious manner*.”—This may be very *sensible*; *mysterious* it most undoubtedly is.—

The following definition of *wind* is not unworthy the attention of the reader of *taste*.—“Wind is nothing but the air in a state of violent emotion, from one end of the hemisphere to the other.”

Again, “The religious and good man is under the direction of principles which others do not feel; and he sees a reality in *objects*, which they think fictitious. [Good!] What is this, but a *special application* of a sentiment so very common, that it is now become proverbial?—One man’s meat is another man’s poison.” Better and better still! Is the meat or the poison fictitious?

“You, who are strangers to this spiritual and christian temper of mind, cannot in your present unregenerate state see the kingdom of God. You have no sensibility to relish the sweets, the *sights*, the sublimities of Heaven. The *complexion of wicked minds* is formed for the *meridian* of a very different place.

“Put the fullest confidence in the power and promise and providence of Heaven, and this *huge world* may perish, but you shall remain; and the wicked shall be *hurled* into hell, but you shall *spring* away [in an air-balloon?] to *yonder kingdoms of light, and life,*

and love, and joy, never henceforth to feel a pang, to heave a sigh, to shed a tear.”—Mr. Moore is happy at a climax, and wondrous fond of a *conjunction copulative*.

Were we to select the numberless beauties of each of the twenty-two sermons which this volume contains, we should infinitely exceed our limits, as well as sajure the sale of the book: we shall therefore content ourselves with mentioning only a few more of the most striking ones, and recommend the work itself to every Christian possessed of *piety or taste*.

Page 81. Speaking of society, our author says, “It (society) implants, at least, as many bad habits as *she* destroys; and is little more, after all that has been said in her praise, than *savages* armed with the implements of mutual injury.”

Page 153, mentioning the mode of our Saviour’s teaching, he remarks, that “such parts of his occasional discourses as are literally preserved in the History of his Life, are natural and weighty, not quaint or insipid; plain and direct, notilly or equivocal; often beautiful and elegant, never artificial or refined; sometimes pathetic and sublime, on no occasion frivolous or flowery; always most obvious and pointed, never trite and ambiguous.”—What a profusion of *splendid epithets* most aptly *appropriated*! or, to use the author’s own words, “never doating on any one favourite idea, as if he knew not how or when to dismiss it; without labouring it till it is lost, or, with all the littleness of human vanity, indulging any apparent self-gratulation on having succeeded so much to *his* liking.”

Page 167. “Then all the mischiefs we suppose can happen a furious, inconsiderate person, running after the wild-fires of the night, over rivers, and rocks, and precipices, without sun or star, or angel, or man; and more, and worse than all the evils and perils of life can point out or express, are inevitable under the management of a passionate, unprincipled and misguided heart.”

Page 178, speaking of wealth being inadequate to happiness, he emphatically exclaims, “Cou’d you think it, that all this *huge acquisition* is but a phantom, which exists not beyond the present; a *series* of things which it is impossible to enjoy, (Why?) *because* they (a *series* of enjoyments) cannot be enjoy’d at once.

“Though the rich man’s apparel were as splendid and shining and glorious as the robe of a cherub, what other *purpose* could they do to his person than to keep it warm and clean? [This passage favours strong of Caledonian phraseology as well as cleanliness.]

“There is even in the most unexceptionable

able condition of life, such a tediousness and UNIFORMITY, so much VICISSITUDE and vexation, that we always wish to *change*, and think on nothing but how to make the future an improvement on the present."

"The rich man has all the supposed enjoyments of life in his *power*, but so are also the pangs of ambition, the mortifications of pride, the envy of the selfish, the slanderous, the malignant, broken health, an early grave, and—a *stiffered* some."—No wonder riches are so universally coveted, as even the *grave* is in their power.—Yet so disinterested is our author, that in the fervour of his zeal he exclaims—"May riches never be the portion or curse of me or mine!"

Page 195. We meet with an observation which carries every appearance of originality. "It is observable, says Mr. Moir, what an advantage the *silent* have over the *talkative* in *common conversation*: they (the silent) are never troublesome to their company, never marked for liars, never interfere with the business of others."—This reminds us of the advice given by a farmer in Essex on his death-bed to a noble peer, his landlord, "My lord, take the advice of a dying man: Hold your tongue,—and nobody will take your lordship for a fool."

Page 201. "He only is truly wise, who gets to himself a friend on whose admonition he can safely rely, whose *warrant* shall be *liberty*, whose *encouragement* shall be *obedience*, and whose *reward* shall be *amendment*."

"When adversity bows a man's head to the ground, he *sinks* like an *oyster*, or rather *falls* with the *crash* of an *oak* under the weight of a mighty tempest."—*Utrum horum navis*.—

Page 217. "The deeps, and the snows, and hails, and rains, and birds of the air, and fish of the sea, and beasts of the field, all the productions of earth, and all the planets of heaven, demonstrate their maker, and celebrate his perfections."

"Think but a moment what must have become of us, had the place of our nativity been amongst savages, where *knaves* are blindly obeyed, devils professedly adored, and *priests*, and *prophets*, and *physicians*, and oracles of the most whimsical description implicitly believed? Must we not have perished in all those frailties and *crimes* which in this situation we could not avoid!"—With great deference to Mr. Moir, we cannot help dissenting from his opinion in this instance. "To whom *nach* is *groven*, of him *nach* will be *required*,"—nor can we conceive, "that a man will be judged for that he bath not, but for that which he bath." We might as well say a blind man deserved to be drowned, because he fell into the water.

"The more faggots that are flung into the fire, the fiercer it burns; (No, fare!) so your hell will only be so much the hotter, from the multitudes who share it with you."—What a logical conclusion is this!

The title to one of these sermons is rather remarkable; it is titled "The *Anecdote* of Balaam and his *Ass* improved." Among other *improvements* the following ought not to be overlooked. "In this sacred allegory the laws of probability are inviolably preserved, in the very instance of endowing an ass with the gift of speech—for it is expressly said, *that the Lord opened its mouth*. (*Nec Deus interfit*) So that the story is entire, perspicuous, and *natural* throughout."

After observing that "the charge of cruelty, so well brought home to this venal prophet, was not the less poignant, or true, because announced by a *poor*, *unpopular* animal," the author, by a strange concatenation of ideas, immediately goes on to remark, that "this is not the age to assert the *clerical* dignity in very pompous language."—Far be it from us to insinuate that Mr. Moir meant any reflection on his reverend brethren; but many of *them* are *poor*, and not very *popular*, and some irreverend wag might wilfully confound the parties, seeing them thus closely connected.

The following may serve not only to evince the author's impartiality, but his regard for and attachment to his hearers.

"Believe me, says he, it is not my inclination to tickle the ears of the vulgar, or gratify the invidious humour of the poor, by *grinning damnation* in the face of the great, or rich. No! you are responsible to heaven for all you possess, and with that righteous tribunal—*I leave* you to answer for yourselves."

In imitation of so good an example, we will neither tickle the author's ears with praise, nor *grin* at the productions of his pen, but here leave them to answer for *themselves* at the candid tribunal of the public.

Observations on the Police, or Civil Government, of Westminster, with a Proposal for a Reform. By Edward Sayer, Esq.—Debrett. London, 1784.

THE author seems to be fully equal to the important subject on which he has undertaken to write; and there is not a doubt but his plans, were they put in execution, would answer every end that has been proposed by them. He differs exceedingly from former writers on the police of Westminster. It seems to have been their wish "to gratify the reader's curiosity, by a minute attention to the wonders of the town, rather than to court the approbation of their understanding,

by a fair inquiry into its privileges:” his wish, on the other hand, is, “to render his performance useful by a simple investigation of the enormities that subsist in the civil police of Westminster.” The consideration of so laudable a motive cannot fail to entitle the author to the thanks of every sensible inhabitant of that populous city. The plan of the work is, “To take a short view of the rise, progress, and present state of the government of Westminster; with observations on its principal defects; and to propose a scheme for reform—accompanied with observations on its practicability and advantages.” The observations made on the first of these topics are interesting and just. On the head of reform there are many judicious things delivered: but they require too much room to be given in detail in this Review. We shall, however, mention a few circumstances which appear to us the most worthy of attention.—“The Dean and Chapter to surrender, for a valuable consideration, their franchise and manerial rights to the Crown. The high steward to be appointed by his Majesty during pleasure, and to be lieutenant and custos rotularum of the city and liberty. The city and liberty to be divided into sixteen equal wards; and each ward to be subdivided into ten divisions, or tithings. The high bailiff to be annually appointed by the high steward out of the burgesses. The town clerk and coroner to be appointed by the high steward, during good behaviour. The high constable to be appointed by the high steward, during pleasure; but not to be in trade himself, nor interested in any trade. The burgesses to have a common-hall, wherein shall be holden by them, or any five of them, four general sessions of the peace yearly. The bealdles to be eighty in number. The city to be provided with a military watch throughout the night, as is the case in Paris, and in Edinburgh. All vagrant or necessitous persons to be furnished with employment; and not punished by stripes, but by confinement, or hard labour.” As it is impossible for us to produce any of Mr. Sayer’s reasonings on these heads, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

An Address to Brian Edwards, Esq. containing Remarks on his Pamphlet, entitled, “Thoughts on the late Proceedings of Government respecting the Trade of the West-India Islands with the United States of America.” Also Observations on some Parts of a Pamphlet, lately published by the West-India Merchants, entitled, “Considerations on the present State of the Intercourse between his Majesty’s Sugar Colonies and the Dominions of the

United States of America. By John Stevenson. W. Nicoll. 1784.

THE author of this Address is of opinion, that, on our part, all future connection with America ought carefully to be avoided. In opposition to Mr. Edwards, he affirms that this country will possess, at least, as much of American commerce as will be beneficial to it; and he differs totally from Mr. Edwards, who supposes that the American Trade Bill, if passed into a law, would have tended, in a very eminent degree, to support and encourage the trade and navigation of England.

Mr. Edwards supposes, that by admitting a direct exportation of sugar to America, Great Britain would soon find a proportional increase of the same staple at her own emporium, while the consumption of her own manufactures would enlarge with the augmentation of her navigation and revenue.—To Mr. Edwards, who had stated in his tract, that the first duty of a writer is the ascertaining of facts, Mr. Stevenson puts this question: “Pray, sir, are these ascertained facts?” Mr. Stevenson makes many such shrewd and pertinent observations; and after displaying the national importance of our manufactures, our ship-carpenters, and our seamen, wonders how any Briton can openly attempt to reduce their numbers.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

MR. JOHN STEVENSON was born at Cerklowrie, a village in West Lothian, in August, 1729. His friends bestowed on him a very genteel academical education; and they had the pleasure of seeing him profit by the instruction he had received. At the age of fifteen, he was bound apprentice to the master of a vessel in the coal and coasting trade. While in that capacity, he acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of his master, being acknowledged to be prudent, diligent, and acute. The term of his apprenticeship being expired, he went a voyage to India in the Kent, Capt. Robson; during which he was favoured with the protection and regard not only of his commander, but of every officer in the ship. Soon after the return of the Kent to England, the gentleman with whom he had served his time, left off going to sea; and on offering Mr. Stevenson the command of his ship, he accepted the offer; and, of course, gave up the thoughts of returning to India. Mr. Stevenson continued to command in different lines of naval commerce for several years, and with pretty good success: but his fortune was, like that of most other men, subjected to vicissitude. In the

year 1766, as he was returning from the White Sea, his ship was wrecked on the north coast of Ireland. Half of the ship was his own: he had, indeed, insured; but the term of the policy having expired a few days before he sustained that loss, himself and a large family were involved in great difficulties.

The above incident induced Mr. Stevenson to have recourse to the service of the East-India Company. In his pursuits in that line, he was forwarded through the friendship of Captain Wilson. The appointment he met with, was that of Chief Mate to the Rochford Indiaman, commanded by Capt. Hunt. This introduced him to a scene in a great measure new; but, at the same time, one from which his character, as a man of probity and of abilities, was about to derive great supports. His conduct, in the course of the voyage which he made in the Rochford, has long been before the eyes of the public. It was his misfortune to find his Commander prepossessed against him to such a degree, that no caution of his could possibly procure good agreement. It clearly appears from the narrative of the transactions of that voyage (written by Mr. Stevenson), that he conducted himself with discretion; and demonstrated his superior talents, as a seaman, on various occasions. Nevertheless, his Commander objected to his conduct; and not only suspended him from doing his duty, but confined him to his cabin. The result of these acts appears to have been as advantageous to Mr. Stevenson's reputation, as they have been destructive to that of Capt. Hunt. The merits of his *dismissal from duty* were tried by the Governor and Council at Bengal; and those of his *imprisonment*, in the Court of Common Pleas. Captain Hunt was fined in a considerable sum. For particulars we must refer our readers to Mr. Stevenson's Narrative. — After the determination of that contest, Mr. Stevenson made another voyage in the Rochford. He returned to England in 1776, and has not since been at sea.

Mr. Stevenson is not more distinguished by his naval than by his literary talents. The world has been favoured with several ingenious and useful productions of his. As the merit of some of them has been long since decided on, it is unnecessary for us to descant on them here: it will be sufficient only to give their titles: "An Answer to Dr. Price's two performances on Civil Liberty." "Defence of the Marine Bill." "An Address to Admiral Keppel, under the signature of *A Seaman*." "A Letter to a Dissenting Minister." And, "The Narrative," of which we have already made mention.

Observations on the National Debt; with Ways and Means for lessening it, very considerably, in the Course of Twenty-five Years; by appropriating the Produce of certain Taxes on Property for that Purpose: With a Description of such Taxes; and an Estimate of their Annual Amount. By George King, of Northampton. Northampton, 1784: Printed by T. Dicey and Co.

THE present depressed state of our finances is matter of just alarm to every patriotic mind. To devise, therefore, some means by which the national credit may be restored and supported, appears to be the most commendable species of employment which a man of talents can adopt. But the discovery of such means requires reflection and study, and few men of rank can submit to mental labour:—the consequence is, that we seldom find our politicians engaged in any thing, but in "declaiming that we are ruined, and that the nation is on the verge of bankruptcy."—Such a conduct, surely, is not the dictate of wisdom. A wise man would be as industrious, and eager, to invent a remedy, as to discover the disease; and whether he succeeded in the application of his remedy, or no, still would he deserve very highly of his country.

There is a desert of this kind that belongs to the author of this ingenious performance: he shews that our finances are in a deplorable condition; but then he holds out to us a resource.—His system appears to be, on the whole, a good one; one that would neither be burthen some to the taxed, nor troublesome to the taxer: and as it is presented to the world at this auspicious moment, we trust that it will meet with due attention from the legislature.

From the following table the reader will not only see the gross sum which Mr. King thinks may be derived from the different taxes which he proposes, but will be enabled to form some idea of the subjects of taxation themselves.

"The whole management of the before-mentioned taxes, and their application, should be under the direction of five, or seven, commissioners, to be appointed by parliament.

"The tax on money lent for interest, I have estimated, will produce (per annum) £. 1,500,000

"The tax on money vested in public institutions established by act of parliament, or royal charter; and also on places of profit arising from fixed salaries, or perquisites (not otherways taxed) will produce 100,000

"A regulation of the land-tax, by raising three shillings in the pound, according to the old method of assessing; and one shilling in the pound on the full annual values of estates, will produce £. 500,000

"A tax on the dividends paid on the public funds, will bring in 400,000

"Profits arising from sinecure places which may be abolished, and from the regulation of public offices, not brought to account, as they cannot immediately be carried into execution."—To this article the author annexes no sum.

Total £. 1,150,000

"Deduct for management and expences of collecting 50,000

"Remains a clear revenue (per year) of — — 1,100,000

"This revenue of £. 1,100,000 a-year will, at four per cent. compound interest, amount in ten years to — £. 13,206,717
in fifteen years to — 22,025,945
in twenty years to — 32,755,885
in twenty-five years to 45,810,498

"But this revenue should be appropriated every year in the purchasing stock at the market prices; which stock so to be purchased, should be vested in the names of the commissioners for the use of the public.

"If we estimate the three per cent. stock worth 75, during the periods I have above mentioned, there may be bought in in ten years, stock to the amount of £. 17,608,955
in fifteen years — 29,367,926
in twenty years — 43,674,513
in twenty-five years 61,080,664

"And at the end of the last-mentioned period, the annual revenue from the taxes I have proposed, and the compound interest accumulated from them, will be nearly three millions; which, if continued to be applied as before, will, in less than sixty years, pay off the whole debt."

Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform. Doddsley.

THIS ingenious and well-known Sophist, celebrated on former occasions for his *religious* and *metaphysic* casuistry, has here amused the public with a specimen of his politicks, written in the usual spirit of Hocus Fucus. We say *amused*, because his performance is to be considered as mere matter of entertainment; being no more than a string of pleasantries, calculated to shew off his ironical powers in reconciling contradictory principles, or seeming to reconcile them. As a piece of wit, therefore, it may be acceptable to the reader, and, as such, is really

pleasant enough; nor should we, as such, refuse it our encomium, were it only designed as a harmless laugh at the political puzzle of the times. But we trace, in the gay disguise of these humorous thoughts, a serious aim at the constitution, and an endeavour to joke us out of our best privileges as Englishmen, and as citizens; because, forsooth, the writer is a gentleman of landed property, and, perhaps, lord of a manor, and consequently would not chuse to mix (even at an election, for the good of his country) with every pauper, gypsy, and *poacher*, lest they might enjoy as great a share in the legislature as himself. Now, if it should happen, that our proud and merry politician is (which we believe to be the case) a Justice of the Peace, and one of the *Quorum*; he might, should a right of universal representation take place, go to the place of poll with the Vagrant Act in his hand, and commit every dry man, hackney-coachman, and chimney-sweeper, who might be offensive to his worship, on an idea of annihilating his consequence by a participation of his privilege.

An Answer to Thoughts on a Parliamentary Reform. Debrett.

THIS well-written pamphlet may serve not only as a full reply to the political cob-web work abovementioned, but render it a superfluous labour to read the airy and agreeable Nothing which has been spun by the Pseudo-Patriot in the form of "Thoughts;" as the author of the "Answer" to them offers a recapitulation of the arguments, one by one, as he brings them forward to the tribunal of justice, where they are, in a very masterly manner, arraigned, tried, condemned, and executed on the spot. If we find any disposition in ourselves, as critical judges, to censure this conduct in our author, it is at his having thrown away so much solid reasoning and political knowledge upon a *jest*; as it gives us the idea of a giant condescending to "break a butterfly upon a wheel." At the same time we are aware that he had reference, in like manner with ourselves, to the malign INTENTIONS of his Antagonist, which he considered as not ill adapted to mislead, at least those men who have "more honesty than sense." But independently on its connection with the pamphlet of Mr. Soame Jenyns (who has the discredit of this *lip* of the pen, and if the suspicion be ill-founded, it would be reputable in Mr. J. to reject it, that the sin may not lie at his door) this production of our author abounds with sentiments and arguments of great national consequence at the present crisis, and may afford very salutary hints to

all men who are engaged in, or who wish a Parliamentary Reform, in which no member shall be intimidated by power, seduced by hope, or corrupted by interest. And we scruple not to pronounce the author well intitled to what he alludes to in the first passage of his performance, "the gratitude of a generous public, in requital of the honest endeavours of the individual, when (as in the present case) directed to inform their minds, or to promote their real interests." The striking merit of this little publication excited our curiosity to trace out its author, whom we have found to be a young gentleman of the law, lately called to the bar, and to whom the political world is indebted for several valuable and patriotic compositions, particularly "An Enquiry whether the absolute Independence of America is not to be preferred to her partial Dependence, as most agreeable to the real Interests of Great Britain?"—"Thoughts on a Reform in the representation of the People in the Commons House of Parliament."—"Serious Exhortation to the Electors of Great Britain."—The last of these, we understand, from some great political luminaries of the present day, who speak of it warmly, has only been in private circulation; and those which have been more publicly in the world, discover a strong mind, right principles, and a correct as well as copious understanding.

An Account of the Life and Writings of the celebrated Dr. Archibald Pitcairne, delivered at the Harveian Oration, at Edinburgh, for the Year 1781. By Charles Webster, M. D. Physician to the Public Dispensary; of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; of the Royal Society of Medicine, Paris, &c. 8vo.

THE Harveian Society of Edinburgh was instituted in the year 1778. Its principal object is to encourage among the students of physic, a spirit of experimental inquiry. For this purpose a question is annually proposed, and an honorary reward adjudged to the solution most approved by the Society. As a farther incentive, one of the Secretaries is appointed to read a discourse on some exemplary medical character, immediately before delivering the prize to the successful candidate, which is done publicly on the anniversary of Dr. Harvey's birth-day. The competition hitherto has been considerable, and, in general, productive of discovery. To this institution the public are also indebted for several elegant pieces of Medical Biography, and among others for the present account of Dr. Archibald Pitcairne; a name, as his

learned biographer very justly observes, which will continue to be revered, when the efforts of his numerous panegyriste are forgotten. The lovers of biography will peruse with pleasure this tribute of respect to the memory of a celebrated physician; and the medical reader will receive much useful information from the judicious remarks on the writings and discoveries of Dr. Pitcairne, with which the work is interperfed.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

DR. CHARLES WEBSTER is the son of a merchant at Dundee, and received his medical education at Edinburgh, where he now practises as a physician with much reputation. He is the coadjutor of Dr. Duncan at the Medical Academy, and is in great esteem with the students as a medical professor. He is between 30 and 40 years old, and is married to a very agreeable woman, who is niece to Sir Stuart Threipland, Bart. and has brought him one or two children. If our information is accurate, and we believe we can rely on it, the Doctor unites the clerical with the medical character (a combination not unfrequent in North Britain), and officiates as minister of an Episcopalian congregation in Edinburgh, the functions of which office he discharges in a manner that does him much honour. In private life he is universally esteemed and respected.

A Discourse shewing the beneficial Effects of Virtuous Principles and Industry. Printed for J. and C. Berry, Norwich; and T. Evans, London, 1784. Price 6d.

THE author's text is, "Thou shalt shew them the way wherein they should walk, and the work that they must do." This discourse was preached towards the support of a charitable institution; but differs considerably from those that are generally preached on such occasions, being addressed as much to the understanding as to the heart. The language of it is plain and unaffected, as that of all sermons ought to be, and it is deficient neither in sentiment nor in method.

The author's plan is, in the first place, "That the peace and comfort of mankind depend upon religion, morality, and good government:"—in the second place, "That a man must be confirmed in habits of industry before he can be perfectly secure of virtue and happiness." On both these heads he is interesting and judicious; and he dismisses the reader convinced that *good principles* and *industry* are indispensibly necessary to temporal as well as eternal felicity.

Antient Metaphysics. Volume III. Containing the History and Philosophy of Men. With a Preface, containing the History of Antient Philosophy, both in antient and later Times. Also, with three Dissertations annexed, upon the following Subjects: I. Confirmations and Illustrations of what has been said in the preceding Volumes upon the Subject of the Principles of Sir Isaac Newton's Astronomy. II. An Enquiry into the Principle of the Motion of Bodies unorganized. III. The Difference between Man and Brute further illustrated and explained. With additional Facts and Observations concerning the Oran Outang, and Peter the wild Boy. Cadell. 1784.

IT may be remarked, as a striking proof that the study of antient literature is in a state of declination, that men of industry and leisure seek reputation by republications of antient doctrines, which, about a century ago, were familiar to all men of letters. Dr. Spens, the translator of Plato's Republic; Dr. Reid of Glasgow, who furnished the account of the Aristotelian Philosophy, published by Lord Kaims; the late Mr. Harris; with other less famous names, have employed themselves in directing the minds of men, in the present period, backward to that country and those times where we trace the original source of all modern science, improvements, and refinements in Europe.

Mr. Burnett, or, as he is called by the courtesy of Scotland, from his office in the Court of Session, Lord Monboddo, has, in his preceding volumes, as well as in that before us, displayed a vast variety of reading, and a most intimate acquaintance with the Grecian literature and philosophy. Nor is labour or industry the only praise that is due to this researcher into antiquity, if there be any praise in the possession of an imagination vigorous, but excentric; lively, but uncontrolled by a sound judgment, and the laws of just reasoning. Where he gives an account of antient doctrines, he appears learned, accurate, acute: when he mixes with these any of his own notions, he appears extravagant and absurd. His industry is generally misemployed; his imagination is ill regulated; his judgment constantly engaged in the service of odd, whimsical, and often ridiculous prejudices and conceits. It may be said of this writer, that few men have been at greater pains to learn error, and to confirm his mistakes by the authority of the antients.—Yet Lord Monboddo is not an insipid or disgusting writer. The propriety and the simplicity of his style and manner form a strange contrast with the romantic wildness of his philosophy. He has started many hints, and mentioned many facts, which deserve consideration; and, on the whole, he has furnished a good deal of amusement, and great matter of triumph to that literary pride which delights to look down on the credulity and weakness of literary adventurers. We shall justify this criticism by some extracts from

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this curious publication; on which we shall occasionally make some observations.

The most respectable part of this volume is the Preface, in which the author gives a short history of what he calls the Philosophy of Man, and which he wishes to revive.—The native country of all arts, sciences, and philosophy, he supposes to have been Egypt. For this opinion he gives his reasons. The most forcible of these may be urged with greater advantage, as being more conformable to antient history and tradition, in favour of that opinion which derives philosophy from India.—However acute and superior in understanding our modern materialists may think themselves, their philosophy, in Lord Monboddo's opinion, is but the infancy of philosophy, and such as no man that has passed the infancy of understanding can embrace; and, he says, it should be not a little mortifying to them to think, that a savage of America (who holds that his dart and arrow is impelled in its motion by a *spirit*) should know what they do not know, "that it can be nothing but mind which moves the missile, not the impulse which has ceased." He supposes that there are four kinds of minds; "minds inanimate (or that move inanimate bodies), minds vegetable, minds animal, and minds intellectual." As this is the great *spirit* or *soul* of Lord Monboddo's philosophy, and that which we meet at every turn in his book, before we proceed to his other *nostrums* (nostrums at least in the present advanced period of society and philosophy), we shall take this opportunity of observing upon it.

First, there seems to be a repugnancy between what our author asserts, when he affirms that "the first philosophy in Egypt, and, as he believes, every where else, was materialism;" and what he observes in page xi. of his preface, "that all men, when they have attained the use of reason, and have formed the idea of cause and effect, must of necessity believe that the operations of nature are carried on by powers invisible."—All savages, he observes in the same place, and on the same subject, believe in powers invisible and superior to man. We are not, he says, to wonder that nations in that (the savage) stage of the progress of man should believe, that all the operations of nature are

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performed

performed by spirits, or even that they should believe, as the Indians of North America do, that there is a spirit in their darts and arrows, and such like things. There are manifest contradictions. If the first exercise of reason leads to a belief that the cause, or causes, of all things is *mind*, materialism was not certainly the first philosophy.

Secondly, To talk of mind being the cause of every thing, is nothing but a pitiful perversion of language. The term *mind* is, in common acceptation, taken to convey a very different idea from the movement, or the impulse that causes the movement of every body. The experimental philosopher, or, as Lord Monboddó would say, the materialist, does not pretend to penetrate into the original source of matter or of motion. He arranges particular facts and events into general orders or classes; and when, by this faculty of generalization, he has risen to the most general class, or law, which he can discover, he has advanced far in philosophy, though the nature or essence of that law should remain a secret. Sir Isaac Newton admits the existence of a Supreme Mind, as the easiest solution of the phenomena of the universe. But he inquires into the instruments or means by which the Supreme Mind carries on his operations. Lord Monboddó cuts this matter short, by affirming, that every effect is the immediate operation of mind. This is not making any discovery. It is, we affirm, a perversion of language. It is a republication of what was dreamed in the school of Pythagoras and Plato, adopted by many of the Christian fathers, and by the followers of *Jacob Behmen*, and other mystic philosophers, who consider the instinct of animals, as well as the laws of reproduction, and in general of motion, as the voice of God present throughout all his works.

The great hero of this third volume of *Antient Metaphysics* is Pythagoras, the man "who first raised the minds of the Greeks above matter, and called them to the contemplation of mind, and of things divine. This, in Lord Monboddó's opinion, was not only a most extraordinary man, but *something above humanity*. He had something, he observes, on the authority of *Jamblichus*, in his appearance, august, and even divine; such as attracted the admiration of all that beheld him. Yet, divine as this person was, he was yet inferior, Lord Monboddó observes, "to his masters, the Egyptian priests; whence we may fairly conclude, that the Egyptian priests must have been above, at least, the lower order of Deities." But this is downright raving, and unworthy of all serious criticism. Yet, as Lord Monboddó has obtained some degree of reputation, we cannot

refrain from making the following quotation:

"With this stock of philosophy, greater than, I believe, ever any man collected, he returned to Samos, his native country, at the age of fifty-six, after having been abroad thirty-four years; but he soon left it to go to Italy, because, as some say, he was oppressed with public business; but, as others say, which I think more probable, because the people of Samos were not disposed to receive his philosophy. He therefore went to Italy, says my author, reckoning *that* his native country where there were most lovers of science.

"The place where he chose to fix his residence was Crotona, a very famous city in that part of Italy, to which he is said to have given the name of *Magna Græcia*, where he was received with the highest marks of honour, and lived there like a god among men; for he did not mix with the people, and was not visible except to a few of his own followers, who were initiated into the mysteries of his philosophy. He had something, as I have said, in his form and appearance more than human, which struck every one that saw him with awe and reverence: and he was believed to be possessed with powers and faculties far surpassing common humanity; for it was said that he predicted future events; that he remembered what had happened to him in former periods of his existence, when he animated other bodies, and was able to make others do so too, after they were initiated into his sublime philosophy, and purged from all passion and perturbation. He had power also, it was said, over brutes, and made even the wildest and fiercest of them obey him.

"There are many, I know, of the age in which we live, who will consider this man, so much admired by all antiquity, as no better than an impostor: but I cannot reject what was believed of him by all his followers, and attested by so many credible authors, who lived near his time, unless I could be convinced of the impossibility that a being could exist, such as Aristotle mentions, that was something betwixt God and man. But, so far from being of that opinion, I am convinced that there are many intelligences betwixt us and the Supreme Intelligence, of power far superior to us: and indeed a philosopher, who has observed the wonderful variety of nature in other animals, and how much they rise one above another, cannot doubt that there is the same variety and subordination one to another in the intellectual as in the animal nature. Some of these superior intelligences were understood by the antients to be clothed with aerial or ethereal bodies, and were called *Dæmons*. But there is certainly nothing

nothing in nature to hinder a superior intelligence from inhabiting such a body as ours, and I believe Pythagoras to have been a being of that kind: and I likewise believe, that in more ancient times there were many such, who were revered as a superior race of men, and known by the name of *Heroes* and *Demi-gods*."

As to *SOCRATES*, Lord Monboddó is at great pains to lower his reputation; and on this subject he does not always justice to *Socrates*. For example, he says, "And when he endeavours to philosophise upon virtue, he falls into a great error, by supposing that it is nothing more than science; so that, according to his doctrine, if a man had the science of virtue, and knew perfectly what it was, he was therefore virtuous." Yet it appears, and Lord Monboddó knows it, that *Socrates* valued no knowledge that was

not practical. Here then *Socrates* is accused not only of error, but of the most glaring inconsistency. But Lord Monboddó will find that *Socrates* is perfectly consistent with himself, and with truth too, perhaps, when he reflects that the "Science" which *Socrates* alludes to, was not that speculative and transient kind which passes over the mind like a shadow, without leaving any impression behind, but that steady and lively view of an object which excites the suitable and corresponding emotions. On the whole, however, this writer gives a just account of the genius of the *Pythagoreans*, of *Socrates*, of *Plato*, of *Aristotle*, and their followers.—We must also bestow the merited praise on what he has written concerning the nature and importance of logic.

[To be concluded in our next, with Anecdotes of the Author.]

On the Several VARIETIES of the HUMAN SPECIES.

[From the Third Volume of Lord Monboddó's "Antient Metaphysics," just published.]

[Concluded from page 104.]

THE account I am to give of Mermaids is taken from a Dutch book, which is very rare, and not translated, as far as I know, either into French or English; and therefore I will give it in the words of the author, who is one *Valentyn*, minister of the gospel in *Amboyna* and *Banda*. He lived in the beginning of this century, and has written a natural history of *India*, which I am told is the best extant. A friend of mine, who has favoured me with a translation of the passages from it that follow, assures me that the author was a man esteemed by the Dutch of *Batavia* (among whom my friend lived for several years) to be a man of perfect veracity, and, from what he has collected concerning the Mermaid, appears to have been a man of learning, and of great curiosity and industry.

In his third volume, which treats of *Amboyna*, and the islands in its neighbourhood, he says, "It seems very certain, that, in former times, Mermaids have been seen here.

"In the Company's Daily Register for the year 1653, there is inserted, That Lieutenant *Trans Male* or *Smallen* saw, at the time he was sent with some men on an expedition in the Bay of *Houmdelo*, as did all the people that were with him, in clear day-time, two Mermaids, the one greater, the other smaller, which they took to be man and wife, swimming together: that the hair of their head hung over the neck, and that it appeared between a green and greyish colour; and that

they could see they had breasts. They were, all above the waist, shaped exactly as a human creature; but from thence downwards, they seemed to go tapering off to a point. About six weeks afterwards, near the same place, the like appearance was seen by the said *Smallen*, and upwards of fifty people that were with him.

"*Alkert Herport*, in his Account of *India*, fol. 147. says, On the 29th of April, at *Taynan*, near the New Work, in the forenoon, a man appeared three times above water; and, on immediate examination, nobody was missing. In the afternoon, he appeared in like manner three times, near to the bulwark, called *Hollandia*; his hair was long, and a mixture of green and grey colour.

"In 1712, it is said a Mermaid, or Seawoman, was taken alive (near the island of *Booro*), which was fifty-nine inches, or five feet long. She lived four days and seven hours, and then died, as she would not eat any thing. She was never heard to articulate any noise. It is said, that one *Samuel Falvers* in *Amboyna* preserved the body for some time, and made out an exact description of it, by which it appears that her head was like a woman's, properly proportioned, with eyes, nose, and mouth; only the eyes, which were light blue, seemed to differ a little from those of the human species. The hair, that just reached over the neck, appeared of a sea-green and greyish colour. She had breasts, long arms, hands, and all the upper parts of

the body, almost as white as a woman's, but leaning somewhat to the sea-grey. Her body below the navel appeared like the hinder part of a fish.

"It is well known that many writers have handed down to us an account of what happened in the year 1403 or 1404, in the time of a great storm in Europe. Many dikes in Holland were broken down, betwixt Kampen and Edam, in the Zuyder Zee. A wild or sea-woman was drove from thence, through a breach in the dike, into the Parmer Sea, and there taken by the boors of Edam, to which place they brought her, cleared her of sea-ware, and put cloaths on her. The people of Harlem heard of it, and requested to have her; which was granted. She had in the mean time learned to eat victuals, and they afterwards taught her to spin. She lived many years, and, as the priests said, had been observed to pay reverence to the Holy Cross. She was allowed at her death a Christian burial. Many writers declare that they had spoken to people who had seen the sea-woman.

"Pliny (Book ix. Chap. 5.) says, that the ambassadors to Augustus from Gaul declared that such sea-women were often seen in their neighbourhood.

"It is worthy of notice, what Alexander of Alexandria (Book iii. Chap. 1. Genial. Dier.) says of such sea-people: He was informed by Draconitas Bonifacius, a Neapolitan nobleman, a man of great honour, that, when he served in Spain, he saw a sea-man preserved in honey, which was sent to the king from the neighbourhood of Mauritania; that it looked like an old man, with a very rough head and beard, of a sky-blue colour, much larger than the common run of men; and that there were small bones in the fins, with which he swam. This he related as a thing known to every one in that part of the world.

"Theodoros Gaza relates, That, when he was in the Morea, such a woman was drove on that coast by a violent storm; that he saw her, and she was very well looked; that she sighed, and seemed very much concerned when a number of people came round her; that he had pity on her, and caused the people to stand at a distance; that she profited by the opportunity, and, by the help of her fins and rolling, she got into the water and got off.

"Georgius Trapezantius says, he saw from the sea-shore such a Mermaid, very handsome, appear several times above water. In Epirus, he says, there appeared a sea-man, who, for some time, watched near a spring of water, and endeavoured to catch young women that came there; he was with much difficulty at length caught himself; but they could never get him to eat.

"Ludovicus Vives relates, that in his time

a sea-man was taken in Holland, and was carefully kept for two years; that he began to speak, or at least to make a kind of disagreeable noise, in imitation of speech; that he found an opportunity, and got into the sea. The Portuguese speak of Mermaids as a common thing on the coast of Zofala and Mosambique.

"Janius says, in his time, at Swart Wall, near the Brile, the skeleton of a Triton was hanging in the middle of the church.

"To this purpose, a friend of mine tells me, he was informed by a fisherman, that, when he was a boy at Moslenfluy, near to Tou, they caught, in the night-time, a Mermaid, half an ell long, that was perfectly like to a woman; it died soon. He declared he had often seen things taken out of a cod-fish, which had that appearance.

"A gentleman of good character in the Hague told me, in the year 1719, that he saw a very perfect skeleton, at the house of a Danish envoy, which, he said, had been caught near to Copenhagen. And Vossius says, that there were once five or six caught near Copenhagen; and the skeleton of one caught in the year 1644 is to be seen there.

"Joan Dileroy relates a curious story of some American fishers. One night, it being a perfect calm, they observed a Mermaid coming into their vessel; and they fearing it to be some mischievous fish, in the fright, one of them cut, with a hatchet, the creature's hand off, which fell within board, and the creature itself sunk immediately, but came soon up again, and gave a deep sigh as one feeling pain. The hand was found to have five fingers and nails like a man's hand.

"In the last age, one of the Dutch herring buffes caught a Mermaid in their nets. The man, who was taking out the herrings, was so confounded when he came to it, that in his fright he threw it into the sea. He repented too late of what he had done, when he observed clearly that it had a head and body like a man."

After the foregoing relations from reading and hearsay, the author, Mr. Valentyn, declares what he saw himself on his voyage from Batavia to Europe, in the year 1714. "In 12 deg. 38 min. south latitude, on the first day of May, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I, the captain, purser, and mate of the watch, and a great many of the ship's company, it being very calm, and the sea smooth as glass, saw, about the distance of thrice the length of the ship from us, very distinctly, on the surface of the water, seemingly sitting with his back to us, and half the body above the water, a creature of a grizlish or grey colour, like that of a cod-fish skin. It appeared like a sailor, or a man sitting on something; and the more like a sailor, as on
its

its head there seemed to be something like an English cap of the same grey colour. He sat somewhat bent, and we observed him to move his head from one side to the other, upwards of five and twenty times; so that we all agreed that it must certainly be some shipwrecked person. I, after looking some time, begged the captain to order them to steer the ship more direct towards it, being somewhat on the starboard side; which was done accordingly; and we had got within a ship's length of him, when the people on the fore-castle made such a noise, that he plunged down, head foremost, and got presently out of our sight. But the man who was on the watch at the mast-head, declared he saw him for the space of 200 yards, and that he had a monstrous long tail.

"I shall now only mention, that, in the year 1716, the newspapers were every where full of a sea-man, who appeared in the month of January, near Ragusa, a small city on the Adriatick Sea, the like of whom I never heard or read of. It had much the resemblance of a man, but it was near fifteen feet long. Its head was very large, and its feet and arms were well proportioned to its body. It appeared for several days running, and commonly came out of the sea about three o'clock in the afternoon, and walked with monstrous strides, sometimes in one, sometimes in another place, along the shore.

"People from far and nigh went to look at it; but they were so much afraid, that they kept a good distance from it, and many looked with spy-glasses. It often carried its hand above its head. The hideous noise it made could be heard at half a mile's distance, so that people in the neighbourhood were sore afraid of it. The various accounts given by those who saw it are so uniformly the same, that there is no room left to question the veracity of the story."

Mr. Valentyn then concludes with saying, "If, after all this, there shall be found those who disbelieve the existence of such creatures as sea-men or Mermaids, of which we have at least given great reason to believe that there are, let them please themselves; I shall give myself no more trouble about them."

To these accounts of Mermaids given by Valentyn may be added what Bartholinus relates in his *Centuria Historiarum Anatomicarum Variarum*, printed at Hapnaia 1654, p. 188. where he informs us, "That there was in his time one of these animals caught upon the coast of Brazil, and brought to Leyden, and there dissected in presence of one whom he names, viz. Johannes de Layda, who made him a present of a hand and a rib of the animal. He calls it a Syren, and says it was the form of a woman down to the waist, below which it was nothing but a

piece of unformed flesh, without any marks of a tail. He gives us the figure of the whole animal, both erect and swimming, as also of the hand which he got from de Layda."

There is also in a collection of certain learned tracts, written by John Gregory, A.M. and Chaplain of Christ Church in Oxford, published in London in 1650, an account of a sea-animal of the human form, very much like a bishop in his pontificals. It is said to have been sent to the King of Poland in 1531, and to have lived for some time in the air; but it took the first opportunity of throwing itself into the sea. This story Gregory says he got from one Rondeletius, whose words he gives us, page 121. from which it appears that Rondeletius had the story only at second-hand, from one Gifbert, a German doctor.

But the most circumstantial story of all is that which is told by Maillet, in his *Teliamede*, (page 241. of the English translation), of a sea-man that was seen by the whole crew of a French ship, off the coast of Newfoundland, in the year 1720, for two hours together, and often at the distance of no more than two or three feet. The account was drawn up by the pilot of the vessel, and signed by the captain and all those of the crew that could write, and was sent from Breil by Monsieur Hautefort to the Count de Maurepas, on the 8th of September, 1725. The story is told with so many circumstances, that it is impossible there can be any deception or mistake in the case; but if it be not true, it is as impudent a forgery as ever was attempted to be imposed on the public.

These and such like facts I believe, as they appear to me sufficiently attested; and are not, as I think, by the nature of things, impossible; for there does not appear to me any impossibility or contradiction that there should be a marine animal of the human form, which can live in the water, as we do in the air, or even that this animal should not have two legs, as we have, but should end in a tail like a fish. There are, however, I know, many, who are disposed to set bounds to the works of God, and who cannot be persuaded that even the land animal man exists with the varieties I have described. But I follow the philosophy of Aristotle, who has said that every thing exists which is possible to exist. Nor, indeed, can I well conceive that a benevolent and omnipotent Being, infinite in production as in every thing else, should not have produced every sensitive being that is capable of pleasure, and can enjoy a happiness suitable to its nature, whose existence is possible, that is, implying no contradiction; for otherwise there would be something wanting in the System of Nature, which would not be

be perfect and complete, as, I think, of necessity it must be.

That Mermaids, or sea-men, which existed, as I have shown, so late as the year 1720, are still to be found somewhere in the Great Ocean, I have not the least doubt, though they appear to be but a rare animal. As to men with one leg, or one eye, or two eyes in their breast, whether they are yet any where to be found, I cannot say. But, if it were certain that they no longer existed, it would not from thence follow that they never existed; for we are sure that there are whole species of animals, which were once in certain countries, but are not now to be found there, such as wolves in Britain. And it is very likely that those extraordinary men in India and Africa, of whom ancient authors speak, being, as is probable, but few in number, and considered as monsters by the other men in those countries, would be destroyed or exterminated by them, as it is likely the Troglodytes in Africa were, who, as Herodotus says, were hunted by the Garamantes (an African nation), as if they had been wild beasts*. Other men, of the same monstrous appearance, have been, I am persuaded, destroyed in the same way, such as men with the heads of dogs, who have not been seen by any modern traveller, but of

whom so many ancient authors speak, that I can hardly doubt of their having once existed, though they are not now to be found †.

From what has been said, it must be evident that there is a wonderful variety of the human species, even in its natural state, much greater than of any other animal known: And the variety also, both of mind and body, in the civilized state, is very great. For, in the first place, the civilized man is exceedingly different from a perfect savage: Then a civilized man, in the first stages of society, is very different from the same man in the latter periods: and a philosopher, and a man of science, is very different from an ordinary man in every stage of the social life. And, when we join to all these varieties the differences which I have shown exist betwixt individuals and families in the same age and in the same country, I think we may conclude, with great certainty, that what I have said in the beginning of this volume is no more than the truth, that man is the most various animal which God has made, so far at least as we know. And, as he is undoubtedly the most excellent animal on this earth, he is therefore, of all created things, the noblest subject for the study of the philosopher, at the same time that it is the study the most important and interesting to him.

* Lib. iv. Cap. 183.

† Photius, in his Excerpts from Ctesias *De Indiciis*, has given us the following account of them: "They were, says Ctesias, a people in the mountainous country of India, near to the river Indus, and were called by the Indians, *Καλοστροιοι*, in their own language, which being translated into Greek, is *Κυνοκεφαλοι* or *dog-headed*: And they had the tails as well as the heads, of dogs. They had, he says, no use of speech, but supplied the want of it by gesticulation, and a noise they made like the barking of a dog. He says, they lived in society together, were about 120,000 in number, were very expert archers and throwers of the dart, paid yearly to the King of India 1000 talents of silver by way of tribute, and he in return, every fifth year, made them a present of 30 myriads of bows, as many darts, 12 myriads of targets, and 5 myriads of swords. In short, he relates so many particulars concerning them, that they must have been a nation at that time very well known.

With Ctesias concurs Ælian, *De Natura Animalium*, (Lib. iv. Cap. 46) who adds, that some of them were brought to Egypt in the time of the Ptolemies, where they learned letters, to play upon the pipe and harp, and to dance; and they went about, he says, and collected money for showing themselves. (Ibidem, Lib. vi. Cap. 10.) And he relates other particulars of them, (Lib. x. Cap. 30. and Lib. vii. 19. of the same work.) Pliny also speaks of them, without saying any thing to persuade us that he did not believe in their existence, (Lib. vii. Cap. 2.) And Solinus and Aulus Gellius speak of them in the same way; also Agatharchides, in his work upon the Red Sea, (p. 62. of H. Stephen's edition), who agrees with Ælian, that they were to be seen in Alexandria in his time, having been sent thither from Ethiopia and the country of the Troglodytes; and with them some Sphinxes, of the same shape with those represented in painting and sculpture, that is, of a mixed form, partly lion and partly man. The Sphinx, he says, is by nature a tame and gentle animal, and capable of being taught motion to music; whereas the Dog-headed Men, he says, were exceeding fierce, and very difficult to be tamed. This author, Agatharchides, I have elsewhere mentioned, (p. 50.) where I have said, that I did not know that such an author now existed, till I was informed that he was still extant, by a friend of mine in London, whom I think myself now at liberty to name, Sir George Baker, and who, besides, is a most worthy man, and one of the best scholars I have known even in England. The work is intitled, *Excerptis from Agatharchides, concerning the Red Sea*, by which name the antients denoted the

Indian

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
 IMPARTIAL AND CRITICAL REVIEW
 O F
 MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Red-Breast, a Cantata, composed by John Stanley, Esq. M. B. and Master of his Majesty's Band. The Words by Mr. McClellan. Price 1s. 6d. Holland.

IN conformity to our original plan of impartially investigating the merits of new musical publications, we snatch this opportunity of laying the *Red-Breast* before the public, not in order to try the merits of the author in this little production, but merely to bring forward the character of a gentleman who hath for so many years been looked up to with astonishment and surprize.

The *Red-Breast*, like all Mr. Stanley's compositions, is natural and pleasant. It consists of two recitatives, and two airs. The former, being in a minor-key, exhibits a sweetly pleasing melancholy that exactly corresponds with, and echoes the sense of the words: the latter is in a major-key, and gives that sedate cheerfulness which the poet means to describe in a contented situation.

The engraver in this last movement has made an omission, in not directing the performer to leave out the last bar of the sixth stave, on the repetition of the air, and substitute the first bar of the seventh stave in its stead; without which, there will be a confused heap of nonsense, occasioned by repeating those two bars, which is foreign to the author's intention. This would not have happened, if Mr. Stanley had revised the proofs; but we understand that the work was printed without his knowledge, and the sum for the purchase of it has been given to a public charity. Those who wish fully to investigate the musical merits of Mr. Stanley as a composer, are requested to examine his printed Oratorio, his Concertos and Voluntaries for the Organ, where they will find ample amusement, carrying with it at the same time full conviction of his knowledge and judgement.

Indian Sea, of which what we call the Red Sea is only a gulph. ~~is not translated~~; and therefore is only known to the few learned. I have read it over from beginning to end, and find it a most curious collection, concerning all the different savage nations in Africa, which were discovered by the third Ptolemy of Egypt, in the manner I have mentioned, who appears to have been a lover of knowledge, and of much greater curiosity than most kings. Some of the nations he mentions are still to be found in Africa, particularly a nation that he calls *Auripharos*, or *Grasshopper-Eaters*, whom he describes exactly as Sir Francis Drake has described them, inasmuch that one should have thought Sir Francis had copied from him.—See Sir Francis's account of them in Buffon, Vol. iii. p. 451. which the reader may compare with Agatharchides, (p. 57.) And he gives an account of a people in Ethiopia, who hunt Elephants, and feed upon them, (p. 55.) which agrees very well with what I have heard from Mr. Bruce concerning the same people.

The following is a correct list of Mr. Stanley's works.

Eight Solos for the German Flute.

Six Concertos for four Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Thorough Bass for the Harpsichord.

Six Cantatas for a Voice and Instruments.

Six Solos for a German Flute.

Ten Voluntaries for the Organ.

Ten ditto.

Ten ditto.

Six Cantatas for a Voice and Instruments.

Three Cantatas and three Songs for a Voice and Instruments.

Six Concertos for the Organ, Harpsichord, or Piano-Forte; with Accompaniments for two Violins and a Bass.

Zimri, an Oratorio.

Fall of Egypt, an Oratorio, never printed.

And many single Songs.

“ 'Tis not the Bloom on Damon's Check,” a favourite Rondo, sung by Mrs. Weichfeil at Vauxhall-Gardens, composed by James Hook. Price 1s.

WE have inspected this little production, and do not wonder that it should be a *favorite*. There is a novelty and a beauty in it which strike us very forcibly. The symphony is florid and pleasing; the subject of the air extremely pretty, and much aided by the accompaniment of the second violin. The digressions form an agreeable relief, and the stile of the whole, speaking in general terms, is easy and natural. We cannot, however, entirely approve of the first division. The first, fourth, and seventh bars being not only directly similar to each other, but the sixteen semi-quavers in each a mere repetition of the first four, an effect is produced, in our opinion, far from advantageous to the air. The second division is more natural and simple, and avoids the above objections; but

unluckily

unluckily neither of them falls on words the most favourable in the song to musical descent.

New Lessons for the Harpsichord ; or, General Instructions on Vocal and Instrumental Music, as Melody and Harmony. On Thorough-bass and Composition, &c. with a new Geometrical Explanation of the Musical Scale, the Modes, and various Kinds of Music. The Propagation of the Fourth, &c. *Second Edition.* To which is added an Introduction, by means of which every one may study this Work without the Help of a Master, and improve rapidly both in the *Practice* and *Theory* of Music. By M. Bemetzrieder. Printed for the Author. Price One Guinea.

WE have thoroughly scrutinized this elaborate work, but cannot think of trespassing on the patience of our readers by leading them through a criticism upon near two hundred large folio pages of dry, complex, and often almost unintelligible matter : let it suffice that we treat of them in a general way, and, taking the whole in one broad view, concisely deliver our sentiments upon Mr. Bemetzrieder's production. We think then, that this work, though far from equal to its design, is not entirely without merit. It is evidently the offspring of indefatigable industry, while it bears no very obvious marks of genius. Attention throughout the undertaking strives ardently to supply the absence of abilities, and not always in vain. In a word, with some investigations unnecessary to the musician, there are others by which the student may profit ; and though it is not *full* of information, much may be gleaned by those who will have the patience to seek it.

"The Country Wake," a favourite Interlude performed at Sadler's-Wells with universal Applause. Written by Miles Peter Andrews, Esq. Op. 36. Price 3s.

IN this performance, though but a slight effort, we have the satisfaction to find much merit. The overture, which judiciously consists of one movement only, is simple and pretty ; and in a general view has much the air of novelty. The subject is not original ; but from the lucky concatenation of the other parts, a very pleasing effect is produced. The short introduction of the flutes *soli* toward the latter end, affords a sweetness of relief, and the succeeding combination of the orchestra form a good conclusion. The first song in this little piece, "Ah where is my Damon," sung by Miss Burnet, is tender and expressive ; the symphony is agreeable, and the whole air tolerably new. The succeeding

recitative dialogue, spoken by Mr. Doyle and Miss Burnet, though not unexceptionable, has much propriety of emphasis, and is not bad in its modulation. We do not always approve of the melody ; particularly the tautology at the words of *Pbillis*, "Pray, Sir, be quiet;" and the Captain's answer, "Why make such a fuss?" "I'm much mistaken;" all three of which sentences are conveyed by exactly the same notes. The following song, "Come, come, my dear, enjoy your prize," sung by Mr. Doyle, is pleasing in its air ; but we do not think it entirely adapted to the levity of the words. The fifth and sixth bars of the song, we must observe, are amongst our oldest acquaintance, and the bass is not always the best chosen : yet we do not pronounce this a *bad* song—it has its merits—the subject is new—the passage introduced at the ninth and tenth bars is a happy one, and the *division* is pretty. The next *recitative* is good ; and the song it introduces, "Blest with love in humble life," sung by Mr. Lowe, has much in it to be praised ; the melody has ease and nature ; the simplicity of the words is adhered to ; and excepting that the subject is too much like that of an air in the Poll-Booth, we do not see any thing in it that speaks the want of invention.

The song and chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdesses is simple and characteristic, and the symphony successfully varied from the air. "Make room, stand clear," sung by Mr. Herryman, is also much in character ; but we must observe, that the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth bars form a passage too similar to one to be found in the first song in the *Padlock*, and that we think Mr. Hook would have displayed a better acquaintance with the word *wit*, had he expressed it with one note, instead of two. "All Volunteers who are able and willing," is an air of much merit. The first movement is bold and martial ; and the second, a spirited variation from it. But in the fifth bar of the last movement we find the melody rising after a seventh—an oversight. The little symphony following the words, "At the sound of the drum," and "Let each brave fellow come," is a happy enforcement to the effect : and though originality is by no means the predominant feature of the song, yet considered in the aggregate it is good, and adds a feather to Mr. Hook's plume. The succeeding *recitative* is good : and the song, "Born alike in mean condition," sung by Miss Burnet, very pretty. The air, saving some little plagiarisms, is free from material defects, and the symphony is beautifully added. The following recitative is more than decent, and the *finale* very well adapted to the words.

A favourite Sonata for the Harpsichord, or Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a Violin. Composed by William Churchill. Price 2s. 6d. Campbell.

WE have considered this Sonata, and, though it is not without faults, think it merits our praise. The first movement commences agreeably, and is well conducted; the *bass* is good, and the *modulation* simple; and though the *air* all together is not striking, a pleasantness of stile runs through it, which speaks an ease of conception. Yet we must take notice, that the rising in the *bass* from *D*, the last crotchet of the twenty-fifth bar, to *E*, the first crotchet of the succeeding one, is bad in its effect, and that it is against the laws of science for a note in the *bass*, accompanied with its second and fourth, to be followed by the note above it with its common chord; at the same time we must observe, the fall in the right-hand part from *C sharp*, the third crotchet of the thirty-second bar and third of the key, to *G sharp*, the seventh of the key, is not agreeable to the ear; especially as that seventh has been twice harped upon in the preceding bar. The accompaniment displays no particular contrivance; yet it is so good, as very much to improve the effect. The Rondo is pretty in its subject, the relief of it agreeable, and the accompaniments in some parts are judiciously managed.

A Conversation Sinfonie for two Orchestras, upon a new Plan; the whole being complete in the twelve following Parts, viz. two Violins, two Tenors, three Basses, two Hautboys, two French Horns, and Kettle Drums. Composed by J. Sham. Price 3s. Preston.

NOT having had the opportunity of hearing this piece with all its parts, or of seeing it in *score*, we cannot speak to it so fully as we would wish; yet, by the information we have derived from separate views of the parts, as they are singly printed, we have authority to say *something* of its merits, and shall speak to the best of our *imperfect* acquaintance with them.

In the first movement we discover a great share of ingenuity, much spirit, pleasantness of fancy, and real science. It opens with simplicity and boldness, is conducted with judgment, and in many places exhibits great sweetness of thought; we are particularly pleased with the concluding passages of each part of this movement, and those immediately preceding them.

The second movement opening with the tenor, we conceive to be of pretty effect; its subject is smooth and tender; a close connection of ideas pervades it; and the relief of the parts, as far as we have professed our-

elves able to judge, is judiciously imagined. The last movement is fanciful; and while a mastery of design furnishes the ground-work, a very pleasing melody engages the ear. Upon the whole, therefore, we take upon ourselves to pronounce this to be a performance of considerable merit; and, from what we already discover, have no doubt but the hearing it with a proper band, or a view of it in its *score*, would authorize a much higher praise.

Trois Sonates pour le Clavecin ou le Forte Piano, composées par W. A. Mozard. Œuvre V. A Manheim, chez le Sr. Gotz. Marchand et Editeur de Musique.

UPON a review of these *Sonatas*, we find in them a considerable degree of merit: fancy, taste, and judgment, unite through the work, and distinguish Mr. Mozard as a fertile and judicious composer.

The first movement of the first Sonata is bold and brilliant; but though florid, it is no way wild; and though singular, is without affectation. Many master-strokes discover themselves, and shew us real Genius led by the hand of Science. The second movement opens pleasingly, though very oddly, and proceeds with much elegance and design; while the rondo with which the piece concludes, equally demands our admiration: its subject strikes us as simple, gay, and pretty; with a great share of ease and familiarity, it is original; and the whole movement abounds with much spirit of fancy, regular and connected. Its modulations, though not striking, are well chosen, and the returns of its subject natural.

The second *Sonata*, tho' conceived with much spirit, and executed with equal judgment, is not, considered on the whole, comparable to the first: we cannot pronounce it brilliant, though it was evidently intended to be so; nor are we struck with that novelty of idea which distinguishes its companion. The first movement is masterly, and not without strokes of imagination; the second rich, but rather exuberant; and the last, though spirited and tolerably original, not so happily conceived as the latter movement of the first Sonata.

With the third piece we were highly pleased: it opens with vigour, and proceeds with much play of fancy: the modulation is easy and natural, and the melody smooth and connected. The second movement is very agreeable in its subject, and conducted to the end with great management; but we do not think it quite so free in its stile as the middle movement of either of the two former Sonatas: somewhat of a stiffness hangs about it in passages; yet it is by no means sterile of elegance, nor, indeed, without a considerable share of

ease. The rondo which forms the latter movement possesses a variety of merit: its air is exceedingly pleasing, a glow of imagination runs through it, the construction of its harmony is good, and the stile uniform.

La Regina di Golconda; a serious Opera: Dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire. Composed by Signior Venanzio Rauzzini. Act 2d. Price 7s. 6d. Longman and Broderip.

A GREAT share of merit is conspicuous in the second Act of this Opera. In the first air, sung by the ingenious Composer, is a pleasing and expressive subject, well supported; for, added to a sweet and tender melody, we find much art and contrivance. The change of the time at *La terza il ciel le piaute*, is judicious, and the movement charmingly fancied. The thoughts in the air *Ella desfa*, are simply and prettily turned. The duetto sung by Signor Rauzzini and Signora Carnevale claims our warmest praise; the delicacy of the stile, with the happy expression of the accompaniments, charms us. In the air *Fra questi ombre in sol momento*, sung by Signora Carnevale, we find much sweetness and meaning. The bass to the subject of the song is ingenious; and the whole air judiciously conducted. The *Ballo di pastori* is a pretty thought. The air and duetto beginning with *Non si trova non si vede*, sung by Signor Bartolini and Signora Scainotti, possesses a richness of melody, and for effect, is skillfully put together; the accompaniments greatly contribute to its excellence, and the simplicity of the bass equally favours the stile of the air.

The *Ballo* for Mr. *Vespris* and Madame *Theodore* has fancy. The air of *Doppo la via procetta*, sung by Signor *Franchi*, is spirited and pleasant. *Fuggi amor*, sung by the same performer, is florid, expressive, and full of design; and the succeeding dances speak a great facility of conception. *Dolce Aliava*, sung by Signor *Rauzzini*, is a charming song: the subject is peculiarly sweet, and the whole air conceived in a stile delightfully affecting. The *coro* we think ingenious.

Upon the whole, this performance, though not without objections, is justly intitled to much applause, and does infinite honour to the talents of Signor Rauzzini, who, we hope, will gratify us as soon as possible with the remaining Act.

Beauties of Music and Poetry. No. VI. Printed by J. Preston.

THOUGH Mr. Preston has in some particulars availed himself of our observations upon the former Numbers of his work, he is not

yet master of the art of consistency; for with the *Beauties* of Music and Poetry, he still gives the *deformities* of engraving and printing. His notes are less doubtful, yet in many places scarcely intelligible. In some bars there is a redundancy of music, and in others a deficiency; an instance of which is to be found in the tenth and eleventh bars of "*Pleasure my former days resigning*," in *Time and Truth*, where the first has five crotchets, and the second three. Frequently the bass which belongs to one note of the treble deserts it, and enlists under another, substituting confusion for harmony; as in the bars abovementioned, where there are five crotchets in the treble of the first bar, and four in the bass—four in the bass of the second, and three in the treble.

But these errors, gross as they are, we can much easier excuse than the extracting a bar from this work of an author, a passage from that, jumbling together ideas which were never acquainted before, placing under them words as foreign to the several passages as they are to each other, and calling them a *song*.

Neither is it possible for us to pass over in silence the practice of prefixing poetry to music which never was intended to be vocal; of tearing words from their proper tunes, to be misconstrued by notes expressly composed for instruments; of transplanting flowers that flourished in their native soil, and placing them in beds which they impoverish, and where all their own bloom and sweetness must be lost; and to fill a number of what Mr. Preston calls the Beauties of Music and Poetry, and insert a confusion of both.

"At Eve with the Woodlark I rest." A Song composed by Mr. Battisbill, and sung at Vauxhall-Gardens by Mr. Arrowsmith. Price 1s. Longman and Broderip.

WE much admire this little production of Mr. Battisbill's; and have perused it with a pleasure similar to that felt at the appearance of the sun on an April afternoon, when nature, after a cloudy mid-day, seems assuming the promised beauty of the morning; when the almost forgotten luminary, darting through the scattered clouds, shews us his surviving power; that he still retains his lustre, and has only to absorb in his rays the obscuring mists, to shine again in all his wonted splendor. Indeed we are not more happy that Mr. Battisbill has resumed his pen, than surprised at the little employment he has for many years given to it.

To this song the insertion of the composer's name was unnecessary. His stile can

never

never be mistaken: A certain strength of idea, justness of expression, roundness of melody, (if we may use the phrase) contrivance of parts, and mastery of modulation, sufficiently mark the effusions of this excellent musician, and are conspicuous in the piece now before us. The air is pleasing, bold, and open; a simplicity with firmness of sentiment is as much the character of the music as of the poetry; while many little beauties of contrivance add their heightenings, and the bass forms a stile of combination which can only come from the hand of Genius guided by profound Art.

Mr. Battisbill received his professional education in the choir of St. Paul's, of which seminary, under that eminent master Mr. Savage, he became a pupil at the usual age; and where, possessing a remarkably fine voice, he had the opportunity of giving not only early but *delightful* proofs of the talents with which Nature had endowed him.

On his voice quitting him at the usual period, young Battisbill became an articulated apprentice to the above master, and at the expiration of that engagement came forth one of the first *extempore* performers in this country; having for his admirers the late Dr. Boyce, Dr. Arne, Dr. Howard, the present Dr. Worgan, Mr. Stanley, and every other master of genius and discernment.

In conjunction with Mr. Michael Arne, Mr. Battisbill composed an English Opera called *Almena*, written by Mr. Holt, and which was performed about twenty years since at Drury Lane. In this piece, though its success on the stage was by no means flattering, there were some chorusses which for science, dignity, and fire of expression, would not have disgraced even the pen of Handel; while many of the airs, particularly the two bass songs, "Poiz'd in heaven's eternal scale," and "Thus when young Ammon march'd along," both sung by Mr. Champness, strongly characterize the genius of the composer. Some Anthems have been also published by Mr. Battisbill, as well as many single songs sung at the Theatres, Vauxhall, and Sadler's Wells, few of which can be considered without adding to the opinion of his merit. The well-known Hunting Cantata, "Away to the Cope," is a happy specimen of his talents in that line; and the ballad of "Kate of Aberdeen" will always be heard with delight. As this gentleman possesses such extraordinary professional merit, the world will naturally wonder why during so many years past he has appeared so seldom in the list of public professors; for excepting two excellent collections of three

and four part songs, published by subscription about eight years since, and one of the first of which gained a prize medal (given by the Catch Club), we know of nothing that he has produced for these twelve or fifteen years. Whatever may have been the cause, we regret the effect; since by the neglect of his talents, we have lost many a composition that would have adorned the catalogue of English music.—Yet Mr. Battisbill has years enough before him, we hope, to compensate our past losses; and we have no doubt but the attention of the public to his last little effort will excite him to further exertions. He is, and has been for many years organist of Christ Church, Newgate-street, and St. Clement's East Cheap, where we have frequently heard him; and though we cannot say he in general plays with that energy and warmth of imagination which formerly were inseparable from his performance, yet he sometimes rises to himself, and in finely-conceived *fugues* pours forth all the powers of harmony and responsive melody.

A Second Collection of Songs, sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, Mrs. Weichsell, Mrs. Wrihten, and Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall Gardens. Composed by James Hook. Price 3s. Preston.

WE have investigated this Second Collection of Songs; and though it is by no means *free* from those exceptions we remarked in the First, and which of late are become the standing characteristics of Mr. Hook's music, yet, upon the whole, considering the present as an improvement upon the former publication, it claims a share of our approbation, which justice, the *quintessence* of criticism, could not allow its predecessor.

The song "Give me my heart back again," sung by Mrs. Kennedy, possesses considerable merit. The melody is simple, pretty, and expressive; and if it has nothing remarkably *novel*, we find in it an easy, judicious assemblage of passages, which pleasingly engage the ear, and interest the attention; and at the same time so well adapted to the voice and stile of the performer, that it could not perhaps be heard in its full effect, if sung by any other person than that lady.

In the succeeding song, "Indeed to be sure," sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, we are sorry to detect Mr. Hook at his old *manœuvre*. The subject of this song is evidently taken from "From you warmest praises I ought to expect," in Mr. Jackson's *Metamorphosis*; the two first bars of the air being almost note for note; and the effect so similar, that only musicians, or those who minutely compare

them on paper, will be able to discover the variation: indeed Mr. Jackson himself stands indebted for the passage to another; so that Mr. Hook gives it us not at *second*, but at *third* hand. But this is not our only objection to the song before us, which not only wants originality of form altogether (scarcely exhibiting a bar that we have not been long acquainted with), but is void both of beauty and connection. We are particularly hurt in passing from the thirteenth to the fourteenth bar, where we meet with more than a leap; for it is a hop, skip, and a jump! and so curiously introduced withal, that we know of nothing to parallel it—Skips of *elements* in vocal music are not to be met with every day! This composer, in the course of his labours, has afforded us many an acceptable proof that he is not destitute of genius, would he watch the moment of fancy, and seize it, and, instead of *obtruding* himself upon the *Muses*, wait till they *invite* him. But Mr. Hook seems to be more solicitous as to the *quantity* than the *quality* of what he composes; and whether the music he would produce is *so good*, is but a secondary concern, so long as there is *so much*.

The following song, "Softly sounding the martial trumpet," sung by Mrs. Weichsell, strikes us as more than a decent effort. The first movement possesses some agreeable passages, and which are also tolerably expressive of the words. The ninth and tenth bars we think particularly pretty, and are pleased with their immediate answer in the original key: the seventeenth bar also opens a good idea, and the division is an *ornament* to the song. The change in the time, after the words "Laurell'd heroes pant no more," is judicious, and produces a good effect: we only object to the reiterations of the thought introduced at the ninth bar of this movement; and submit it to Mr. Hook's judgment, whether they would not have been better avoided: the accompaniments to the holding note at the end we approve exceedingly, and are happy to repeat that this song rises much above mediocrity.

"Lowland Willy," sung by Mrs. Wrighten, is a very pretty air: the ideas are connected, and much novelty is scattered through it; but in our judgment it wants a stronger tincture of the *Scotch* to be entirely in character. National marks, where they are intended, cannot be too conspicuous; and in whatever they become necessary, form the first merits of the production.

"The sad cause of my pain," sung by Mrs. Kennedy, next attracts our notice.—In the first part of this song we trace nothing either new, pretty, or expressive; but the

ninth bar introduces a charming passage. The words "To the willow, the willow, the willow complain" could not, in our opinion, be more forcibly conveyed: we do not recollect so striking a disparity between the first and latter parts of the melody of any song as in this. Mr. Hook incontestably fat down to it uninvited by the *Muses*, and as certainly coaxed them into good-humour with him before he quitted his task.

In the next song, "Let us fly to cooling bowers," sung by Mrs. Weichsell, we find much prettiness of melody; the several thoughts are well arranged, and form an agreeable *whole*. The subject is simple and pleasing: the passage presented in the nineteenth bar is a happy one, and its accompaniment an heightening to it: but the fifteenth bar opens a plagiarism from Dr. Arnold's Duet "Idalian queen, to thee we pray," in *The Castle of Andalusia*, too palpable to escape us: however, it is so artfully wove into the air as not to produce any break in the effect; and serves to prove that some flowers are of that native strength to bloom and flourish in any soil.

The following song, "Mind, hussy, what you do," sung by Mrs. Wrighten, is a lively trifle; and if the old tune of Ally Croaker had never existed, would have had an originality of character. How far that air might give birth to the present, we will not assert; but certainly, though somewhat dissimilar in feature, they are sufficiently alike in aspect to have the same brain for their parent.

This leads our attention to the last song in this Collection, "The trumpet's shrill notes," sung by Mrs. Weichsell, in which we find considerable merit. The thought with which it leads off is bold and animated; the division is good, and much assisted in its effect by the employment Mr. Hook has allotted to the hautboy. The sixty-seventh bar presents a passage which much enriches the song, and is well pursued and terminated; though we cannot say so much of the division which follows it. The second movement commences very pleasingly, and is agreeable throughout. The concluding with the first movement produces a very good effect, and the management Mr. Hook has displayed in the conduct of the whole song does him much credit.

The Poll-Booth, a musical Entertainment, as performed with universal Applause at Vauxhall Gardens. Composed by James Hook. Opera 34. Price 2s. 6d. Preston.

THROUGHOUT our undertaking we have professed, and still profess it our wish to have

have to speak only to real merit. It would save us no little pain to be confined to the language of approbation, and to have for our limits the latitude of applause; consequently we derive no enviable sensations from being obliged, in discharging our duty to the public, to hold up every thing to view, and by painting *Defect* in its true colours, sometimes give *Justice* the aspect of severity. We have inspected the *Poll-Booth*, and in what we have to say of it cannot promise ourselves much of the pleasure of approving; we rather feel ourselves in the contrary predicament, and to some favourable remarks shall be obliged to produce many exceptions.

The Overture, which has very properly only one movement, taken in the aggregate, is not bad. The subject is bold, and somewhat new. The other parts are most of them, if not all, formed out of shreds and clippings from other pieces; which, however, are so well put together, as to produce a tolerable chain of ideas, and which, by the relief of instruments, have their effect. If it has no striking features, it possesses strong lights and shades, and all that *piano* and *forte* could do is performed.

We now come to speak of the piece itself, which opens with a song, and chorus of mob, sung by Mr. Arrowsmith and others.—A poor, spiritless performance surely! destitute of melody, of expression, and design. The style is too insipid for *humour*, and too common-place for *novelty*. The passages are not without connection, yet produce no effect of air; they form a *line*, but not the *line of beauty*; and while the ear is disappointed, the mind is not compensated by the plan.

The succeeding Recitative, spoken by Mr. Arrowsmith, is of a different description; its modulation is good, and the expression natural and forcible. The air it introduces of "Ye Belles and Beaux, in graceful rows," has an agreeable opening, which is all we can say in favour of it: the following bars are not only unconnected with it, but awkward in their melody, and vacant of character. The ninth and tenth bars present, and the eleventh and twelfth repeat, a passage which we wonder Mr. Hook did not think too much *worn* for his purpose; as also that which we find in the nineteenth and twentieth bars. In short, we cannot but pronounce this *air*, as Mr. Hook entitles it, a mere *botch-potch*; neither expressing the sense of the words, nor conveying any one mark of a digested composition.

The following Recitative, spoken by Mrs. Kennedy, we much approve; its variation of symphonies renders it striking and characteristic. The air it introduces, sung by the

same lady, is not absolutely bad, and were it less *tautological*, might merit the appellation of *pretty*. But the almost incessant echoes of the first bar of this *petit air* (amounting in the symphony and song to *twelve* in number) disgust the ear, and speak a sterility of imagination as well as of invention.

The subject of the succeeding movement, "Oft you've seen me cap-a-pee," is so good an imitation of an air in the Beggar's Opera, that it need but be heard to point out its derivation. As to the *allegro* in jig time by which it is meant to be relieved, it is beyond our discernment to discover any thing like melody or character; and if "Row de dow, row de dow," could be no better expressed than in the time and stile in which Mr. Hook has here given it us, it might as well be performed on a school-boy's battledore as a soldier's drum.

The air "When the mild arts of peace," sung by Mrs. Weichsell, confines us still to the disagreeable task of censuring. The light thought with which the symphony commences, is very ill followed by the two *organical* bars we afterwards meet with; and the fifth, sixth, and seventh bars of the song have passed the press so often before, that Mr. Hook is very excusable in using them. When a thing is become *common*, one man has as good a title to it as another; and what hundreds have already made free with, we naturally think ourselves at liberty to adopt.—The melody of the thirteenth and fifteenth bars, set to the word "echoed," is happily adapted to it; the passages, with their responsive symphonies, being really echoes to what we have repeatedly heard before. The succeeding passages, however, we cannot think quite so applicable to the simplicity of "The sweets of pastoral love," especially the *chromatic* fall in the eighteenth, and that in the latter part of the twenty-first bars. The next movement, "When the trumpet's loud clangor excited to arms," is, in our opinion, little expressive of the passion of glory; and if Mrs. Weichsell's "martial melody" had always been as little *exciting* as this, it would but very imperfectly have displayed "The glories of conquest and war." The only passages in this movement at all capable of that effect, are the divisions; the ideas of which, it requires no great stretch of penetration to discover, are formed from the divisions in "Come, Britannia, shake thy lance," in Dr. Arne's *Eliza*, and from which source the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth bars are also drawn; but not without such variations, particularly in the time, as that the plagiarism may escape common ears. As to the twenty-second and twenty-third bars, it is really time they were suffered to rest;

rest; they have been in such long and constant exercise, especially by Mr. Hook, that they literally want a *nap*. The following chorus of mob is not bad; the confusion of the scene is successfully attended to; and a well-judged bass adds no little assistance to the effect.

The next air, sung by Mrs. Wrioughten, both starts and concludes with a baldness of plagiarism which seems to brave critical notice. The notes of "How happy the woman whose charms," are torn by main force from their original words, and, without scruple, given to "To be sure I shan't dress like a man;" while those belonging to the words, "As well as two strings to my bow," are also pressed from their native soil, and made to enlist in the foreign service of "Can give them a hearty salute;" and the thirteenth and fourteenth bars of the succeeding movement are simply a transposition of the nineteenth and twentieth bars of "Ye Belles and Beaux," sung before by Mr. Arrowsmith.

The recitative "I think the shew of hands," spoken by Mr. Arrowsmith, is tolerable.

The grand and last Chorus leads off with a bold stroke, as all will allow who admire the subject of the second movement of Handel's celebrated water-piece; of which this, making proper allowances for the accommodation of the words, is a tolerably faithful copy.—From this we proceed to a second movement; of which all we can say is, that it has every thing but air, humour, and expression; that at the end it directs us back again to Handel's water-piece; and thus concludes the production of *The Poll Bsoth*.

We remember the time when Vauxhall-Gardens were not only in themselves a rural retreat from the business and amusements of the town, but also a sweet relief to both; when to the remaining simplicity of the place were added the charms of still more simple melody; when the groves echoed music according with their own, and *Arcadia* seemed renewed in that delightful spot. But now those characteristics are fled, and the bustle of the stage, the roar of the catch club, and the confusion of elections, take place of the tranquillity of the shades, and the natural and delightful strains of ARNE, HOWARD, and BILDON.

"The Gift of the Gods," sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall. Composed by Mr. Arne. The words by Mr. Harrison.—Price 1s. Longman and Co.

WE have the pleasure of pronouncing this to be a very good song: the melody for the most part links properly together; and, like

the ballads of thirty years past, forms an air of *character*.

Both the first and second parts open well; but we are particularly pleased at "With nice circumspection he view'd the whole Ball;" though we do not so much admire the two next bars, they being little connected with it; and though the accompaniment of the trumpet may not be ungratifying to the ear, as that charming instrument never is, yet we do not see the propriety of its introduction in the present piece.

"Hark forward, my boys," a favourite Hunting Song, sung by Mr. Wilson at Ranelagh. Composed by Mr. Arne. Price 1s.—Longman and Co.

THIS Song also does Mr. Arne much credit. Though we can by no means call it a perfect *Hunting song*, it bears the general cast of what we naturally listen for in the music of the *chace*, and comes up to something like the *real thing*. The answer of the horns at the opening of the Song has a very characteristic effect; and the passage given to "*Tantaron, tantaron, tantaron*," is particularly happy. Upon the whole, therefore, the composer has acquitted himself respectably, and, considering the present dearth of real hunting songs, eminently.

We will not undertake to assign any reason for it, but of late years, though more attempts have been made in this species of writing than formerly, and by some of our best composers, it is very seldom that any thing appears at all in the *character*. We have the instrument of the *chace* predominating in the accompaniments, but none of that open generous melody which accords with the tone of the horn, and sets before us the exultation of the scene. Indeed, whether from the difficulty of entering into the particular genius of this music, or from whatever cause, though there have been so many hunting songs composed, the whole number of good ones is very small.

"Bacchus and Mars," sung by Mr. Arrowsmith at Vauxhall Gardens. Composed by Mr. Arne. Price 1s. Longman and Broderip.

WE cannot allow this Song to do Mr. Arne so much honour as either of the former two. The subject is without air; the following bars are awkward and incoherent; and the passage applied to "Our favourite Island produces no wine," is not original, being almost exactly the same with one in that charming and popular song, "If 'tis joy

to wound a lover." The seventeenth and eighteenth bars, however, though not entirely consonant to the words, are pleasing; and the thought with which the air concludes is firm, rich, and masterly; though we think, that from its construction its effect is much better with the instruments than the voice; and that it would have been judicious, had Mr. Arne confined it to the symphony.

Mr. Michael Arne is son to the late Dr. Arne, to whose charming taste in that species of music called Ballads, this nation is so much indebted for the improvement in that stile; and to whose music of a higher class all true lovers of chaste melody have so often listened with rapture and delight. Mr. M. Arne at a very early period of his life was noticed for his capital performance on the harpsichord, in so much that at the age of ten or eleven years he was able to execute all Handel's and Scarlatti's Lessons with astonishing justness and rapidity. The practice requisite to produce perfection at so early an age, was attended with this uncommon gift, that Master Arne was thought to read music at sight, as well as any performer then living. To these uncommon talents was added the knack of making a double shake with his right hand, as neatly performed as by other people with both.

We have before mentioned, that Mr. Arne, in conjunction with Mr. Battisbill, composed an Opera, performed some years ago at Drury-lane Theatre, and that the success of it was not very flattering. After this, he produced "Cymon" at the same Theatre, in which Mrs. Arne, his wife, (formerly Miss Wright) sung the principal part. In this Opera there are several airs sufficient to establish Mr. Arne's character as a composer, if he had never written another note; amongst which, "Yet awhile, sweet Sleep," and, "The sweet passion of Love," will for ever be remembered.

After this period, for some years Mr. Arne seemed neglected, or he himself totally abandoned the musical world for pursuits of a very different nature; chymistry, nay, even the philosopher's stone, is said to have engaged his attention; to accomplish which he built a laboratory at Chelsea. We are happy, however, to find that he has again returned to the Muses, and re-assumed his pen; the good effects of which have been heard for these three or four years past at Covent-Garden Theatre, and at Vauxhall and Ranelagh Gardens.

As a composer, although Mr. Arne does not possess the happy taste and sweet melody of his father, he is by no means a second-rate master. A certain good sense pervades most

of his works; and if he was less complex, he would be more natural. Upon the whole, Mr. Arne's merits very justly entitle him to a high and distinguished rank amongst our English modern Composers.

"Teach me, Chloe," a favourite Song, in Score. Composed by Signior Giordani.—Price 6d. Birchall.

A delicate little air. The melody, though not remarkably novel, is smooth and expressive; while the accompaniments greatly favour the effect, and evince much knowledge of the *orchestra*.

"To the Chase let's away." A favourite Hunting Song, sung by Mr. Wilson at Ranelagh. Composed by J. M. Price 6d. Pentum.

A dull, spiritless performance! as little expressive of the hunter's joys, as it is of any thing else. In short, this is one of those numerous publications called *hunting songs*, but which have so faint an affinity to the subject, as always to need the title with them.

We do not know who Mr. J. M. is; but we have many reasons, on the perusal of his music, to suppose him a *young composer*; and if we are right, we wish him much improvement, and earnestly recommend it to him to study much, and publish little.

"Distress with these Tears no more;" sung by Mr. Brett, in the Pantomime of Harlequin Rambler. Composed by William Shield. Written by William Pearce, Esq. Bland.

A very happy production. Expression, the first of musical powers, is amongst the merits of this song, and speaks Mr. Shield a judicious composer.

The general cast of the melody is pleasingly plaintive; and while the several ideas are properly connected, tells the feelings of the parting Sailor in such a stile, that we love to indulge the contemplation of his distress.—We will not say that Mr. Shield composes like a *learned* musician, but he always writes like a *feeling* one; which qualification ranks so high in our judgment, that we cannot but pronounce him a young man of great merit.

"I liked to tease him," a favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Wrioughten at Vauxhall Gardens. Composed by J. Danby. Price 6d. Bland.

THIS Song, though not capital, is not void of every thing; it has connection, and a tolerable ease of stile; but at the same time we discover nothing either striking or new in

DECE

Mr. J. Danby studied under Mr. Webbe, so well known for the many beautiful catches and glees with which the Town have been so often delighted for these last eighteen or twenty years, in their hours of pleasantry and conviviality. Mr. J. Danby has particu-

larly distinguished himself by adding parts to, and harmonizing a number of, popular ballads, which he has with much judgment adapted for three and four voices, after the manner of Mr. Jackson of Exeter, all of which do him great credit.

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
OF THE MANNERS OF THE EARLY GREEKS.

From MITFORD'S HISTORY OF GREECE, just published.

THE manners of a people receive their tone from a great variety of circumstances; climate; soil; extent of territory; population; religion; government, monarchical or republican, vigorous and permanent, or weak and changeable; system of jurisprudence; administration of justice, ready and certain, or feeble and irregular; science; arts; commerce; communication with strangers. We find accordingly the manners of the Homeric age distinguished from those of subsequent times in Greece by many characteristic lines; and we may observe throughout a strong oriental tinge, which afterward very much faded away. Migrations from the East into Greece had ceased before Homer: but the eastern merchants still ingrossed the little commerce of the Grecian towns. Afterward, whether from a republican jealousy of foreigners; whether from a republican industry with increased population; whether from a republican frugality, with the naturally attending disposition to decry foreign luxuries; or whether the propensity to piracy among the Greeks, with increased naval strength, deterred commerce, the intercourse between the two countries lessened greatly. The most striking features in the Homeric manners are that licentiousness, and that hospitality, together with that union, at first view so strange to us, of the highest dignities with the meanest employments, which have prevailed in the East so remarkably through all ages. These are, however, not the peculiar growth of any soil and climate. The two first are the seldom failing produce of defective government; and the other will every where be found in an unimproved state of society. The resemblance borne still within this century by the manners of the highland Scots to those of the Orientals in these particulars is striking. But in Greece, tho' the ties of blood had such weight with the people among themselves, yet we find nothing of clanship, nothing of that devoted attachment of vassals to the family of a Chief, which distinguished many of the Orientals, as well as our northern Highlanders. While the claims of hereditary royalty were established in general opinion, some degree of respect would adhere to the known posterity of a popular leader; but

superior personal qualities were always necessary to maintain even the possession of rank and wealth.

There is a passage in the *Odyssey* which illustrates remarkably at the same time the government, the morality, and the religion of the age. It was proposed among the suitors of Penelope to kill her son Telemachus, and divide his property. One only of them hesitated. 'To kill a person of royal race,' he says, 'is no light matter. Let us therefore consult the gods. If the laws of the great Jupiter approve it, myself will be among the first both to persuade and to strike the stroke: but, if the gods forbid, I advise to forbear.' The person thus represented seriously expressing doubt whether the foulest murder might not be committed with approbation of the Deity, is described of high birth, respectable character, and superior understanding. But murders were so common that, without peculiar circumstances of enormity, they scarcely left a stain upon the character of the perpetrator. Some of the favourite passages of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, as the Author of the *Essay on the Original Genius of Homer* has observed, had been guilty of this crime, and had fled their country in consequence: not however to escape public justice; but to avoid the revenge of the relations of the deceased. Private revenge we know was formerly almost the only restraint upon the most atrocious crimes against individuals in our own country, and still more in the rest of western Europe; inasmuch that, in the weakness of public justice, private revenge even received the sanction, and was put under the guidance of the law. Hence it was that among the early Greeks, as in general through the East, a numerous progeny was so particularly esteemed a great blessing to parents. A numerous family was always a powerful family: it could do justice to itself; and, if unanimously so inclined, injure others with impunity. But 'cruelty, violence and oppression', says the writer just mentioned, who had studied oriental manners from the life, 'are so evidently the result of defective government, that it is unnecessary to look for any other general cause of the liceness of this sort which Homer abounds in common with other

other ancient writers, and agreeably to the present manners of the East. For when every man is in great measure judge in his own cause, vices of this class are not only more frequent, but less criminal than in a civilized state, where the individual transfers his resentments to the community, and private injury expects redress from public justice. Where the legislature does not engage for our personal security, we have a right to use such means as are in our power to destroy the aggressor who would destroy us. In such cases bodily strength and courage must decide most contests; while, on the other hand, craft, cunning, and surprize are the legitimate weapons of the weak against the strong. We accordingly find, that both the ancient and modern history of the East is a continued scene of bloodshed and treachery. These very just reflections may teach us to exercise our pity and spare our censure on human nature in such unfortunate circumstances.

'Hospitality,' says the same writer, who had enjoyed such peculiar means of information on the subject, 'prevails in most countries, and in the different provinces of each country, very much in proportion to the idleness, poverty, and insecurity which attend a defective police. It is some consolation, in so wretched a state of society, that this virtue should be most cultivated where it is most wanted. In Arabia the rights of hospitality, so properly called the point of honour of the East, are the happy substitute of positive law; which in some degree supplies the place of justice; connecting, by a voluntary intercourse of good offices, those vagabond tribes, who despite legislation, deny the perfect rights of mankind, and set the civil magistrate at defiance. A strong instance of that sympathizing principle in the social constitution of our nature, which the wisest government will encourage, and which the most depraved cannot suppress.' In confirmation of these judicious remarks, we find it established as a principle in Homer, that 'to those not totally void of the feelings of humanity, the guest and the suppliant should be as a near relation;' and he gives them a divine right to kind treatment, alledging, that 'the stranger and the poor are from Jove.' The liberties taken by suppliant strangers, and the confidence reported in them, were consonant to these principles. Ulysses, saved alone from shipwreck on an unknown coast, goes without introduction to the palace of the king of the country; which is represented as singularly rich and splendid, enters the apartments, and finding the King and Queen at supper with the principal nobles, abruptly addresses his supplication to the Queen. Not only kindness but honour is immediately shown to him; he is lodged in the palace; and the

next day the King, recommending him to favour in an assembly of the people, declares at the same time that he knows not who he is. It seems indeed to have been a general point of civility not hastily to ask any stranger who he was. Telemachus and Mentor, landing in the port of Pylus, find the venerable Nestor, prince of the country, with the assembled Pylian people on the shore, in the midst of the ceremony of a magnificent public sacrifice. The strangers are no sooner perceived approaching than the Pylians crowd to meet them, salute them in terms of friendship, and invite them to partake of the feast which always followed a sacrifice, and which indeed seems to have been an essential part of the ceremony. They were however not left to the civility of the multitude. Peisistratus, son of Nestor, advancing before the rest, took them by the hand, and placed them at table by his royal father and his elder brother. When the meal was over Nestor spoke in these remarkable terms: 'Now the strangers have satisfied themselves with eating, it will be proper to ask them who they are, and whence they come. Strangers, who are you, and whence come you, navigating the watery ways? Is it for any business, or do you roam at large, as pirates over the sea; those who wander, risking their own lives, and bringing evil upon others?' Thucydides, than whom none could be better qualified to judge, believed this to be a faithful picture of the manners of his ancestors; and he observes upon it, that Nestor's question was in the common way of inquiry, and not at all implying doubt whether the strangers were worthy of his hospitality, or fit company for his table, though they might be pirates. Telemachus and Peisistratus afterward going as hereditary guests, but not personally known, to Menelaus King of Sparta, neither announce themselves, nor does any one inquire who they are. The King, only informed by one of his household that unknown strangers just arrived in a chariot are waiting without, expresses displeasure at the mention of a doubt whether they were to be treated in the palace or provided elsewhere; orders that they should be immediately introduced into the hall where he was sitting at a public supper with his court, places them by himself at table, and then tells them that, after they have supped, he will ask them who they are, and whence they came. In the same manner, in a former part of the poem, Telemachus himself is represented expressing indignation at the least delay of civility to a stranger whom he observes at the gate of his father's palace; goes out himself to receive him, and tells him that he shall first sup, and then declare his errand. From these offices of hospitality, once performed, new and still more sacred rights arose, which did not expire with the persons who gave origin

to them, but descended to all the posterity of either party. A man was peculiarly bound to show kindness to any hereditary guest; to

one who had entertained any of his ancestors, or who had been entertained by them.
[To be concluded in our next.]

P O E T R Y.

SONNETS TO EMINENT MEN.

By DR. J. W.

TO WILLIAM JONES, Esq.

Written in the Year 1780.

IN Learning's field, diversified and wide,
The narrow, beaten track is all we trace:

How few, like thee, of that unmeasur'd space

Can boast, and justly boast, no part untried!

Yet rests not here alone thy honest pride,

The pride that prompts thy literary chace;

With unremitting strength and rapid pace

'Tis thine to run, and scorn to be denied!

Thy early genius, spurning time's control,

Had reach'd, ere others start, the distant goal.

Marking the bright career that thou hast run,

With due regard thy toils may Oxford see,

And, justly proud of her superior son,

Repay the honour that she boasts in thee

II. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

Written on a blank Leaf of his 'Essay on History,' 1780.

WHETHER thy Muse instruct us to discern

The laws that guide to fame the historic train;

Or paint, with rival power, a sister's reign;

Or, fondly sharing in thy soft concern,

Pour o'er departed friendship's silent urn

The soothing sorrows of her pensive strain—

Alike she pleases. With repeated gain,

Hayley, thy captivating page I turn!

Not that the lustre of thy letter'd fame

Alone compels a stranger's just applause:

A heart, that glows with freedom's holy flame,

That pants in Virtue's, Truth's, and Nature's cause,

Is thine—or never may we hope to find
Ingenuous verse the mirror of the mind.

III. TO MR. WARTON.

Written in the Year 1776.

WARTON, the wonder of a thankless age!

Thine are the varied gifts, the skill divine

To strike the solemn lyre with Pindar's rage;

Humour and wit, with Lucian, to combine;

Or dig unwearied in thy toilsome mine,

Antiquity, with wealth time-hidden
fraught;

From dust and dross the purer ore refine,
And pick with patient care the spurs of thought.

Ah say, what fair reward confirms thy fame?

Alas! regardless of thy evening hour,

Unletter'd Envy bars thy titled claim,

And suppler virtue wins the smile of Power!

And yet, when Power's proud pageantry is
past,

And Envy's snakes are dead, thy name shall
last!

IV. TO DR. WATSON.

Written on a blank Leaf of his 'Fast Sermon,' 1780.

THERE are who, plac'd on life's important stage,

Waste in scholastic war their idle strength,
Or dream dull days away of tedious length,

In learned trifling most profoundly sage!

Accomplish'd Watson, wider views engage

Thy active thought, thy comprehensive
mind!

Truth, liberty, and love of human kind,
And mild religion animate thy page.

Philanthropy, that knows no selfish part,

And more than patriot-passion warms thy
heart.

Of mean and servile soul, detraction raves,

Nor brooks the favourite of the good and
wise;

But, these applauding, well may'st thou
despise

The reptile race of prostituted slaves.

V. TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

On his Motion for Annual Parliaments, and equal Representation, 1780.

THE stream, that wandering from its parent source

Brightens the bloom of many a fragrant
flower,

Shall oft, as chance directs its careless course,
Swell into life the plant of poisonous
power.

Thus flows from honour's fount the flattering
tide:

It marks alike the virtuous and the vile!

Ah think not, Richmond, though it pamper
pride,

Such vain distinction wins the Muse's smile!

Let

Let boaffful heralds pompoufly proclaim
 Whence flows thy blood, thy honours
 whence defend,
 And draw from ducal rank an empty fame!
 A loftier title fhall thy country lend,
 And fondly hail thee by a nobler name—
 Her freedom's champion, and the peo-
 ple's friend.

O D E T O V I R T U E.

The following Ode was written by the late Samuel Bradbury, Efq. who had been near forty years Chief Clerk and Secretary to the Board of Trade. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards removed to Wadham College, where he took his degrees, and was diftinguifhed as much for his private virtues as for his extenfive knowledge. He was intended for the Church, but could not be prevailed upon to take orders, though much preffed by the late Earl of Halifax, who offered to provide for him amply; he had fcruples about the Articles, that no temporal advantage could induce him to abandon. He died a few weeks before the abolition of the Board of Trade took place.

COME, Heav'n-born maid! with afpect
 fweet,
 Fair Virtue! from thy awful feat,
 From that fteep mountain, whence defcends
 A fhining rill to cheer thy friends,
 While through the fultry wilds of life
 Vjgorious over factious ftrife,
 Thou guid'ft them with indulgent hand
 Securely to thy promis'd land;
 Come to my ravish'd fight confect,
 In all thy native radiance drest,
 And, warbling thy immortal ftrain,
 Lead fprightly on thy fav'rite train,
 Content, and Peace, and Wifdom meek,
 And Health, the nymph with rofy cheek.

But if no mortal eye muft know
 Unveil'd that beauty's vivid glow,
 With which near Heav'n's imperial throne
 Through endless ages thou haft fhone;
 O! come array'd, celeftial Fair!
 In my lov'd Delia's fhape and air;
 And while deluded thus, I gaze
 Thro' weary life's perplexing maze,
 O'er dreary trafts where Envy reigns
 O'er Hate's inhospitable plains,
 In Siren Pleasure's faithlefs way,
 Where oft thy heedlefs vot'ries stray,
 With thy ferene, thy fteady light
 Conduet my wand'ring footsteps right.
 Or rather let the foft deceit
 Soon difappear, however fweet;
 Soon let my Delia's real voice
 Bid all my lift'ning foul rejoice,
 With accents mild my doubts remove,
 And blufhing own a mutual love.
 Then, Virtue! then thy pow'r exert,
 Pour all thy influence on my heart,

From each debafing paffion free,
 And make it worthy her and thee.

A PROLOGUE to the TRAGEDY of
LORD RUSSELL *.

Written by J. C. Norwich.

BEHOLD, this night upon the ftage is
 feen
 Truth's noble Hero, with a look ferene,
 Whofe hofom felt that patriotic flame
 Which ftamps a value on his deathlefs name;
 Who never flatter'd to obtain a place;
 Who fcorn'd a life when purchas'd with
 difgrace;
 Who lov'd his Monarch, and his country's
 weal,
 Yet fell a victim to intemperate zeal.

In him behold whate'er is good or great;
 A mind unshaken in the ftorms of fate;
 A foul to virtue and to truth allied,
 Without a fpark of ignominious pride;
 A heart to ev'ry focial blifs inclin'd,
 Which gives a refpite to the wounded mind.

When the dear Partner of his life and care
 For him prefer'd the fupplicating pray'r,
 And fondly clasp'd him in her faithful
 arms,

In hopes to lure him from impending harms;
 And when fweet Friendfhip, with exulting
 foul,

Refolv'd to free him from the gloomy goal;
 Ev'n then he found that Honour's fecret
 power

Forbade his flying from the difmal Tower;
 While Hope, that points us to eternal reft,
 Rose like a cherub in his beating breaft.

True to his caufe, he brav'd infulting rage,
 And trod undaunted life's uncertain ftage;
 With confcious joy beheld his haft'ning
 fate,

And glow'd with rapture for a future ftate.

From him let Patriots catch religion's flame;
 And learn, that Truth and Honour are the
 fame;

From him improve, nor fear, like him, to
 fall:

The caufe of Virtue is the caufe of All.

ELEGY on the DEATH of Mrs. B—.

TO virtue faithful, and to merit juft,
 My timid Mufe this humble tribute
 pays

To her who, mingled with her native duft,
 Heeds not the voice of cenfure nor of praife.

With ev'ry grace that elevates the mind,
 She liv'd a pattern of connubial love;
 Tho' free, referv'd; to others failings kind,
 And ever ftudious virtue to improve.

Oft at her door I've feen a ling'ring band
 Of paupers fhiv'ring in th' inclement air,

* Hayley's Tragedy of Lord Ruffell,

Receive the bounty of her liberal hand,
And breathe for her the supplicating pray'r.

With rosy health and stores of affluence
blest,

She kindly learn'd another's griefs to feel ;
And tears of pity trickled down her breast,
When modest merit ask'd the scanty meal.

But ah ! no more, she heaves the tender
sigh,

No more she listens while the poor com-
plain :

In Earth's coid womb forever doom'd to
lie,

Alike insensible to joy and pain.

Yet ere grim Death the fatal jav'lin threw,
Faintly she cried, with kind affection warm,

" No more these eyes Honora's face shall
" view,

" No more these arms shall clasp her
" much-lov'd form."

This sentence clos'd, she found life's purple
tide

Ebb in each vein, and ev'ry nerve un-
strung ;

And tho' to save her many an art was tried,
Eternal silence seal'd her fault'ring tongue.

C—

OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Mr. EDITOR,

The recovering and collecting of old Bal-
lads has of late years employed the dili-
gence of some men of acknowledged ge-
nius. By this turn of application some
fine morsels of poetry have been recalled
from oblivion : And though accompanied
with much trash, even the very worst of
that trash is not without its use to a phi-
losophic mind ; for it gives us a progres-
sive illustration of the manners and taste
of our ancestors. With this view I have
perused, I believe, every thing that has
been published of late in that line. But
I cannot recollect any trace of the follow-
ing, in all I have read of the kind. It was
committed to paper by me a few even-
ings ago from the repetition of an old Scot-
tish Gentlewoman, who said she remem-
bered that her ancient grandmother used
to sing it to her brothers and sisters when
they were children ; always inculcating
the moral of it, which is indeed striking,
viz. never rashly and hastily to reject or
put any thing out of your power which
you may afterwards desire ; and above
all things, not to do so by giving way to
guilty and desperate fits of passion, which
often deprive us of what we soon after
would give the world to possess, when
our own lives and all the world cannot
recover it.

T. P.

FAIR Lady Ann sat in her bower,
Adown by the green wode syde ;
And the flowres did spring, and the byrdes
did sing,

'Twas the merry Mayday tyde.

But fair Lady Ann on Sir William call'd,
Wi the tear so big in her ee (1),

O, though thou be fause, may Heaven thee
guard

In the wars ayond the sea !

Out of the wood cam three bonny boys
A' nakit as they were borne ;

And they did sing and play at the ba' (2)
Upo the summer's morn.

O sevin lang zear wad I sit here

Among the frost and the sna,

A (3) to ha but ane of thae (4) bonny boys
A-playing at the ba'.

Then up and spak the eldest boy,

Now listen, thou faire Ladie,

And ponder well the read (5) that I tell,
Then make you a choice of the three.

'Tis I am Peter, and this is Paul,

And that ane sae fair to see

But a twelmonth sin (6) syne to Paradise
came,

To join with our companie.

O I will hae the sna white boy,

The bonniest o' the three,

And gin I were there and in thy propine (7),
O what wad ze do wi me ?

'Tis I wad clead thee in silk and gowd (8),

And nourice thee on my knee ;

O neither, neither when I was thine,

Sic (9) kindness I coud nae see.

Beneath the sod where now I stand,

The fause nurse buried me,

And thy cruel penknife is still in my heart,
And I come not back to thee.

S O N N E T

To Miss WILLIAMS, on her Epic Poem
PERU.

By Miss SEWARD.

POEETIC sister, who with daring hand,
Ere thy fourth lustre's last soft year is
flown,

Hast seiz'd the Epic lyre—with art divine
Wak'd on its golden strings each spirit bland,

Or bade its deep sonorous tunes expand ;

Shalt thou the claim to glory's meed resign,
Call other strains, less silver sweet than thine,

To hymn the fate of a disastrous land ?

See ! at that call, Peru's wild genius flies
To Theopian bowers : there, as Urania strays,
Grasps her bright robe, and thus impatient
cries,

With bending knee and supplicating gaze,

(1) Eye. (2) Ball. (3) All to have. (4) These. (5) Lesson, instruction.
(6) Ago. (7) Gift or management. (8) Gold. (9) Such.

“ Be mine alone thy lovely female bard,
 “ O from obtrusive lyres my well-fung story
 “ guard !”

S O N G.

To the Tune of “ Ye Lasses of Dublin,” in
 The Poor-Soldier.

THE rose sweetly blushing, the glory of
 May,
 The cowslip so lively, the woodbine so gay,
 Breathe fragrance delightful, yet cannot
 compare
 With the breath of dear Kitty, the pride of
 the Fair.

The lark shrilly-warbling, that visits the
 skies,
 The nightingale plaintive, whose murmurs I
 prize,
 Breathe music enchanting, yet cannot com-
 pare
 With the voice of dear Kitty, the pride of
 the Fair.

Minerva, the Goddess that rul'd at her
 birth,
 Endow'd her with wisdom, taste, beauty
 and worth :
 Then blame not my passion, since none can
 compare
 With Kitty so lovely, the pride of the Fair.
 NORWICH. R.

EPISTLE to an amiable Young LADY, who
 requested some Verses of the AUTHOR.

AND shall my Muse unmindful seem,
 When beauteous C——h desires a
 theme ?

Shall I refuse to breathe the lay,
 Nor instant her commands obey ?
 No ! hence the thought ! I'll wake the lyre,
 And friendship shall my strains inspire.

Full oft amid the female train
 A friend sincere I sought to gain,
 Who, tho' endued with ev'ry grace,
 The sparkling eye and blooming face,
 An open heart and generous mind,
 Should still possess a taste refin'd ;

Who, feeling for another's woe,
 Oft bids the tear of pity flow ;
 And (while her snowy bosom heaves)
 The wand'ring beggar's wants relieves.

But vain, alas ! my efforts were
 To find a female friend sincere,
 'Till peerless C——h, enchanting maid !
 In sweet good-humour's smiles array'd,
 And with Minerva's sense endu'd,
 My wand'ring eyes enraptur'd view'd.

Then fare ye well, ye proud and vain,
 That form the gay and flaunting train !
 My arduous task at length is o'er,
 Nor more shall I your haunts explore.
 In C——h a gen'rous friend I've found,
 With every wish'd perfection crown'd ;

And if the fondly deigns to view
 With partial smiles this tribute due,
 The heav'nly maid this truth may prove,
 That friendship is the soul of love.
 NORWICH. R.

I M P R O M P T U,

Inscribed to Miss CHURCH.

IN Chappels still for rapturous joy
 Let others vainly search,
 Celestial bliss, ye Gods, I find
 Is center'd in a Church.

STANZA inscribed to Mr. B——t, Author
 of that stupid Poem “ The Air Balloon.”

WHEN Dulness read the “ Air Bal-
 loon,”
 A Poem form'd on Folly's rules,
 Elate with joy, the Goddess cried,
 “ Be B——t hence the Prince of Fools !”

I M P R O M P T U,

Spoken at a QUAKER'S MEETING.

SINCE Silence is in ev'ry fool
 A mark of sense confess'd,
 No wonder silent Meetings are,
 O! Quakers, held the best.

R.

STANZA spoken Extempore to a Poetical
 Friend who is unsuccessfully in Love.

OH! — tho' love inflames thy heart,
 Since reason bids thee hope resign,
 Renounce one cold unfeeling maid,
 And eager court the willing Nine.

R.

To the Memory of Miss MARIA LINLEY,

Who died Sept. 5, 1784.

By Captain THOMPSON.

Lesbi puella, vale!
Cara Maria, vale!

IF truth, if virtue, innocence, and grace,
 May in celestial records claim a place,
 Linley, thy name is with an Angel's pen
 Written on golden leaves by sainted men !
 If wit, if beauty, modesty, and sense,
 Met Earth's applause, or Heav'n's high re-
 compence ;

If e'er an Angel left the solar sphere,
 To fix in wonder every eye and ear,
 'Twas thee, Maria — whose superior grace
 Prov'd thee descended of celestial race ;
 Prov'd thee design'd to mitigate our care,
 And raise our minds to know what Angels
 are.

Maria dear, adieu ! and from th' abode
 Of Saints bestow thy light to point the
 road ;

That by thy radiance we may gain the
 sky,
 And pass with thee a bless'd eternity.

VERSES

VERSES by a Gentleman who propos'd to delineate the Letters of a Lady's Name in a Flower Garden, by sowing Flower-Seeds.

SOFT soft blows the breeze, and in verdure we glow,
To flow'rs we shall swell, and in splendor will shine;

But joyless we'll bud and reluctantly blow,
If we deck not, sweet Dolly, that bosom of thine.

When our beauties shall cease to deserve this sweet kiss,

When lost our perfume, when our tints disappear;

When thrown with contempt from that region of bliss,

Take him to thy bosom who planted us here.

Weir Water, Aug. 5, 1784. R.

On Wednesday September 15, Robert Kingcote, Esq. of Kingcote, in Gloucestershire, gave an elegant *dejeune* to the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood; during which, a large Balloon was launched, which gave occasion to the following Lines:

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, whose gazing eye

Is fix'd with wonder on this novel scene,
Ignoble on the ground behold me lie,
And kiss (indignant kisses) the level green.

From Cloc's hand, launch'd forth in fields of air,

Swift as the bolt of Heav'n I took my flight;

Child of the wind, I flutter'd here and there,

'Till clouds obscur'd me from the gazer's sight.

Long while held on my daring rapid course,
I travers'd worlds where eagles never flew,

With strengthen'd wing, and undiminish'd force,

Far from the keenest ken of mortal view.

But fate, alas! to check my tow'ring pride,
At length has laid me at thy feet thus low;

Let not thy pity be to me deny'd,
But on my fate one tender sigh bestow.

Art thou to mad ambition now a slave;
Or dost thou hope in higher walks to shine;

Tutor'd by me, thy dear contentment save,
Or prophecy thy future fate by mine.

If yet a youth, the moral lesson hear;
For, oh! believe thou canst not know too soon

A truth (which added years will make more clear)

“That vain ambition is—an Air Balloon.”

Hurt not my form: 'twere sacrilege to wound

That form by Cloc's hand so sacred made;

Let not that cruel wretch on earth be found,

That dares, that impious dares, my sides invade.

My flight I took from Kingcote's happy plain,

A daring wand'rer thro' th' ethereal sky;

Then, gentle friend, pray take me back again,

Perhaps, once more, another course to try.

AN ELEGIAC SONG.

By Mrs. COWLEY.

WHERE is my lover and my friend?
Surely he will not linger long;

He early us'd to seek my cot,
And cheer me with his dulcet song.

Where is my lover and my friend?

Sadder the penfive twilight grows;

Its latest gleams are now no more,
The screech-owl flaps, the north-wind blows.

Where is my lover and my friend?

Hark! the hoarse thunder steals around;

Nearer and louder are its peals,
The livid lightnings skim the ground.

Where is my lover and my friend?

The storm is past, the sky is clear;

I'll leave my cot and trace the path
Which each dear evening brings him here.

Where is my lover and my friend?

My eye darts o'er the mead, the vale;

He is not there!—What caus'd his stay?
I'll chide, nor listen to his tale.

Where is my lover and my friend?

Perhaps he loiters through the grove;

I'll thither bend my eager steps—
Guide them, kind fortune, to my love!

There is my lover and my friend!

I know his dear, his graceful form;

You lofty oak supports his head—
Its foliage kept him from the storm.

Oh speak, my lover and my friend!

See! anxious thro' the night I came;

I scorn the babbling neighbours talk,
Nor heed their comment or their blame.

O gracious God! my hair upheaves—

Thou didst the blasting lightning send!

I sink! oh neighbours, dig the grave—

I join my lover and my friend!

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

HAY MARKET.

THURSDAY, Sept. 2, Mr Hayley's *Two Connoisseurs*, a Comedy in Rhyme! was hazarded in representation at this Theatre; and its dramatic effect was such as we expected from the perusal. The construction of it is simple, neat, and pleasing, like a villa in the neighbourhood of an opulent town; but we are affected and charmed only by scenes, in which art is the handmaid not the tyrant of nature. The language and versification are smooth and harmonious; the sentiments are elegant and sprightly; but the whole would bear a great addition of that hilarity, humour, and wit, which are the essential ingredients of Comedy. Though the play had been prepared with great care, and the performers took the utmost pains that the versification of their dialogue *should not appear*; yet the necessity of accenting the rhyme, and the point of the repartee consisting often in the repetition of a sound, it was impossible they should succeed. Indeed, the use of a mode of composition, which the performer must conceal in his recitation, is a matter above our comprehension.

The following Prologue and Epilogue were delivered before and after the Piece:

PROLOGUE

To Mr. HAYLEY's Comedy in Rhyme
called, The TWO CONNOISSEURS.

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. WILSON, in the Character of
BAYES.

OUR Manager, long since a *Connoisseur*,
To gain full Houses throws out many a lure.
By novelty all rivalry to smother,
Play follows play—one just as good as t' other;
And now, to lull the Dragons of the Pit,
Two Connoisseurs take counsel, Wit with Wit.
As thieves catch thieves, so Poet convicts Poet;
Their plan's all wrong—and I must over-
throw it.

I am an Author, too; my name is *Bayes*;
My trade is scribbling; my chief scribbling,
Plays.

Many I've written, clapp'd by Houses
cramm'd—

Acted with vast applause!—and some few
damm'd:

But ne'er tryed aught so *low*, or so *sublime*,
As Tragedy in Prose, or Comedy in Rhyme.

A Comedy in Rhyme! the thought's not
new:

'Twas tryed long since—and then it would
not do.

What happy point the dialogue can crown,
Set to the hacknied tune of *Derrydown*?
What Pegasus in flight can reach the spheres,
With bells, like packhorse, ginging at his ears?
Smart prose gives hit for hit, and dash for dash,
Joke after joke, like lightning, flash on flash.
Retort so quick, and repartee so nimble,
'Tis all Prince Prettyman, and sharp Tom
Thimble!

As the Piece stands, no Critic could endure it.
'Twould die, but *Bayes* has a receipt to cure it;
And little *Bayes*, egad, has long been known
To make the works of others all his own.
Whate'er your Piece—'tis mine if you re-
hearse it;

Verse I *transprose*; and if prose, I *transverse* it.
Say but the word, I'll pull this Drama down,
And build it up again, to please the Town:
The thing's unfashion'd—yet it has some soul;
The fable's neat—the Characters are droll;
The scope and moral has a right intention,
And asks no added labour of Invention.
Rhyme's the mere superstructure; down it
goes;

The old foundation shall support my prose.
If here and there some Sparks of Genius
shine,

I will not drop a thought, nor lose a line—
So damn this Play, that you may come to
mine!

EPILOGUE

To the TWO CONNOISSEURS.

Written by E. TOPHAM, Esq.

Spoken by Miss FARREN.

AS manners alter with the varying times,
To-night you've seen a *Comedy in Rhymes*;
Where wit—where moral, all in metre flows
—Say, would you choose an Epilogue in
prose?

“Do, if you dare!”—you tell me—Ah! we
know it,

There's nought so damning as a *prosing* poet.
Besides, if anxious for your country's good,
The *Scrutiny* hath fir'd your free-born blood,
If the cool Vestry late hath been your care,
Perhaps you've had enough of *prosing* there;
Where the cramm'd poll, before so plump
and gay,

Lessens, by law—at half a vote a-day—
And, on fair argument and found pretence,
A Member may be found—some ten years
hence.

Prose then we drop; for in this stage-
struck hour,
Much is the aid we want, and great the
power;

For

For sure our little army soon must yield,
When Drury's mighty Monarch takes the field,
When Ruffel's rival excellence gives birth
To patent tragedies, and mournful mirth ;
Where one eternal handkerchief scarce dries
The exhaustless tears that flow from Bedford's
eyes ;

Where crape and fables deaden all the scene,
Till Hubert pops his pleasant head between ;
Till James, York, Ruffel, Peters, all engage,
And boxing Jefferies clears the crowded stage.

Oh ! had such mighty sorrows fill'd my
mind !

Me—whom Stage articles and salary bind,
The weighty task had surely broke my heart—
“ For I'm no Volunteer, and can't depart ! ”

If such of *Tragedy* the pleasing pain,
Say—who would shut the doors of Drury-lane?
“ To act, or not ?—to let the House—that's
all—

“ To get a little cash—or none at all ? ”
Friends to the trade, and left the market drop,
As one shuts up, another opens shop ;
For now, releas'd from length of patriot toil,
One House of *greater actors* sleeps awhile,
Where wit and argument for ever jar,
And “ *Ayes and Noes* ” keep up continual war.
Here India triumphs—there unmuggled
tea—

And patronage is balanc'd—by Bohea !
While commutation-window-tax between
Pays her ten pounds—for ten-pence sav'd on
green.

Nor these alone complete the general din :
Without we grumble, as we fold within—
The quicken'd Post-Office laments its cure,
And clerks still with “ *their jobs* ” were slow
and sure.

Such are the novelties whose force engage,
With grief or joy, this tragi-comic age !
May we “ the living manners ” still pursue,
And find your approbation ever new.

Monday, Sept. 6, a Farce, called *Peeping Tom*, was performed for the first time.

After laughing at horrors with Dr. Stratford,
and languishing at sentiments with Mr. Hay-
ley, we were sincerely glad to meet again our
merry acquaintance Mr. O'Keeffe. We owe
him many thanks for dissipating the little fogs
to which our minds are subject, and often
shaking us by hearty laughter into hilarity
and health.

The Mayor of Coventry having incurred
the displeasure of the Earl of Mercia, for fa-
vouring the elopement of his daughter with a
young Noblemen whose family was at enmity
with him, he lays a heavy fine on the city ;
the levying of which would have been its
ruin if his Countess had not interposed. The
Earl, pressed by her solicitations, aims to evade
them by a condition to which he thought she

would not submit, that of riding naked thro'
the town. The Countess, however, submits
to it ; and the Mayor issues an order to con-
fine the inhabitants, and that none should
view her on pain of death. Peeping Tom
could not refrain ; and being caught in the
fact, he is condemned. The return of the lo-
vers, and some attempts of the Mayor on his
wife, relieve him ; and all matters conclude
happily, according to the invariable rules of
Comedy.

We think the character of *Peeping Tom*
the most diverting of all Mr. O'Keeffe's off-
spring. Indeed, in this Farce he is almost
the only figure brought forward. We could
remark on several defects in the Piece ; but
the whole is so animated, and so genuine a
production of a peculiar Genius, that its ir-
regularities do not offend, and its puns please.

The music, partly original and partly com-
piled, was by Dr. Arnold, and had consider-
able merit.

On Monday, September 13, Mr. Lacy
made his first appearance on this stage in
the part of Hamlet, in which he did many things
much better, and some things much worse
than any representation of that character now
on the stage. Before the play he attempted,
but could not deliver the following Address.
The truth is, that the *subject*, which was en-
tirely *personal*, seemed to overwhelm him.

An ADDRESS spoken at the *Haymarket*
Theatre, by Mr. LACY, Sept. 13.

Written by Mr. C O L M A N.

WHEN first Pandora's box, beneath whose
lid

All evils lay in dreadful ambush hid,
Its treasur'd plagues let loose upon mankind,
Hope only, cordial Hope, remain'd behind :
Hope ! the sole balm of pain, sole charm for
grief,

That gives the mind in agony relief !
She, with her sister, Patience (heavenly
pair !)

Teaches weak man the load of life to bear.
As some poor mariner by tempests tost,
Shipwreck'd at last, and in the sea near lost,
Cleaves to one plank, and braving shoal and
sand,

Buoy'd up by Hope, attempts to gain the
land ;

Thus I, my treasures on the waters cast,
Guided by Hope, seek here a port at last.
Oh ! might I cast secure my anchor here !
Should kindness sooth my grief, and ease my
fear !

Warm Gratitude, all anxious to repay
The soft restorers of my happier day,
Within my swelling breast new pow'rs may
raise,

And guide my feeble aims to gain your praise !

In the course of the play Mr. Lacy collected his powers, and very early, in the course of the first act, convinced us that his voice is better calculated for the recitation of tragedy than that of any male performer at any of our theatres. All he wants in that respect, is a proper modulation of that voice : for his lower tones, in which Garrick was so exquisite, are very deficient, and sometimes scarcely audible. In many passages he discovered much feeling, and often reminded us of Barry. Like Barry, he is too tall, and somewhat awkward in deportment; though his figure, on the whole, is handsome and engaging.

On Wednesday, September 15, the entertainments of this place closed, for the present summer, with the representation of Holcroft's *Noble Peasant*, and O'Keefe's *Creeping Tom*; both performed by command of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Nothing new occurred during the performance, except Edwin's launching a *Balloon*, with great success, in the Farce. At the end of the *Noble Peasant*, Mr. Palmer came forward, and addressed the audience in nearly the following words :

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,

“ The season closing this night, the Manager and Performers of the Theatre humbly beg leave to make their most sincere acknowledgements for your very kind protection, and generous encouragement; and at the same time to assure you of their future endeavours to testify their gratitude, by redoubled efforts to render themselves more worthy of such distinguished favour !”

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A VIEW and DESCRIPTION of Mr. LUNARDI's AERIAL VOYAGE from the ARTILLERY-GROUND, LONDON, to a FIELD near WARE, in HERTFORDSHIRE, on WEDNESDAY the 15th of SEPTEMBER, 1784.

AS Mr. LUNARDI, Secretary to his Excellency Prince Caramanico, the Neapolitan Ambassador at this Court, is the first person who has made an Aerial Voyage in Great-Britain, he merits the applause of his spectators, no less than the attention of the public. To gratify, therefore, the curiosity of all those who were so unfortunate as not to share the pleasure of beholding so sublime an experiment, the following particulars are collected; but no description can convey an adequate idea of a phenomenon, which, wherever seen, was contemplated with dread and admiration. The sight was glorious—
“ As is a winged messenger from heaven,
“ When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
“ And sails upon the bosom of the air.”

THE Winter Theatres were opened, Drury-Lane on Thursday the 16th, and Covent-Garden on Friday the 17th instant. These great events were announced without any attractive hints, and with the apparent indifference of a conscious claim on public attention and regard. Two stock-plays were performed; at the former, the *West-Indian*; at the latter, *As You Like It*. The audience received their old acquaintances the performers with cordial good-humour; who, on their part, seemed to hail the propitious omen of a favourable winter.

On the evening of the 22d, however, a young Lady, whose name is Wheeler, appeared for the first time at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the part of Rosetta, in *Love in a Village*.

This Lady was introduced at Dublin, with great eclat, by Sig. Giordani, where the opinion entertained of the abilities of her master contributed not a little to her fame.

Her voice is melodious, and of considerable compass; but her style of singing has too many of the peculiarities of the Italian method, perfectly to suit an English character. This fault she will correct, by attending to the most successful singers on the stage; as birds change their modulations by listening to each other. But her inattention to her part as an actress will require instruction and assiduity to remove; and the more, because she has evidently been taught it, after the manner of the Italian Theatre; and it is generally easier to learn than to unlearn.

This Balloon, exhibited for some weeks at the Lyceum in the Strand, previous to its removal to the Artillery Ground, near Moorfields, was composed of green and pink silk, in alternate stripes, varnished within and without; it measured 102 feet in circumference, was capable of containing 18,200 cubic feet of inflammable air, and of forming a perfect sphere. A netting overspread it, as well to prevent it from bursting, as to support, by means of decurrent cords, the suspended gallery; which was eight feet by six, containing a pair of oars to move vertically, in order to raise or depress the whole machine; and a running grapple, to facilitate a landing*. At the bottom of the Balloon was a silken tube, to receive the inflam-

* A pair of wings, to move horizontally by means of a lever, were exhibited at the Lyceum, but not used in the Artillery Ground, on account of a lighter gallery being substituted.

mable air *, compounded from vitriol, zink, steel-filings, and other chymical ingredients, which was communicated to it under the direction of Dr. *George Fordyce*, on the 15th of September, being the day announced for its ascension into the atmosphere; when the Artillery Ground and its environs were so crowded with spectators (amongst whom were the Prince of Wales, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Lord North and his family, Duke and Duchefs of Richmond, Mr. Burke, &c. &c.) that the metropolis seemed to concenter in one point to gratify their expectations on this novel and grand occasion.

About a quarter before two o'clock, the Balloon being thought sufficiently inflated, Mr. *Lunardi*, and his intended companion Mr. *Biggin* †, an English gentleman of great estimation, science, and enterprize, took their situations in the gallery, as was originally proposed: but finding that the machine was unequal to their weight, owing to its deficiency of air, and to an apprehension that it might burst, or take fire, if more were let into it, it was determined that the former gentleman should ascend alone. A flag being displayed from the Armoury House, and a cannon fired, as a preparatory signal, Mr. *Lunardi* took leave of the Prince of Wales, and embraced many of his friends, not having neglected to receive the sacrament before he left the Ambassador's hotel. On the signal of a second gun, the cords were severed, and the machine was actually launched, at which moment every heart felt itself interested for the safety of him, who, Phaeton-like, boldly seized the reins which were to guide the chariot of the fun; and

about five minutes past two, he ascended into the atmosphere, amidst the loudest shouts and acclamations. But the Balloon, as if dreading the task it had undertaken, after having mounted about fifty yards, reclined almost to its native earth. This was inadvertently caused by a cord not slipping, till it was disentangled from the apparatus underneath. Mr. *Lunardi*, however, rebuked its seeming fear, and accelerated its flight, by discharging part of his ballast, consisting of bags of sand, when he took the opportunity of saluting the populace with great gallantry, by waving a blue flag. A few moments afterwards he dropt it; and finding one of the oars useless or cumbersome, he threw that away likewise, proceeding along westerly, in the most beautiful and majestic manner; but quickly meeting with a current of wind in a northern direction, he changed his course of necessity, gradually ascending to an amazing height, till in about two hours the Balloon appeared a meer atom, and vanished from the sight of those in London.

Mr. *Lunardi* had now sufficient leisure to contemplate this sublunary world, and to make his philosophical observations. He had it in his power to alight at *Barnet*, *Northaw*, and at other villages, which he hailed with a trumpet; but he rather chose to display his heroism, by again mounting into the clouds. The thermometer, about this period, stood at thirty-five degrees, and the atmosphere was so cold, that he was apprehensive his Balloon would burst. He now drank a few glasses of *Madeira*; but his provisions were spoiled by the ballast. The dog he took up with him fell into a sleep; and the cat, being

* *Chemical Process for filling the Aerostatic Machine.*—In two large casks on the ground, the zink, a semi-metal, was deposited, and, we are informed, some steel-filings. In two backs or cisterns, erected high, the vitriolic acid and water were mixed, the water being conveyed into them by an engine; from these backs the mixture of acid and water was conveyed by tubes into the large casks; in these, on the application of the acid to the zink, an effervescence took place, and the inflammable air, the object of the process, was extricated from the zink. From each cask a tube proceeded, which conveyed the air to a tub elevated between the backs; at the bottom of this tub, immediately above the parts where the tubes entered, a valve was placed, which opened upwards by the impulse of the inflammable air; this valve was kept down by the weight of the fluid in the tub; this fluid was water impregnated with an alkali. The inflammable air transmitted through this alkaline fluid was corrected of any acid, and volatilized and elevated in the process; it was then conveyed into the balloon by a tube proceeding from the upper extremity of the cask. When an addition of the mixture of acid and water was made to the zink in the large casks, it was necessary to discharge the fluid already in them; this was carefully preserved by the assistance of troughs lined with lead; for it is necessary to remark, that the combination of vitriolic acid and zink, when crystallized, constitutes a valuable drug called white vitriol.

† Mr. B. (who is about 22 years of age) has a considerable estate in *Northamptonshire*, at *Cotgrove*, and also in *Essex*, embellished with an elegant house at *Woodford*, and some other property in different parts.—His striking genius brought him as early as the age of 14 to the head of *Eton School*, where his classical knowledge was selected in making a speech before his Majesty. As remarkable also for strength and agility of body as of mind, he was selected to execute the office of Saltbearer to his Majesty at that school.

almost

almost breathless, he delivered to the care of a woman. On letting out some of the inflammable air, the thermometer rose to fifty, when the atmosphere was delightfully pleasant; and in this situation he continued near an hour: at last, beginning to be fatigued, he thought proper to finish his career, by descending into a field near Ware, in Hertfordshire, in the presence of several labourers, who hastened to his assistance (and to one of whom, a girl, who helped him in disengaging his balloon from a tree, he gave half-a-guinea), which was the more welcome, as the Balloon rebounded three times before it could be secured. This was about six o'clock in the evening, twenty-four miles from London.—He was presently congratulated by many gentlemen on his safe arrival on *terra firma*; and *William Baker*, Esq. late member for Hertford, conducted him to his seat at Hartingfordbury in that neighbourhood, where he was entertained in the most polite manner, and accommodated the next day with his carriage to town; a caravan following him with the Balloon, which is now deposited with *Dr. Fordyce*, of Essex-street in the Strand, probably for some future experiment.

Such were the chief incidents of the day; and without attempting to enquire, whether Aerostatic experiments have a further tendency than to amuse the mind and gratify curiosity, be it remarked, that the occurrence of this day may probably have an effect highly salutary both with respect to religion and morality. It had an extraordinary influence on the vulgar and uninformed, who had been almost unanimous in declaring the project impracticable. Demonstration having convinced them of their error, they will in future be careful not obstinately to persevere in opinions hastily and inconsiderately adopted. Having beheld the ingenuity of man accomplish an exploit that they had not conceived to be within the scope of possibility, by a natural transition, the *firmament studded with golden fires* will become an object of their inquiry; and as often as *Mr. Lunardi's* achievement recurs to their recollection, ideas connected with the heavenly system will arise in their minds; and what was at first considered but as matter of curiosity, it may be presumed will be a powerful means of leading the mind of man to contemplate the stupendous works of the creation, and consequently to revere and venerate the great and omnipotent Author of our being.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An Exact NARRATIVE of *M. BLANCHARD'S* OBSERVATIONS during his THIRD AERIAL VOYAGE, on the 18th of July, 1784. Extracted from a Pamphlet translated from the French of *M. Blanchard*.

I TOOK my departure from the old barracks of Rouen, with *M. Boby*, at a quarter past five in the evening, having, besides our own weight, about two hundred and ten pounds of ballast.—While we were ascending vertically in a majestic manner, we continually saluted the spectators with our flags. The barometer fell four inches and six lines in seven minutes, the thermometer eighteen degrees in the same space of time. The compass convinced us that we were in the north-east quarter. We felt at this time a little fresh breeze, which would have carried us forward, without effecting our intention of making some evolutions over the city, and of rising and descending at pleasure, as I had engaged to do; and which would, in fine, have prevented me from gratifying my native province, over which I was then hovering, and which was attentively examining my manoeuvres. I therefore struggled against the wind, in preferring to it the convexity of my wings, which I agitated with great force.—This enabled me to turn to the west, after which I shifted my wings inversely, and found with pleasure that we had escaped this current, which would soon have driven us

from the sight of our spectators, whose plaudits and ejaculations we could still hear very distinctly. The force of ascension was constantly taking place; but on striking the air to resist that power, we became, for an instant, stationary. During this period, I enquired of *M. Boby*, who was contemplating the earth with admiration, whether he could distinguish the mountain of *St. Catharine*?—He looked for it without effect, and he confessed ingenuously that he was out of his latitude, the surface of the earth having no other appearance to him than a superb plain. Having conversed together, for a short time, on the grandeur of the scene, I endeavoured to descend, and succeeded so well, that the people imagined we were falling. The barometer rose considerably. As we fancied we heard exclamations of terror, we determined not to suffer the spectators to be under any further apprehension for our fate; we re-ascended very quickly, by throwing out some ballast, and working with the wings. If it had not been my intention to mount very high, we could have re-ascended without either of those expedients, since we had effected our descent by the aid of our wings alone.

alone. We ascended very considerably, for the barometer, at thirty-two minutes past five, had fallen to 21 inches. We now found ourselves becalmed, and for four minutes used no means of extrication. Having attentively surveyed the vast expanse, and contemplated the beauty of the clouds, which rolled over each other like a tempestuous sea, we congratulated ourselves on the occasion, and expressed an ardent desire to traverse their extent, which we could only effect by agitating our wings, it being prudent to reserve our ballast till we had got out of this calm, where we experienced sensations delightful beyond description.

I drew a paper from my pocket, which had been thrown into my vessel at our departure. We thought it was a song, and endeavoured by turns to find a tune for it, but we soon discovered it to be some excellent verses. Having read them over, we conceived it was time to determine our course. I asked M. Boby to which quarter he wished to turn? He replied, To the north. I immediately agitated one wing only, by veering it round pretty nearly to the 45th degree, and we turned northward. My companion expressing a desire to be transported to the clouds, I acted forcibly with my four wings, and we ascended. The barometer fell to twenty inches, and the thermometer to nine degrees; it was now fifty-six minutes past five. Just at this time a contrary breeze sprang up, and I was obliged to abandon my northern course; according to the compass, we took a north-east track, and this part of our voyage we ran through with great velocity. M. Boby imagined we were stationary all this time; and conceiving that his strength would expedite our progress, he offered to quit his barometer, and assist me in rowing. I desired him, however, to take care of his instruments, and to assure himself that we were going at a great rate: as there was no fixed point in the immense void in which we then were, it was not possible to convince him of the celerity of our course, but that he should presently be sensible of it. I then turned back my wings, and struck the air in a contrary direction: the power of ascension yielded to this effort, and we descended considerably. It was now six minutes after six; the barometer rose to twenty-five inches and two lines. At this height we could easily distinguish the country. My companion, who had till then been doubtful of our progress, was delighted to see the earth fly, as it were, from under our feet.

We were then near the town of Saint Saen; and although this was not exactly our route, we agreed to hover over it, as we heard the inhabitants calling us toward them. We

were in one minute near enough to see the houses very plainly, but not to distinguish the people. We saluted them with our flags, and throwing out a portion of ballast, ascended considerably, and pursued our route north-eastward.

In re-ascending, we thought we discerned a town at a distance, and indeed we were not mistaken. M. Boby was better acquainted with this part of the country; and from the state of the compass, which I desired him to observe, he supposed it to be Neufchatel. "I have, said he, some friends in that town, and should be very happy to pay my compliments to them *en passant*, if it is agreeable to you." I told him it was quite as practicable as what we had just been doing, and would not interrupt our course, as we must have passed over it, but that we would at present ascend as high as we were able. I had a particular reason for this, which I was desirous, for a moment, to conceal from my companion. It was my wish, indeed, to endeavour to get a sight of the sea. When we had attained a height in which the barometer marked twenty inches and six lines, we felt a supportable degree of cold. As condensation was now taking place, the balloon collapsed a little; and in proportion as the barometer rose again, we threw out a proportional quantity of ballast. We passed on at nearly the same height about six minutes.

The rarefied air gave M. Boby an appetite. He ate—and I followed his example. He asked for something to drink, but he did not relish the first bottle I gave him. He chose another, and we drank to the health of the city of Rouen, the earth in general, and his friends at Neufchatel in particular, among whom we were about to descend.

It was now twelve minutes past six; the barometer had risen to twenty-two inches and four lines; the thermometer to twelve degrees. I took the rejected bottle, and threw it away uncorked: We followed it with our eyes as far as we were able; and observed it falling with such violence, that the liquor escaped like a copious smoke from the funnel of a chimney. The wine appeared in ebullition, and exhaling in the form of vapour; at length it disappeared. We continued to mount, and the barometer fell to twenty-one inches and six lines. We were still going north-eastward, when I imagined we were approaching the town. I employed myself in our intended descent, and solicited my adventurous companion to lay aside his instruments, that he might assist me to descend by means of our wings. He took his station on the left side, and we both rowed forcibly for three minutes. We descended with facility near the town of Neufchatel, and by a

quick and successive motion of the wings we attained a power of hovering over it. We saluted the inhabitants, who made the air resound with my name. It was now fifteen minutes past six. Having paid this visit, we again raised ourselves by means of the wings; our departure seemed to throw the spectators into an alarm, and we could distinctly hear their voices, which seemed to recal us. We then ascended to a great height, the barometer fell to twenty inches, and the thermometer to nine degrees: it was now twenty minutes past six.

We travelled at this height for six minutes, and in this last elevation we turned to the north north-west. After passing through a very light cloud, I perceived the sea before me at a distance; the rays of the sun rendered it as brilliant as glass. I could discern a little black point upon it; but took no notice to my fellow-traveller, and rowed powerfully to accelerate our course. The little point increased to my sight, and I was satisfied it was a vessel. My companion, who was engaged in examining the beauty of the different clouds, told me he heard the murmuring of a tempest. "Can it," said he, "be a contest between the clouds, or some effect within the globe?" "It is nothing," said I. A moment after, as I proceeded to lower the machine, he observed that the noise increased, and resembled the waves of the sea. "You are not mistaken," replied I; "look back, and you will see the finest prospect imaginable." He was enchanted at the sight, and could plainly distinguish the vessel.

I observed to him, that it was now time to consider whether we should undertake the passage? "I am perfectly agreeable," answered he with the greatest firmness. "I am at your command: you have seen throughout the voyage how much confidence I have placed in your manœuvres. I resign myself entirely to your will; your decision shall be mine." His fortitude greatly strengthened my resolution. We were but two leagues distant from the sea; yet before I would determine whether we should pass it, I made those observations which prudence suggested to me. The barometer convinced me of our considerable elevation, the compass promised a happy passage, but the time of the day made me fearful that it would be a rash undertaking. I weighed every circumstance, and considering the matter thoroughly, thought it would be best to descend. M. Boby expressed himself entirely conformable to my will.

It was now, for the first time, that I opened the valve, in order to descend; it produced all the expected effect. M. Boby, who was examining the barometer, observed

to me, that we were descending rapidly. I told him, it was necessary that we should, as we were too near the sea to hazard a descent in an oblique line, which might perhaps bring us upon it. I requested him to be very attentive to the barometer, and to inform me when it stood at twenty-six inches. He gave me notice of it, and I threw out as much ballast as I thought necessary to bring us in equilibrio. This succeeded so well, that for two minutes we ran over the plains at the same height. We could hear voices from all parts, and could perceive a number of the country people running from different quarters. I immediately pointed out to my fellow-traveller the plain on which I should chuse to descend, and in effect I rowed with such success as to alight upon it. I cautioned M. Boby to be careful of his barometer, and to hold it in equipoise, lest it should break. The machine settled gently on a piece of trefoil; and what was the astonishment of my companion, when he perceived himself resting lightly on the tops of the leaves! His barometer had nearly fallen from his hands, and, looking at me, he exclaimed with rapture, Ah! what a majestic descent! Observing a great number of peasants running towards us, he expressed a desire to re-ascend, as it was impossible to know their intention. We again took our flight, and ascended again to near twelve hundred feet. My wings alone produced this effect, and with great ease, since we were in an equilibrium with the atmosphere. The weather was tolerably calm, and a very slight motion enabled us to ascend or descend at pleasure.

The outcries of the peasants invited our return; I manœuvred in consequence, and we ascended them at the height of about one hundred feet. Some were clapping their hands together, others kneeling, and the greater part of them were running away terrified. The most courageous contemplated us, and exclaimed, "Are you men, or gods?—What are you?—Make yourselves known."—We replied, We are men, like you, and here is a proof of it. We took off our coats, and threw them down; they seized on them eagerly, and began to divide them in pieces. The scene afforded us infinite amusement. We then re-ascended. At length, when we supposed they were convinced that we were fellow-creatures (by their acclamations, and the offers of service which they tendered us), we resolved to descend. They stretched out their arms towards us: joy was depicted in the countenance of some, while others shed tears of rapture. We came lightly down on a piece of corn, the ears of which supported us: we floated for some time in that situation, and nothing, surely, could be more majestic,

jestic, than to see us glide along the surface of it. At last we rested upon the earth, having one hundred and ten pounds weight of ballast left in our vessel, and were instantly surrounded by a vast number of people, whose astonishment was so great, as to deprive them of utterance.

Note: The plain of Puiffanval, where we descended at thirty minutes past seven, is

fifteen leagues from the place of our departure.

I observed that, in the greatest rapidity of our courses, a lamp would not have been extinguished; and thence I conclude, that fails adapted to an aerostatic machine would never swell.

(Signed)

BLANCHARD.
BOBY.

ABSTRACTS of the ACTS passed last Session imposing NEW TAXES on WINDOWS, HACKNEY-COACHES, HORSES, the KILLING of GAME, and on BRICKS and TILES.

The NEW and OLD WINDOW TAX; shewing at a View how much each House is subject to pay for Windows, agreeable to the New Act of Parliament.

Where houses are let in different tenements, the landlord shall be deemed the occupier.

Dwelling rooms in offices, chargeable to other taxes or parish rates, to be subject to the duties granted by this Act.

Apartments in the Inns of Court liable to the duties.

Not to extend to any house belonging to the Royal Family.

Warehouses are also exempted: likewise hospitals, except apartments of officers.

Parents and guardians liable to pay for infants.

No house is deemed an inhabited house, except the same shall be inhabited by the owner, or his servant, or servants, or by a tenant, or tenants, renting the same.

Persons over-rated may appeal to the Commissioners, and from them to one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench; and in Scotland, to one of the Judges of the Court of Session, or Barons of Exchequer there

Num ber of Win- dows	Old Win- dow Tax.		New Win- dow Tax.		Num ber of Win- dows	New Win- dow Tax.	
	l.	s. d.	l.	s. d.		l.	s.
7	0	3 0	0	3 0	from 1	85	100
8	0	4 2	0	6 0	2	89	100
9	0	7 0	0	8 0	3	90	100
10	0	9 0	0	10 6	4	94	100
11	0	11 4	0	13 0	5	95	100
12	0	14 0	0	15 6	6	99	100
13	0	17 0	0	18 0	7	100	100
14	1	0 4	1	1 0	8	109	100
15	1	4 0	1	5 0	9	110	100
16	1	5 6	1	10 0	10	119	100
17	1	7 0	1	15 0	11	120	100
18	1	8 6	2	0 5	12	129	100
19	1	10 0	2	5 0	13	139	100
20	1	11 6	2	10 0	14	140	100
21	1	14 8	2	15 0	15	149	100
22	1	18 0	3	0 5	16	150	100
23	2	3 0	3	5 0	17	159	100
24	2	5 2	3	10 0	18	160	100
25	2	9 0	3	15 0	19	169	100
26	2	13 0		74	20	170	100
27	2	15 0		75		179	100
28	2	17 0	4	0 7		180	100
29	2	19 0		80			
30	3	1 0		84			

NOTE. The Old Duty for any Number of Windows above 25 is 2s. for each Window, and 3s. the House.

Persons occupying three or more houses, to pay only for those two which contain the greatest number of windows.

From April 5, 1785, the duties to be assessed annually.

Duties in England to be paid quarterly, and in Scotland half yearly.

The aforesaid rates to be paid in addition to those charged by Act 6 Geo. III. cap 38. and 19 Geo. III. cap. 59.

Duties to be charged on the occupiers of houses.

Poor people exempted from church and poor rates not liable.

HACKNEY-COACHES.

The Duties commenced the Fourth of September 1784, as follow:

An additional duty of 5s. per week on every hackney-coach, the duty to be paid monthly.

Provisions of former Acts relative to levying the duty, &c. extended to this Act.

Licences to be granted in future under payment of 10s. weekly rent.

Owners of coaches neglecting to appear before the Commissioners, upon the third summons, to have their licences revoked.

From September 4, 1784, hackney-coachmen are intitled to the following fares, viz.

One mile and a half, 1s.

Not exceeding two miles, 1s. 6d. and so increasing 6d. for every half mile.

For the first hour 1s. 6d. and for every hour after, 1s. 6d.

For a day of twelve hours, 14s. 6d. and for every hour exceeding twelve, 1s. 6d.

The new taxes to be recovered in the same manner as the former ones.

Persons taking out new licences to be subject to the same orders, penalties, &c. as here-

heretofore, except such parts as are repealed.

From September 4, 1784, any person driving a mourning coach or hearse, within five miles of Temple Bar, without a number properly fixed thereon, may be summoned before the Commissioners, and fined 5*l*.

From September 4, 1784, no person shall drive any cart, dray, &c. within five miles of Temple Bar, or in the Bills of Mortality, except the owner shall have entered his name and place of abode at the Hackney-coach Office, and shall affix his name, and the number of the carriage, on some conspicuous part thereof, or be subject to all the penalties created by any laws now in being relative to such owners of carts, &c.

H O R S E S.

From September 29, 1784, the following duties are to be paid to his Majesty, viz. For every saddle-horse, coach or chaise-horse, &c. the yearly sum of ten shillings; for every horse entered to run for a plate, the sum of two guineas yearly; every licensed horse-dealer, within the Bills of Mortality or Borough of Southwark, 10*l*. per annum; and every such dealer without the said limits 5*l*. per annum; the duties to be paid at the Stamp Office. The Commissioners may grant licences to horse-dealers, to be renewed annually. Two guineas before any horse runs for a plate, on penalty of 20*l*. All persons keeping horses liable to the above duties, within the Bills of Mortality, shall give notice to the Stamp Office, and pay the annual duties; and in other parts of Great Britain to the head distributors of stamps, and pay the duty to them. Persons liable to the duties are to give notice at the next market-town, under penalty of 20*l*. Horses exempted from the duty are, any horse belonging to a non-commissioned officer or private soldier; any horse, mare or gelding, kept for sale, or not for hire, or let to travel by post, or hire by the day, to be determined before a Justice of Peace; the penalty to be levied by distress, or commitment to prison for three months, but may appeal to the Quarter Sessions.

K I L L I N G G A M E.

From October 1, 1784, the following Duties are to be paid to his Majesty, viz.

Every person in Great Britain, qualified to kill game, shall deliver in an account of his name and place of abode, to the Clerk of the Peace, &c. and annually take out a certificate thereof, for which he shall pay a stamp duty of 2*l*. 2*s*.

Every deputation of a game-keeper, by a Lord or Lady of a manor, shall be registered with the Clerk of the Peace, &c. and the game-keeper shall annually take out a cer-

tificate thereof, for which he shall pay 10*s*. 6*d*.

The duty to be under the management of the Commissioners of the stamp duties.

Every qualified person who shall deliver into the office of the Clerk of the Peace, an account of his name, and place of abode; and every game-keeper, who shall register his deputation, mentioning the name of the manor, &c. shall be annually intitled to a certificate thereon.

Clerk of the Peace, &c. to sign and deliver tickets to such persons requiring the same.

Defaulters herein shall forfeit 50*l*. for each offence.

Certificates to be dated the 1*st* of October, and remain in force until the 1*st* day of July next following and no longer; and no certificate is to issue in consequence of this Act, between the 1*st* day of October, 1784, and the 1*st* day of March, 1785; and every such certificate that shall issue after the said 1*st* of March, 1785, shall be issued between the 1*st* day of March and the 1*st* day of July in each year, and shall bear date on the day of the month on which the same shall be issued, and shall remain in force for 12 calendar months; and any Clerk of the Peace offending herein shall forfeit 50*l*.

Nothing in this Act extends to prevent any Clerk of the Peace, &c. from issuing his certificate to any game-keeper, who first appeared in any month after the 1*st* of July in that year, nor to any person who hath been beyond the seas, and hath, and shall have in any year, first arrived in this kingdom, at any time after the 1*st* of July in such year, who may be desirous of obtaining such certificate; but in every such case the cause must be specified, either in the body or at the foot of such certificate, such certificate bearing date on the day it was issued, and being stamped with double the rates and duties herein before granted upon every such certificate.

Qualified persons who after October 1, 1784, shall shoot at, or kill any game without a certificate, shall forfeit 50*l*.

Nothing in this Act extends to the Royal Family.

Clerks of the Peace, &c. to transmit annually to the Stamp Office, correct lists of certificates granted by them, on penalty of 20*l*.

Lists to be kept at the Stamp Office, and may be inspected on payment of one shilling each search.

In case of a new game-keeper, the former certificate to be void.

Any person in pursuit of game, who shall refuse to produce his certificate when required so to do, or to tell his name, or place of abode, shall forfeit 50*l*.

Certificates are not to authorise any person to kill game at any time prohibited by law.

Certificates obtained under deputations not to be given in evidence for killing game out of the manor.

In counties where there are no Clerks of the Peace, the Clerk of the Peace, &c. of the next county, division, riding, or place, to be applied to.

Persons counterfeiting stamps, to suffer death, as felons.

Provisions of former Acts relating to stamp duties, to be in force in executing this Act.

Any Justice of the county, in all offences against this Act, where the penalty doth not exceed 20l. may summon the parties before him, and determine in a summary way.

Penalties may be levied by distress, or the offender committed for six months.

Persons aggrieved may appeal to the Quarter Sessions upon giving proper security.

Persons summoned as witnesses, and not appearing, to forfeit 10l.

Justices may mitigate penalties.

Duties to be paid to the Receiver-General of the stamp duties.

Auditor to provide a book for entering the duties separate from all others.

BRICKS and TILES.

The following Duties commenced the First of September, 1784.

For all bricks 2s. 6d. per thousand.

Plain tiles 3s. per thousand.

Pan or ridge tiles, 8s. per thousand.

Paving tiles, small, 1s. 6d. per hundred.

Ditto, large, 3s. per hundred.

All other tiles, 3s. per thousand.

The duties to be under the management of the Commissioners of Excise.

Brick or tile-makers to give notice to the next office of their names and places of abode, before they begin making, on forfeiture of 100l.

Bricks and tiles to be charged with the duties while they are drying, and before removed to the kiln.

Fifty pounds penalty on obstructing any of the officers.

Ten pounds in every hundred to be allowed for waste.

Makers who shall remove bricks or tiles to the kiln, before the officer has surveyed them, to forfeit 50l. except where the officer shall neglect to take an account thereof.

Bricks and tiles not surveyed by the proper officer, to be kept separate from others.

Twenty pounds penalty on concealing any bricks or tiles while making.

Officers may enter the fields, sheds, &c. where tiles or bricks are making, and take an account thereof.

Makers to enter every six weeks, at the proper office, on oath, all bricks and tiles made by them, but not obliged to go farther than the next market town.

Duties to be paid every six weeks.

Persons obstructing officers to forfeit fifty pounds.

Bricks and tiles, implements, &c. liable to the duties in arrear.

Bricks or tiles for which the duties have been paid, may be exported.

On reloading bricks, &c. shipped for exportation, over and above the penalty of the bond, the value of the bricks, &c. shall be forfeited.

Persons exporting bricks and tiles, and making oath that the duties have been paid, shall receive a certificate from the Collector, which shall be delivered to the customer of the port of exportation, who shall thereupon give to the exporter a debenture, which will entitle him to a drawback.

Persons serving bricks or tiles after September 1, 1784, in pursuance of contracts previous to June 1, may add the duties to the price thereof.

The powers established by Act 12 Cha. II. chap. 24. for raising and recovering the duties thereby granted, are extended to this Act.

Penalties and forfeitures to be recovered in the usual way.

Duties to be liable to the additional five per cents. imposed by 19 Geo. III. cap. 25. and 22 Geo. III. cap. 66. Importation duties to be under the management of the Commissioners of the Customs.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

SEPTEMBER 1.

WERE executed in the Old Bailey, John Shelley, alias Shirley, alias Sherlock; James Napier; John Codd; Robert alias John Moore, and Richard Edwards, for street robberies; and William Holmes for burglary.

The following curious letter is copied from the London Gazette of last night:

“ London, Aug. 20, 1784.

“ Right Honourable Sir,

“ THE distresses of my country have awakened in my breast a monitor, which informs me, that in my younger days when

I fol-

I followed the seas, and carried adventures as most seamen do, and by which the revenue was injured, I acted wrong; in consequence of which conviction I have, Right Honourable Sir, inclosed three hundred pounds in Bank bills, which is a vast sum out of the small fortune I am possessed of, which I humbly request may be applied to the service of my country, humbly hoping, for the quiet of my conscience, that I may be included in the Act of Indemnity, which is about to pass; and I take further the liberty of assuring you, that I have never acted with violence against the laws of my country, nor have been a common smuggler; that there is no process out against me, nor can any person whatever take one out against me. Humbly hoping that what I have done and said may meet with your's and my country's approbation, and entitle me to be particularly mentioned in the Act, I take the liberty of adding, that I am, with the utmost respect for your many virtues,

Right Honourable Sir,

Your most humble,

Most devoted,

And obedient servant,

T. T.

I humbly desire that on the receiving the afore-mentioned bills, it may be acknowledged in the Gazette, and the London Chronicle."

To the Right Hon. William Pitt,
&c. &c. &c.

15. The Sessions began at the Old Bailey, when 16 prisoners were tried, four of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

Ephraim Ephraims, for feloniously assaulting Thomas Watkins on the highway in Short's-gardens, St. Giles's, and robbing him of two silver seals, &c.

William Smith, for feloniously assaulting William Tucker on the highway, and robbing him of a parcel containing three grofs of thimbles, the property of John Willan.

James Lyle, alias Peter Johnson, for feloniously personating Edward Stokes, late carpenter's mate on board the Lively sloop, in order to receive his prize money.

Peter Le Roche, for stealing a quantity of wearing apparel in the dwelling-house of Joseph Francis Martion.

Three were convicted of felonies, viz.

George Grace, for stealing an half-crown piece and a sixpence, the property of Mary Hilliard.

Joseph Fennell and Edward Smith, for stealing a silk handkerchief, the property of Hill Waller.

One was convicted of petit larceny, and eight were acquitted.

16. Twenty-two prisoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, eight of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

William Hogborn, for stealing a brown gelding, the property of James Carpenter;

a bay gelding, the property of Alexander Milne; and a cow, the property of Ithmael Theene, from off Putney Common, with which he was taken at Hackney.

William Rellions and Robert Abell, for feloniously assaulting William Rough in Stepney Fields, and robbing him of three shillings and one penny.

William Collop, for feloniously assaulting James Ferguson on the highway, in the parish of St. Mary Stratford, Bow, and robbing him of a pair of studs and a pair of silver knee-buckles.

James Forbeter, for a burglary in the dwelling-house of Daniel Andrew, in the parish of Christchurch, Middlesex, and stealing a ring, a blanket, &c. the property of Richard Bailey.

Geo. Drummond, for feloniously assaulting the Earl of Clermont on the highway, and robbing him of a gold watch, 2 seals, &c.

Wm. Smith, for stealing a brown mare, the property of William Taylor.

William Brooks, for burglariously breaking open the dwelling-house of Robert Turnbull, and stealing a gown, an apron, and two frocks.

Five were convicted of felonies, one convicted of petit larceny, and eight were acquitted.

17. Twenty-two prisoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

Henry Morgan, for feloniously assaulting Charles Linton in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, and stabbing him in the right side with a pocket-knife, which penetrated his liver, of which he died in about an hour. He received sentence to be executed on Monday.

Richard Court, for stealing 55 yards of black fatten, value 20l. the property of Edward Berry, in the dwelling-house of Charles Stillwell.

Eight were convicted of felonies, one of petit larceny, and eleven were acquitted.

Same day came on at the Old-Bailey the trial of Colonel Gordon, who surrendered before Mr. Baron Eyre to answer to the charge of murder, by killing Colonel Thomas in a duel on the morning of the 4th of September, 1783, in Hyde-Park. The evidence, although very short (consisting of the servant of Colonel Thomas, Captain Hill, his second, Mr. Grant, Mr. Hunter, surgeons, and some formal proofs of correspondence on the unhappy affair) was protracted to a length by cross-examinations. The misfortune appeared to take root from a misunderstanding four years ago in America, where Colonel Thomas charged Colonel Gordon with misconduct—they were then officers under the same command. Colonel Gordon was honourably acquitted, and in England sought reparation according to the laws of honour. Colonel Thomas was merely

K k

wounded,

wounded, and died the next morning. This was the whole substance of the trial.

The Jury, after ten minutes deliberation, found Colonel Gordon NOT GUILTY.

18. Came on the trial of William Stevenson, for the wilful murder of Sarah Scott, in Clerkenwell Bridewell, on the first day of August last, by shooting at her with a blunderbuss, and giving her a mortal wound over the eye. The fact of shooting was fully proved; but it appearing that there was an intention among the prisoners to break gaol, the Jury, under the direction of the Court, acquitted the prisoner.

20. Henry Morgan, convicted on Friday for the wilful murder of Mr. Linton on the 17th of July near St. Martin's-lane, by stabbing him in the belly with a large case-knife, was executed on a scaffold erected before Newgate. At half past six the convict came upon the scaffold with a book in his hand, and prayed in an audible voice, and with every appearance of fervent devotion. In about a quarter of an hour the ordinary quitted the scaffold, when the malefactor, after singing the Sinner's Lamentation, in an impassioned tone of voice continued to repeat—"Oh, my God, forgive all my sins; Lord have mercy upon me; Christ Jesus receive my soul;" and while uttering these ejaculations, the platform dropped, and after a few convulsive struggles he became motionless.

20. Twenty-seven prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

John Barker, for feloniously returning from transportation, and being at large before the expiration of the term for which he was ordered to be transported.

Joseph Baker, for stealing 42 guineas and upwards, the property of Simon Shepherd, in a dwelling-house.

Fifteen were convicted of felonies, and ten were acquitted.

21. Thirty-nine prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, four of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

Joseph Hulet, for stealing in the dwelling-house of Mr. Priestman, a Pawnbroker, in Prince's-street, Leicester-Fields, where he was apprentice, three gold watches, two metal watches, several diamond rings, gold rings, gold seals, and other articles, to the amount of near 400*l*.

Lryan Ryan, for taking a false oath, in order to obtain the probate of a will, purporting to be the last will of John Welch, a seaman, deceased, in order to defraud the lawful representatives of the said John Welch.

Samuel Thompson and George alias John Campbell, prisoners in Wood-street Compter, for Africa, for feloniously assaulting Mary Pickering in the said prison, and robbing her of three shillings.

Thirty-one were convicted of felonies, and four acquitted.

22. A state bed of rich and very curious workmanship was carried to the Queen's Palace, as a present from Lady Hastings, brought from India, which far exceeds any thing of the kind for grandeur ever seen in this kingdom.

Thirty-six prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, one of whom was capitally convicted, viz.

Francis Doyle, for feloniously assaulting Judith Donovan, in a certain dwelling-house, putting her in fear, and robbing her of three guineas.

Fifteen were convicted of felonies, two convicted of misdemeanors, and 18 acquitted.

Sentence of death was past on 24 capital convicts.

PROMOTIONS.

Sir James Harris, Knight of the Bath, Envoy Extraordinary to the States-General of the United Provinces. His Grace the Duke of Gordon, to be a Peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Gordon of Huntley, in the county of Gloucester, and Earl of Norwich in the county of Norfolk. The Right Hon. Lord Talbot, to be Earl Talbot, of Henfol, in the county of Glamorgan. The Right Hon. Lord Grosvenor, to be Viscount Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor. The Right Hon. Edward Beaulieu, to be Earl Beaulieu. The Rev. Hugh Blair, D. D. and William Greenfield, to be joint Professors of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, in the University of Edinburgh. Charles Logie, Esq. to be Agent and Consul at Algiers. Francis Fownes Luttrell, Esq. to be one of the Commissioners of Taxes. George Gordon, Esq. to be Consul at Majorca and Minorca. Lloyd Kenyon, Master of the Rolls, to be a Baronet of Great Britain. Right Hon. James Viscount Clifden, and William Brabazon Ponsonby, Esq. to be Postmasters-General for the kingdom of Ireland. Colonel Thomas Carleton, to be Captain-General and Governor in Chief of the Province of New Brunswick, in America. Sir John Griffin Griffin, to be Lord Howard of Walden. The Right Hon. the Countess of Harcourt, to be one of the Ladies of the Bed-chamber to the Queen. Robert Walker, Esq. and Major-General Adeane, to be Grooms of his Majesty's Bed-chamber. The Hon. Keith Stewart, to be Receiver-General of his Majesty's land rents and casualties in Scotland.

MARRIAGES.

Colonel Fitzroy, eldest son of Lord Southampton, to Miss Keppel. Evan Law, Esq. son of the Bishop of Carlisle, to Miss Markham, daughter of the Archbishop of York. The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Marham, son of Lord Romney, to Miss Bullock. Lieutenant Colonel Ironside, to Miss Neill. Col. Lum, to Mrs. Donaldson. The Hon. Wm. Wyndham, brother to the Earl of Egremont,

to Miss Harford, of Ruffel-place, late Mrs. Morris. Mrs. Thrale, relict of the late Henry Thrale, Esq, to Gabriel Piozzi, of Venice. Hon. Gov. Pownall, to Mrs. Astell, of Everton-house, Bedfordshire. The Right Hon. Lord Balgonic, son of the Earl of Leven and Melvil, to Miss Thornton. The Hon. Admiral Digby, to Mrs. Jauncy. The Hon. Geo. Cranfield Berkeley, Member for Gloucestershire, to the Hon. Miss Charlotte Lenox, daughter of Lord George Lenox, brother to the Duke of Richmond. Hon. Miss Thynne, third daughter of Lord Viscount Weymouth, to Lord St. Asaph, son to the Earl of Ashburnham.

DEATHS.

At Windfor, the Hon. Mrs. Cranston. The Rev. Joseph Milner, D. D. Rector of Ditton and Vicar of Burham, in Kent. Dr. Tyfon, senior Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Allan Ramsay, Esq. Portrait Painter to their Majesties. The Dowager Lady Hamilton, in a very advanced age. Rev. Mr. Atkinson, Prebendary of Chichester, and Rector of Bapton, in Sussex. Mr. Hawkefworth, of Chelsea Hospital. George Bellas, Esq. Professor in Doctors Commons. Henry Goodrick, Esq. of York. Thomas Kitchen, Esq. hydrographer to his Majesty. Joseph Swan, Esq. of Rainehall, Essex. James Hadow, Esq. General Surveyor of Excise, at Edinburgh. Of an apoplexy, at Bristol, in an advanced age, an attorney worth about thirty thousand pounds. He got his money in such a way, that he had more curses bestowed on him than there were farthings in the above sum. This old man used to say that old age and matrimony were two of the most damnable things that were ever invented; and what is very remarkable, the letters of his name when transposed made these words, *Sue all æen*; which was very true of him, and it is said he was so well pleased with it, that he gave the person five pounds who first told him of it. Mrs. Vyse, daughter of Sir G. Howard, K. B. and wife of Col. Vyse. Dropped down dead on the Royal Exchange. Mr. Samuel Rainforth, tallow-chandler, in Clare-market. At his seat at Dogmersfield, Hants, Sir Henry Paulet St. John, Bart. aged 44. Miss Gideon, sister to Sir Sampson Gideon. At Baltimore, aged 108, Pat. McDonaldson, Esq.

BANKRUPTCIES superseded.

Daniel Beale, of Prefcot-street, Goodman's Fields, flour factor. James Shepley, of Cow-Crofs, Middlesex.

BANKRUPTS.

John Weldon, of Bristol, merchant—James Myatt, of Stoney-street, Southwark, brewer—John Christopher Thomas, of Gerard-street, Soho, jeweller—Thomas Headland, of Nortonfalgate, corn-chandler—John

Cock, of Pitcomb, Somersetshire, dealer—John Knareborough Simpson, of Newcastle upon Tyne, shopkeeper—George Gibbons, of Black Raven-court, Seething-lane, mere chant—Daniel Campbell, of Cleveland-row, St. James's, merchant and insurance-broker—William Hornby Parker, of Andover, hosier—William Glover, of Ledbury, Herefordshire, watch and clock, maker—Isaac Hinckley, of Birmingham, plater—John Davies, of Northfield, Worcesterfshire, apothecary—William Anderson, of Three Cranes, Thames-street, merchant—Cater Rand, of Lewes, Sussex, bookseller—John Haydock, of Liverpool, cooper—William Milbourn, of Newcastle upon Tyne, plumber—William Thompson, of Woodford, Essex, apothecary—Robert Mitford, of Cornhill, woollen-draper—John Dun, of Bath, brewer—John Streeton, of Bath, and of Southampton, haberdasher—Thomas Griffin, of Hoxton, carter—John Sanders, of Henly in Arden, Warwickshire, money scrivener and maltster—George Wood, Gregory Grant, and Charlotte Wood, of Chandois-street, silk-weavers—Samuel Bevington, of Gracechurch-street, merchant—John Watts, of Burnage, Lancashire, silk manufacturer—Henry Bieknell, of Bristol, James Sutton, of London, and Thomas Gillam, of Bristol, bankers and copartners—Robert Ferryman, of Shoreditch, brewer—Peter George Monteiro, of Aldermanbury Postern, merchant—George Garman, of Pointon, Cheshire, carrier—Joseph Jump, of Liverpool, wine-merchant.—William Haynes, the younger, of Croydon, insurer—Jacob Atwood Smallpiece, of Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, grocer—John Burdekin, of King street, Covent Garden, linen-draper—Medford Spring, of Leeds, money scrivener—Alexander Turner, of Kendal, linen-draper—Thomas Newman, of Gravel-lane, Surrey, twine-spinner—Christopher Butler, of Preston, Lancashire, grocer—Robert Taylor, of Nantwich, Cheshire, tanner—Benjamin Montague, of Bath, perfumer—Henry Hands, of Hapton on the Hill, Warwickshire, dealer.

CERTIFICATES.

John Millett, of Willden, Middlesex, dealer in horses—John Frazer, of New-Court, Swithin's lane, merchant—Daniel Bamford, of Ipswich, Coffee-house-keeper—Patrick Hansbrow, of Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, merchant—Thomas Prichard, of Builth, Brecon, maltster—Richard Williams, of Knighton, Radnorshire, innholder—William Adlard, of Salisbury-court, printer—John Hawkins, of Friday-street, merchant—Robert Johnson, of Plymouth-dock, linen-draper—Matthew Hiccox, of Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, merchant—Walter Phynn, of Great Yarmouth, mariner—William Garrod, of Hainford,

ford, Norfolk, dealer—George Green, of Liverpool, distiller—Robert Wood, of Broad-street, Ratcliff, linen-diaper.—Thos. Chard and John Chard, of Kingswood, Wilts, clothiers—Jeremiah Brown, of Chelmsford, innholder—John Peake, of Birmingham, maltster—Thomas Broadbent, of Sheffield, banker—Samuel Butler, of St. Clement's Danes, dealer in wines—Gershon Isaac, of Bury-street, merchant.—Robert Throckmorton Perkins, of Huntingdon, apothecary—John Godfrey, of Castle-street, Bethnal-green, baker—John Bradburn, of Tavilock-row, Covent-garden, taylor—William Darmer, of the Strand, hardwareman—John Seal, of Mosley, Lancashire, dry-falter—George Iles, of Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, butcher—Elizabeth Meade, of Coleman-street Buildings, merchant—James Griffiths and Isachar Thorp, of Fleams, Lancashire, callico-printers—John Compton, of Bishops Waltham, Hampshire, grocer—Fidde Helniken, of East Smithfield, sugar-refiner—John Hodgson, of Newcastle upon Tyne, sail-cloth manufacturer—Alexander Selkirk, of Bethnal-green, merchant—Elizabeth Edwards, of Bridge-street, Westminster, dealer in glass—Ann Rhode, of Haverfordwest, mercer—Robert Wilmot, of Warwick, painter—Isaac Jacob Salomon, of Gun-square, Houndsditch, merchant—Samuel Meriton, the younger, of Fore-street, oilman—John Foxall, of Wandsworth, innholder—George Kearfley, of Fleet-street, bookseller—William Key and James Lucas, of Leek, Staffordshire, button-merchants—Benjamin Booth, of Savage Gardens, merchant—Henry Ellison, of Whitehaven, merchant—John Bentley, of Bradford, Yorkshire, money-ferivener—James Stuard, of Wapping, tallow-chandler—Daniel Fitch, of Kilburn, jeweller—Benjamin Marshall, of Goodman's-fields, corn-factor—James Brown, of Sudbury, crape-maker—John Coles, of Hadley, merchant—Thomas Cadman, of Litchfield, maltster—Denham Briggs, of Stratford, Essex, broker—Joshua Mariden, of Birdledge, Penniston, Yorkshire, merchant—James Skeet, of Pimlico, lime-merchant.—Thomas Martin, of Cornhill, watchmaker—Samuel Osborne, of Birmingham, factor—William Bailey, of Birmingham, bookseller—Henry Temple, of Alton, Southampton, hat-maker—John Trelawney, of Union-row, Little Tower-hill, haberdasher—Francis Holmes, of Warwick, grocer—John Willis, of David-street, Hanover-square, wax-chandler—William Maud, of Greetland, Yorkshire, clothier—Thomas Turner, of Southampton, innholder—John Noble, of Back-lane, St. George in the East, carpenter—Nathaniel Pierce, of Exeter, merchant—William Bamford, of Tetbury, Gloucestershire, woolstapler and maltster—George Green, of Liverpool, liquor-merchant—Thomas Newstead, of Charing-crofs,

tavern-keeper—Henry Bromley, of Holbott, dealer—Isaac Naffo, of Coleman-street, merchant.—Roger Watkinson, of Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, merchant.—John Wilkinson, of Berner's-street, money-ferivener—Edward Hunt, of Portsmouth, dealer in spirituous liquors—Richard Dyde, of Wooton-under-Edge, bookseller—Thomas Nixon, of Beeby, Leicestershire, dealer—James Robers, of Liverpool, merchant—John Godfrey, of Stoke-Lacey, Herefordshire, hop-merchant—Valentine Jones, of Basinghall-street, merchant—John Wilson, of Shooter's-court in the city of London, merchant—Robert Richards, of Amblecoat, Staffordshire, miller—Benjamin Merriman, Nathaniel Merriman, and Nathaniel Merriman the younger, of Marlborough, Wilts, chiefemongers—George Cartwright, of St. Ann, Soho, merchant—Thomas Antrum, of Maple Durham, Oxford, miller.—William Jolley, of Dorset-street, Spitalfields, grocer—John Burrows, of Oxford-street, linen-draper—John Collins, of Jewry-street, Aldgate, merchant.—George Waller, of Hortham, Suffex, mercer—John Pattison, of Down-street, Piccadilly, bricklayer—Marmaduke Teafdale, of Scotland-yard, money-ferivener—James Nelson, of Welton-street, Southwark, ship-broker—Joshua Kettelby, of Dudley, Worcestershire, glass-manufacturer—Joel Goring, of Uxbridge, shop-keeper—Francis Daniell, of Bristol, merchant—Thomas Smith, of Cornhill, oilman—Samuel Shrigley, of the Minories, linen-draper—Robert Donald, of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, upholsterer—John Campbell, of Shap, Westmoreland, waggoner—William Waller and Joseph Gattey, of Wandsworth, druggists and chemists—Wm. Hutchins, of Ludgate-hill, merchant—Henry Zink, of Liverpool, merchant—John Sutton, of Liverpool, shipwright—Thomas Bayley, of Tooley-street, chiefemonger.—James Shaw, of Southgate, dealer.

PRICE of STOCKS,
August 28.

Bank Stock, shut 114	Long Ann. 16 $\frac{1}{16}$ $\frac{1}{16}$
with div. for open.	ys. pur.
New 4 per Cent.	India Stock, 126 $\frac{1}{2}$
1777, shut 73 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann.
73 with div. for	shut
open.	India Bonds, —
5 p r Cent. Ann. 88 a	10 years, Short Ann.
87 $\frac{3}{4}$	1777, shut
3 per Cent. red. shut	30 years Ann. 1778,
3 per Ct Conf. 54 $\frac{1}{16}$	12 $\frac{1}{16}$ yrs. pur.
3 per Cent. 1726, —	3 per Cent. Scrip. 55
3 per Cent. 1751, —	$\frac{1}{2}$ a 54 $\frac{1}{2}$
South Sea Stock, —	Omanium, —
Old S. S. An. shut	Exchequer Bills —
New S. S. Ann. 53	Lottery Tickets 151.
$\frac{3}{4}$ S. S.	11s. od.
New Navy and Vict.	4 per Ct. Scrip 73
Bills, —	Light Long Ann. —

