

# T H E European Magazine,

## A N D L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

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

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

For O C T O B E R, 1784.

[Embellished with, 1. A striking Likeness of GIUSEPPE HAYDN, a celebrated Composer of Music. And, 2. A Perspective View, beautifully Engraved by WALKER, of MILTON ABBEY, DORSETSHIRE, the Seat of Lord MILTON.]

### CONTAINING,

	Page		Page
An Account of Giuseppe Haydn, a celebrated Composer of Music —	*253	Dr. Franklin's Two Tracts —	299
An Authentic Copy of the Will of the late Richard Russell, Esq. —	253	Lord Stair's Address to, and Expostulation with, the Public —	300
An Account of his Funeral —	257	Letters on the Medical Service in the Royal Navy —	ibid.
The Political State of the Nation, and of Europe, in Oct. 1784, No. VIII. —	258	Dr. Croft's Plan of Education, &c. —	ibid.
An Account of Milton Abbey, Dorsetshire —	260	Addresses, Devotional and Sacramental, by some eminent London Ministers —	301
On the Causes and Effects of a National Spirit, and Sense of Honour —	261	The Nature and Circumstances of the Demoniacs in the Gospels, &c. —	ibid.
Account of the Apartments, Education, &c. of the Women in the Grand Signor's Seraglio —	264	An Author's Conduct to the Public stated, &c. —	302
The Selfish Peasant; or Marriage à-la-mode in the Country: a Moral Tale —	265	Commentaries and Essays, published by the Society for promoting the Knowledge of the Scriptures —	ibid.
Curious Medical Observations and Inquiry on the Uncertainty of the Signs of Murder, in the Case of Bastard Children —	267	Impartial and Critical Review of Musical Publications —	303
An Instance of the Good Effects of Opium in a dangerous Retention of Urine —	272	Of the Manners of the early Greeks —	309
On True and False Taste in Painting —	273	The Hive: A Collection of Scraps —	312
Singular Anecdote of the celebrated Abbé Prevost, as related by Himself —	275	Poetry—Epistle to the Rt. Hon. Charles-James Fox, on his Bill for vesting the Affairs of the East India Company in the Hands of certain Commissioners, &c.—Sonnet, occasioned by Earl Nugent's "Verses to the Queen," in 1775—On Sarella's being taken ill of the Small Pox—Verses on the Death of John Woolman—Cephalus and Aurora, &c. &c. —	322
Collection of original Letters to Richard Savage, Son to the Earl of Rivers (continued) —	277	Theatrical Journal: Containing an Account of Mr. King's occasional Address at Drury Lane—Mrs. Siddons's Address to the Audience—Characters and Fable of Deception—Account of Miss Gordon, Mr. Dignum, and Mr. Holman, new Performers at Covent Garden Theatre, &c. &c. —	327
The London Review, with Anecdotes of Authors. —		Theatrical Register —	330
Sheridan's Life of Swift —	282	Monthly Chronicle, List of New Books, State of the Weather, Price of Stocks, &c. —	
Knight's-Hill Farm —	288		
Cook and King's Voyages to the Pacific Ocean (concluded) —	290		
The Epistolary Correspondence, Visitation Charges, &c. of Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester —	293		
Nicholson's Navigator's Assistant —	297		
Sir G. O. Paul's Considerations on the present Defects of Prisons, &c. —	298		

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER, AVE-MARIA-LANE;  
J. SEWELL, CORNHILL; AND J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

Female Monitor. 1s. Bladon.  
 Backhouse's Sermon. 1s. Robson.  
 The Annual Register for 1783, half-bound.  
 6s. Robinfon.  
 An Abstract of the Budget. 1s. 6d.  
 Ridgeway.  
 Provisions for the more equal Maintenance  
 of the Clergy. 6d. Wilkie.  
 Smith's Vifus Illustratus. 1s. Egerton.  
 Fothergill's Works, by Lettisonne, Vol. III.  
 boards. 6s. Dilly.  
 Narrative of Mr. Blanchard's Third Aerial  
 Voyage. 1s. 6d. Heydinger.  
 A Letter from a Member of Parliament  
 to his Son. 1s. 6d. Dodfley.  
 Two Schemes of a Trinity. 1s. 6d.  
 Johnfon.

A concise Abstract of the Acts passed last  
 Seflion. 1s. 6d. Walker.  
 An Essay on the Prevention of an Evil  
 injurious to Health. 2s. Shepperfon and  
 Reynolds.  
 Underwood on the Difcafes of Children.  
 fewed. 3s. Matthews.  
 Lecture on Anatomy and Physiology.  
 2s. 6d. Brett.  
 The Conduct of His Majesty's late Mi-  
 nifters. 2s. Debrett.  
 Oliver's Sermon. 1s. Faulder.  
 Canons of Criticism. 1s. 6d. Ridgeway.  
 Lunardi's Aeroftatic Voyage. 2s. 6d.  
 Bell.

FAHRENHEIT'S THERMOMETER in the open AIR, fronting the NORTH, at  
 HIGHGATE.

Friday, October 1	noon	57
Saturday	2	55
Sunday	3	52
Monday	4	54
Tuesday	5	61
Wednesday	6	64
Thursday	7	56
Friday	8	62
Saturday	9	60
Sunday	10	47
Monday	11	—
Tuesday	12	—
Wednesday	13	53
Thursday	14	55
Friday	15	58
Saturday	16	62
Sunday	17	57
Monday	18	59
Tuesday	19	62
Wednesday	20	52
Thursday	21	65
Friday	22	54
Saturday	23	53

Sunday	24	—	39
Monday	25	—	37
Tuesday	26	—	48
Wednesday	27	—	47
Thursday	28	—	46

PRICE of STOCKS,

October 29.

Bank Stock, —	India Stock, —
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 70 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1734, 88 $\frac{1}{2}$	India Bonds, 1s dif.
3 per Cent. red. 54 $\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{1}{10}$	10 years, Short Ann. 1777, thut
3 per Ct. Conf. 54 $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{7}{10}$	30 years Ann. 1778, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. pur.
3 per Cent. 1726, —	3 per Cent. Scrip. —
3 per Cent. 1751, —	Omnium, —
South Sea Stock, —	Exchequer Bills —
Old S. S. An. —	Lottery Tickets 151.
New S. S. Ann. —	4s.
New Navy and Vict. Bills, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ dif.	4 per Ct. Scrip 72 $\frac{1}{4}$
Long Ann. 16 $\frac{1}{10}$ yrs. pur.	Light Long Ann. Prizes —

Answer to the Criticism on *A Tour in the United States of America*, in a late catchpenny periodical Pamphlet, called *The European Magazine, and London Review*.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON, as you are pleased to flize yourselves, who have done honour, by your wretched cenfure and malignant abuse, to a late publication, entitled *A Tour in the United States of America*, which has incurred your difpleafure by not bearing a fafhion name in the front, by oppofing rebellion and republicanism, and by relating truths that *barrow up your souls*.

AMERICAN SERPENTS, gnaw and lick the file, for the blood that flows proceeds from your own envenomed tongues.

The AUTHOR.



# EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

## LONDON REVIEW;

FOR OCTOBER, 1784.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of JOSEPH HAYDN, a CELEBRATED COMPOSER of MUSIC.

[ With an excellent Engraved LIKENESS of him. ]

GIUSEPPE HAYDN was born at Vienna about the year 1730. At a very early age he discovered a most uncommon taste and propensity to music, which to facilitate, his parents placed him in the Jesuits College, where he was educated, and in which place he had full time and opportunity to improve and indulge himself in his favourite science.

The progress he made while he was in college was so rapid, that before he was acquainted with the rudiments of harmony he composed a great number of symphonies, trios, sonatas, &c. in which the early dawnings of a soaring genius appeared; and although they wanted that regularity and consistency that a grammatical education never fails to bestow, yet in every thing he composed there appeared a wildness of nature and luxuriance of fancy that at once bespoke what he would in after-times produce, when that wildness was somewhat tamed, and that luxuriance pruned by the steady hand of science, and the sober guidance of art.

The fertility of Haydn's genius made such an impression on all his friends, that they earnestly requested him to lay aside his pen for some time, and apply himself solely to the study of counterpoint, without which no author, be his genius ever so exalted, can be correct. He took their advice, and, by close and unremitting application, in a very short time became a perfect master of harmony in a regular and grammatical form.

With these advantages, it is no wonder if we now behold Haydn outstrip all his competitors. And as envy never fails to pursue merit, the masters in Germany were so jealous of his rising fame, that they entered into a combination against him in order to decry his works and ridicule his compositions; nay, they even carried it so far as to write against him; and many pamphlets in the German language appeared in print to depreciate him in the public esteem, alledging his works were too flighty, trifling, and wild, accusing him

at the same time as the inventor of a new musical doctrine, and introducing a species of sounds totally unknown in that country. In the last position they were perfectly right: he had indeed introduced a new species of music: it was his own, totally unlike what they had been used to—*original, masterly, and beautiful.*

Amongst the number of professors who wrote against our rising author was Philip-Emanuel Bach of Hamburg (formerly of Berlin); and the only notice Haydn took of their scurrility and abuse was, to publish lessons written in imitation of the several styles of his enemies, in which their peculiarities were so closely copied, and their extraneous passages (particularly those of Bach of Hamburg) so imitatively burlesqued, that they all felt the poignancy of his musical wit, confessed its truth, and were silent.

This anecdote will account for a number of strange passages that are here and there dispersed throughout several of the sonatas that have been reprinted in England from the German copies, of which we shall point out the few following passages by way of illustration. Among others, Six Sonatas for the Piano-Forte or Harpsichord, Opera 13 and 14, are expressly composed in order to ridicule Bach of Hamburg. No one can peruse the second part of the second sonata in the thirteenth opera, and the whole of the third sonata in the same work, and believe Haydn in earnest, writing from his own natural genius, and committing his chaste and original thoughts upon paper. On the contrary, the style of Bach is closely copied, without the passages being stolen, in which his capricious manner, odd breaks, whimsical modulations, and very often childish manner, mixed with an affectation of profound science, are finely hit off and burlesqued.

It has often been said, that the compositions of our author are very unequal; that some are replete with elegance and scientific knowledge, whilst others are extravagant in the excess, and even bordering upon madness

To this it must be observed, that many of these pieces that seem to border on the extreme were written at the express command of the Prince of Estoras \*, whose ideas of music are truly eccentric, inasmuch that he often chuses the plan on which Haydn is to compose particular symphonies that are to be adapted for three or four orchestras, that are situated in different apartments, which are to be heard singly, response to each other, and join together according to the will of the Prince. Under these circumstances it is no wonder if many of his pieces appear wild, extravagant, and even unnatural; but when he is left to follow the natural bent of his own genius, he is always new, elegant, and delightful.

The national music of the Germans is by nature rough, bold, and grand; and although they do not possess the softness of the Italians, yet it must be confessed that in instrumental music, and particularly that for wind instruments, they have excelled all other nations. This in a great measure may be owing to their not cultivating vocal music more than they have done, to which the harshness of their language seems to be an eternal bar; and it is a general observation, that wherever vocal music is in the highest estimation, instrumental is in some degree neglected. Hence it is that the Italian overtures are in general so insipid, and the German symphonies so capital.

Amongst the professors who have distinguished themselves by their compositions in Germany for these last thirty years, Richter and Stamitz the elder seem to be the most conspicuous; their works are truly masterly, notwithstanding which, they are of the old school; and by some they are thought to favour rather too much of the church stile. It seems therefore, that the refinement of music in Germany was reserved for Haydn to accomplish, which he has in a very ample manner established by originality, novelty, and beautiful air, in which it is thought he has excelled his predecessors and competitors.

It must not be understood, that for the sake of pleasant melody, and sweet air, our author has neglected and laid aside that part of music that constitutes the great matter, namely *imitation* and *fugue*. With these strokes of art all his capital music abounds. From his hands they neither appear pedantic nor heavy, being continually relieved by pleasant touches of fancy, and luxuriant flights of endless variety.

Hitherto we have only spoken of Haydn as an instrumental composer. We shall now introduce him in an higher stile, and present him like a heaven-born genius soaring to the highest elevation of his art, by adding his lays to those of poetry, and giving double force to language by the energy of his music. And here

we behold him, not in a servile manner trying his genius on trifling airs, but imposing on himself a task worthy of his great mind. The subject he made choice of was the *Stabat Mater*, in which his talents found ample scope for that dignity and sublimity so essentially necessary in sacred music.

Haydn's *Stabat Mater* was performed at Vienna about 17 or 18 years since, at which all those masters who had written against and criticised on his former productions were present. They heard with attention, though not without prejudice; and, to their honour be it recorded, gave ample testimony of the merit they had so long doubted, and so often ridiculed.

Haydn has composed several operas in the Italian language, which have been performed at Vienna, in Saxony, and Berlin; also others which have been performed at the Theatres of the Prince of Estoras, and the Empress at Vienna.

The pension that Haydn receives annually from the Prince of Estoras renders his situation so easy, and his mind so unembarrassed, that his genius has full liberty to display itself whenever he chuses to take up his pen; to which, from nature and long habit, he has acquired such an aptitude, that what would appear tiresome and fatiguing to other people, becomes ease and relaxation to him. This accounts for the vast quantity of music of all sorts and denominations that he has composed, which, upon a fair statement of the matter, will appear in quantity to exceed what any other person has composed, Handel only excepted.

The universality of Haydn's genius cannot be more strongly proved than by the vast demand for his works all over Europe. There is not only a fashion, but also a rage for his music; and he has continual commissions from France, England, Russia, Holland, &c. for his compositions, expressly written for individuals, or for the music-tellers resident in these kingdoms: and it was, perhaps, a circumstance of this nature that first gave rise to the epistolary correspondence and friendship that subsists between our author and the celebrated Boccherini, whose residence is in Spain.

Those who are best acquainted with Haydn's character, all unite in the following opinion:

As a man, he is friendly, artless, and undesigning;

As a husband, affectionate, tender, and exemplary;

As a performer, neat, elegant, and expressive;

As a composer, chaste, masterly, and original.

\* Haydn has been in the service of the late Emperour, in all about twenty-eight years.

and the present Princes of Estoras in Hungary.



## For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An AUTHENTIC COPY of the WILL of the late RICHARD RUSSELL, Esq. of BERMONDSEY-STREET, SOUTHWARK.

**I**N THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN:

I Richard Russell, of the Parish of Saint Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, in the County of Surrey, Esquire, being in good health of body and of sound and disposing mind (praised be God for the same), do make and declare this my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following:

And first and principally, I commit my soul into the hands of my Creator, and my body to be interred at the east-end of the vault of the parish church of St. John, Southwark, and my funeral to be conducted in the manner herein after directed. I direct that my coffin be of oak, and plain, without ornaments, like unto those usually made for Quakers, but the same be with an inscription, and handles thereon; and which coffin I desire may be placed in one made of stone, which said stone coffin be without a lid. And I do desire that six young women, spinsters, of good character and reputation, between the age of twenty-one and thirty, be required to support my pall, and that they be dressed in black silk or velvet, according to the season of the year, but all alike; and that they be apparelled with silk scarfs, favours, and gloves, and whatever other trophies my executors shall think proper; and that they be taken from their houses, or where they shall appoint, on the night of the burial, and carried back in the coaches that shall attend, and that a room be appropriated for their accommodation. And I also desire that four young women, spinsters, dressed in white, and that favours and gloves be given unto them to wait on the pall-bearers and attend the funeral in one coach; and that when the body shall arrive at the church gate, and from thence to the place where the body shall rest during the service in the church, they strew flowers before the pall-bearers; and I direct that neat baskets with flowers be delivered to the said four young women as soon as they come to the church-yard gate, and that after the funeral is over they take the baskets home with them as their property. I desire my executors to invite to my funeral eight gentlemen who are in the commission of the peace, and act as Magistrates for the County of Surrey, and that they be presented with hatbands and gloves, and other things usually given at funerals.

And further, I desire that the two Rectors of the parishes of Bermondsey and St. John be invited to my funeral; but in case either or both should excuse himself or them-

selves from attending, then I desire that the officiating minister of each parish be invited, and that each of them who shall attend be presented with a scarf, hatband, and gloves, and such other things as are usual at funerals.

And I do desire my executors will apply to the Rector of the parish of St. John aforesaid, to preach a short sermon the evening of my funeral; but if it should be he cannot attend, that the said Rector be required to appoint one in his stead.

I further desire, that the organist of Saint John, or any person he shall appoint, be required to play on the organ the Dead March in the Oratorio of Saul, or Sampson, while the bearers are removing the body from the church to the vault, the place of interment, and continue the same until the burial service begins; and after the burial service is over, to immediately re-assume and continue the said March until the company who attend the funeral be in the coaches.

And I desire, that a proper number of people be employed to attend with lights and to keep good order and decorum, and more especially to prevent the pall-bearers and their attendants and others from being incommoded.

And it is my will, that only two persons go in a coach together, except only the flower-strewers, they to go all in one coach, and which is to precede the hearse; and that the procession do not move before nine of the clock in the evening from the place where I shall lie.

And it is my will, that my funeral expences do not exceed the sum of five hundred pounds, and that a sum not less than two hundred pounds be expended thereabout.

I give and bequeath to each of the unmarried women that shall attend my funeral, as pall-bearers, the sum of fifty pounds; and to each of the young women that shall attend to strew flowers, the sum of twenty pounds; which said legacies I direct my executors to pay as soon as possible after my funeral, and not exceeding ten days, and not to be considered as part of my funeral expences.

And I desire that escutcheons, with my arms, be affixed on the hearse, and silk escutcheons on the pall; and every pall-bearer, and the other young women, and the magistrates, be presented with a silk escutcheon, rolled up in paper, after the funeral is over.

I give and bequeath to the Rectors of Bermondsey and Saint John five guineas each;

but if they, or either of them, should not attend my funeral, then

I give the same to the officiating Minister that shall attend.

I give and bequeath to the Organist of Saint John, if he plays the said Dead March, the sum of five guineas, to be paid the night of my funeral, or the next day.

And I do hereby will, order, and direct, that my executors lay out and expend the sum of one hundred pounds in the purchase of bread, beef, and mutton, to be disposed of in the vestry-hall or church-yard of the parish of St. John, Southwark, aforesaid, the morning of my funeral, to the greatest objects of charity that shall apply for the same, and to be disposed of before twelve of the clock the same morning.

I give to William Hammerton, now, or late, of Horncastle, in the county of Lincoln, Fell-monger, and John Shipton, now, or late, of Watford, in the county of Herts, Leather-dresser, and to each of them, rool. as a token of remembrance of my former trading with them.

I give to Mary Clarke, who formerly was a servant in my father's family, and who now or lately lived with Mrs. James, either at Peckham or Camberwell, in the County of Surrey, one hundred pounds.

I give to Mr. William Donaldson, of Mess. Childs' house, Temple-Bar, my gold watch, made by Gregg, No. 544, remembering the promise I made him many years ago.

I give to Isaac Stapleton, Esquire, one hundred pounds.

I give to all and every the servants who shall be in my service at the time of my decease, ten pounds a-piece.

I give unto Sir Joseph Mawbey, of Botleys, in the County of Surrey, Baronet; Samuel Gillam, of Rotherhithe, in the County aforesaid; Thomas Bell, of Bermondsey, Woolstapler; and William Leavis, of Vauxhall, in the said County, Esquires, my executors, herein after named, one hundred pounds each, which they will be pleased to accept for their trouble in the execution of this my will.

I give, devise, and bequeath unto the said Sir Joseph Mawbey, Samuel Gillam, Thomas Bell, and William Leavis,

All that my freehold messuage or tenement, No. 6, situate in Lombard-street, near the Mansion-house, in the City of London, now in the tenure of Irene :

And also that my freehold messuage or tenement, situate near the sign of the Blue Lash, in Hedge-row, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, now in the tenure of Stapleton :

And also all those my freehold lands, messuages, or tenements, together with their and

every of their appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in the parish of Saint Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, in the County of Surrey aforesaid :

And also all those my four freehold messuages or tenements, situate in Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London, numbered 7, 8, 9, and 10, and all other my freehold estate, wheresoever the same are situate :

To hold the same to them the said Sir Joseph Mawbey, Samuel Gillam, Thomas Bell, and William Leavis, their heirs and assigns for ever :

Upon trust, nevertheless, and to the intent and purpose that they the said Sir Joseph Mawbey, Samuel Gillam, Thomas Bell, and William Leavis, and the survivors or survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivor, do and shall sell and dispose of all and singular the before-mentioned freehold messuages, lands, tenements, and premises, and all other my freehold estate, with their and every of their appurtenances, as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, for the best price and prices that can be reasonably got for the same.

And I order and direct, that they my said trustees, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivor, with the money so to be raised by sale thereof, as aforesaid, be applied in manner following: Two thousand pounds part thereof be laid out and expended and paid in erecting and placing up a monument to perpetuate my memory, in the parish of Saint John, Southwark, aforesaid.

And the further sum of one hundred pounds I give to Doctor Samuel Johnson, now or late of Bolt-court, Fleet-street, London, upon condition he writes an epitaph to be inscribed on my said monument.

And the further sum of twenty guineas I give and bequeath to the Rector of the parish of Saint John, upon condition he consents to the placing up the said monument in the parish church of Saint John aforesaid.

And I direct, that the said monument be immediately set about after my decease, and completely finished as soon as possible, and not to exceed one year after my decease.

And I direct the same to be paid for as soon as completely finished. And my mind and will is, that the receipt of them the said Sir Joseph Mawbey, Samuel Gillam, Thomas Bell, and William Leavis, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs and assigns of such survivor, shall be a good and sufficient discharge to such person and persons who shall become a purchaser or purchasers of the whole or any part or parts of my said freehold estate, herein before devised to my said trustees.

And I do direct, that such purchaser or purchaser



purchasers shall not be accountable for the application or misapplication of such purchase money, or any part thereof.

And I do hereby order and direct, that my said trustees, or either of them, shall not be answerable or accountable for the acts, defaults, or receipts of each other, nor for any involuntary loss that shall or may happen to the said trust, monies, or any part thereof; but that each of them shall be answerable only for his own acts, defaults, and receipts, and that they and each of them be saved harmless and kept indemnified out of my estate, and shall thereout reimburse themselves all costs, damages, and expences whatsoever, which they or either of them shall incur, or be put into, or sustain in the execution of the trusts hereby in them reposed.

And I will, order, and direct expressly, that also all and singular the monies, legacies, herein before given, shall be paid out of the residue and remainder of the monies that shall arise by sale of my freehold estates herein before devised, except the legacies given to my executors, which I desire in the first place they retain, but likewise to be issuing out of the produce of my freehold estate, as aforesaid.

And if it should happen that upon such sale the said freehold estate does not produce sufficient to erect the said monument, and pay all and singular my said legacies, then I will and direct, that such deficiency be made up and paid out of the residuum of my personal estate.

I give and bequeath unto the President, Vice-president, and Governors of the Magdalen Hospital, for the reception of penitent prostitutes, in Saint George's-fields, in the County of Surrey, the sum of three thousand pounds, which I desire may be paid out of my personal estate; and which said sum of three thousand pounds I desire may be applied towards carrying on the charitable designs of the said Hospital.

I give and bequeath unto the President and Treasurers of the Hospital called The New Lying-in Hospital, in Lambeth, near Westminster-bridge, the sum of three thousand pounds, which I desire may be paid out of my personal estate; and which said sum of three thousand pounds I desire may be applied towards carrying on the charitable designs of the said Hospital.

Also, I give and bequeath unto the President and Treasurer of the Small-Pox Hospital, in Cold-Bath-Fields, Middlesex, the sum of three thousand pounds, which I desire may be paid out of my personal estate; and which said sum of three thousand pounds I desire may be applied towards carrying on the charitable designs of the said Hospital.

Also, I give and bequeath unto the Presi-

dent and Treasurer of the Surrey Dispensary, held in Southwark, the sum of five hundred pounds, which I desire may be paid out of my personal estate; and which said sum of five hundred pounds I desire may be laid out and expended in decorating and ornamenting the Dispensary lately erected in Union-street, Southwark, and that the said legacy be applied for no other use, and to be paid within one year after my decease, and laid out and expended within two years from the day of payment of the said legacy.

Also, I give and bequeath unto the Treasurer of the Charity-school of the parish of Saint Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, in the County of Surrey, the sum of one hundred pounds, which I desire may be paid out of my personal estate; and which said sum of one hundred pounds I desire may be applied towards carrying on the charitable designs of the said School.

Also, I give and bequeath unto the Treasurer of the Charity-school of the parish of St. John, Southwark, in the County of Surrey, the sum of one hundred pounds, which I desire may be paid out of my personal estate; and which said sum of one hundred pounds I desire may be applied towards carrying on the charitable design of the said School.

Provided always, nevertheless, that if my executors should be refused by the Rector or parish of Saint John aforesaid, the liberty of erecting the monument in the said church, my mind and will is, that the twenty guineas herein before given to the Rector of Saint John aforesaid, and the one hundred pounds directed to be disposed of in provision, and the one hundred pounds given to the Treasurer of the Charity-school of Saint John aforesaid, be not paid; and I do hereby revoke the same.

And in case of such refusal, I desire to be interred in the parish of Saint George the Martyr, in the Borough of Southwark.

And in case of such refusal, and I should be buried in the church of Saint George the Martyr,

I give the said twenty guineas to the Rector of the said parish.

And I direct, that the one hundred pounds be not disposed of in provision in the parish of Saint John; but the same be disposed of in manner aforesaid, in the vestry-hall or church-yard of the parish of Saint George aforesaid.

And also, in such case, the one hundred pounds to be given to the Charity-school of Saint John,

I give and bequeath the same to the Treasurer of the Charity-school of the said parish of St. George, towards carrying on the good design of the said School.

And my will and mind is, that the one hundred pounds given to be disposed of in provision, and the legacies given to the Schools, be paid out of my personal estate.

I give and bequeath to my Trustees the sum of ten guineas, to be expended in a dinner at the final execution of this my will; and desire that the four Treasurers of the Hospitals to whom I have given legacies be invited to such dinner.

And it is my will and desire, that all legacies and charges be paid as soon as possible; and that my will be fully carried into execution and finally completed within one year next after my decease.

And I desire that this my will be proved immediately upon my decease; and that my executors employ a person, who writes a good and expeditious hand, to make a copy of this my will, and which I direct be printed forthwith, and one printed copy sent and delivered to the Treasurer and Clerk of the four Hospitals, Surrey Dispensary, and Treasurer of the Schools, and to each Legatee.

All the rest, residue, and remainder of my personal estate, of what nature or kind soever the same may be, and which I shall die possessed of, or interested in, at the time of my decease,

I give and bequeath the same, and every part thereof, unto the said Sir Joseph Mawbey, Samuel Gillam, Thomas Bell, and William Leavis, and the survivors and survivor of them, the executors and administrators of the said survivor :

Upon trust, nevertheless, to the intent and purpose that they the said Sir Joseph Mawbey, Samuel Gillam, Thomas Bell, and William Leavis, or the survivors or survivor of them, and the executors and administrators of such survivor, as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, convert such the rest, residue, and remainder of my personal estate and effects into ready money; and upon receipt of the monies arising from such the residue, to pay the whole of such money; and which

I give and bequeath to the Treasurer or Treasurers for the time being of a Society who call themselves The Guardians of the Asylum, or House of Refuge, situate on the Surrey-side of Westminster bridge, for the reception of orphan girls residing within the Bills of Mortality, whose settlements cannot be found; and which money I desire may be applied towards carrying on the charitable designs of the said Charity.

Provided always, nevertheless, and my mind and will is, that my said residuum shall be subject to maintain and keep my monument in good repair.

And I direct, that so much money from time to time as shall be sufficient to repair

the said monument, be paid by the Treasurer for the time being of the said Asylum, or House of Refuge.

And also, subject to the payment of four guineas a-year, payable quarterly by the said last-mentioned Treasurer, to the Sexton of the parish where my said monument shall be erected, to keep the same clean and decent.

And I desire that my portrait in blue drapery be not sold, but delivered to the Treasurer for the time being of the Asylum, or House of Refuge, to be placed up in the Court or Committee-room of the said Asylum.

And it is my will, and I do order and direct the Secretary, or Clerk, or some other Officer of the said Asylum, or House of Refuge, to read this part of my will once in every year, at some or one of their general meetings; and that the Secretary, Clerk, or other Officer, be paid by the Treasurer ten shillings and sixpence for his trouble.

And I do hereby nominate, and constitute, and appoint the said Sir Joseph Mawbey, Samuel Gillam, Thomas Bell, and William Leavis, executors of this my last Will and Testament; but if the said Sir Joseph Mawbey should refuse to take upon himself the executorship, then and in such case I make, nominate, constitute, and appoint the Treasurer of the Magdalen Hospital, and who shall be Treasurer at the time of my decease, one of my executors in his stead.

And in case the said Samuel Gillam should likewise refuse to take upon himself the executorship, I make, nominate, constitute, and appoint the Treasurer of the Small-Pox Hospital, and who shall be Treasurer at the time of my decease, one of my executors in the stead of the said Samuel Gillam.

And in case the said Thomas Bell should likewise refuse to take upon himself the executorship, I make, nominate, constitute, and appoint the Treasurer of the Asylum, or House of Refuge, and who shall be Treasurer at the time of my decease, one of my executors in the stead of the said Thomas Bell.

And in case the said William Leavis should likewise refuse to take upon himself the executorship, I make, nominate, constitute, and appoint the Treasurer of the Lying-in Hospital, in Lambeth, and who shall be Treasurer at the time of my decease, one of my executors in the stead of the said William Leavis.

And lastly, I do hereby revoke and make void all former and other Wills by me at any time heretofore.

Do declare this only to be and contain my last Will and Testament. In witness whereof I the said Richard Russell, the Testator, have to this my last Will and Testament, contained



in nine sheets of paper, to the first eight sheets thereof set my hand; and to the ninth and last sheet thereof set my hand and seal this tenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four.

R. RUSSELL, (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published, and delivered by the said RICHARD RUSSELL, the Testator, as and for his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto.

ROB. TYLER,  
St. John's Southwark.  
WILLIAM MEDDEN,  
ROB. LAW,  
• Clerks to Mr. Tyler.

Whereas I have in and by my Will given and bequeathed unto Doctor Samuel Johnson one hundred pounds, upon condition he wrote an epitaph to be inscribed on my monument:

Now I do hereby revoke and make void the same.

And I do by this my codicil, which I desire may be taken as part and parcel of my said Will,

Give the said sum of one hundred pounds unto John Grose, now of Bethnal-Green, Clerk, upon condition that he writes an epitaph to be inscribed on my said monument. In witness whereof I have, to this codicil, set my hand and seal this twelfth day of April, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four.

R. RUSSELL, (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, and delivered by the said RICHARD RUSSELL, as and for his codicil, to be taken as part and parcel of his last Will, in the presence of us, who, in his presence, and at his request, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto.

ROB. TYLER,  
St. John's Southwark.  
WILLIAM MEDDEN,  
ROB. LAW.

It is my desire not to be buried from my own house, but to be removed from thence to some more convenient place, in a private manner, either the morning of the funeral, or the day before. I also recommend that no sale by auction, or any other sale, be made in my house, if not all at once . . . . .

. . . . . one person who will take them away without making sale in house, then let them be sent over the water and

fold by auction. As to my prints, and books of prints, if any Gentleman will give two hundred guineas for the whole collection, would have them sold so, rather than give trouble of packing them; and give the buyer the mahogany cabinet and the box on top of it; and the tin-box, and what few are in the house framed, into the bargain: there are in four different parts of the house unframed prints, but are no more, when put together, than may be contained in the cabinet and large box. And as to my letter-press books, and pamphlets, if any Gentleman will give one hundred pounds, would recommend to have them so; they will be found in four book-cases, up stairs, one in fore-parlour, and in a large closet in back-room below stairs, as I have mentioned in Will. Funeral not to go till after nine; think it is too late, and leave the hour entirely to my executors. I have also mentioned eight Magistrates to be invited: I will not give them the trouble; but if any Magistrate, who is willing to shew that respect, desire may be genteelly accommodated. Hope all the executors will attend as mourners. I also recommend it to my executors to give to my man-servant all my wearing-apparel; if should have more than one man-servant at the time of my death, then to him who has lived longest with me. I wrote this when was very ill. My last Will and Testament is in the hands of William Leavis, of Vauxhall, Esq.

R. RUSSELL,  
Sept. 16, 1784.

¶ In our next Number we hope to be able, thro' the kindness of a correspondent, to gratify our Readers with some anecdotes of this extraordinary character, whose funeral was attended with circumstances as singular and uncommon as his will.

## JUSTICE RUSSELL'S FUNERAL.

THE Union Hall having been refused by the trustees of that building, the corpse of the late Joseph Russell, Esq. lay in state at his late house in Bermondley street, from whence it was removed, on the 10th inst. in the following manner:

Staff-men to clear the way.

Conitables with habands.

The plume of feathers supported.

A hearse and six with the body properly clothed and drest with feathers, veivets, escutcheons, flags, &c.

A mourning coach and four with three clergymen, viz. the Rev. Mr. Penneck, rector of St. John's; Rev. Mr. Abdy, curate of St. John's; and the Rev. Mr. Grose.

A mourning coach and four with the four young ladies to shew the flowers, all dressed

dressed in white silk, with nosegays, and flower-baskets on their arms.

A coach and four with two of the pall-bearers (females), dressed in black farfenet with white gloves, scarfs, hoods, and fans, and nosegays in the right hand.

A ditto with two ditto.

A ditto with two ditto.

Six other mourning coaches and four with two friends of the deceased in each.

The procession set off at twelve o'clock, and moved slowly, partly from the *église*, and partly from the number of people assembled up Bermondsey-street, Tooley-street, and Fair-street, Horsleydown, to the front gate of the church, where it arrived a quarter before one.

When they arrived, the concourse of people within and without the church-yard was so great, that the young ladies, strewers, were obliged to be carried through the crowd into the church; and when the corpse was taken out of the hearse (with great difficulty), the men (ten in number) were nearly falling under its weight, before a passage could be cleared to get it to the church. No pall could be put on, and the pall-bearers (ladies) were with great hazard, and in a very trembling condition, got safe to the same place. The clergy and mourners, the latter particularly, met with as indifferent a reception. The feathers could not be borne before the body; nor was the path strewn: at length it was placed on the tressels in the middle aisle; and the flower-strewers, pall-bearers, mourners, &c. at length arranged, the organ struck up the Dead March; but so great was the noise, that nothing distinct could be heard. The curate then read the burial service, very little of which could be heard. After this, a short sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Penneck, rector of the parish; but it was impossible to hear a syllable of it, as the same uproar prevailed during the whole of the discourse. The service being finished, the body was, about half after two, borne to the vault below the church, and there depo-

sited in a stone case which had been provided for its reception on the pavement, about the center of the gloomy mansion.

The after-service here was not a little interrupted also from the noise without.

So thronged a church was, perhaps, hardly ever seen before in this metropolis; and so great a disturbance at a ceremony usually solemn has occurred but seldom. Many people climbed up the sides of the church, and got through the windows; and the pulpit was so filled with ladies, &c. before the clergyman attended, that it was with extreme difficulty he waded through the immense concourse to perform his duty. The clergy were never, perhaps so sweated before on such an occasion; and the church was so intensely hot, though the windows were all open, that ladies and gentlemen fainted away.

When the funeral was ended, the attendants with difficulty were put into their coaches, and arrived back at the late deceased's house about three o'clock.

The outer coffin was of walnut-tree, rubbed very bright, with silver-plate handles, and other ornaments; the body was dressed in linen, and the lid so contrived as to shut close without screws.

The pulpit and desk of the church were hung with black and escutcheons, as was also the front of the organ-loft.

Previous to the procession setting out, the effigy of the deceased, with a label on its breast, was hung on a gallows before his own door, and such distinguished marks of indignity shewn as happen but seldom.

Mr. Russell's own father was buried at St. Mary Magdalen's, Bermondsey, a few years ago, when some such severe marks of similar indignation were used, which occasioned his orders to change the place of his otherwise intended burial.

The young ladies who attended Mr. Russell's funeral at St. John's, were all relations of the deceased, except Miss Jones, of Tooley-street, and the two Miss Leavis's, of Bermondsey.

#### For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

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

#### No. VIII.

OUR home politicians have revived the clamour about the encroachments of the French at Newfoundland, without any effect; we may therefore expect Admiral Campbell soon home, who will learn more of those affairs from our busy-bodies here at home, than he knew when he was upon the spot, and in the principal direction on that station. What a sad thing it is for modern patriots, that they can persuade no enemy, foreign or domestic, to take up arms against this country!

This month commenced also with a great rattle among East India Directors and Pro-

prietors, tea-dealers, fair and foul, brokers, smugglers, and others, about fixing the prices of teas, in consequence of an Act of Parliament relieving them from a heavy duty on that commodity, and laying it upon the public in another way: and a fine affair they have made of it! A pretence indeed is set up, that the price is lowered about 25 per cent. If this were true, it would not be an equivalent for the burden imposed in lieu of it; but that is not the case. The dealers in tea sell an inferior commodity at an inferior price: good palatable and wholesome tea must still be purchased at its usur-



are well informed that the illicit traders or dealers in smuggled tea are so confident of the prices being kept up to their usual standard at the shops, that they will not now drop the price of their teas more than sixpence per pound on an average: whereas if prices had really fallen one fourth or one third at the public shops *ad valorem*, they must unavoidably have followed with equal pace, or entirely have given up their trade. It is therefore a great deception and oppression upon the public, to be heavy laden one way, and not relieved another way.

But a greater evil than all this attends this grand tea commotion, this East-India storm! People's healths and lives are at stake, and may be greatly injured by drinking the infusion of an unwholesome weed, an adulterated, damaged, or fictitious tea; for it is well known, and those who have the taste of their mouths uncorrupted perceive it, that there is a disagreeable unwholesome taste in it, indeed so bad that they cannot drink it, or no taste nor flavour at all in a great deal that is now sold for cheap tea. It is therefore high time for Government to interfere with the powers it has, to prevent the pernicious consequences that are likely to ensue from this motley business. At the same time we would advise the dealers in tea to be careful how they play upon the credulity and good nature of the public too much, lest the public should take a distaste at their commodity, and turn to some other substitute for their refreshment and amusement. Let them remember, that tea is not a necessary of life, but a mere luxury, which may be superseded by some other *succedaneum*.

Had it not been for the above miscarriage of the commutation scheme, Opposition would have been struck dumb, and Ministers would have enjoyed a profound calm during the recess; which would have been a recess from clamorous tongues and virulent pens, as well as from Parliamentary declamation.

Great complaints and grievous lamentations are heard among our Merchants on account of the failure of remittances from North America; and fatal are said to be the consequences to many families. They certainly erred with their eyes open, in sending such immense quantities of valuable commodities so precipitately to that country in its disturbed unsettled state, among a people who have gloried in defrauding the people of this country, on a pretence of political disputes between contending powers; they are therefore entitled to very little pity.

Our good wishes for the people of Ireland, expressed in our last, seem to be fulfilling beyond our most sanguine expectation. The more solid, sensible, and valuable part of that people appear to be aware of the danger their injurious patriots and armed volunteers were

precipitating them into, and are taking shelter from the threatened storm under the wing of a mild and gentle well-regulated Government. Too much praise cannot be given to the Duke of Rutland, for his calm, steady, firm and intrepid conduct in the administration of the affairs of that much agitated kingdom. He may be truly said to have pointed out to that people their true interest, and to be leading the rational part gently into the way of it, and restraining the mad licentious part from completing their own destruction. He has done more for the reciprocal good of Great Britain and Ireland, than the four preceding Viceroy's of that kingdom have done all together; and probably will do still greater things, if not prevented by some side-wind blowing suddenly from this quarter, to shorten his stay there. May he long continue among them, and prosper in the good work before him, of making a perfect reconciliation, and restoring a thorough good understanding between the inhabitants of these two islands, that they may be as one happy undivided nation or people, united in affections, views, and one common interest, the safety and prosperity of both.

The progress of the dispute between the Emperor and the Dutch has strictly justified the conjecture thrown out in our last. The Emperor has drawn the line to define the commencement of hostilities on the part of the Dutch; they have jostled on this line, and done the very deed marked out as an act of hostility. The Emperor has no alternative but to retort the compliment, or publicly depart from his formal declaration. It must therefore be a difficult point for either party to retract with honour and safety. And yet for either party to proceed, or both to persevere, involves very awful consequences to one or both immediately, and to other Continental Powers eventually.

Happy are we as Britons to look round us and see that no obligation whatever, civil, moral or political, lies upon our Government to take any part in this impending rupture; on the contrary, it would be the greatest impolicy in us to interfere in the least. Leaving the consideration of humanity out of the question, and looking upon the approaching crisis of Continental affairs merely in a political light, a Minister of Great-Britain, as such, could not wish for better sport than to see the French Cabinet so truly and completely embarrassed, to entangle in the net of their own weaving, that it is scarcely possible for human wisdom to extricate them from their present state with honour and safety, unless our Cabinet should be so exceedingly impolitic as to meddle in the matter. This and this only would be the step that could relieve the French from their painful, anxious, and suspended state, and determine them to a decided  
line

line of action, consistent with themselves, and with all their plans of policy. Therefore we proclaim all those to be enemies to this country, and friends to the French, who would wish us to take part with the one side or the other in the present quarrel. Let us take care of our island, and keep up a respectable armed neutrality of our own, sufficient to protect and defend our trade and navigation against all invaders whatsoever; and thus secure to ourselves the sweets of peace, and the profits of a general unlimited commerce with all the contending parties.

Never did any nation act more basely and treacherously towards an ancient faithful friend and ally, than the Dutch Republic acted towards Great-Britain in the course of the late war and rebellion! and never were such baseness and treachery visited upon and paid home to any people so suddenly, so severely, and so completely, as appears now to be the case with Holland, advancing with rapid strides upon her! What would not Dutchmen now give for such a friendship and such an alliance as Great-Britain afforded her! But this the Dutch themselves have rendered totally inadmissible and impracticable. They may now look

round the world before they find such another.

It is happy for the Dutch, however, that the State of Venice is so pacifically inclined as to take no advantage of their embarrassment with a Potent Neighbour, to push a more distant war the more successfully, but to send a Minister to negotiate an accommodation with the United States. If wisdom has not quite forsaken the Batavian Councils, they will embrace the olive branch with one enemy however.

The assistance which the Republic of Holland may justly expect of the King of Prussia, will probably be of the same kind which he recently afforded the Republic of Poland, when her domains were doomed to dilapidations, to see that the dismembered parts be fairly divided among the different Powers who may be claimants. Russia is too far off to claim any part of the almost drowned land in Europe; but very probably she may take a liking to some of their possessions or usurpations in the East and West Indies. One thing we are well assured of, that whatever friendships Holland may experience among the European Powers at this time, she will buy very dear, as she will not find one honest John Bull among them all.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.  
AN ACCOUNT of MILTON-ABBEY, DORSETSHIRE.

[ Illustrated with an ELEGANT ENGRAVING. ]

THERE were more remains of this Abbey than any other in the County. That it was so entire, is owing to Sir John Tregonwell's having an early design of procuring the grant of it, which preserved both it and the Church from that ruin and havock which generally attended religious houses immediately upon their dissolution. It stood on the west part of the town, on a rising ground close by the church. Its form was a long square. The north front was a very low ancient range of building, with small narrow windows, perhaps the dormitory or cells of the Monks. You entered by a large gate into a small court, whose old buildings were all very irregular in form and height; as indeed was the whole fabrick. Under the window, opposite the porch, was a W, with a crown over it, and an M, with a crozier through it; and between them, 1529. Under a window on the west a shield, with the arms and crest of Tregonwell, impaling Kelway. After passing the court, you entered the hall by an old porch, under which was the servants hall and kitchen; and over them two or three small apartments, all modern.

At the east end of the court was the old Abbey Kitchen, pulled down 1737. The roof was vaulted with stone, and supported by a massy stone pillar; and it had two very large chimneys at each end. The western sides seem to have been the Abbot's lodgings. The south part of the upper end of the hall was rebuilt 1737, by Mr. Bancks, in order to make some new apartments; but he lived

only to finish the shell, and they were completed by Lord Milton. The north part, where was the great dining-room, under which was the old cellar, was beautified by Sir John Tregonwell; for on the ballustrade, at the top, are lions holding shields, on which were the arms of Tregonwell and Kelway. Near this was an old tower, and the Star-chamber. West of this seems to have been another court; but even the ruins of the building are all gone. West of the Oriel there was an old ruinous room, all wainscotted, called The Bull-room, perhaps from the evidences being kept there. At the south end was a door and steps which descended into the cloisters, and led to a door in the lower part of the north aisle. This was pulled down 1730.

Opposite the great north gate was a building, called The Still house, perhaps by its being placed at a distance from the Abbey; it might be the infirmary. On it was a W, with a crozier through it, a mill on a tun, several roses, and this date, 1515. This was pulled down 1763.

Under the garden-wall, by the road that leads from the town to the Abbey, is a foot-walk, walled, called Ambry Wall; perhaps it was the way to the almonry, where the poor received their alms of the Abbey. Near this is the ancient Abbey barn, which had two porches, or threshing floors, projecting beyond it. It was all tiled, and much of it rebuilt 1751.

This ancient fabrick was entirely taken down, except the hall, 1771, in order to rebuild it in a very superb manner.



## For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

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

[ Concluded from page 181. ]

AS no modern nation surpasses the Swifs in that lively sense of public honour which is the most solid safeguard of a state, it is but just to pay them the tribute of acknowledging it. They have proved for a continuation of ages, that while men possess this most essential of all political qualifications, they may bid defiance to all threats and dangers from abroad, and are liable to experience no calamities but from divisions at home.

On reviewing the character of this brave people from the commencement of that government which they have established in their country, on recollecting the many instances of heroic bravery which they have displayed in defending it, it is with great reason every man will subscribe to the opinion of Voltaire, *Il ne leur a manqué que des Historiens*. They have only wanted historians to do adequate justice to the greatness of their actions.

From this sketch of the effects produced by a national spirit in modern times, let us now step back to antiquity, and examine the disposition of that people, which of all others that ever existed is allowed to have made the most splendid figure in history.

The Romans afford indisputably the strongest proofs of the wonderful effects which a public sense of honour is able to produce. The whole chain of their history is a continued evidence, that this quality was the radical support of the state, and the fundamental cause of its salvation in the most critical trials.

Pride and audacity were the standing character of the Romans: the one made them think highly of themselves; the other led them to resolve the subjugation of all others.

Elated with that idea of superior worth, which is the firmest basis of a national spirit, they looked upon other nations as their inferiors, and destined, as it were, in the nature of things, to become their subjects.

In pursuance of this idea, there were no hardships which they were not willing to endure, no difficulties they were not ready to encounter, in order to accomplish this constant object of their toils and expectations.

This conviction of superiority operated with invincible strength. Deeming themselves unconquerable, there was no distress sufficiently mortifying to urge them to any kind of submission. Confident of a certain deliverance from all extremities, they bore them

with a steady and unmoveable patience; and only counted them as so many conditions they were to fulfil, in order to obtain that prosperity which they looked upon as infallible.

To such a people there was no middle way to steer between the supreme grandeur and absolute destruction. Accordingly we find them, in all the periods of their history, advancing forwards and gaining ground without intermission. This was the natural consequence of their determination never to recede, and to make all others give way.

This successful progress was manifestly owing to their national spirit, much more comparatively than to any other cause. When defeated by Pyrrhus, when vanquished still more decisively by Hannibal, the people never desponded; they were always ready to follow any leader in whom they could place the least confidence, or even any leader that offered. After repeated massacres of their armies, still the same courage was found in the soldiers; no deficiency or relaxation of valour was one moment observable during the whole course of both those wars. The losses that beset them were inconceivably owing to the superiority of military skill in those two formidable enemies, and to the imprudence and rashness of their own commanders.

It was especially during the second Punic war, while reduced to the most cruel pressures, that the commonest classes preserved a loftiness of sentiment which characterized them no less than their superiors. No desertions, no complaints, no weariness of so unprosperous a contest, no signs of the least desire to terminate it by submission to the foe, in short, no alteration in their behaviour nor in their inclinations could be objected to them; they returned to the charge as often as they were beaten; the misfortune of one day made no impression on the next; they bore their present calamity with a cheerful expectation of future success.

To this untameable spirit of the Romans all their prosperities were evidently due. The discipline and good order of their armies were unquestionably excellent; but both Pyrrhus and Hannibal had a superiority in this article, which has never been denied: they were as compleat generals as any that shine in history; yet they were not able to overcome the Romans. These at first could only oppose them by dint of mere resolution; and it was by degrees they learned in what manner to face them

them successfully. But before they could compass this, what a bloody price were they obliged to pay! what exertions of national valour were necessary! what a display of that unremitting sense of honour which induced them to lay down their lives for its preservation!

There is nothing which the wisdom of a state should inculcate with more attention and zeal, than a disposition of this kind in all subjects indiscriminately. It is, however, more easily effected in some nations and in some orders of men than in others. A people renowned in war will sooner be taught to set a high value on their character, than another whose employments are those of peace; and in all states, that part of the community which is principally appropriated to military duties, will imbibe the strongest ideas of their consequence, and be the most forward to sustain the dignity of their country.

Impartiality requires it should be confessed, that no modern nation is able to boast a body of men, in whom high sentiments of honour are more strikingly displayed than in the nobility of France. Whatever defects may be imputed to them, and whatever imputations they may deserve, (still they profess, and, what is more, they possess in reality, a nobleness of spirit, a concern for the national fame, that exalts them above all other considerations, and prompts them to sacrifice their inclinations, their interest, and their lives, whenever they are called upon by the exigencies of the realm to be forthcoming for its service or its glory.

Such an order of men cannot be too highly cherished, nor receive too many distinctions. They may be considered as the preservers and perpetuators of the reputation of a people.—In France the government is truly sensible of their value, and labours to encourage the great opinion they have of themselves, by maintaining them in a degree of elevation to which no other denomination is suffered to approach. It is principally from them a sense of public honour is emanated throughout the vast department of the army. Conscious of the need it stands in of a multitude of such individuals, government would not willingly see the bulk of the noblesse addicted to other than military occupations. For this reason, undoubtedly, it has never turned their attention to commerce; fearing thereby to diminish those resources which are so continually wanted.

The French noblesse employed in the service, when viewed in this light, may be likened to that corps in the Persian armies which went by the name of Immortal, and was constantly recruited to its full numbers

by a selection of the bravest men in the whole empire; they were the soul and support of that monarchy, and diffused throughout the whole military a spirit of intrepidity and emulation.

That science, therefore, in which a statesman ought principally to excel, is the insuring a warmth for the glory of the state into all over whom he has an influence. As good and evil ideas are propagated with equal facility, when persons who rule the public have elevated sentiments, it is much in their power to diffuse and to render them subservient to the noblest purposes.

Still, however, the field that is to receive those seeds must already be prepared. Unless a nation at large is possessed of a well-founded opinion in its own favour, in vain will the loftiest-minded minister endeavour to inculcate a sense of honour. This proceeds from causes independent of him. He may, by the wisdom of his measures, lay the foundation of it; but time alone will bring it to strength and maturity. He must be content to transmit the progress he has made in this salutary work to future ministers, for them to improve and carry to perfection.

Happy those nations, where, through the virtue of their ancestors, the reputation of the public has been long established on just and solid foundations; where the people have great examples to follow, and great motives to animate them; where ministers find themselves at the head of men of resolution, inspired by a conscientiousness of their high qualities; and where these qualities are acknowledged and dreaded by their enemies, and are still in the zenith of their vigour, and capable of the most brilliant exertion.

Such, it is hoped, one may, without presumption, deem the condition of Great Britain to be at this day.

We have just terminated a contest, wherein the courage, the strength, the abilities of this nation have been put to a severer trial than those of any people in ancient or modern times.

This assertion is founded on facts that need no exaggeration to prove it, when we recollect what a confederacy was formed against this island by the most potent powers in Europe, the most able by their situation to annoy it, and to feed that unhappy spirit of discord, which had drawn the sword of civil war between Great Britain and her Colonies.

In the course of this fatal contest, almost all Europe either openly or indirectly became our enemy. Jealousy of our prosperity and grandeur put arms into the hands of some, who certainly could assign no lawful reasons for their hostile conduct or intentions towards this kingdom.



In the midst of this association of kings and states united together for our destruction, we stood our ground with a resolution and firmness that struck the world with amazement. Losses and disappointments were inevitable, considering the power and multitude of our enemies: but the spirit of the nation remained undiſgraced; it animated every where our fleets and armies to the most daring exertions.

We have lost America, it is true; but the sensible part of mankind are only surpris'd that we have not lost much more. In acknowledging the independence of that country, we may in some measure be said to have relinquish'd a conquest; but that loss excepted, our dominions are still intire, and perhaps as extensive as we need desire for the real interest of this island.

But had we been more unfortunate, having conducted ourselves with an intrepidity which is equally testified by friends and foes, we might comfort ourselves with the reflection, that the successes of war are oftentimes the result of chance; and that the most triumphant nations have experienced their days of distress.

What was said by Francis the First, King of France, after he had been defeated and taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, by the arms of his rival Charles the Fifth, should always be present to those who have met with misfortunes, but are conscious at the same time of having done their duty, and acted the part of men: *Tout est perdu hormis l'honneur*, 'All is lost saving our honour;' were the words of that valiant prince.

The case of Great Britain is happily not like that of the French monarch. On the contrary, notwithstanding the power and intrepidity of our enemies, their losses are equal to our own, and their resources not greater; if indeed, when we advert to the fund of intrinsic wealth in the possession of this country, to the excellence of its government, and to the genius of the natives, we may not pronounce our situation altogether preferable.

These circumstances are well known to our enemies, and form an object that excites their serious consideration. Motives of this kind, added to the invincible bravery of our people, have, notwithstanding the disasters of the late war, made strong impressions on the minds of our numerous adversaries; and still continue to hold us out as competitors far from subdued; and who may in a short time, through the activity of our disposition, and the judicious management of our affairs, excite their apprehensions, and fill them with alarm and terror as much as ever.

While this national spirit subsists, we never need despair of standing our ground, and

making an illustrious figure. The solidity and abundance of those means of prosperity we possess, cannot fail to enliven the prospect, and animate the efforts of those in whose hands the power of improving them is placed.

Nothing can depress us, nothing can retard the progress of the public welfare, but those impediments that arise from internal discord. The embarrassments it has already brought upon us, ought to prove a sufficient warning; they are but a preface to much greater, unless we put a stop to them before they have risen to a height that will admit of no remedy.

A detail of the calamities we may otherwise justly expect, is of no necessity: they are obvious to every man of reading and reflection, who casts his eye on the present state of the political world, and examines the views of the different powers, their avowed plans, and oblique operations. Who is there that doubts a further humiliation of this country is the principal object of their tendency?

In so critical a situation, surrounded by ill-wishers who scruple not to declare their inimical designs; infested by those agents in the dark province of foreign intrigue that are planted in the midst of us; is this a season to give a loose to that unhappy propensity to intestine contentions, which has brought us to the brink of perdition, and exposed us to the reproach and derision of Europe?

But without going into a subject of which the discussion has been so frequent and so fruitless, let us, by way of conclusion, be allowed to express the same astonishment, which the few friends we have left cannot refrain from, and which our enemies cannot conceal, when they reflect, that in the midst of these domestic confusions and perplexities, we still were able to maintain an insuperable opposition against the general combination, so steadfastly conducted, and so powerfully supported.

The French in particular, no ways inclinable to favour us either with friendship or admiration, have however, on this occasion, candidly acknowledged their surprize, that a people so highly at variance among themselves on the most essential points that concern them, should, notwithstanding so cumbersome a shackle, have strength, activity, and courage sufficient to confront such an host of foes.

Well indeed might the world wonder to see Great Britain rising superior to so many disadvantages, and forming, as it were, a phalanx, that stood impenetrable to the last. 'Twas like a man's fighting his antagonist with his hands manacled, if such a comparison may be allowed.

But the truth is, that throughout the dangerous war which we have at length not ingloriously terminated, the intrepid spirit and high sense of honour for which this nation is peculiarly renowned, accompanied us, and was conspicuously discernible in every difficulty, and rose in proportion to the greatness of emergencies.

What Montefquieu said of Rome is fully applicable to Great Britain: *Rome saved Rome*, 'Rome saved Rome;' meaning, that the native resolution of that people, and their enthusiastic zeal for the glory of their country, effected its preservation in the most arduous extremities.

In the same manner, Great Britain owes its salvation entirely to the gallant behaviour of those brave men who have so nobly fought her battles, and encountered with such amazing fortitude so trying a multiplicity of ob-

stacles. Their continual increase as continually met with an equal addition of abilities to face them, in the unabating courage and indefatigable exertions of our people: in a word, the spirit of the nation alone has saved it.

If, notwithstanding those jarrings and disagreements that were of late inseparably annexed to our public proceedings, we found means to make head against the formidable powers assailing us on every quarter, what might not be expected, could the different parties that have so long distracted the councils, and prevented or retarded the efficacy of the national operations, be prevailed on, upon some auspicious day, to bury their animosities in oblivion, and, in the words of the great Lord Chatham, unanimously to surround the throne with all the abilities in the nation!

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Some ACCOUNT of the APARTMENTS, EDUCATION, &c. of the WOMEN in the GRAND SIGNOR'S SERAGLIO.

[ From HÆBER'S "Present State of the Ottoman Empire," lately published. ]

ALL the women that are in the Seraglio are for the service of the Grand Signor. No person whatsoever is permitted to introduce themselves into the first gate that encompasses the *Harem*, that is to say, the apartment in which the women are shut up. It is situated in a very remote part of the inclosure of the Seraglio, and it looks upon the sea of Marmora. No person can possibly see these women, except the Sultan and the eunuchs. When any one of them goes out of the Seraglio, to make an excursion into the country with the Grand Signor, the journey is performed either in a boat, or in a carriage closely shut up; and a kind of covered way is made with linen curtains from the door of their apartment to the place of embarking, or getting into the carriage. All these women have the same origin as the pages, and the same means which they employ to procure the boy slaves are likewise put in practice to supply the Harem with women\*: the handsomest, and those who give hopes of being such, are brought to the Seraglio, and they must all be virgins. They are divided like the pages into two chambers, and their manual employment consists in learning to sew and to embroider. But with respect to the cultivation of the mind, they are only taught music, dancing, and gestures, and other things which modesty forbids me to mention; it is by these allurements that they endeavour to merit the inclination

of the Grand Signor. The number of women in the Harem depends on the taste of the reigning monarch. Sultan Selim had nearly 2000; Sultan Machmut had but 300; and the present Sultan has pretty near 1600. The two chambers have windows, but they only look upon the gardens of the Seraglio, where nobody can pass. Amongst so great a number, there is not one servant: for they are obliged to wait upon one another by order of rotation: the last that is entered serves her who entered before her, and herself: so that the first who entered is served without serving; and the last serves without being served. They all sleep in separate beds, and between every fifth there is a preceptress, who minutely inspects their conduct. Their chief governess is called *Katon Kiaja*, that is to say, the governess of the noble young ladies. When there is a Sultane's Mother, she forms her court from their chamber, having the liberty to take as many young ladies as she pleases, and such as she likes best.

The Grand Signor very often permits the women to walk in the gardens of the Seraglio. Upon such occasions they order all people to retire, and on every side there is a guard of black eunuchs, with sabres in their hands, while others go their rounds in order to hinder any person from seeing them. If unfortunately any one is found in the garden, even through ignorance or inadvertence, he is undoubtedly killed, and his head brought to

\* All the pages of the Seraglio are the sons of Christians made slaves in time of war; or, in time of peace, kidnapped in the incurfions of Caffia, and other Christian countries.



the feet of the Grand Signor, who gives a great reward to the guard for their vigilance. Sometimes the Grand Signor passes into the gardens to amuse himself, when the women are there; and it is then that they make use of their utmost efforts, by dancing, singing, seducing gestures, and amorous blandishments, to enslave the affections of the monarch.

It is commonly believed that the Grand Signor may take to his bed all the women of his Seraglio he has an inclination for, and when he pleases. But this is a vulgar error; it was the custom in former times; but the excessive expence in presents and bounties to the women who were so favoured by the Grand Signors, determined them to institute regulations that have been observed by all the succeeding monarchs, by which the number, time, and etiquette of cohabiting with them is determined. It is very true, that at present, if the monarch pleases, he can break through all these rules; but he carefully avoids it, especially as it may likewise cost the lives of the girls who give particular pleasure to the prince. In the time of Sultan Achmet they caused more than 150 women to be poisoned, who by their allurements had enticed the Grand Signor, at an improper season, to be connected with them. It is not permitted that the monarch should take a virgin to his bed except during the solemn festivals, and on occasion of some extraordinary rejoicings, or the arrival of some good news. Upon such occasions, if the Sultan chooses a new companion to his bed, he enters into the apartment of the women, who are ranged in files by the governesses, to whom he speaks, and intimates the person he likes best: the ceremony of the handkerchief, which the Grand Signor is said to throw to the girl that he elects, is an idle tale, without any foundation. As soon as the Grand Signor has chosen the girl that he has destined to be partner of his bed, all the others follow her to the bath, washing and perfuming her, and dressing her superbly, conduct her singing, dancing, and rejoicing to the bed-chamber of the Grand Signor, who is generally on such an occasion already in

bed. Scarcely has the new-elected favourite entered the chamber, introduced by the Grand Eunuch who is upon guard, than she kneels down, and, when the Sultan calls her, she creeps into bed to him at the foot of the bed, if the Sultan does not order her by especial grace to approach by the side. After a certain time, upon a signal given by the Sultan, the governesses of the girls, with all her suite, enter the apartment, and take her back again, conducting her with the same ceremony to the women's apartments; and if by good fortune she becomes pregnant, and is delivered of a boy, she is called *Afaki Sultanes*, that is to say, Sultanes Mother: for the first son, she has the honour to be crowned, and she has the liberty of forming her court, as before mentioned. Eunuchs are also assigned for her guard, and for her particular service. No other ladies, though delivered of boys, are either crowned, or maintained with such costly distinction as the first: however, they have their service apart, and handsome appointments. After the death of the Sultan, the mothers of the male children are shut up in the Old Seraglio, from whence they can never come out any more, unless any of their sons ascend the throne.

The Old Seraglio was the palace of Constantine the Great; it is situated nearly in the centre of Constantinople; they there confine these Sultanas, and also the sick women of the New Seraglio. Those who are brought to bed of girls, after the death of the Sultan, may marry, and never fail an opportunity of allying themselves to some of the principal personages of the empire, who espouse them very willingly, not only for their riches, but also for the connections and patronages which such women always have in the Seraglio.

All the women who have bedded with the deceased monarch, but have not been fruitful, are shut up for life in the Old Seraglio; all the other girls that he has not touched, remain in their apartments for the new monarch.

#### For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The SELFISH PEASANT; or, MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE in the COUNTRY:  
A MORAL TALE.

“ Oh! happy State, when Souls each other draw,  
“ When *Love is Liberty*, and *Nature Law!*”

POPE.

IT would be well for the peace of society, and for the domestic felicity of individuals in general, if the controul of parents over the inclinations of their children, in the grand article of marriage, were not carried to such a height of despotic rigour.—Love, the pure love, at least, which Hymen justifies, spurns

at every restraint which flows not spontaneously from the emotions of a virtuous sensibility; and though old people may, on such occasions, gravely reason from the impulses of *avarice*, *ambition*, or *convenience*, yet young people will still feel, and think themselves entitled to give a loose to their feelings.—  
Where

Where the *heart* is concerned, one soft whisper of *nature* shall overturn in a moment all that *self-interest* can preach up for months, in the language of *prudence*, of which, for the most part, it is only the specious image.

But, alas! the obstacles to matrimonial felicity are no longer confined to the cruel interposition of parents. The parties themselves have become accessory to their own undoing; nor need we wonder that there should be so few happy matches, when we consider that, in these days, the laws of love are sacrilegiously, though avowedly, trampled upon by both sexes, at an age too when sensibility might be presumed to triumph with the most resistless sway in the human bosom.

In fine, dissipation—that accursed dissipation which accompanies the luxury inseparable from great cities, seems at length to have extinguished every spark of sentiment among our young people. Thus, in the preliminary arrangement of nuptial concerns, it matters not whether Master or Miss be born to move in the splendid circle of St. James's, or in the filthy purlieus of Wapping; for still the object of both is, not, whether, delighted with each other, they shall be *happy at home*; but whether, exempted from parental restraints, they shall be more at ease in the pursuit of *separate pleasures abroad*?

CELADON and I are old friends. We are both of a philosophic turn, but with this difference, that he pretends, and perhaps with truth, to *know more of the world than I*.—In moralizing with him, as above, one day, in one of our *unfashionable tête-à-têtes*, I could not help expressing a wish, that it had not been my lot to be shocked with a view of the depravity of manners which seems so universally to pervade the metropolis; and at the same time I scrupled not to give it as my firm opinion, that *real love* is known nowhere but in the country.

“Nor in the country either,” interrupted Celadon, smiling at what he was pleased to term my *simplicity*.—“*Real love*, my friend,” added he, “is a *real phantom* every where; and, as a proof of my assertion, I will relate to you an anecdote in rustic low-life—that life you seem to think so happy—of which I witnessed myself some of the particulars, last summer, in the course of a tour I had occasion to make through the North.

“Happening,” continued he, “to halt for a day or two at a village, in which, from a *superficial* view of it, one might have concluded that Innocence and Content had fixed their abode (if an abode they could be supposed to have upon earth) I found the whole conversation of the place engrossed with different opinions (all of them, however, strong-

ly seasoned with scandal) concerning the conduct of a young fellow who had lately deserted a beautiful girl, the pride of the parish, whom he had courted assiduously for above a twelvemonth, and from whom he had received every endearing acknowledgement of a mutual flame which virgin modesty would permit.

“The father of MARIA (for that, I think, was the name of the young woman) had at length given his sanction to their union; and, in order to *forward them in the world*, it was settled, that the portion of the bride should be *twenty pounds*, with a small assortment of necessaries, as furniture for the cottage they were to occupy. The banns were accordingly published; the ring and the wedding garments were purchased; and the following Sunday was fixed for their appearance in bridal array at the altar.

“The artless Maria seemed now to have reached the very summit of her wishes:—But how in the mean time was her *enamorado* employed? Not in figuring to himself scenes of *happiness* in the arms of a deserting girl, *who was herself a treasure*, but in forming schemes to obtain a paltry addition to her little *fortune*, which, in fact, he required not, and which was destined to be, eventually, a source of misery to a whole family for life.

“The father, he had observed, was possessed of three cows; and the dæmon of mischief whispering into the ear of the rapacious clown, that he had a good right to at least one of them, he resolved to claim it as the *sine quâ non* of the *bargain*.—He accordingly went to the old man, and, unacquainted with the refined language which a courtier would have used on a similar occasion, bluntly declared, *No cow, no wife for him!*

“Nay, stare not!” continued Celadon (for, in truth, I did stare and smile also). “A cow, my friend,” added he, “is to an humble peasant, what we may suppose ten thousand guineas to be to a proud lord.—The father, therefore, demurred; and the *lover*, determined not to recede from his demand, withdrew in anger.

“Recollecting, however, the next morning, that Maria had a *sister*, of whom the father would be glad to get rid at any rate, he repeated his visit to him, and (*though not without an express agreement that he should have the cow*) offered to take her for his wife, leaving the other, as he himself significantly expressed it, *to make her market as she might elsewhere*.

“In this proposal there was too much of *worldly convenience* for the old man, to suppose him capable of resisting it.—Hardly, indeed, could he conceal his joy upon the occasion; and the young booby, regardless of the tears of his

*quondam*



*quondam* sweetheart, espoused in her stead a creature who was more than ten years older, and whose temper was as perverse as her person was deformed."

At this recital I could not help exclaiming, with uplifted hands, *O tempora! O mores!*

"Psha!" exclaimed Celadon, in his turn, "your adage, trite in itself, is perfectly ridiculous in the application of it. You have no occasion to vilify the present times and manners.—Human nature is the same in all ages; and vice and folly, as they appear in town and in the country, differ but in the degree. In *both*, we find the sordid gratification of *self*, the predominant passion; and if in the *latter* there be less *dissipation*, it is because there is *less opportunity to dissipate*."

"But after all," (for, anxious to hear the conclusion of the story, I was in no humour to *argue* the point with him) "after all," cried I, "what became of poor Maria? Did the hapless girl survive this heavy stroke?"

"*Survive it!*"—Why, she got another husband directly."

"Another husband!—directly too!—and after having already experienced such usage from man!"

Such, I confess, were my ejaculations, and silly enough will they probably be thought by some people.

"Even so," resumed Celadon. "Injured innocence can boast of as few friends in the bosom of a village as in the bosom of a court.—Maria, instead of becoming an object of either pity or respect, now found herself pointed at with the finger of ridicule and scorn; and as being the acknowledged *beauty* of the place, there was not a woman within ten miles, who, whether young or old, did not exultingly cry out, "Yes, yes, I thought what it would come to! I always said she would be left in the lurch at last. This comes of your *fine faces!* For my part, I could never

see more about the hussy, than about other people! *and after all, to run away with a Recruiting Sergeant!*"

"Here," continued he, "they spoke a melancholy truth.—Deprived of the man who had seduced her into a belief that she was to be his wife, and unable to bear the envenomed taunts she daily experienced from a malignant neighbourhood, to which she was a credit, she eloped the week after the nuptials of her sister with a military adventurer of the above description, nor has she since been heard of.—It was a measure of necessity, not of choice. Where then is her peace of mind, and where that felicity which fancy had fondly pictured to her while yet she was a maid? Those jewels the wealth of Asia could never recover for her. Forced from her situation to associate with the profligate and abandoned, avails it that she has left behind her a wretched father, who, productive of his own misery, in vainly attempting to establish the happiness of one child at the expence of that of another, is already, in addition to his sorrows, doomed to the mortification of having that child returned upon his hands, plundered of her all by a husband, who, in the truest sense of the words, had *married her for what he could get?*—No: circumstances like these can afford no comfort to Maria; though they may in time teach her to detest her mercenary deluder as much as it is possible she could have ever loved him.—To a heart already wrung with calamity, the tears of others add but to our own tears; and, ah! would that those of Maria could but soften the heart of every father, and of every lover, whether in high life or in low life, who may be inclined, like the father and the lover of this hapless villager, to sacrifice a *permanent felicity* to the *visionary idea* of a *momentary accommodation!*

PHILEMON.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

CURIOUS MEDICAL OBSERVATIONS and INQUIRY

ON THE

UNCERTAINTY of the SIGNS of MURDER, in the Case of BASTARD CHILDREN.

By the late WILLIAM HUNTER, M. D. F. R. S. Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, and Member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris.

Read July 14, 1784, to the MEMBERS of the MEDICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

IN those unhappy cases of the death of bastard children, as in every action indeed that is either criminal or suspicious, reason and justice demand an enquiry into all the circumstances; and particularly to find out from what views and motives the act proceeded. For, as nothing can be so criminal but that circumstances might be added by the imagination to make it worse; so nothing can

be conceived so wicked and offensive to the feelings of a good mind, as not to be somewhat softened or extenuated by circumstances and motives. In making up a just estimate of any human action, much will depend on the state of the agent's mind at the time; and therefore the laws of all countries make ample allowance for insanity. The insane are not held to be responsible for their actions.

The

The world will give me credit, surely, for having had sufficient opportunities of knowing a good deal of female characters. I have seen the private as well as the public virtues, the private as well as the more public frailties of women in all ranks of life. I have been in their secrets, their counsellor and adviser in the moments of their greatest distress in body and mind. I have been a witness to their private conduct, when they were preparing themselves to meet danger, and have heard their last and most serious reflections, when they were certain they had but a few hours to live.

That knowledge of women has enabled me to say, though no doubt there will be many exceptions to the general rule, that women who are pregnant without daring to avow their situation, are commonly objects of the greatest compassion; and generally are less criminal than the world imagine. In most of these cases the father of the child is really criminal, often cruelly so; the mother is weak, credulous, and deluded. Having obtained gratification, he thinks no more of his promises; she finds herself abused, disappointed of his affection, attention, and support, and left to struggle as she can, with sickness, pains, poverty, infamy; in short, with compleat ruin for life!

A worthless woman can never be reduced to that wretched situation, because she is insensible to infamy; but a woman who has that respectable virtue, a high sense of shame, and a strong desire of being respectable in her character, finding herself surrounded with such horrors, often has not strength of mind to meet them, and in despair puts an end to a life which is become insupportable. In that case, can any man, whose heart ever felt what pity is, be *angry* with the memory of such an unfortunate woman for what she did? She felt life to be so dreadful and oppressive, that she *could not* longer support it. With that view of her situation, every humane heart will forget the indiscretion or crime, and bleed for the sufferings which a woman must have gone through; who, but for having listened to the perfidious protestations and vows of our sex, might have been an affectionate and faithful wife, a virtuous and honoured mother, through a long and happy life; and probably that very reflection raised the last pang of despair, which hurried her into eternity. To think seriously of what a fellow-creature must feel, at such an awful moment, must melt to pity every man whose heart is not steeled with habits of cruelty; and every woman, who does not affect to be more severely virtuous and chaste than perhaps any good woman ever was.

It may be said that such a woman's guilt is

heightened, when we consider that at the same time that she puts an end to her own life, she murders her child. God forbid that killing should always be murder! It is only murder when it is executed with some degree of cool judgment, and wicked intention.—When committed under a phrenzy from despair, can it be more offensive in the sight of God, than under a phrenzy from a fever, or in lunacy? It should therefore, as it must raise our horror, raise our pity too.

What is commonly understood to be the murder of a bastard child by the mother, if the real circumstances were fully known, would be allowed to be a very different crime in different circumstances.

In some (it is to be hoped rare) instances, it is a crime of the very deepest dye: it is a premeditated contrivance for taking away the life of the most inoffensive and most helpless of all human creatures, in opposition not only to the most universal dictates of humanity, but of that powerful instinctive passion, which, for a wise and important purpose, the Author of our nature has planted in the breast of every female creature, a wonderful eagerness about the preservation of its young. The most charitable construction that could be put upon so savage an action, and it is to be hoped the fairest often, would be to reckon it the work of phrenzy, or temporary insanity.

But, as well as I can judge, the greatest number of what are called murders of bastard children are of a very different kind. The mother has an unconquerable sense of shame, and parts after the preservation of character: so far she is virtuous and amiable. She has not the resolution to meet and avow infamy. In proportion as she loses the hope either of having been mistaken with regard to pregnancy, or of being relieved from her terrors by a fortunate miscarriage, the every day sees her danger greater and nearer, and her mind is more overwhelmed with terror and despair. In this situation many of these women, who are afterwards accused of murder, would destroy themselves, if they did not know that such an action would infallibly lead to an inquiry, which would proclaim what they are so anxious to conceal. In this perplexity, and meaning nothing less than the murder of the infant, they are meditating different schemes for concealing the birth of the child; but are wavering between difficulties on all sides, putting the evil hour off, and trusting too much to chance and fortune. In that state often they are overtaken sooner than they expected; their schemes are frustrated; their distress of body and mind deprives them of all judgment, and rational conduct; they are delivered by themselves, wherever they happened to retire in their fright and confusion;



sion; sometimes dying in the agonies of child-birth, and sometimes being quite exhausted, they faint away, and become insensible of what is passing; and when they recover a little strength, find that the child, whether still-born or not, is completely lifeless. In such a case, is it to be expected, when it could answer no purpose, that a woman should divulge the secret? Will not the best dispositions of mind urge her to preserve her character? She will therefore hide every appearance of what has happened as well as she can; though if the discovery be made, that conduct will be set down as a proof of her guilt.

To be convinced, as I am, that such a case often happens, the reader would with perhaps to have some examples and illustrations. I have generally observed, that in proportion as women more sincerely repent of such ruinous indiscretions, it is more difficult to prevail upon them to confess; and it is natural. Among other instances which might be mentioned, I opened the bodies of two unmarried women, both of them of irreproachable and unsuspected characters with all who knew them. Being consulted about their healths, both of them deceived me. One of them I suspected, and took pains to prevail with her to let me into the secret, if it was so; promising that I would do her the best offices in my power to help her out of the difficulties that might be hanging over her: but it was to no purpose. They both died of racking pains in their bowels, and of convulsions. Upon laying out the dead bodies, in one of the cases a dead child, not come to its full time, was found lying between the unhappy mother's limbs; and, in the other, a very large dead child was discovered, only half born. Such instances will sufficiently shew what a patient and fixed resolution the fear of shame will produce.—A young unmarried woman, having concealed her pregnancy, was delivered during the night by herself. She was suspected; the room was searched, and the child was found in her box, wrapped up in wet clothes. She confessed that the child was her's, but denied the having murdered it, or having had an intention to do so. I opened the child with Mr. Pinkstan, of St. Alban's-freet, and the lungs would not sink in water. Her account of herself was this: She was a faithful and favourite servant in a family, which she could not leave without a certainty of her situation being discovered; and such a discovery she imagined would be certain ruin to her for life. Under this anguish of mind she was irresolute, and wavering from day to day as to her plan of conduct. She made some cloaths for the preservation of her child (a circumstance which was in her favour), and she hired a bed-room

in an adjacent street, to be ready to receive a woman in labour at a moment's notice.—Her scheme was, when taken in labour, to have run out to that house, to be delivered by a midwife, who was to have been brought to her. She was to have gone home presently after, and to have made the best excuse she could for being out. She had heard of soldiers' wives being delivered behind a hedge, and following the husband with the child in a short time after; and she hoped to be able to do as much herself. She was taken ill of a colic, as she thought, in the night; put on some cloaths, both to keep her warm, and that she might be ready to run out, if her labour should come on. After waiting some time, she suddenly fell into such racking pain and terror, that she found she had neither strength nor courage to go down stairs, and through the street, in that condition, and in the night. In despair she threw herself upon the bed, and by the terror and anguish which she suffered, she lost her senses, and fainted. When she came to a little recollection, she found herself in a deluge of discharges, and a dead child lying by her limbs. She first of all attended to the child, and found that it was certainly dead. She lay upon the bed some time, considering what she should do; and by the time that there was a little daylight, she got up, put all the wet cloaths and the child into her box, put the room and bed into order, and went into it. The woman of whom she hired the room, and who had received a small sum of money as earnest, tho' she did not know who she was, swore to her person, and confirmed that part of her story. Mr. Pinkstan and I declared that we thought her tale very credible, and reconciled it to the circumstance of the swimming of the lungs, to the satisfaction of the jury, as we shall hereafter do to the reader. She was acquitted; and I had the satisfaction of believing her to be innocent of murder.

In most of those cases we are apt to take up an early prejudice; and when we evidently see an intention of concealing the birth, conclude that there was an intention of destroying the child: and we account for every circumstance upon that supposition, saying, Why else did she do so and so? and why else did she not do so and so? Such questions would be fair, and draw forth solid conclusions, were the woman supposed at the time to be under the direction of a calm and unembarrassed mind; but the moment we reflect, that her mind was violently agitated with a conflict of passions and terror, an irrational conduct may appear very natural.

Allow me to illustrate this truth by a case. A lady, who, thank God! has now been perfectly recovered many years, in the last months

of her pregnancy, on a fine summer's evening, slept out, attended by her footman, to take a little air on a fine new pavement at her own door, in one of our most even, broad, and quiet streets. Having walked gently to the end of the street, where there was a very smooth crossing-place, she thought she would go over, for a little variety, and return towards her house by walking along the other side of the street. Being heavy, and not unmindful of her situation, she was stepping very slowly and cautiously, for fear of meeting with any accident. When she had advanced a few steps in crossing the street, a man came up on a smart trot, riding on a cart, which made a great rattling noise. He was at a sufficient distance to let her get quite over, or to return back with great deliberation; and she would have been perfectly safe, if she had stood still. But she was struck with a panic, lost her judgment and senses, and in the horror of confusion between going on or returning back, both of which she attempted, she crossed the horse at the precise point of time to be caught and entangled in the wheel, was thrown down, so torn and mashed in her flesh and bones, that she was taken up perfectly senseless, and carried home without the least prospect of recovery. This lady was in the prime of life, living in affluence, beloved by her family, and respected by all the world. No imagination could suggest an idea of her intending to destroy herself; but if her situation in life at that time could have favoured such a supposition, we see in fact that the most unquestionable proof that she could have saved herself, either by going on, or by turning back, or by standing still, would have signified nothing towards proving that she had intended to put an end to her own life, and to that of her child. One shudders to think that innocent women may have suffered an ignominious death, from such equivocal proofs and inconclusive reasoning.

Most of these reflections would naturally occur to any unprejudiced person; and therefore upon a trial in this country, where we are so happy as to be under the protection of judges, who by their education, studies, and habits, are above the reach of vulgar prejudices, and make it a rule for their conduct to suppose the accused party innocent, till guilt be proved;—with such judges, I say, there will be little danger of an innocent woman being condemned by false reasoning. But danger, in the cases of which we are now treating, may arise from the evidence and opinions given by physical people, who are called in to settle questions in science, which judges and jurymen are supposed not to know with accuracy. In general, I am afraid too much has been left to our decision. Many

of our profession are not so conversant with science as the world may think; and some of us are a little disposed to grasp at authority in a public examination, by giving a quick and decided opinion, where it should have been guarded with doubt; a character which no man should be ambitious to acquire, who in his profession is presumed every day to be deciding nice questions, upon which the life of a patient may depend.

To form a solid judgment about the birth of a new-born child, from the examination of its body, a professional man should have seen many new-born children, both still-born and such as had out-lived their birth a short time only: and he should have dissected, or attended the dissections of a number of bodies in the different stages of advancing putrefaction. I have often seen various common and natural appearances, both internal and external, mistaken for marks of a violent death. I remember a child which was found in a compressed state and globular form, and, like hardened dough, had retained all the concave impressions which had been made where any part of the skin and flesh had been pressed inwards. The jury had got an opinion that this moulding of the flesh could not have happened, except the infant had been put into that compressed state while it was alive. My anatomical employments enabled me to remove all their doubts about the fact. I offered to make the experiment before them, if they pleased; the child should be laid in warm water, till its flesh should become soft and pliable, as in a body just dead; then it should be compressed, and remain so till cold, and then they would see the same effect produced. They were satisfied, without making the trial.

In many cases, to judge of the death of a child, it may be material to attend accurately to the force of cohesion between the skin and the scarf-skin; and still more, to be well acquainted with the various appearance of the blood settling upon the external parts of the body, and transuding through all the internal parts in proportion to the time that it has been dead, and to the degree of heat in which it has been kept.

When a child's head or face looks swollen, and is very red, or black, the vulgar, because hanged people look so, are apt to conclude that it must have been strangled. But those who are in the practice of midwifery know, that nothing is more common in natural births, and that the swelling and deep colour go gradually off, if the child lives but a few days. This appearance is particularly observable in those cases where the navel-string happens to gird the child's neck, and where its head happens to be born some time before its body.



There are many other circumstances to be learned by an extensive experience in anatomy and midwifery, which, for fear of making this paper prolix, and thence less useful, I shall pass over, and come to the material question, viz. In suspicious cases, how far may we conclude that the child was born alive, and probably murdered by its mother, if the lungs swim in water?

First, we may be assured that they contain air. Then we are to find out if that air be generated by putrefaction.

Secondly, To determine this question, we are to examine the other internal parts, to see if they be emphysematous or contain air; and we must examine the appearance of the air-bubbles in the lungs with particular attention. If the air which is in them be that of respiration, the air-bubbles will hardly be visible to the naked eye; but if the air-bubbles be large, or if they run in lines along the fissures between the component *lobuli* of the lungs, the air is certainly emphysematous, and not air which had been taken in by breathing.

Thirdly, If the air in the lungs be found to be contained in the natural air-vesicles, and to have the appearance of air received into them by breathing, let us next find out if that air was not perhaps blown into the lungs after the death of the infant. It is so generally known that a child, born apparently dead, may be brought to life by inflating its lungs, that the mother herself, or some other person, might have tried the experiment.—It might even have been done with a most diabolical intention of bringing about the condemnation of the mother.

But the most dangerous and the most common error into which we are apt to fall, is this, viz. Supposing the experiment to have been fairly made, and that we have guarded against every deception above-mentioned, we may rashly conclude that the child was born alive, and therefore must probably have been murdered; especially in a case where the mother had taken pains, by secreting the child, to conceal the birth. As this last circumstance has generally great weight with a jury, I will only observe, that in fair equity, it cannot amount to more than a ground of suspicion, and therefore should not determine a question, otherwise doubtful, between an acquittal or an ignominious death.

Here let us suppose a case which every body will allow to be very possible. An unmarried woman, becoming pregnant, is striving to conceal her shame, and laying the best scheme that she can devise, for saving her own life and that of the child, and at the same time concealing the secret—but her plan is at once disconcerted, by her being unexpectedly

and suddenly taken ill by herself, and delivered of a dead child. If the law punishes such a woman with death for not publishing her shame, does it not require more from human nature than weak human nature can bear? In a case so circumstanced, surely the only crime is the having been pregnant, which the law does not mean to punish with death; and the attempt to conceal it by fair means should not be punishable by death, as that attempt seems to arise from a principle of virtuous shame.

Having shown that the secreting of the child amounts at most to suspicion only, let us return to the most important question of all, viz. If, in the case of a concealed birth, it be clearly made out that the child had breathed, may we infer that it was murdered? Certainly not. It is certainly a circumstance, like the last, which amounts only to suspicion. To prove this important truth to the satisfaction of the reader, it may be thought fit to assert the following facts, which I know from experience to be true, and which will be confirmed by every person who has been much employed in midwifery.

1. If a child makes but one gasp, and instantly dies, the lungs will swim in water as readily as if it breathed longer, and had then been strangled.

2. A child will very commonly breathe as soon as its mouth is born, or protruded from the mother, and in that case may lose its life before its body be born; especially when there happens to be a considerable interval of time between what we may call the birth of the child's head, and the protrusion of its body. And if this may happen where the best assistance is at hand, it is still more likely to happen when there is none; that is, where the woman is delivered by herself.

3. We frequently see children born, who from circumstances in their constitution, or in the nature of the labour, are but barely alive; and after breathing a minute or two, or an hour or two, die in spite of all our attention. And why may not that misfortune happen to a woman who is brought to bed by herself?

4. Sometimes a child is born so weak, that if it be left to itself, after breathing or sobbing, it might probably die, yet may be roused to life by blowing into its lungs, applying warmth and volatiles, rubbing it, &c. &c. But in the cases which we have been considering, such means of saving life are not to be expected.

5. When a woman is delivered by herself, a strong child may be born perfectly alive, and die in a very few minutes for want of breath; either by being upon its face in a pool made by the natural discharges, or upon wet cloaths; or by the wet things over it coalescing and excluding air, or drawn close to its mouth

and nose by the suction of breathing. An unhappy woman delivered by herself, distracted in her mind, and exhausted in her body, will not have strength or recollection enough to fly instantly to the relief of the child. To illustrate this important truth, I shall give a short case.

A lady, at a pretty distant quarter of the town, was taken with labour-pains in the night-time. Her nurse, who slept in the house, and her servants, were called up, and I was sent for. Her labour proved hasty, and the child was born before my arrival.—The child cried instantly, and she felt it moving strongly. Expecting every moment to see me come into her bed-chamber, and being

afraid that the child might be someway injured, if an unskilful person should take upon her the office of a midwife upon the occasion, she would not permit the nurse to touch the child, but kept herself in a very fatiguing posture, that the child might not be pressed upon or smothered. I found it lying on its face, in a pool which was made by the discharges; and so completely dead, that all my endeavours to rouse it to life proved vain.

These facts deserve a serious consideration from the public: and as I am under a conviction of mind, that, when generally known, they may be the means of saving some unhappy and innocent women, I regard the publication of them as an indispensable duty.

### An INSTANCE of the GOOD EFFECTS of OPIUM

#### IN A DANGEROUS CASE of RETENTION of URINE.

By J. PEARSON, Surgeon to the Locke Hospital, and to the Public Dispensary, Carey-street.

[Read to the MEDICAL SOCIETY, May 5, 1782.]

AS the mode of treatment, which happily succeeded in the following case, is not usually practised, nor generally made known, the publication of this paper, it is hoped, may prove beneficial. It is by no means offered with a view of superseding the methods recommended by able practitioners; but to evince the utility of a liberal use of opium in a very dangerous disease, when the mode of its exhibition is directed to a certain aid.

In the month of September, 1782, W. S. placed himself under my care, on account of a recent gonorrhœa. Some years before this, he had contracted a similar disease, and in consequence of that, had not evacuated his urine with the usual freedom. The obstruction was not so considerable as to demand his attention, except after taking cold, or upon the immoderate use of spirituous liquors. A retention of urine was the consequence of such irregularities; but the attacks of this complaint had not hitherto been violent, for a cooling purgative, rest, and proper regimen, generally removed the symptoms in a day or two.

When I first saw him, although the gonorrhœal inflammation was by no means severe, yet he had not voided above a few spoonfuls of urine for three days. Every attempt to make water was attended with considerable straining and pain; his bladder was much distended, his skin moderately hot, with a full and frequent pulse.

He was bled freely, took purgatives made with calomel, salt of tartar, jalap, and opium. Several plentiful stools were produced, but no evacuation of urine, except at the time of going to stool, when about a spoonful was voided with great pain. He was placed in the warm bath as frequently, and remained in it as long, each time, as he could sustain without absolutely fainting. Gently stimu-

lating clysters were thrown up the rectum, without any good effect. To introduce the catheter was impracticable, for the inflammatory affection of the urethra, concurring with the strictures, had so contracted the urinary canal, that it would barely admit a bougie of the smallest size to pass into the bladder. The urethra was now become so extremely irritable, that the gentlest introduction of a bougie gave exquisite pain; and the only effects produced by it were, ineffectual efforts of the bladder to evacuate its contents, and a temporary convulsion. About a spoonful of urine came away, very turbid, of an offensive smell, and mixed with blood. The penis became red, tumefied, and affected with an œdematous phymosis. This was his melancholy situation on the third morning from my first seeing him. He was become too weak to suffer much more evacuation.—The liberal use of opium was therefore resolved upon, and I proposed giving it to such an extent, as very considerably to suspend the tonic action of the moving fibres, hoping thereby to deprive the sphincter vesicæ of its contractile powers. He took a grain of thebaic extract every hour, and when four grains were taken, the desired effect happily took place. He fell asleep, and during that time the urine flowed from him involuntarily, in such quantities, as to run through the bed upon the chamber floor. After sleeping six hours, he awoke, very much relieved; and from that period the inflammatory symptoms gradually disappeared. He took one grain of opium twice a day, was kept open by cooling laxatives, and with the assistance of a proper regimen, in the course of eight days he was as well as before the attack.

The gonorrhœa and strictures were cured in a moderate time afterwards, without any unfavourable circumstance supervening.



## For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

## On TRUE and FALSE TASTE in PAINTING.

GENTLEMEN,

IN order to limit the jurisdictions of taste and reason with respect to PAINTING, we must consider as well the things represented as the mode of representation.

PAINTING is an imitative art, by which nature, particular or general nature, is represented. With respect to such painting as represents particular nature, a certain view, man, horse, or other object actually existing, nothing is submitted either to judgment or taste, but the mode of representation; and with respect to this, taste is wholly subordinate to judgment. Whether the object represented is or is not beautiful, is, indeed, a question wholly foreign to the picture, which can be excellent only in proportion as it resembles the original of which it is a copy; and of this resemblance, reason, the faculty that makes the comparison, is judge.

With respect to such painting as includes composition, and is the joint effect of fancy and judgment, the things represented, as well as the mode of representation, must be considered, in order to estimate its merit; and these, in some particulars, come exclusively under the jurisdiction of taste, and, in some, under that of reason.

In painting of this kind, which, though with respect to particular nature it may be considered as inventive, must be considered as imitative with respect to nature in general, I shall distinctly and particularly consider light and shadow, colouring, figure, attitude, action and passion.

With respect to light and shadow, the artist is wholly subject to rule; and his work may as certainly be determined to be right or wrong, as a numerical calculation. The light and shadow must take place in such parts of the picture and in such degree as they would in the objects, if they really existed in the situation in which they are represented: for it is in virtue only of the light and shade that a superficies acquires the appearance of a solid: it has the appearance of a solid more or less, as the light and shade approach more or less to the reality of nature. That there may be light and shade, which, in one class of painting is an excellence, and in another a blemish, is one of the idle dreams of fatuity and conceit, of senseless enthusiasts, who affect to consider painting as a creation, upon principles peculiar to itself, as producing not representations of what exists, or can exist, upon earth; but new objects existing only upon canvas, a world of art, subject to laws of

its own, and deriving excellence from capricious and fanciful deviations not only from particular but general nature.

The painter is, indeed, at liberty to exhibit his objects as they would appear either in a greater or a less degree of light, in proportion to which the difference between the light and shade in his picture will be greater or less. What is the best degree of light? is a question of taste, as it relates to the beauty of a general appearance, which is wholly relative to a sense; but the degree of light being given, all that follows must be in conformity to rules that leave nothing to choice.

With respect to colouring, the painter is also subject to rule, as far as the colour of the objects he represents is limited by nature. In what coloured garments he shall dress his figures, and whether he shall place round them such objects as are by nature vivid or sad, are questions of taste; but that part of his figures which is uncovered must be of some hue that nature has allotted to flesh, whether fair or brown, copper-coloured or black. If he represents a living woman under the name of a Madonna, with the cadaverous hue of a dead carcase that is beginning to putrify, he has no more right to appeal to the decision of taste for justification than a baker upon complaint that his loaves are short weight.

With respect to figure and attitude, the painter comes, in some degree, under the jurisdiction of taste: for though reason may determine whether a figure, or an attitude, be consonant to the invariable laws of nature, yet taste only can determine how far it has beauty or grace.

But though, with respect to that beauty or grace which includes a conformity to general nature, taste must ultimately determine, and every man's taste must determine for himself; yet taste encroaches upon reason, if she pretends to justify a deviation from the laws of nature, in an imitative art, because she fees, or affects to see, beauty or grace result from such a deviation. A girl in the green sickness may, with the same propriety, justify the eating of chalk and sand, because she honkers after them, and has lost her natural appetite for beef and mutton.

As to action and passion, or such transient attitude as results only from action, such cast of countenance as passion only produces, the painter is wholly subject to the unchangeable laws of Truth and Nature; the event and character determine the passion, and the natural

tural mechanism of the human body determines the attitude, in every instant of a passing action. What event and character is most pleasing or striking in the representation, is a question of taste; but when the event and character are determined, the jurisdiction of taste is at an end.

But this account of painting must not be supposed to degrade the art to a mere mechanical operation. With respect to the imitation of particular objects, it is, indeed, by its most zealous patrons, pretended to be no more. With respect to imitations of general nature, it requires greater variety of powers; or, in other words, a more comprehensive genius than any other art.

The painter requires genius to imagine, in conformity with general nature, situations that he never saw; to conceive particular characters, in circumstances the most uncommon and important; to discern what passions such circumstances would excite in such characters; and to what actions persons so characterized and circumstanced would be excited.

Painting may exhibit not only history, but fiction: it may not only record facts, but inculcate a moral. It is true, indeed, that without the knowledge of many things that painting cannot express, all that is expressed by historical or poetical painting would lose its force. Many facts which it is easy to relate it is impossible to represent; and the facts that are represented, can but rarely and imperfectly be referred by the representation to their causes; without which they must lose half their beauty, and, in many instances, all their use.

Those, therefore, who put painting in competition with poetry, appear not sufficiently to have considered their subject.

A painter represents the death of three supposed malefactors by crucifixion, with the usual attendants, apparatus and expression. What does he feel in the contemplation of such picture, who knows only what the picture expresses, in comparison with him who considers it as representing the sufferings of an incarnate God, who died to expiate the sins of men?

Painting, however, might effect more than it has generally effected: it might express mixtures of passion, which it has seldom attempted, and fine differences of character, which seem in general to have escaped its notice.

The passions are capable of almost endless combinations, as the objects of different passions are frequently present together, and act with united force. Nor is it difficult to find or to imagine situations in which this must happen; or such events as may bring together different characters, in which combinations

of different passions would be excited by the same object.

It frequently happens, that pictures, not otherwise without merit, offend the judicious spectator by gross mistakes both in character and passion.

An incident in the history of the Siege of Calais, which was the subject of a picture at an exhibition many years ago, afforded ample room for the representation of character and passion to the greatest advantage; especially in Pierre, who first voluntarily devoted himself to death, as a redemption of his fellow-citizens. The character of this man should have been supposed to result from fortitude, philanthropy, and greatness of mind; and, in the expectation of immediate death, before the tyrant at whose command it was to be inflicted, the passions consonant to his character and situation were, save without terror, disdain without malignity: but the artist, on the contrary, has represented the noble, the benevolent, the heroic Pierre, with the scowl of detected guilt, the down-look of malignant and sordid obduracy.

The slaughter of the Jewish children by Herod is a subject, which, though it has employed great masters, I think has been always executed without judgment. The artists having been first struck with the cruelty of the action, seem to have thought only how they might most forcibly excite that idea, and the horror that accompanies it, in the spectators of their picture: they have, therefore, represented Roman soldiers destroying little children, in cold blood, with all the rage and rancour that could be felt by an American planter against a band of savages that had scalped his family.

It is reasonable to suppose that Herod himself was not totally destitute of humanity, though it was surmounted by ambition; and that, if he had executed his purpose himself, he would not have done it without such compunction as would have been visible both in his countenance and behaviour.

In what disposition, then, and with what passions, is it natural to suppose his command was executed by a party of the bravest and most generous troops at that time in the world? Would not such a service have produced suspense, irresolution, compassion, and horror, that might have been expressed with an almost boundless variety, among the multitude of figures which the subject required? And would not one single representation of a man, compelled by a severe and abhorred command to murder an infant at the breast, in spite of his own humanity, and the mother's distraction, have produced a much greater effect than the whole aggregated butchery, as it is generally exhibited?



It is also to be wished, that painters would exert their abilities rather upon pleasing than horrid subjects; at least upon subjects which concur uniformly in one design, and of which the several parts do not, like acids and alcalies, mutually neutralise their properties and counteract their effects.

The representations of Lot and his two Daughters, and Susannah with the two Elders, have this fault. What pleasure can the mind receive from the idea of female beauty connected with that of incest and violation? In incest with a farther, and violation by an elder, there is something so odious, as well as horrid, that it appears strange they should ever have been represented.

As, in the drama, it is necessary that all the parts of the action should keep pace with each other; so in one picture nothing should be represented that could not happen at one time.

Our own inimitable Hogarth has, in some of his latter pieces, grossly violated this rule; and for the sake of crowding his piece with incidents, has represented what could not happen at all.

In his representation of an election feast, he has placed a man at the end of the table with an oyster still upon his fork, and his fork in his hand; though his coat must have been stripped from his arm, after he took it up, by the surgeon, who has made an ineffectual attempt to let him bleed. Supposing gluttony so far to have absorbed all the persons present, even at the end of a feast, as that none of them should pay the least attention to this incident, which is, if not impossible, improbable in the highest degree, they must of necessity have been alarmed at another incident that is represented as taking place at the same moment: A great stone has just broke through the window, and knocked down one of the company, who is exhibited in the act of falling; yet every one is represented as pursuing his purpose with the utmost tranquillity.

There is also one common deviation from Nature in landscape painting, which the artist is led into by a desire to exhibit a great number of objects in an extensive view. The landscape is supposed to be seen from too

great an elevation, and frequently from such an elevation as the face of the country represented does not afford; so that the spectator must be supposed to have climbed a tree or a mast.

If the artist exhibits a flat country, he may include a sufficient variety to make his picture extremely pleasing, without elevating his horizon higher than the eye of a spectator supposed to stand upon the same plane.

To see a mountainous or hilly country, indeed, an elevated situation is necessary; and the spectator may reasonably be supposed to look from one mountain or hill over others, which from the plain would intercept the eye in every direction, and exclude such a variety as is necessary to give pleasure.

In views of great extent, people express, from mere habit, a pleasure which there is great reason to believe they do not feel. They toil up a hill, at a great expence of breath and spirits; look panting round them, and in general exclamations commend the beauty of the prospect. In this prospect, however, it soon appears that they affect to admire what they cannot distinguish: in the boundless diffusion before them they discover nothing but cloudy objects, which distance has rendered minute and indistinct; and the extatic admirers of the prospect are continually asking each other what they are.

It also frequently happens, in the representation of such views as require an elevated horizon, that the country has one point of sight, and the figures another. We frequently look down upon a bridge, and up to a peasant who is watering his horse at the foot of it.

To the painter, then, I recommend an imitation of Nature; but not such an imitation as will controul his genius or degrade his art; and I think those only are likely to reprehend me, who have least right: those who, though they decry the imitation of Nature, recommend the imitation of some manner, in which others have thought fit to express, or rather to deviate from Nature. Supposing the ancient artists at present to excel, the moderns can hope to equal them only by deriving excellence from the same source.

C. I. F.

#### FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE of the celebrated ABBE PREVOST, as related by HIMSELF.

THE character of every man is governed by circumstances; and we may often observe, that one incident alone, especially at that period of juvenile impression when the soul is yet unblunted by a promiscuous intercourse

with the world, shall give the law to our ideas, if not to our actions, ever after.

Of this truth, which, after all, is but one of the many proofs that philosophy has to adduce of the intimate connection of mind with

matter,

matter, we have a striking instance in the gentleman who forms the subject of the present memoir, and who, not a little distinguished in the circles of *Belles Lettres* on the Continent, is particularly admired for the graces, *charming*, however *gloomy*, with which, as a professed *novelist*, he has repeatedly enriched the regions of *sentiment* and *moral fiction*.

One evening, as he was at supper with a few intimate friends, men of letters like himself, the conversation insensibly turned upon the *morals of the people*; and in the course of a desultory comment on this topic, one of the company took occasion to observe, that no man, however benevolent his disposition, or inoffensive his manners, could engage that he would never be himself subjected to the capital punishment of a criminal.

"Right (cried the Abbé Prevost): With truth too might you have added, Sir, it would be equally presumptuous in him to alledge, that he would never *merit* likewise that punishment."

To this doctrine, however, he could obtain no votaries.

"Well, gentlemen (resumed the Abbé), it matters not whether you are disposed to believe or disbelieve my position; but still I scruple not to maintain, that even with a *disposition* the most *benevolent*, and *manners* the most *inoffensive*, as our friend here has expressed himself, a man may sink into an abyss of guilt from which in this world he can never be extricated, and for which he shall himself acknowledge that the punishment of a *halter* would be but an imperfect atonement."

Here the company, with looks of astonishment at such language from the Abbé Prevost, declared with one voice, that he talked of an *impossibility*, or, at least, of what barely came within the *line* of being possible.

The Abbé, however, true to his text, thus proceeded:

"Come, gentlemen, we are all friends, and, relying on your discretion, I will furnish you with a lamentable proof, *in my own person*, of the truth of what I assert.—But, first, let me ask, does any person entertain the smallest suspicion concerning *my* integrity, *my* honour, *my* abhorrence of vice in every shape?"

"Oh! by no means! (exclaimed every gentleman in the room)—We are all convinced that a *better* man breathes not than the Abbé Prevost."

"But there breathe, I hope, millions and millions more *innocent* (returned he).—Alas! what guilt can exceed that of a *parricide*?—Yet am I the very wretch I name.—Yes, gentlemen, strange, as it may appear, in me

you behold the unhappy murderer of a beloved father!"

Even after this solemn exordium, the company knew not what to think, unless that, disposed to be *gravely* *jeocular*, he had a mind to *play upon their credulity*, and to make a mock of their feelings. With one accord, however, they begged of him to relate his story; and accordingly, without further ceremony or interruption, he thus briefly unfolded it:

"Hardly, said he, had I quitted the University, when, visiting daily a little girl in the neighbourhood, of my own age, I became fond of her to distraction. Equally enraptured was her tenderness for me; nor was it long before, unable to repress those fascinating impulses of nature which our cruel stars denied us the liberty of sanctifying by *marriage*, we indulged ourselves in all the stolen sweets of a commerce which, however guiltless under circumstances like ours, the *knavery* of religion has for ages taught us to be criminal in *all cases*.

"Be this as it may, the consequence of our clandestine intercourse was, that she became pregnant; a circumstance which, far from cooling my affections, served to inflame them, and to rivet my heart more firmly than ever to that of an amiable innocent, who, in yielding to me her love, had sacrificed to me also her honour.—Every minute of absence from her was now a minute of misery to me; and I seemed to exist but in proportion as I had opportunities of evincing, in her dear presence, the unalterable fervour of a passion pure as it was unbounded.

"My relations, meanwhile, were daily complaining of my *idleness*, and urging me to fix upon some line of employment in which, justifying the fond expectations of a worthy family, I might establish myself for life in a state of honourable independence. But every employment I disdained which had not for its object the care of my beloved girl; nor did I know an ambition beyond the heart-foothing one of pleasing and being pleased by *her*.

"Matters, however, remained not long in this state of tranquility; and the busy Demon of Scandal having, under the mask of Friendship, communicated to my father the news of my amour, he, one day—fatal accident!—surprised me in the arms of my mistress, who, by this time, was within two or three months of her delivery.—With a look that denounced vengeance upon us both, he bitterly upbraided her for her *guilty* connection with his son; and, treating her as a common seductress, he even scrupled not to accuse her of being the base, the contaminated source of ruin to all his hopes.

"Thunder-



"Thunderstruck at the sight of a father whom I knew it impossible for me to appease, I trembled every joint; and at the sound of his voice ready to sink into the earth with confusion, I found myself literally speechless. Not so the hapless girl. *She*, with an animation which conscious innocence alone could inspire, justified herself, and, with streaming eyes, vindicated me.—Vain, however, were all her tears, her sighs, her entreaties; and if they produced an effect at all, it was that of adding fuel to the fire which already raged in the bosom of an incensed parent, and which it was no longer in the power of *nature*, much less of *reason*, to extinguish.

"At length he so far forgot himself as to strike her; and a scuffle ensuing from my attempts to shield her from his violence, she received from him a kick upon the stomach, which threw her senseless upon the floor.

"I was now perfectly frantic; and in the delirium of my rage, darting at my father, I drove him headlong over the stair-case.—The consequence—Heavens! that I should live to relate it!—the consequence was, that his skull being fractured by the fall, he expired the same evening; though not without declaring, in the presence of a multitude of witnesses, that he owed his untimely death to *accident*, and not without breathing forth at the same time a fervent benediction on his son—the very wretch who had been his unnatural destroyer.

"Every suspicion of *murder* being thus done away, he was interred without further enquiry; and thus was I, through an exertion of generosity and tenderness, of which few parents perhaps would be capable at so dreadful a crisis;—thus was I, gentlemen, exempted from the ignominy and horror of terminating my existence upon a *gibbet*. Yet was I not exempted by it from feeling, in its utmost extent, the enormity of my crime. His dying kindness to me, on the contrary,

served but to furnish fresh stings to my remorse; and at length, torn with all the pangs that can consume a wretch conscious that he is *unworthy to live*, yet conscious also that he is *unfit to die*, I determined to hide my sorrows from the world in the recesses of some cloister, gloomy as my own distracted soul.

"Hence it was that I came to embrace the order of *Clugny*; and perhaps it is to this circumstance of irreparable guilt in my early youth, that, driven from the *natural* bias of my genius, I am indebted for those situations of terror, for those events of bloodshed, which, heightened with all the colouring of misanthropic gloom, have so long, and indeed so deservedly, been pronounced the characteristics of my novels."

Here the Abbé closed his narrative of woe, leaving the company to make their own reflections upon it.—In these, as it may well be supposed, they discovered a mixture of pity and horror; sensations to which they would have given a more decided expression, however, could they have been yet convinced of the *truth* of what he had so pathetically related.—In fine, the general opinion still was, that the whole of the Abbé's adventure deserved to be considered but as a mere incident, which he had planned for some future *novel* or *romance*, and of which, by previously relating it as an affair of his own, he was desirous to ascertain the effect it would produce upon the sensibility of a set of enlightened readers.

We are inclined to think, however, that, whether it was an adventure of *reality*, or an adventure of *imagination*, it exhibited a scene of which no man would wish to appear the hero; and certain it is, that the Abbé himself, though repeatedly questioned concerning the authenticity of his story afterwards, still persisted in declaring every syllable of it to be a *melancholy truth*, and *no fiction*.

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL LETTERS TO RICHARD SAVAGE,  
SON TO THE EARL OF RIVERS.

[ Continued from page 194. ]

L E T T E R VI.

To Mr. SAVAGE.

S I R,

I HAVE the letter you favoured me with; and read with much concern "that you thought yourself excluded from my memory." There are but two cases in which I forget easily, and then, indeed, I do it industriously. They are my wrongs, and the few benefits I

have been capable of bestowing. But my friend I consider as one who has a right to be remembered, while there is a hope or possibility that I may be of the smallest service to him.

Your nature is so liberal, that you thank me for the good I wish you, as if it were a solid benefit. You were never further obliged to me than because I was willing to oblige you; and that, upon second thoughts,

is by no means an obligation, since I owed it to your good qualities. The effects of my affection for you are, yet, to be experienced: for I have, hitherto, but loved you.

You have so many claims to your friend's praises, that you may give them up a fault or two, without the least mortification. It is one of them, that you are too apt to judge hastily, and, supposing yourself slighted, *act* as if you had reason for it.

I am, with great esteem and sincerity,

S I R,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

June 26, 1724.

A. HILL.

### L E T T E R VII.

To Mr. SAVAGE.

*Wednesday, eleven in the morning.*

S I R,

I SEND this to thank you for your very obliging letter, and the kind manner in which you have taught your Muse to speak of me in those verses\* which I would say were very fine, and say it with the utmost truth, if the snare you have given me in them, by the choice of your subject, did not restrain me from telling you how extremely good I think them.

I shall be glad of an occasion to be of the least service to your interest, by that advice you say you would ask me, concerning the prospect of your affairs. There is so much power in this occasion which you desire to see me for, that though I was never in more hurry with regard to my own business, yet I shall be uneasy till I have passed an hour with you. And if this has the good luck to find you at home, and you'll step in at Will's in Scotland-yard, about half an hour after three this afternoon, you will meet there,

S I R,

Your most affectionate  
and most humble servant,

A. HILL.

### L E T T E R VIII.

To Mr. SAVAGE.

*Wednesday Night.*

S I R,

TO deal plainly, I was a good deal obliged by you when your letter came to my hands.

I had heard from three or four several persons, that you spoke publickly of your Plain Dealer in my hands, and expressed much uneasiness under apprehension that I should

correct it; insisting that it should have no alteration made in it, and abundance to that purpose.

I was the more surpris'd at this, because you had actually desired me to change some things in it: but whether you had or no, what reason could there be for a public discourse of this kind?—Was I to be represented as a person so conceited as to be fond of obtruding my correction on other people's writings, whether they desired it or no? Had it not been more prudent to say nothing of the paper in company; but, communicating your opinion to me, have depended on my acting with that secrecy and sincerity that a friend is worth nothing who will not always distinguish himself by? Believe me, Sir, the Italian maxim, of *an open face, but lock'd bosom*, is a lesson which will be always worth your remembering.

It would give me much pleasure (because it would give you much advantage) if I could see you once cured of this, too trifling propensity to talk, among one set of your acquaintance, what is done, said, and intended, by another set of them.

I so heartily wish you well, that I cannot help being uneasy for you in these points, which could have no pretence to give me pain, but from the part I take in what relates to your interest, or your character. It is pity to see your shining qualities made obscure, by a want of power or heed to retain what ought not to be communicated.

I return your Plain Dealer, because you desire it; and, indeed, because I shall very little concern myself in the future progress of that paper.

However, I will take this opportunity of giving you my true and friendly opinion—Your paper has a great deal of spirit and wit in it, and wants only a little transposition and purity of style to make it an excellent performance—Yet without that care you could not publish it, but to your disadvantage; and for fear you should think me in the wrong, I will give you two or three instances of it.

Your *Pedant* and your *Brutal Ignorant* are both fit opposites for your *Plain Dealer*; but they are huddled and confounded by your too disorderly manner of placing them. You will mend this fault if you finish the comparison with *one*, before you begin upon the *other*: for it is order that clears up meaning, and gives vigour to a writer's sentiments.

As to the style, it is not enough in prose, except in some paragraphs, which you have touched with no more elevation than serves

\* The verses here alluded to were probably those entitled "The Friend." An Epistle to Aaron Hill, Esq. See Savage's Works, vol. ii. p. 181.



to heat and enliven them. But, among others, these following may point out where your expression is too poetical :

*Words a roaring froth, &c.* leave out *roaring*. *Re-awaken* is not the proper opposite to *extinguish*. To make the antithesis perfect, it should have been *re-kill*.

*Damp* him with a terror that kills action, is not only too poetical in the expression, but followed by something too much to the same meaning; for such a *damping terror* is itself the most gloomy prejudice. Prejudice, therefore, is a word too equivocal: it ought to have been *stubbornness* or *obstinacy*.

*Conveyed* like a keen flash of lightning. *Conveyed* is too weak for the force of this comparison—and the epithet *keen* is quite unnecessary to a *flash* in prose.

*Seducer of willing wives.* N. B. The *willing* want no seducers.

*Charms our morning pillow,* should, in prose, have been *charms us on our morning pillow*.

Judgment *rank* with partiality, should, for the sake of politeness, have been *warp'd* or *bia'd* by partiality.

Memory *sweetly presented* to the affection of future ages is infinitely too poetical, and gives an air of affectation, to the injury of the good sense it carries.

*A Plain Dealer is to the Mind what a Monarch is to the State.*—Why so? A Monarch's power is *coercive*, and compels obedience. A Plain Dealer's is but *persuasive*, and attracts compliance. There is the most visible difference in the world. And these sententious assertions should always contain facts that are incontrovertible, or they look like levity and ill-judgment in an author.

I have just hinted these observations to convince you how easily we deceive ourselves when we depend with too much earnestness on our own strength; and that nothing is so destructively our enemy as a disinclination to believe we can be mistaken, and leave room for improvement.

I could enumerate more instances; but you will find them yourself, if you resolve to look out for them. Upon the whole, there are great and extraordinary beauties in the paper; and you will easily render it capable of making a very fine figure in *The Plain Dealer*. I find I am come to the bottom, and can only add, that I am with the sincerest friendship,

S I R,

Your most obedient humble servant.

A. H I L L.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. SAVAGE.

S I R,

I LEAVE this at the Coffee-house, to beg the favour of half a dozen of your tickets; and to complain of the pain you have occasioned me in bringing on your tragedy \* so late in the season, that I shall go to it in terror for the interest of its author.

Every body being out of town, you have nothing for it but chance; and I must beg leave to tell you, therefore, that your hope should be moderate, since you have too much merit to be fortunate.

When I am above the mortification of *but wishing* to be serviceable, I shall be ashamed if I leave you any thing to wish for, that is in the power of, S I R,

Your most affectionate

and most obedient servant,

A. H I L L.

LETTER X†.

To Mr. SAVAGE.

Shawford, June 19th.

Dear Mr. Savage,

I HOPE the readiness with which I answer your letters will convince you, that I find a real advantage in your correspondence, and that I will be forward to cultivate it. If I distinguish my friends according to their genuine, unborrowed worth, I know very few whom I ought to prefer before Mr. Savage.

Our situation here is very agreeable, and the country just now in all its bloom and beauty; your company would very much improve and enliven this happy retirement. I cannot, indeed, promise you the diversions that one every where meets with in town; but we are not without some moral amusements, which, though they may be less fashionable, are not altogether unentertaining. I won't pretend to shew you a row of coquettes in a side-box; but there is the prettiest bed of tulips in my Lord's garden.—They begin to fade, 'tis true; but let the ladies moralize on that. Hard by them is a border covered with pinks, that smell, at least, as fragrantly as a knot of the best perfumed fops with you; and then we have painted insects of all kinds, that flutter as sparkishly, and display as many colours, as the most modish young fellows in town. Instead of some Greek or Roman story blundered into an Italian Opera, we can take up with a concert of Nature's own providing. And for Cuzzoni and Cuzzoni, we

\* The tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, acted at Drury-Lane in the Summer of 1723.

† This letter was not written by Aaron Hill.

can shew English larks and linnets. We don't indeed pay so dearly for the songs of these last; but I am not a man of quality.

Poor M——! \*! my heart bleeds for him. I beg that you will let me know how I may write to him. I hope I shall never neglect an acquaintance for his being unfortunate. I feel for him, and make all his uneasy reflections my own. The poetical tribe put me in mind of the grasshopper's fate in the fables: they are often obliged in the winter of want to dance to the tune they sung in their summer of plenty and renown.

I venture to offer, by you, my best and tenderest wishes for Clío's health: May every blessing attend her; all that can sooth her solitude, and quiet her cares! After I have begged her pardon, for mentioning Mrs. H. † in the same place with her, I must tell you, that if I may judge by that Fury's writings, one that thoroughly knows her is acquainted with all the vicious part of the sex. I am with great truth,

S I R,

Your most affectionate  
and most humble servant.

L E T T E R X I.

To Mr. S A V A G E.

S I R,

I HAVE both yours, and am so willing to be what I have hitherto been, with regard to Mr. Savage, that I am very glad to hear you are sorry. I assure you, Sir, I was sorry too, when I received the letter you mention; and shall be more so, if ever I see such another from the same hand: because there neither ought to be, nor can be, any friendship, where there is such an aptitude to change sentiments, without the aid of impartial judgment. I know why I praise, and why I censure you; and the first should be contemptible from a person too ignorant, or too much a flatterer, to use all friendly freedom in the latter. If you were not a little vainer than you believe yourself to be, other people would acknowledge in you a hundred good qualities more than now they are apprized of.

When you give yourself leisure to reflect as strongly as your excellent parts will enable you, one time or other you will distinguish a friend's sincerity, and receive it with a better grace than you are inclined to do now. And then you will find, that nobody who does not esteem you, will take the pains to render

himself disagreeable by making war upon your favourite weaknesses.

Every man is often mistaken: but he will be least so, who is most willing to hear of it. And I should be sincerely ashamed when any well-wisher of mine had kindly pointed out to me an error in my writings, or in my life, to make him the ill return of defending it by an ungenerous recrimination. But I should be more than ashamed, if that recrimination were as ill-founded in fact, as in gratitude. And, because I know your good sense will draw the proper use from it, I will explain in a word or two a late case, in which you were guilty of it.

When I observed, that your expression of *severely presenting his virtues to the memory of after-ages*, was a metaphor too affected for prose, you retorted, by way of comparison, that you should never have expected that observation from the author of the paper wherein the Plain Dealer talks of a desire to *store his name through futurity*. Now, pray, mark how easily our apprehension is betrayed, when we give way to our natural vanity (that *only* weak side which Mr. Savage needs to strengthen, when he is resolved to be as amiable as he wishes himself)!

Nothing can be *presented to memory*, because memory is the recollection of something before known and continued to be known. And to *present*, is to bestow something not possessed before. So that there is a manifest absurdity in your expression, which would have been avoided by your using the common phrase of *transmitting* or *banding down*, which words imply *continuance* from age to age, and make the meaning of what we call memory. But the Plain Dealer, when he talks of *storing his name through futurity*, makes use of that swelling phrase upon the subject of *fame*, and speaks it *purposefully* high-strained, because with a ludicrous and satirical intention. Neither is there any thing affected in the expression (if it had *not* been thus meant); nothing being so naturally *like* fame, or the ideas of a great hero long since dead, as things which, being buoyant by their nature, swim uppermost in the strongest tempests, and are visible from one end of the ocean to the other.

I have not leisure to be more particular, else I would still more plainly clear up your mistake in this point. But I have said enough to convince you, that I censured with reason and friendship, and you recriminated without either.

\* Probably Mitchell, a Scotchman, patronized by Mr. Hill, and, like Savage, almost always in distress. See his Poems; also Biographia Dramatica, and Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

† Perhaps Mrs. Eliza Haywood, author of three Plays, many Novels, and other performances. See Biographia Dramatica.



I had once made an angry resolution to leave you in the mistake, and correspond no more with you. But I have a true and hearty affection for you; and find it much easier for me to forgive a hundred of your unkindnesses than to forget one of your good qualities.

One of the poems you ask me for, I have some particular reasons against making public; the others shall be at your service, as soon as I have an afternoon to look out the copies I have, and write fair those I have not. But I think you will be much in the wrong, if you begin to stir, in your Proposal, till the beginning of next month, about which time that *Plain Dealer* too will be most proper to be published\*, and shall be sent you first, to know if you would have any thing added or omitted. As to your scheme, I have nothing to object, and wish you all possible success in it.

There are many things very fine in the verses you have added to your *Woes of Life*, and the conceptions are strong and ardent; but here and there a little obscurer than they need be in the expression. I would be particular, but must confess you have made that part of my good meaning a task I shall always be for avoiding as to the practical act of it. The *hint*, if it may be of any use to you, is, you see, at your service.

I am at a loss how to understand what you mention, of a long paragraph, concerning *potash*, and *soap*, and *me*, in a pamphlet that is printing under your care. If the author means *obligingly*, it is a subject which I should rather wish he would say nothing of, because, I am sure, he *can say* nothing with any certainty, about an affair which I have led nobody enough into the knowledge of to do justice to what I design from it. And if the gentleman intends *malice*, I should hope he must have found another hand than your's to introduce it to the world by. But I would flatter myself, I am not to understand it this last way, because I know no gentleman on earth from whom I have deserved a treatment of that kind, though no person breathing is more indifferent than I am, what is well or ill said concerning them.

I have writ you a much longer letter than I intended to trouble you with, and will add no more to this, because I shall write again when I send you the poems.

I am, very sincerely,

S I R,

Your most affectionate humble servant.

Oct. 1, 1724.

LETTER XII.

To Mr. SAVAGE.

S I R,

I VERY heartily beg your pardon for not acknowledging sooner my receipt of your obliging letter: you have so many fine qualities that I cannot doubt a forgiveness from your good-nature, when I assure you I owe the fault to an unavoidable hurry of business.

I have so just a sense of your merit, and so high an expectation from your genius, that I could not resist the vanity of reflecting with much pleasure on the satisfaction which my † 104th Psalm had the good fortune to give you. Though no writer alive is so indifferent as to praise, I receive your approbation with delight, because I am willing to consider it as the effect of your friendship.

When I promised you the *Northern Star*‡, I had no reason to expect I should have found it any *difficulty* to procure one. The cold reception of *Gideon* had taught me to conclude, that any writings of mine must have been as attainable as *Ogilby's*. But by the demand which I am told there has been for this poem, I am terribly apprehensive you will find it good for nothing.

However, it waits on you with a great deal of cheerfulness, because it brings with it an opportunity of telling you how much its author is,

S I R,

Your most obedient and

Most humble servant,

Monday Morning.

A. HILL.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. SAVAGE.

S I R,

I TOUGHT, before now, to have acknowledged the receipt of your too partial favour by the penny-post, but have been kept in a continual hurry ever since; so that I now snatch the first opportunity of returning you my thanks for this new mark of a friendship, which will always be agreeable to me; but most so, when I am happy in discernment of some occasion to shew how willing I shall be to deserve it.

I am almost sorry that your fine verses, though so much to my honour, had a subject no way worthy them. It prevents a thousand things which I could say, in justice to their excellence, and that extraordinary and amiable fire which they distinguishably glow with.

\* It was afterwards published Nov. 30, 1724. See *Plain Dealer*, No. 73.

† Printed in No. 74. of *The Plain Dealer*, Dec. 4, 1724.

‡ A Poem by A. Hill, written about the year 1718, celebrating the actions of the Czar Peter the Great, for which the author afterwards received a golden medal, sent him by the Empress Catharine, agreeably to the will of her Imperial Consort.

I am a second time favoured with your's of last night, and a surprising proof enclosed of what is too, too seldom met with! a soul that dares determine for itself! and is of strength enough to shake off even the prejudice of party. I need not tell you, that Mr. Bowman has an admirable genius; or, that there are in his verses some of the finest lines I ever read\*: but I cannot help telling you that I shall be ambitious of his acquaintance; and think it a great piece of good fortune, that so few of his opinion are possessed of his abilities.

I have not one *Northern Star* left; but will not fail to enquire one out, among the bookfellers, and send it to wait on you.

I am,

With the greatest sincerity,

S I R,

Your most obliged and most obedient

Humble servant,

A. HILL.

[ *To be continued.* ]

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 Life of the Reverend Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, by Thomas Sheridan, A. M. † London. C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, &c. 1784.

**B**OOKS, like fine ladies, frequently appear to disadvantage, from having their merit or beauty too much extolled before their introduction to the world. This observation seems to be verified in the work before us.

When a new, elegant, *expensive* edition of Swift's Works, published by Mr. Sheridan, was announced, every one, from the strict intimacy that was so well known to have subsisted between the Dean and the Editor's father, as well as from his own reputation in the literary world, was taught to expect that this edition would have far surpassed all that had been published before it; that much new light would have been thrown upon the subject; that it would have been treated in a masterly manner, adorned with elegance of language, correctness of style, and harmony of diction.

These expectations (sorry are we to say it) have been almost in every instance defeated. The new matter, both in quality and quantity, falls short; the style strongly resembles that of the latter end of the last century, and is

in many places harsh to a degree. We frequently meet with a *Brobdiagnian sentence* of a whole page, followed by another nearly as long, and beginning with a conjunction. This, in common writers, might be overlooked: in Mr. Sheridan, the *corrector of Swift*, it is really unpardonable.

That the *Author* of the *Dean's Life* was actuated by no interred views in dedicating it to his *congenial patriot*, his *immortal compeer*, is (as the matter now stands) a self-evident proposition; but how far (notwithstanding all the *moral virtues attributed to Swift*, in spite of the favourable light in which he has represented him) the parallel upon the whole may be flattering to Sir George Savile's memory, is rather problematical.

The man who is zealous over-much, whether in points of friendship or religion, seldom knows any bounds, and frequently, in consequence of his violence, injures the cause he is most strenuously labouring to serve. Had Mr. Sheridan, for instance, been contented with rescuing Swift's memory from the aspersions (many of them probably

\* This author, so highly praised, it is feared is now irrecoverably lost. In 1732 was published, in a pamphlet, POEMS, by William Bowman, M. A. Vicar of Dewsbury in Yorkshire, 8vo, 2d edition corrected. None of the pieces in that collection deserve such applause, and therefore we conclude Mr. Savage's friend to have been a different person.

† The reader will observe, that this *Life* forms the *first* volume of a new edition of Swift's Works in 17 vols. 8vo.



in-founded) which his enemies had cast upon him, he would have succeeded without much difficulty; but when his zeal hurries him on to represent him as *immaculate, pre-eminent* in every kind of virtue, "admired, esteemed, beloved, beyond any man, by his friends; envied, feared, and hated by his enemies, who consisted of a whole virulent faction, to a man;" his partiality is so visible, his prepossession so flagrant, that the absolute impossibility of believing the whole, makes us unwilling to yield our assent even to any part of his assertions in his favour. He seems totally to have forgotten the logical adage: *Qui nimis probat, nihil probat.*—

But Mr. S.'s zeal is only exceeded by his valour; for, not content with thus endeavouring to exalt his hero above humanity, he, Draw-cansir-like, assaults, without pity or remorse, every one who has even dared to hint that Swift was subject to the frailties and imperfections of mortal man. Dead poets, departed peers, and living authors, are alike the objects of his wrathful indignation; nay, he has even dared to attack that nest of hornets, the Criticks. This, however, was a stroke of generalship: he wisely recollected, that the first blow was frequently half the battle.

Our Editor has treated Lord Orrery's memory most illiberally. Whether he did this upon a supposition, that his friend Swift's reputation could no way be so well cleared up as by bespattering his Lordship's, or whether he did it to convince his readers that he was *ambidexter*, equally expert at satire or panegyric, we presume not to determine.

"A certain author," says our Editor, "arose, bent upon fulying his (Swift's) fair fame, who opened the channels of calumny long covered over by time, and, raking in them with a friendly industry, once more brought their foul contents to light." [This *Cloacal* metaphor, to say the best of it, is but a nasty one.] "Nor was it an enemy that did this, but one who professed himself Swift's friend, and who was, during his lifetime, his greatest flatterer."—Mr. Sheridan's zeal has here overthot the mark. Flattery consists either in attributing to a person qualities he does not possess, or in exaggerating those he really does. But Swift, according to the Editor, was actually possessed of every virtue in a *super-eminent degree*; "praise was united to his name, admiration and affection to his person." How then could Lord Orrery flatter him?

He next attempts to prove his Lordship a blockhead, and that upon no less strong and unerring a proof, than that his father bequeathed his library from him. "To wipe away this stigma, and convince the world of the injustice done him, seems to have been the

chief object of his life afterwards, by publishing some work that might do him credit as a writer. Conscious of his want of genius to produce any thing *original*, he applied himself *diligently* to a translation of Pliny's Letters; but he was so long about this task, and put it into so many hands to correct it, that Melmoth's excellent Translation of the same Work slipped into the world before his, and *foreshalled* this *avenue* to fame."—Had the Editor revised this sentence, or got any one of his friends to correct it, it would never have *slipped* into the world in its present form. The idea of *forestalling avenues* carries strong marks of originality.

"Vexed at this disappointment, he looked out for some other way by which he might acquire literary reputation, and found no field so suited to his talents as *that of criticism*: since, to make a figure there, required neither genius nor deep learning; though, before one can commence a *true critic*, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps, for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain. As his Lordship has fairly paid the purchase, it would be hard if he should be denied the title." After this string of abuse, will any one be hardy enough to dispute the Editor's claim to be admitted a *true critic*, in the most extensive sense of the words? How eagle-sighted are we to discover our neighbours' blemishes! how blinder than the mole in finding out our own!

"The business," continues he, "now was to find out a proper subject on which to exercise his talents in that way. As there never had been published any History of Swift's Life, he thought nothing could excite general curiosity more than some account of that extraordinary man. It is true, he was supplied with but scanty materials for such a work; for though he had lived a short time in some degree of intimacy with Swift, yet it was only in the latter part of his life, and his Lordship had no opportunity of knowing any thing of the brighter part of his days, but from common report; he, therefore, had recourse to common fame, which, as I have before *shown* [to assert and to prove are frequently, in the Editor's language, synonymous terms], had been always busy in calumniating that great man. His Lordship's chief view in publishing this work being to acquire celebrity as an author, in order to obtain this end he knew that *satyr* was more likely to procure a rapid sale to the book than panegyrick. All regard therefore to *truth, justice, honour, and humanity*, was to be sacrificed, whenever they came in competition with this great end. The event did credit to his Lordship's *sagacity*, for the work had a rapid sale;

nor was it the least cause of an extensive sale, that it was written by a *Lord*, a *thing* so rare in latter times! Wonder, usually accompanied by a *bad taste*, looks out only for what is uncommon; and if a work comes abroad under the name of a *Traveller*, a *Bricklayer*, or a *Lord*, it is sure to be eagerly sought after by the million."

This sentence is replete with beauties. It may be "caviar to the vulgar," but must be a choice morsel to a man of *true taste*; and for such only the Editor writes, he being neither *Traveller*, *Bricklayer*, nor *Lord*. We are first presented with a *judicious blockhead*; then with great *perspicuity, conciseness*, and *élegant tournure de phrase*, we are informed that a book will sell the better for being written by a Peer; and to compleat the whole, *Wonder* is most *wonderfully* linked to bad taste, and sent to *look out* for what is uncommon. To wonder or be astonished at any thing uncommon that has happened, is no very extraordinary operation; but to wonder at what has not yet happened, and, mayhap, never may happen, was reserved for Mr. Sheridan.

Our Editor finishes his *candid* observations on Lord Orrery, by remarking, that "what relates to Swift's Life, from the scantiness of materials, does not take up a sixth *portion* of the whole. The greater part of the remainder consists of useless, or invidious, criticisms on his works. Yet all this not being sufficient to make up a *just* volume (according to the bookseller's phrase), he has eked it out from his common-place book, in order to shew his learning, by introducing several dissertations foreign to the subject, with many other impertinencies." Mr. S. has unfortunately fallen into the very error he has charged his Lordship with. No man understands ekeing out better than himself; for he repeatedly quotes the same passage; has twice given us a proof of the *Dean's humour*, in desiring the cook to take the beef down again and do it less; and has filled up no less than a dozen of pages with an account of the hospitality of a Mr. Mathew of Thomas-town, and a duel between him and a Mr. Macknamara with two English gentlemen named Pack and Creed. Though we by no means, in imitation of the Editor, mean to treat this narrative as *impertinent*, it being both *interesting* and *entertaining*, yet we must observe, that it is totally *foreign to the subject*.

Having thus, like Sir John, "fought an hour by Shrewsbury clock" with a dead man, not content with "wounding him in the thigh," but having hack'd and gash'd him from head to foot, our Editor leaves him, and returns to the living; and after recruiting his strength and spirits, and praising Dr. Delany and Dr.

Hawkefworth, he makes a pass or two at Dr. Johnson.

"The last writer," says he, "who has given any account of Swift is Dr. Johnson; who seems to have undertaken this task, rather from the necessity he was under of taking some notice of him in the course of his Biographical History of the English Poets, than from choice. Accordingly he has produced little new on the subject, except some observations of his own, which are far from being favourable to the character of Swift."—

"It is much to be lamented, that a man of his great abilities did not choose to follow his friend Hawkefworth in the paths of just and candid criticism, instead of associating himself with Lord Orrery to the band of *true critics*; of which body he has shewn himself no *unworthy* member, not on this occasion only, but in the many severe strictures on the lives and writings of some of the greatest geniuses this country has produced, to the no small indignation of their several admirers, and to the great regret of the Doctor's own." Thus far Mr. S. has treated Dr. Johnson with great lenity, having *only* divested him of every *good quality of his mind*. In another part of the work, where he comments upon those passages which, he says, tend to depreciate and misrepresent the character of *his great man*, and which we shall have occasion to take notice of hereafter, he shews him as little quarter as he has done the peer.

"The portrait which Lord Orrery has drawn of him," he says, "puts one in mind of certain paintings to be seen at the optician's in St. Paul's Church-yard, where we behold some scattered and distorted features, covered with blotches of various colours, so that we cannot discover what it is intended to represent; till, by the application of a cylindrical mirror, we are surpris'd to see *start forth a face* of the finest proportioned features, and most beautiful complexion. By such an application of the mirror of truth, I hope to shew Swift in a similar light."—What a pity it is so pretty a simile should overthrow what the Editor has been so long endeavouring to establish, viz. That his Lordship has treated his friend, Swift, *cruelly*! for, according to this account, his portrait of him was such, that no one could discover *what* it was intended to represent; it consequently could not do him or any one else an injury. N. B. Mr. Sheridan's *mirror of truth* magnifies amazingly.

Our Editor concludes the Introduction by informing his reader, that the love he had to the Dean's person, and the reverence in which he was taught from his earliest days to hold his character, had made him long wish for leisure to set about this task, which a life spent in a variety



variety of laborious occupations had hitherto prevented, and that even now he was obliged to suspend pursuits of a more advantageous kind with regard to himself, in order to accomplish it. Mr. Sheridan is doubtless the best judge of what pursuits he has suspended, and what loss he has sustained by so doing: but we should suppose that £.500, which we are well informed he received for his trouble, would amply pay him for "making it appear (*especially as it is of moment to the general cause of religion and morality*), that the greatest genius of the age was at the same time a man of the truest piety and most exalted virtue."

The Editor has divided his work into seven Sections, and an Appendix. The two first comprise that part of Swift's Life previous to his introduction to Lord Oxford; the third, fourth, and fifth contain his memoirs as a public man, from that period to his death; the sixth Section, his private memoirs; the seventh, various anecdotes of him; and the Appendix, anecdotes of the Swift family written by himself, together with his will.

In the first, after giving nearly the same account of his birth, family, and education, which his other biographers had done before, he labours to prove, that great advantages were derived to Swift, not only from his want of fortune, but likewise from his want of learning and friends. "Nothing but the lowness of his circumstances could have restrained that *proud spirit* in due bounds; had he applied himself to the learning of the times, he might have proved the foremost *logician*, *metaphysician*, or *mathematician* of his time; and instead of writing a *Laputa*, he might himself have been qualified for a professorship in the academy of that airy region. Had he been a distinguished scholar, he might have obtained a fellowship, or have gotten some small preferment in the church; in either of which cases *THE SWIFT OF THE WORLD* might have been lost in a *University Monk*, or a *Country Vicar*, and (wonderful to relate) if he had not wanted friends, he would not have been under the necessity of seeking for new ones."—He was introduced, we learn, to William III. but the only benefit he reaped from this introduction was—being shown by the king *how to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion*. After quitting his patron Sir William Temple somewhat petulantly, he retired to Ireland, was ordained, and obtained a small prebendary, which he soon after resigned upon being reconciled to Sir William.—This circumstance affords Mr. Sheridan an opportunity of being loud in praise of Swift's benevolence and generosity. "The great mind of Swift exulted in so glorious an opportunity of paying off at once the large debt which,

from the narrowness of his circumstances, he had been contracting all his life, to benevolence."—To persons not so strongly biased in their opinion as our Editor, this action may not appear such a violent effort of generosity. Swift, they would say, sensibly perceived the "contrast between the delightful scene at Moor-park, replete with all the beauties, and adorned with every elegance that could charm the senses, and an *obscure corner* of an *obscure country*, ill accommodated with the conveniences of life, without a friend or a companion;" and prudently preferring the former, did not hesitate to relinquish the latter.

Throughout the four succeeding Sections the Editor uniformly pursues the same plan of magnifying every good quality his hero possessed, and artfully drawing a veil over any seeming imperfection. What in another would have been deemed rudeness, in him was only "civility under the disguise of satire." *Insolence* to his superiors (for by what other name can we call his treatment of Mr. Harley in sending him with a message to Mr. St. John?) was *magnanimity*. But in spite of every palliative, this behaviour, though it strongly marked his violent and haughty spirit, was by no means a proof of his understanding.

If we view this phoenix in private life, he will appear to still greater disadvantage. His behaviour to Stella was, from first to last, a strange compound of pride, artfulness, and what he has so much professed to detest—*duplicity*; for what else can it be called, to marry a woman whom he never did love, and with whom, *we are told*, he never cohabited, at a time when he was passionately enamoured with another, and who fell a sacrifice to her attachment to him?

The scene which passed between Swift and Stella a short time before her death, and which (not without reason) Mr. Sheridan relates *reluctantly*, is surely sufficient to blast his reputation, and stigmatize him as a monster of inhumanity.

"As she found her final dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, she addressed Swift in the most *earnest* and *pathetic* terms to grant her dying request: That as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, though for sundry considerations they had not cohabited in that state, in order to put it out of the power of slander to be busy with her fame after her death, she *adjured* him by their friendship to let her have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived, his acknowledged wife.—Swift made no reply, but turning on his heel walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterwards."

What shall we say of that *man's* impartiality who attempts to justify even this proceeding? "On the Dean's part (Mr. S. observes) it may be said, that he was taken by *surprize*, and had no reason to expect such an attack at that time. The marriage was evidently a *mere matter of form*, intended only to satisfy some *vain scruples* of the lady, without any view to the *usual ends* of matrimony, and therefore was in *fact* no marriage at all."—Admirable sophistry! "To acknowledge her as his wife, when in *reality* he never had been such, would be to give sanction to a *falsehood*."—Oh Loyola! what a rare disciple hast thou here! To *act a lie for a number of years* was no harm, but to give sanction to a *falsehood* was dreadful. The reason why, follows; "It would have afforded an opportunity to busy tongues to draw a thousand inferences prejudicial to *his* character. Or, if the real state of the case were known, and it were believed that no consummation ever followed on this marriage, yet *he* thought it would ill become the character of a *dignitary* of the church,—not, "to have made a mockery of so sacred a ceremony;" for "that he could reconcile to himself upon *principles of humanity*;"—but, "to have it known to the world that he had done so."—Such a defence of such an action would warrant a comment we should be sorry to make.

The seventh Section contains many anecdotes of Swift, together with his *bons mots*, &c. for which we refer the reader to the book itself, and hasten to the *conclusion*, wherein the Editor recapitulates his arguments in defence of the Dean's character; puts him at once into full possession of three of the cardinal virtues, *Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude*; and adds, by way of make-weight, the lesser ones of *Friendship, Liberality, Charity, and Good-nature*, and endeavours to exonerate him from the several charges of *Ambition, Avarice, and Misanthropy*. And here he takes occasion to express his indignation at the *learned* Mr. Harris, for having presumed to say that Swift, though a *great wit*, was a *wretched philosopher*. Whatever the Dean's claim to the title of a philosopher might be, his Editor's must stand uncontested, from the following specimen. Speaking of his falling in love with Vanessa, he says, "All the pleasing scenes of sober, sedate happiness which he had formed to himself for the rest of his days in the society of Stella, were now *overshadowed and eclipsed* by the *intervention* of a *brighter* object, which promised pleasures of a more rapturous kind."—We never before heard of *scenes* being eclipsed, more especially by the interposition of a luminous instead of an opaque body.

Having demolished *poor* Mr. Harris, Mr. S. next belabours the late Dr. Young, and finally

returns to Dr. Johnson; speaking of whom, he says, "There is another writer, at present of *gigantic fame* in these days of *little men* [prettily expressed!] who has pretended to *scratch* out a life of Swift, but so *miserably* executed, as only to reflect back on himself that disgrace which he meant to throw on the character of the Dean." He goes on to enumerate the many instances in which the *Doctor* has spoken *irreverently* of the *Dean*, which he imputes to the spirit of detraction, and the high notion he entertains of his own superiority. The fact seems to be this: The parties have looked at the same object, but applied their eye to opposite ends of the glass, and by that means have neither of them seen it in a proper light. Had *each* of them avoided extremes, they would probably *both* have been nearer the truth. Upon the whole, we do not apprehend, notwithstanding all the praises which Mr. Sheridan has so *lavishly* bestowed on the memory of his friend, though he has attacked his adversaries *à bec & griffes*, that the generality of his readers will ever be induced to believe that the Dean was that *delicium humani generis*, that *exemplary, unparalleled* pattern of *piety, humanity* and *beauty* which he has represented him.

#### ANECDOTES of the EDITOR.

MR. SHERIDAN was born at Quilca, a small estate in the county of Cavan in Ireland, which came into the family in right of his mother, the daughter of one Mr. Macpherfon, a Scots gentleman, who became possessed of it during the troubles in Ireland. The earlier part of his education he received under his father, who was one of the best classics of the age he lived in.

He was from thence removed to Trinity College, Dublin, where he went through his academical studies with reputation, and was admitted, we believe, to the degree of Master of Arts. At this period, when Mr. Sheridan was to set out in life, his father not having any interest to procure him preferment in the church, nor fortune to support him in either of the other liberal professions till such time as his talents might have insured his success, the young gentleman's inclinations, added to the applause he had frequently received from those who had been present at his academical exercises, naturally directed his thoughts towards the stage.

The Dublin Theatre was at that time, indeed, at a very low ebb, as well with respect to the emoluments as to the merits of the performers, being but little frequented, except by the younger and more licentious members of the community, who went more for the sake of indulging an inclination to



riot and intrigue, than from any other motive.

Mr. Sheridan's merit, supported by the interest of his fellow-collegians, who, in Dublin, are supreme arbiters in all matters of public entertainment, forced him into notice, and enabled him to surmount all these disadvantages. There remained, however, a still more arduous task to accomplish. This was, curbing the licentiousness which had long reigned uncontrolled behind the scenes, and putting a stop to those daily liberties taken by the gay young men of the time, who claimed by prescription immemorial the right of coming into the Green Room, attending rehearsals, and intriguing in the most open manner with such of the actresses as would admit of it, while those who would not were constantly exposed to insult.

These grievances Mr. Sheridan, as soon as he became manager, which was not long after his coming on the stage, determined gradually to remove, and at length happily effected, though at the hazard of losing not only his situation, but his life, from the resentment of a set of lawless rioters; who were, however, through a noble exertion of justice in so good a cause, convinced of their error, or at least of the impracticability of pursuing it with impunity. Nor ought his noble and disinterested behaviour on this occasion to be forgotten: He not only gave up the damages, amounting to 500*l.* but by his interposition obtained a mitigation of the remaining part of the sentence.

Mr. Sheridan remained in possession of the management about eight years, during which time he met with every success, both in point of fame and fortune, that could be expected; till in the summer of the year 1754, when the rancour of political party arose to the greatest height, he unfortunately revived the tragedy of Mahomet, in which many passages, though only general sentiments favourable to liberty, and inimical to bribery and corruption in those who are at the helm, were by the Opposition fixed on as expressive of their own opinions with regard to persons then in power; and they insisted on their being repeated, which, on the first night of the representation, was complied with. On the succeeding one, however, being again called for by the audience, they were refused by the actor (Mr. Digges), who could not avoid assigning the reasons which induced his refusal. This brought down their resentment on the manager, who not appearing to appease their rage by some apology, they broke out into

the most outrageous violence, and entirely gutted the house, and concluded with a resolution never more to permit Mr. Sheridan to appear on that stage.

In consequence of this, he was obliged to come over to England, where he remained till the winter of the year 1756; when returning to his native country, he was, after apologizing for such part of his conduct as might have been deemed exceptionable, again received with the highest favour by the audience. But a new Theatre in Crow-street being opened by Messrs. Barry and Woodward, he found himself, at a time when he needed the greatest increase of theatrical strength, deserted by some of his principal performers.

This put a finishing stroke to his ruin, and compelled him entirely to give up his concern with that Theatre, and seek out some other means of providing for himself and family. An insolvent act soon after passing, he was in a particular clause exonerated from the debts which these accumulated misfortunes had obliged him inevitably to incur; yet, to his immortal honour, when a fortunate revolution in his affairs took place, and put it in his power, he discharged the whole, with interest.

In 1757 he published a Plan for the establishment of an Academy in Ireland, for the accomplishment of youth in every polite qualification, among which he properly considered oratory as an essential one. This Plan was in some degree carried into execution, but Mr. Sheridan was unfortunately excluded from any share in the conduct of it.

He now once more came over to England, and composed a Course of excellent Lectures on Elocution, which he publicly read in both the Universities to numerous and elegant audiences; and, as a testimony of his abilities, was honoured by the University of Oxford with a Master of Arts Degree. He then returned to London, where his time, till within these few years, has been divided between his former profession (having frequently performed some of his favourite characters in both Theatres) and that of reading lectures.

During the administration of the Earl of Bute, he had a pension of 200*l.* bestowed upon him. As a scholar, all who know him acknowledge his excellence. As a writer, his Essay on British Education, and his Course of Oratorical Lectures, together with many little pieces published at different times, have justly established his reputation, which his last publication we fear will not increase, but diminish.

Knight's-Hill Farm, the Statesman's Retreat, a Poem, Descriptive and Political: Portraying,

The King  
The Queen  
Lord Chancellor  
Lord Gower  
Lord Temple  
Lord Shelburne  
Lord Carmarthen  
Lord Chamberlain

Carlo Khan  
Duchess of D—shire  
Duke of D—shire  
Lord D—tm—th  
Lord H—rtf—d  
Sir W. H—  
E—d B—, Esq. &c. &c.

Dedicated to the Earl of Salisbury, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household.  
London: Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Bew, and H. Payne, 1784. Price 2s. 6d.

GOOD wine, it is said, needs no bush. From the pompous title-page of this work, which *promises* so much, we expected to find keen satire, poetic description, or pleasing panegyric in every page.—*Parturient montes*.—It is, without exception, the most wretched rhapsody that ever was penned by Grub-street garretier.

Had it been published before *Scriblerus* wrote his elaborate Treatise *περὶ Βαθῶς*, it would have saved him an infinity of trouble: he would not then have been under the necessity of turning over volumes in search of examples to illustrate the different species of writing in that stile; each page of this *surprising* performance would have supplied him with ample matter.

The author, in the first place, religiously observes *Scriblerus's* grand maxim, “studiously to avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent *foe to wit*, and *destroyer of fine figures*, known by the name of *Common Sense*!” and has acquired in a superlative degree that happy, uncommon, and unaccountable way of thinking, so immediately calculated for shining in the *profund*.

To point out every instance of the author's superior skill in this way would fill a volume. The following extract may serve to shew his *descriptive* powers, where, addressing himself to the Thames, he says,

“Oh tell me where, 'midst thy *Elysian seats*,  
“Thy *Taste-built villas*, and thy *green re-*  
“*treats*,

“Which *smile reflective*, and thy preference  
“*court*,

“While Nature revels, and the Graces sport!  
“Where, with *the eye of judgment*, canst  
“thou find,

“Fit for a *mighty Statesman's mighty mind*,  
“So proper a retreat from carping care,

“Law's trammels, and the politician's snare,  
“As sweetly rural Dulwich? crown'd with  
“oak,

“Dear sylvan scenes where Nature I invoke!

“*It's* thought-inspiring woods—*It's* verdant  
“hills—

“And prospects, which the heart with rap-  
“ture *thrills*.”

Can any thing be more sublime and picturesque? What a luxuriant fancy, brilliancy of thought, and *peculiarity* of invention, shine throughout these lines! *Elysian seats, taste-built villas*, and *smile-reflective green retreats*, all collected by the *Thames*, like a true *connoisseur*, with *the eye of judgment*, at *sweetly rural Dulwich*, in order to form a proper retreat—for what?—not for a *mighty Statesman*—but his *mighty mind*.—We next have an invocation of Nature, *Its thought-inspiring woods, verdant hills and prospects* which *THRILLS* through the heart with rapture.—“To be grammatical, is pedantic and ungentlemanly;”—an imputation our author would not on any consideration labour under.

If the above quotation be not sufficient to establish his claim as a Bathos writer, what follows will do it, we think, effectually, where he tells us, that,

———“Richmond! that delightful place,  
“Which rivals Italy in ev'ry grace;  
“And Windsor—famous for its *castled state*,  
“Its well-sung Forest, and the *Good and Great*;

can on the whole gain no just preference to  
*Dulwich*, on account of its *nearness* to the imperial city.

“Thus the convenient *neavns*, to the Town  
“Is to the Merchant or the Tradesman  
“Known,

“Who, when his *counting-house* he overlooks,  
“Inspects his cash, and *overbarrels* his books;

“Visits the Exchange, that like a beehive  
“*swarms*,

“And looks thro' Trade in all its varied forms;  
“Flies in an hour from all-distracting care,

“And for a *naxious*, sleeps in Health-procur-  
“ing air.”

In what sublime language has he *over-*  
*hauled* the multifarious business of this *flying*  
merchant! How happily has he succeeded  
in



in what Martinus calls "raising up so many images, as to give no image at all!"—The last line stands unrivalled for its inanity.

Portraying the Chancellor, he calls him *awful* Thurlow,

—"Firm and resolute,  
"As great in *genious*, as in *sense acute*:"

and as a proof of his judgment informs us, he

"Has, judicious, found, 'midst these hills, a  
"feat,

"A rural, charming, tho' a small retreat;  
"Where, *rising* like himself, on *rising* ground,  
"Which humbly looks *beneath* on all around,  
"He breathes the fragrance of the purest  
"air,

"Where jocund Health and Exercise repair."

To make a man *rise* on *rising* ground—and like *himself* too, is really a stupendous effort of *genious*, only to be exceeded by making that very ground look humbly *beneath* on all around.

What can be more easy and unaffected than the following, where he makes the hills go through their manual exercise

"In vary'd shapes the hills *salute* the skies,  
"Smile on the view, but not to mountains  
"rise:

"While one more bold in woods its *basis*  
"shrouds,

"Should ring its slopy verdure to the clouds."

His portrait of Carlo Khan is a capital performance, the outline matterly, the colouring warm:

"What *Titan beetle-brow'd* is that I view,  
"Briareous like, with his *East India* crew?

"'Tis Carlo Khan! who now *attempts* his  
"reign,

"With *silken* Nabobs in his slavish train.  
"He strides an Elephant, whose look is dull,  
"And much affects to seem the great Mogul."

The epithet *beetle-brow'd* is truly poetical, and must prove to conviction, our author's intimate acquaintance with the ancients. Converting Briareus into an East India Captain is a bold thought, almost equal to that of making a man affect to seem the Great Mogul, because he strides an Elephant. The author might as well fancy himself, when mounted on a sandman's ass, a poet *striding* Pegasus.

Not Milton's Fall of the Angels is so sublime as the following passage:

—"Like the *fabled* Jove, with thunder  
"arm'd,

"Thurlow approaching makes him shrink  
"alarm'd;

"Flash after flash, the fiery lightning flies,  
"And headlong tumbles Carlo from the skies,

"Who falls 'midst broken thrones and *chairs*  
"of state,

"Crowns, turbans, scimeters, and gifts of  
"Plat,

"Garters, and stars, and show'rs of trea-  
"sure too;

"While on his enviy'd throne appears in  
"view

"The King triumphant o'er the falling  
"crew."

What a happy jumble of thunder and lightning, broken thrones and chairs of state, crowns, turbans, and scimeters; with a perspective view of Majesty in the back ground, like

"Jove in his Chair,  
"Of the Sky Lord Mayor!"

Rather than not make a Jupiter of his Hero, the Bard who, unwittingly, made Carlo Khan Apollo, who, in gratitude and strict justice, can do no less than crown him *Midas*.

The Anticlimax is our author's forte. For instance,

"Parent of evil—say, *ambitious Pride*—  
"Thou fall of angels—and of men beside.—

"Where fiends rebellious, with fierce fac-  
"tion join'd,

"Demons at enmity with all mankind,  
"Hover aloft with mischievous intent,

"As if on some vile act pestiferous bent!

—To do what mighty deed?—No less than

"To blait the garden, and the corn-fields  
"blight,

"And kill the herds with terror and  
"affright."

His description of a moon-light night is too excellent to pass unnoticed.

"And here by moon-light, whose soft beam  
"pervades

"The solemn stillness of the chequered glades,  
"Thro' the cool *softness* of the summer grove,

"To hear the warbling nightingale I rove—  
"A sacred awfulness is spread around,

"As the *still moon-light* spreads along the  
"ground;

"While quick creative fancy wakes to sight  
"Beholding wonders that inspire *delight*."

Nor can we withhold from our readers the curious account of Oliver's Ghost appearing to Carlo, and the wonderful effect it had not only on his complexion, but his shape: the scene lies at Whitehall.

"At midnight's *awful* hour, one *darkling*  
"night,

"When clouds spread rain, the moon a  
"gleamy light,

"For shelter, there the youthful Carlo came,  
"From Richmond-House, when he the won-

"drous claim

" Of dire *man-eating* Jews had satisfy'd,  
 " Twice fifty thousand pounds! by love sup-  
 ply'd  
 " Paternal, *which* was from the nation stole!  
 " There as he stoop'd, a voice that thook his  
 " soul  
 " Cried, *awful*—Let ambition fire thy mind!  
 " And straight the ghost of Cromwell stalk'd  
 " behind!  
 " Carlo with horror started! black his hair  
 " Quick chang'd from brown, and his com-  
 " plexion fair  
 " Turn'd *swartby dark*; his form grew  
 " *thickly odd*,  
 " And look'd the *Jew* that crucify'd his God."

This whole passage is by far too profound for criticism. His picture of the ghost is an inimitable assemblage of beauties:

" Then thus spoke Cromwell, with his  
 " *harden'd face*,  
 " *Gruff voice, false eye*, and manner void of  
 " grace."

After dismissing him in peals of thunder, how beautiful, rapid, and natural, is the transition!

" Go on, ye mowers, whet again your scythe,  
 " And sing, ye *gay bay-making* lasses blith;  
 " *It will not rain*, the clouds disperse, and  
 " see [glee."  
 " Comes forth th' all-cheering Sun, inspiring

Nor does our author deserve less praise for enriching the language with several new words and well-chosen epithets; such as *awfulize*, and *ironize*, *flashing winds*, *devious ways*, &c. Thus,

" The murmuring winds, the light'nings  
 " flash between  
 " The trees—with thunder—awfulize the  
 " scene;  
 " While *muffled up* in clouds, the Queen of  
 " Night  
 " Spreads thro' surrounding gloom *disastrous*  
 " light."  
 " Pride and ambition fire the *big-born* Great!  
 " To *steel* the nerves, and *ironize* the heart;  
 " And Faction, *clock'd* with public good, it's  
 " part  
 " Acts plausible, with *honey'd* words, to  
 " work  
 " It's *devious* way, and scepter'd pow'r from  
 " Monarchs—JERK."

We shall only farther observe, that the man who can *thus*, without the fear of *common sense* before his eyes, commit murder on couplets, ought to be confined by his friends in a dark room, with clean straw, on bread and water, and debarred the use of pen and ink, with the addition of a *Strait Jerkin*.

Cook and King's Voyages to the Pacific Ocean, in the Years 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, and 1780. 3 Vols. 4to.

[ Concluded from p. 129. ]

ON the morning of the 30th of December, 1777, Capt. Cook with Mr. King and Mr. Bayly went ashore on an island which they called from the season Christmas Island, to observe the Eclipse, which is here described. Steering northward, our voyagers discovered various islands, the manners, customs, and physical appearance of which are delineated with great accuracy and minuteness of observation. From the 7th of March, 1778, to the 29th they stretched along the coast of America. On the 29th, they anchored in eighty-five fathom water, so near the shore as to reach it with an hawser.

On his arrival in this island, Captain Cook had honoured it with the name of King George's Sound; but he afterwards found that it is called by the natives *Nootka*. His stay here furnished himself and Mr. Anderson with opportunities of making a variety of observations on the natives, aspect, and physical productions of those parts. Steering still northward, the English travellers, after a variety of vicissitudes and discoveries, at 10

o'clock in the morning of the 20th of August, 1778, saw the continent of North America, extending from South by East to East by South; the nearest part five leagues distant. They were obliged frequently to change their course by the ice. On the 29th of August the weather, which had been hazy, cleared up, and they had a view of the Asiatic coast, which appeared, in every respect, like the opposite one of America.

The season was now so far advanced, and the time when the frost is expected to set in so near at hand, that Captain Cook did not think it consistent with prudence to make any further attempts to find a passage into the Atlantic this year, in any direction. His attention was now directed toward finding out some place where they might supply themselves with food and water; and the object uppermost in his thoughts, was, how he should spend the winter, so as to make some improvements in Geography and Navigation, and at the same time be in a condition to return to the North in farther search of a pas-  
 sage



page the ensuing summer. He bore up for some time to the eastward, along the coast of Asia, and steered over for the American coast, of which he got sight at four in the morning, on the 6th of August. The manners, customs, produce, and articles of commerce of this coast, and of the adjacent islands are described, and as it is here that Asia approaches to America, form a very interesting and instructive picture.

Bending their course southward, our voyagers on the 2d of December, 1773, were surprised to see the summits of the mountains of *Owhyhee* covered with snow. After standing off and on for some time, they came to anchor on the 16th in Karakakooa bay, which is situated on the west side of this island, in a district called *Akona*.

What remains of this voyage is written by Captain King. It contains, among other interesting particulars, an account of the death of Captain Cook, in a quarrel with the natives of *Owhyhee*; a view of society, and of the face of the country in Kamtschatka; the efforts that were made under the command of Captain Clerke, in a second expedition to the north by way of Kamtschatka; and the transactions and events that happened on the homeward return of our ships by the way of Canton, and the Cape of Good Hope, from March 1779 to August 1780. The melancholy circumstances of the death of Capt. Cook have been already detailed in this, as well as in many other periodical publications. We would willingly survey with Captain King the manners and the country of Kamtschatka; we would willingly travel with him to Bolcheretsk its capital, and do justice to the noble generosity and cordial as well as polite treatment which the English received from its governor Major Behm: but we have already, from a desire to gratify the curiosity of our readers in matters so important as those contained in the work before us, trespassed on the bounds allotted for our review of other publications. We shall therefore conclude the view we have exhibited of this last Voyage round the World, with a short sketch of the characters of its different writers.

Among these we ought to reckon the reverend Dr. Douglas, the editor, who, in a grave and dignified style, suitable to the sublimity of a journey or voyage round the globe, has arranged the matter; chastized, no doubt, in some instances, the language of our circumnavigators; and pointed out to the curious and philosophic eye, the benefits that have resulted, and may yet result from the late discoveries in the Great Pacific Ocean; and the attempt, though unsuccessful, to ex-

plore a northern passage from thence into the Atlantic. Although this gentleman has levelled down the more striking peculiarities of the different writers of these voyages into some appearance of equality, yet a critic can discern in each his proper features. Captain Cook, accurate, minute, and severe, surveys every object with a mathematical eye, ever intent to fix or to discover some truth in astronomy, geography, and navigation. His observations on men and manners, and the produce of countries, are not very subtle or refined, but always sensible and judicious. He speculates, in order to establish facts; but does not inquire into facts for the airy purposes of speculation.

Captain King has perhaps a greater versatility of genius than Captain Cook, as well as a more lively fancy, and a greater variety and extent of knowledge. Agreeably to this character of him, he paints the scenes that fall under his eye, in glowing and various colours. He has less perhaps of the mathematician and navigator in his composition than Captain Cook, and more of the author. He himself seems conscious that he is in possession of this *forte*, and wields the pen with alacrity, with ease, and satisfaction. The gleanings that were left to his industry by Captain Cook, he seems too eager to pick up, to dwell upon, and to amplify.

Mr. Anderson is superior to both these writers in variety of knowledge, and subtlety and sublimity of genius. He is versant in languages antient and modern, in mathematics, in natural history, in natural philosophy, in civil history, in the metaphysics of both morality and theology; yet as a counterbalance to these brilliant qualities and endowments, he launches forth too much into theory, and is, in some instances, too little constrained by the limits of fact and nature in his speculations. He has found the doctrines of the immortality and the immateriality of the soul among nations who, in all probability, have not terms to express these, and very few to signify abstracted ideas of any kind. A quick imagination, and a subtle intellect, can see any thing in any subject, and extend the ideas most familiar to themselves over the boundless variety of the universe.

One observation is applicable to the whole of these voyages. It was said by the poet of *Ulysses*,

“*Mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.*”

Of our travellers we may say, *Multorum hominum mores viderunt*;—but we cannot add, in truth, “*et urbes.*”

We cannot close this article better than with the following Extracts from the Life  
and

and Public Services of Captain James Cook ; written by Captain King :

“ HE was born near Whitby in Yorkshire, in 1727, and at the usual age was placed as an apprentice to a shopkeeper ; not approving of that situation, he engaged himself for nine years to the master of a vessel in the coal trade. In 1755, at the commencement of the war, he entered into the navy on board the *Eagle*, where Sir Hugh Palliser, the commander, discovering his merit, soon placed him on the quarter-deck.

“ He was engaged in most of the busy and active scenes in North America ; yet he found time to read Euclid, and supply the deficiencies of an early education. Sir Charles Saunders, at the siege of Quebec, committed to his care services of the first importance. Lord Colville and Sir Charles both patronized him ; and by their recommendation he was appointed to survey the gulph of St. Laurence, and the coasts of Newfoundland. In 1767, Sir Edward Hawke fixed upon him to command an expedition of discovery to the South Seas, and for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus.

“ From this period, as his services are too well known to require a recital here, so his reputation has proportionably advanced to a height too great to be affected by my panegyrick.

“ The constitution of his body was robust, inured to labour, and capable of undergoing the severest hardships. His stomach bore, without difficulty, the coarsest and most ungrateful food. Indeed, temperance in him was scarcely a virtue ; so great was the indifference with which he submitted to every kind of self-denial. The qualities of his mind were of the same hardy, vigorous kind with those of his body. His courage was cool and determined, and accompanied with an admirable presence of mind in the moment of danger. His manners were plain and unaffected. His temper might perhaps have been justly blamed, as subject to hartsness and passion, had not these been disarmed by a disposition the most benevolent and humane.

“ Such were the outlines of Captain Cook’s character ; but its most distinguishing feature was that unremitting perseverance in the pursuit of his object, which was not only superior to the opposition of dangers, and the pressure of hardships, but even exempt from the want of ordinary relaxation.

“ Perhaps no science ever received greater additions from the labours of a single man, than geography has done from those of Capt. Cook. In his first voyage to the South Seas, he discovered the Society Islands ; determined the insularity of New Zealand ; discovered the straits which separate the two

Islands, and are called after his name ; and made a complete survey of both. He afterwards explored the Eastern coast of New Holland, hitherto unknown ; an extent of upwards of two thousand miles.

“ In his second expedition, he resolved the great problem of a Southern Continent ; having traversed that hemisphere in such a manner, as not to leave a possibility of its existence, unless near the Pole, and out of the reach of navigation. During this voyage he discovered New Caledonia, the largest Island in the Southern Pacific, except New Zealand ; the Island of Georgia ; and an unknown coast, which he named Sandwich Land, the *Tibule* of the Southern hemisphere ; and having twice visited the tropical seas, he settled the situations of the old, and made several new discoveries.

“ But the voyage we are now relating is distinguished above all the rest by the extent and importance of its discoveries. Besides several smaller Islands in the Southern Pacific, he discovered, to the north of the equinoctial line, the group called the Sandwich Islands ; which, from their situation and productions, bid fairer for becoming an object of consequence, in the system of European Navigation, than any other discovery in the South Sea. He afterwards explored what had hitherto remained unknown of the Western coast of America, containing an extent of three thousand five hundred miles ; ascertained the proximity of the two great continents of Asia and America ; passed the straits between them, and surveyed the coast on each side, to such a height of Northern latitude, as to demonstrate the impracticability of a passage, in that hemisphere, from the Atlantic into the Pacific Ocean, either by an Eastern or a Western course. In short, if we except the sea of Amur, and the Japanese Archipelago, which still remain imperfectly known to Europeans, he has completed the hydrography of the habitable globe.”

Captain King concludes his account of this extraordinary man, whose death cannot be sufficiently lamented, in the following words :—“ Having given the most faithful account I have been able to collect, both from my own observation, and the relations of others, of the death of my ever-honoured friend, and also of his character and services ; I shall now leave his memory to the gratitude and admiration of posterity ; accepting, with a melancholy satisfaction, the honour, which the loss of him hath procured me, of seeing my name joined with his ; and of testifying that affection and respect for his memory, which, whilst he lived, it was no less my inclination than my constant study to shew him.”



The Epistolary Correspondence, Visitation Charges, Speeches, and Miscellanies, of the Right Reverend Francis Atterbury, D. D. Lord Bishop of Rochester. With Historical Notes. D.illy.

THE warm interest which mankind take in the character, the fortunes, and the productions of great and eminent men, justifies and rewards the trouble and the expence of publishing to the world even the most careless effusions of their hearts on the most trivial occasions.

We are never tired or disgusted with new anecdotes, or with original letters of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay. But these men entertained for Dr. Atterbury the profoundest respect. They regarded him even with a degree of veneration. If ever the pride of Swift acknowledged an equal or superior, it was the Bishop of Rochester. The character of this prelate, fitted to command the respect of mankind, was peculiarly adapted for attracting the regard and attachment of the Dean of St. Patrick's. In their times the passions of men were greatly agitated by the question concerning the succession to the crown of England. It often happens that men of proud and erect minds oppose innovations, not merely from a regard to order, to antiquity, and to natural hereditary claims, but also from a contempt of those persons who assume to themselves the character and office of reformers. Be that, however, as it may, it is certain that the greatest geniuses of Queen Anne's reign, if we except Addison, were zealous Tories, and attached to the hereditary succession in the house of Stuart. This circumstance, which was a strong bond of union among them, places the characters of all of them in at least no mean view, as they were devoted to a suffering cause.

In these remains of Atterbury, we everywhere distinguish his monarchical and high-church principles; we discover in some instances, particularly in some things he writes concerning Dr. Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Sarum, the power of prejudice over the greatest minds; we learn a great number of very interesting particulars of the lives and characters of famous men; and are presented with some original pieces of Atterbury's in the *Literæ Humaniores*, or what we now call the *Belles Lettres*. We behold Dr. Atterbury sustaining affliction, of different kinds, with feeling, but with unshaken constancy; degradation, exile, bodily distress, and, what is still more severe, the tender anguish of an affectionate parent, who had before his eyes the gradual decay of an amiable, accomplished, and most dutiful daughter. The great wits who were cotemporary with Atterbury, were

exempted, by the condition of their lives, from such accumulated and severe calamity. Here we contemplate the elegant dignity of a cultivated mind, as it is affected by the chastest and tenderest of all the passions, parental affection towards a daughter worthy of both love and esteem.

Mrs. Morice, the Bishop's only daughter, in the last stage of a consumption, was seized with a longing desire to see, before she should depart this life, her father, then in exile at Montpellier. She travelled with pain, and frequently with immediate danger of expiring, from Westminster to Bourdeaux, and from thence to Toulouse, where she had the comfort of meeting with the object that had sustained her spirits on this painful and tedious journey. The following letters, while they serve to convey a just notion of the value of this publication, serve also to give an exalted idea of the persons who bore the chief parts in the tragedy described.

Mr. J. EVANS to his Brother in London,

*Toulouse, Nov. 9, 1729.*

"Dear Brother,

"AFTER a very tedious and fatiguing journey, Mr. Morice and his lady arrived here on Monday morning, the 7th, about seven o'clock, when she met her father; the only thing, I believe, she had to desire of God in this world. She went to bed, and never slept till she slept her last: and well may it be called so; for never was death received in so composed a manner, as I shall distinctly relate to you from Montpellier. She received the sacrament (upon her earnestly desiring to have it, if possible) about an hour and a half before she expired. That remaining time she employed in directing what she would have done in the most material things that relate to family affairs, and that in a very moving manner; and one of the last was to call her husband to her; when she said, "Dear Mr. Morice, take care of the children—I know you will: remember me to the Duchesse of Buckingham!"—This fatal stroke, being given on the way to her intended port, must, you will think, put us into uncommon disorder. Mr. Morice goes for England as soon as in a condition to do it. Pray give my family an account of this; and I shall, from Montpellier, do the same at large, as well as to yourself. Adieu.

Yours most affectionately,

J. EVANS."

## LETTER XCIX.

The BISHOP of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 20, 1729.

"YES, dear Sir, I have had all you designed for me; and have read all (as I read whatever you write) with esteem and pleasure. But your last letter, full of friendship and goodness, gave me such impressions of concern and tenderness, as neither I can express, nor you, perhaps, with all the force of your imagination, fully conceive.

"I am not yet master enough of myself, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you; and I am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly, employed on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason, to call them off to other subjects; but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and suffering them to spend their force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus percussus, huic uni me imparum sensi, & penè succubus.* This is weakness, not wisdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be trusted to the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodge all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in some measure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it towards something of use and moment; if I have still life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving. In the mean time, I shall be pleased to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy interruptions as I have met with. You outdo others on all occasions; my hope and my opinion is, that on moral subjects, and in drawing characters, you will outdo yourself. Your mind is, as yet, unbroken by age and ill accidents; your knowledge and judgment are at the height; use them in writing somewhat that may teach the present and future times; and, if not gain equally the applause of both, may yet raise the envy of the one, and secure the admiration of the other. Remember Virgil died at 52, and Horace at 58; and as bad as both their constitutions were, yours is yet more delicate and tender. Employ not your precious moments and great talents on little men and little things, but chuse a subject every way worthy of you; and handle it, as you can, in a manner in which nobody else can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were; and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

"——— *gelidus tardante senectù*

"*Sanguis hebet, frigenque effecto in corpore*

"*vires.*"

However, I should be ungrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the South of France, much more than I did at Paris, though even there I sensibly improved. What happened to me here last summer, was merely the effect of my folly, in trusting too much to a physician, who kept me six weeks on a milk diet, without purging me, contrary to all the rules of the faculty. The milk threw me at last into a fever; and that fever soon produced the gout; which, finding my stomach weakened by a long disuse of meat, attacked it, and had like at once to have dispatched me. The excessive heats of this place concurred to heighten the symptoms; but in the midst of my distemper I took a sturdy resolution of retiring thirty miles into the mountains of the Cevennes; and there I soon found relief from the coolness of the air, and the verdure of the climate, though not to such a degree as not still to feel some reliques of those pains in my stomach, which till lately I had never felt. Had I staid, as I intended, there till the end of October, I believe my cure had been perfected; but the earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpellier; where, after continuing two months under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as, on her part, every way became her circumstances and character; for she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me, in those few hours, greater marks of duty and love than she had done in all her life-time, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

"——— *placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.*"

"Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel, on this occasion; and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none, but those with which reason and religion furnish me; and on those I lay hold,

and



and make use of as well as I can; and hope that He who laid the burden upon me (for wife and good purposes, no doubt) will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

“ You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here; and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu, till we meet either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another.

“ A friend I have with me will convey this safely to your hands; though perhaps it may be some time before it reaches you: whenever it does, it will give you a true account of the posture of mind I was in when I wrote it, and which I hope may by that time be a little altered.

FR. ROFFEN.”

L E T T E R C.

Mr. J. EVANS to his Brother.

*Montpelier, Nov. 30, 1729.*

“ Dear Brother,

“ IN mine of the 9th instant from Toulouse, I promised you a more particular account of the death of Mrs. Morice, at my arrival here, where I got the 13th, but within an hour after was confined to my bed with a fit of the gout, which took me the last day on the road, and held me ten days; so that I was not out of my bed for two hours in all that time: but, having now again the use of my hand, I do with pleasure write to you, and keep my promise.

“ On Sunday the 6th instant, N. S. in the evening we reached Blagnac, a village not half a league, by land, from Toulouse; but by water (by reason of a very strong current, and the windings of the river) it takes three hours to get up to the town. So it was resolved, rather than expose Mrs. Morice too much to the fatigue (of which she had undergone an infinite deal, and bore it with incredible patience), or keep her late on the water, to rest at Blagnac that night, where she was put to bed in the same weak condition she usually had been, but not seemingly worse. But about midnight the women came to Mr. Morice and me, and told us, they thought they saw her changed. We rose, and came to her chamber, where we found her so very ill, that we thought fit to call up the boatmen, and order them to prepare the boat to part immediately; fearing much, from the change we saw, that, near as she was to it, she could scarce live to reach Toulouse, which we all earnestly desired to do, since no physician or other help could be had in the poor place where we

then were. She herself pressed this matter; and we well knew, that all her desires and wishes were constantly bent upon seeing her father, whom she hoped to find at Toulouse. She was taken out of bed, at her own desire, and carried to the boat with great difficulty, not being able to sit in the chair, which Mr. Morice had brought from Bourdeaux, with two chairmen, purely for the carrying her in and out of the boat more at her ease; and so we parted thence about two o'clock in the morning, sending two servants, by land, to procure a litter to meet her at the landing-place. About five we arrived there; and soon after six the litter came, which carried Mrs. Morice to the house in Toulouse, where her father was expecting her arrival, and not knowing, till then, how near or how far-off she was, though he had dispatched a man and horse to get intelligence of us, who happened to miss us. When the servants, who had been sent for the litter, returned, she was informed of the Bishop's being at Toulouse, and seemed to take new spirits upon it, which no doubt were of great use to enable her to bear going in the litter, which otherwise she could scarce have done, even for so short a way. After she had been put into her bed (where, as I told you, she never slept till she slept her last), and had a little recovered the fatigue she underwent in the conveyance from the boat, which was about a mile; her father, whom she immediately inquired after, came into her room, and was hearted to find her in so very low a condition. After mutual expressions of concern and tenderness, she particularly acknowledged the great blessing that was granted her, of meeting her dear papa; and exerted all the little life that was in her, in grasping his hands with her utmost force, as she often did; and told him, that meeting was the chief thing that she had ardently desired.

“ The Bishop some time after left her chamber, that she might compose herself, and that he might himself give vent to the just grief he was filled with, to see his beloved child in a manner expiring. But we found she took no rest; so he soon returned, and then said prayers by her, and proposed to her the receiving the holy sacrament the next morning, when he hoped she might have been a little refreshed in order to it: she embraced the offer with much satisfaction. He then asked her, for fear of any accident, if she was not desirous to have the absolution of the church? She declared she was; and begged to have it. After some little private discourse with her, he gave it her in the form prescribed in “ the Visitation of the Sick;” and she expressed great comfort upon receiving it. A physician had been sent for immediately upon her arrival. When

he came he gave little hopes, but said, all depended on the manner of her passing that night; and in the mean time prescribed only what would be comfortable and cordial to her stomach and bowels, which she was to take every three hours. It had that effect; for she seemed to lie pretty composed and easy the rest of the day; and her purging, which before had been extremely troublesome, became less violent.

"She once mentioned Dr. Wyntle, who, you know, had been her physician; and who had so neglected her, as for some time before she left England never to come near her, according to his appointment, nor give the least direction for her management in the long voyage she was about to make. She said to the Bishop, "Dear papa, has Mr. Morice told you how Dr. Wyntle has served us?" who answered, "Yes, my dear, I know it all; but do not let that trouble you now." She replied, "Oh, no, papa, I do not trouble myself about that, I have other things to think of at this time; but I did not know whether Mr. Morice had told you."

Hoping by this time she might incline to take a little rest, her father and husband retired, it being between eleven and twelve at night; but about two in the morning she sent one of her women to me (who lay on the same floor, in the next room to her) to desire to speak to me; and when I came, she said, not seemingly with much pain, but with such a shortness of breath that she was forced to breathe every two or three words, "Mr. Evans—I have been working—these three hours—and would fain—have the sacrament." I wondered at her sending for me on that account, her husband and father being both near at hand; but I found afterwards it was her unwillingness, by a direct message from herself, too much to alarm either of them. However, being then not apprised of her reason for it, I doubted a little of her being in her right senses, and said, "Madam, would you now receive the sacrament?" She said, "Yes, I would—if possible—presently." Of which the Bishop being immediately advised, as was Mr. Morice, and every thing prepared, he came, and administered to her, and to all present, the sacrament; and afterwards, at her desire, continued repeating the prayers of the church, till she began to draw very near her end; and then he used and continued the recommendatory prayer only; she all the while holding her hands in a posture of prayer, and sometimes joining in a low voice with him.

"After this, her father being gone from the bedside, she called for him (as she had very frequently done) and again said to him, "Dear papa—what a blessing is it—that, after—such a long—troublesome—journey—

we have—the comfort—of this meeting!"

"And, indeed, when I reflect on it, and consider the weak condition she was in upon the road, the many accidents that happened to retard the voyage, and the last effort she made when she was at the worst towards finishing it, I cannot but think that that meeting seemed granted by Heaven to her continual fervent prayers for it.

"About this time she called to her husband (who was always in near attendance upon her) and said, "Dear Mr. Morice, take care of the children—I know you will—Remember me—to the Duchess of Buckingham." She also, in a proper place, recommended her servants to Mr. Morice.

"She now found her feet cold, and ordered them to be rubbed, at the same time calling for her broth; but when it came, not being able to swallow it, she turned herself on her left side, and rested her head on her left hand, which she doubled, extending her right hand and arm over the bed-cloaths; and in this posture she continued drawing her breath shorter and shorter, but with the least emotion that possibly could be, till she at last expired, a quarter before four o'clock on Tuesday morning, Nov. 8, N. S.

"An entire resignation to the will of God, a piety towards her father, husband, and family, made her death full of the religion of a saint, and of the regularity and composedness of a philosopher. It was then she gave a seal and sanction to the judgment and affection of her friends; and shewed one of the best and wisest, as well as noblest of her sex (the Duchess of Buckingham, who, I have heard, had a very great regard for her) that she had made a right judgment of her, and bestowed her love on one who deserved it. Such a death, at the end of a virtuous life, would make one see what is nearest and dearest to us expire, not only without uneasiness, but with pleasure, were human nature capable of acting by reason, at such a time, without passion: but the most exalted of mankind partake of the dying pains of those that nature and affection have made dear to them; and even feel agonies which the dying are sometimes by special favour exempted from, as I really think she was. I shall conclude this account with a reflection I made at the time: That it was well worth my while to have taken so long a voyage, though I was immediately to return home again, and reap no other benefit from it than the seeing what, passed in the last hours of Mrs. Morice. I am,

Dear Brother, yours affectionately,

J. EVANS."

To these remains of Atterbury are subjoined various additions and corrections by the editor, which discover extensive reading and information.



The Navigator's Assistant; containing the Theory and Practice of Navigation: with all the Tables requisite for determining a Ship's Place at Sea. By William Nicholson. Printed for T. Longman, T. Cadell, and J. Sewell.

THE design of the author in this Treatise will be best known from his own words. He says in his preface, "The only book, in the English language, that is strictly scientific and dependent on its parts throughout, is Robertson's Elements of Navigation; a work highly esteemed, and deserving the estimation it has met with. If this book had been as well calculated for the general purposes of seamen, as it is for the academical teaching of the science of navigation, the present Treatise would never have been written. But it is too expensive for common purchasers, and too voluminous for daily use. The dispersion of the tables and of the practical matter renders them difficult to be readily come at, and the short radius of the traverse table prevents its extending at sight to the usual distance of a day's run. These and other similar objections are not offered as affecting the merits of the excellent book we speak of; they are trifling when considered in that light, though of sufficient consequence in their effect to render a smaller work desirable.

"It is true, that smaller works on the subject have long been extant. But in these, instead of taking every advantage to employ their scanty limits in the proper demonstration of the elements of practical navigation, their authors have either crowded them with problems of no very remarkable utility, or lessons respecting seamanship; an art which can never be acquired by any other means than actual practice at sea. It may readily be imagined, that the admission of these matters must occasion the other parts to be shortened, and there is a limit beyond which science cannot be shortened without curtailing some of its proofs.

"To obtain this limit, it was necessary to consider the subject in a retrograde manner; that is to say, for instance, it appears from the contemplation of the elements that enter into a day's work, that spherical trigonometry is only wanted in the computation of azimuths and amplitudes; for which reason it does not seem necessary, in a compendious work, to burthen the generality of purchasers with the whole of spherical trigonometry which would be required for the demonstration of these problems: And however desirable it may be, that every navigator should fundamentally understand the principles of the art he practises, yet it is certain, that the

majority will not acquire that knowledge. For these and other reasons that will offer themselves to the intelligent reader, and particularly that room might be left to treat more perspicuously concerning the other essential matter, it was thought expedient to omit the doctrine of spherical triangles. By this omission, the contents of the work are reduced to the arithmetic necessary for understanding the nature of proportional numbers and logarithms; the geometry and cosmography required for deducing the several methods of sailing, with their dependencies, and the display or exemplification of those methods. In these, likewise, the intended conciseness was ascertained by the same retrograde manner of contemplating the several parts of the subject."

To this we shall only add, that in our opinion the author has executed his design in a masterly manner—He is full without being diffuse, and has found the secret to unite brevity, perspicuity, and accuracy. It is true, that new discoveries are not to be expected in a work of this kind; but the author's mode of elucidating what has been given in a more abstruse manner by others, cannot fail to render his performance of infinite utility to the teacher and student of navigation, as they will find in a short compass every thing really useful in the art.—In an Appendix he has given the method of finding the latitude by the observation of two altitudes of the sun, principally extracted from Dr. Maskelyne's British Mariner's Guide, and the Nautical Almanack for 1771; together with the method of finding the longitude, from the observation of the angular distance between the moon and sun, or fixed stars, which he has explained with his usual clearness and precision.

The nature of the work not allowing of any extracts, we only conclude with heartily recommending it to the attention of such of our readers as are any way concerned in nautical affairs, whether as learners, teachers, or practitioners.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

IN a former volume of our work we had occasion to speak respectfully of a Treatise, by this author, intitled, An Introduction to Natural Philosophy, which is now too well known and approved to require farther animadversion. We then regretted the difficul-

ty that attends the procuring Anecdotes of studious and retired men, and particularly in the instance of Mr. Nicholson. We could at that time say no more, than that he is a gentleman who possesses the esteem and friendship of those who know him in private life, as well for the native force of his mind and the extensive acquisitions he has made in almost every branch of human literature, as for the candour and modesty that are too seldom the companions of scientific merit. We have since been rather more successful in our researches. It has not appeared to our enquiries, at what place he was educated, though we are well assured it was not at any of our public seminaries. In the year 1770, and several subsequent years, he sailed in the sea-service of the East India Company, and we believe that a part of his time was since employed in the country service in India. Whether he enriched himself by his East Indian excursions, we cannot pretend to say. We are inclined to suppose he did not, as it does not appear that he was ever placed in the road to Nabobship. Since his return from India, he has resided for the most part in London, in a situation that affords no field for adventure. Little solicitous of that fame which may be acquired by the exhibition of talents to the multitude, he is seldom seen but in the society of a select few. He seems to be enamoured of science for its own sake; and as he is yet young, it may be presumed that his mental exertions will long continue to promote the public good.

Considerations on the present Defects of Prisons, and their present System of Regulation; submitted to the Attention of the Gentlemen of the County of Gloucester, in the Course of their Proceedings on a Plan of Reform. To which are added, some General Reflections on the Subject; addressed to the Members of the Legislature. By Sir G. O. Paul. Cadell. 1784.

IT must be pleasing to every benevolent mind, to find that, in this country, the progress of humanity and of society keeps pace. The difference which appears in the manners and conduct of rude and of civilized nations, shews how much human nature may be improved; and ought to teach those gratitude whose lot has been to live in countries where barbarity is unknown.

No nation in Europe, perhaps in the world, pays a greater regard to the rights and calls of humanity than the English. Their public charities evince the truth of the assertion. The many spaciouly, commodious, and well endowed hospitals which we find in this country, shew the benignity of British hearts:—how

comfortable would be the reflection, if the different jails exhibited as lively a picture of munificence and tenderness in those who have the direction of them! In speaking of public charities and public prisons, this circumstance must always be kept in view, that hospitals have been built since the human mind became refined, and capable of feeling; whereas jails were numerous in Britain during the times of barbarism; and in both many of the original institutions still subsist.

Ferocity of manners having at length melted away, and civil discord having subsided, a Committee was appointed by the House of Commons, in 1737, to visit the jails, and to grant all possible relief to insolvent debtors: but, unfortunately for the cause of humanity, the wranglings of faction began to prevail, and those gentlemen, before they had half accomplished their plan, were called to attend to the business of the state. They had, indeed, administered relief to the insolvent debtors, but that was not all which they meant to do: the construction of jails, and the treatment of prisoners in general, were to have received improvement. But still the cries of the unfortunate were heard, and compassionately attended to. Many benevolent men then, and ever since, have been actively employed in promoting reformation in the different jails throughout the nation. Of these, the most distinguished by his zeal and his usefulness is Mr. Howard. This gentleman, with all the sympathetic generosity of a good christian, has made the miseries of afflicted prisoners the chief object of his concern, and has been instrumental in raising up many a head which distress has bowed down. It was owing to his kind suggestion, that the grand jury of the county of Gloucester were led to inquire into the calamities which prevailed in their county jail. "They found that not only the sickness of the prisoners, but also the great immorality which reigned throughout this country, was in a great measure owing to the uselessness of the houses of correction, and the common practice of obliging prisoners of all descriptions to associate." To this fortunate incident, co-operating with the progress of civilization and humanity in the country, must be ascribed that attention which the legislature has, of late years, paid to the state of prisons. This publication was originally designed for the use of the inhabitants of the county of Gloucester; but the benevolent author of it, thinking that the circulation of it might prove of general use, was induced to endeavour to promote that circulation.

Sir G. O. Paul, foreman of the grand jury of Gloucester, in his excellent Address to that respectable body, considers "how far the spirit of the law of England implies a principle



ciple of discrimination, and an attention to humanity in the various sentences to imprisonment:—"how far the statutes have positively enjoined such a principle, and such an attention." He remarks "what prisons should be in effect." He adverts to their actual state; and closes the whole with an exhortation to reformation, which is not unworthy the character of the writer.

To this Address is subjoined an Appendix, containing *A second Address* to the grand jury, with general reflections on the state of prisons, a plan for remedying them, and the means of carrying it into execution. In conclusion of the whole, he calls for the attention of the legislature; and hopes they will take such speedy and decided measures as may be effectual in removing the calamities complained of.

This publication contains matter that must be interesting to the antiquarian, the politician, and to every man who reckons the relief of the afflicted an object deserving of consideration. The author has introduced into his performance a great deal of important matter; and has arranged it in a clear perspicuous manner. He reasons accurately and justly; and has brought to light many facts, which will, we hope, go far towards reforming the dreadful defects which appear in the British jails.

Two Tracts: Information to those who would remove to America; and Remarks concerning the Savages of North America. By Dr. Benjamin Franklin. London: Printed for John Stockdale, opposite Burlington-house, Piccadilly. 1784.

IT is the glory of Dr. Franklin, that he generally bends his speculations to some moral or practical purpose, and mixes theory with experience. The opportunities this gentleman has had of observing the nature of America, and the dispositions of its inhabitants, will naturally draw a general attention to this small publication. The reader will not be disappointed, if he expects very important instruction. But the chief feature of the publication is an agreeable humour, and something too of that garrulity which, in an old man, and such an old man, is not only excused, but approved. The author of this pamphlet says, that he has been induced to publish it, from applications, either directly or by letters, from Europeans desiring information how they could establish themselves in America. With the utmost candour he points out the situation of the country, and mentions the several branches in which they may be encouraged. It is not by painting, statuary, architecture, and the other works of art, that are more curious than useful,

that emigrants may expect to find subsistence. There are few rich enough to pay the high prices that are generally sought for these productions; and the natural geniuses that have arisen in America have uniformly quitted that country for Europe. Men of letters and mathematical knowledge are in esteem there; but they are at the same time more common than is apprehended. The civil offices of state are attended with few advantages; for it is a maxim with the Americans, when the emoluments of office increase, and the candidates are numerous, to reduce them so far, that it becomes no object at all. Every man is esteemed in proportion as he is a useful member of society, and promotes the general good of the state. The people have a saying, that God Almighty is himself a mechanic, the greatest in the universe. They are pleased with the observation of a Negro, and frequently mention it, that "Boccarorra (meaning the white man) make de black man workee, make de harte workee, make de ox workee, make ebery ting workee only de hog. He, de hog, no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk about, he go to sleep when he please, he libb like a gentleman." Strangers are welcome, because there is room enough for them all; but if they do not bring fortunes with them, they must work and be industrious to live. As land is cheap, hearty young labouring men, who understand the clearing of ground and husbandry, may easily establish themselves there. The Americans generally marry when young; hence the increase of inhabitants is very rapid, and becomes still more so by the accession of strangers: therefore artificers of all the necessary and useful kinds are well employed, and amply paid for their work. There are no restraints to prevent strangers from exercising any art they understand, and no permission necessary.

Many useful observations are made, and deserve a serious perusal from those who intend to emigrate to America. Those who desire to understand the state of government there, would do well to read the Constitutions of the several States, and the Articles of Confederation which bind the whole together for general purposes, under the direction of one Assembly, called the Congress. They will find in them, that Congress cannot pay the freight of persons enticed away from this country, or any country: and that if to any such encouragement is given, it must be by the government of a separate state, and that this is very seldom done. The almost general mediocrity of fortune (says the author) that prevails in America, obliging its people to follow some business for subsistence, those vices that arise usually from idleness are in

a great measure prevented. Serious religion is not only tolerated, but respected and practised. Atheism is unknown, and infidelity rare and secret.

Then follow some very curious remarks concerning the Savages of North America; for which we refer our readers to page 24 of this volume.

Address to, and Expostulation with, the Public  
By John Earl of Stair. J. Stockdale, 1784.

THE world has long been acquainted with the good intentions and the industry of Lord Stair as a financier, and to his talents and virtues we have been happy in doing justice. On this occasion, we shall only add to our former testimonies in his favour, that the performance before us partakes of all the merits of those which his Lordship has hitherto written on the same or similar subjects. In this his Lordship exhibits the real and undiguised state of our finances, and calls upon men of property to make every generous and noble exertion in their power to restore Great-Britain to her former vigour and respect; an object, he maintains, not to be attained but by a very speedy and liberal contribution towards the present exigencies of the times.

Letters on the Medical Service in the Royal Navy; with occasional Remarks: in which are included, new Observations on the General Practice of Physick, and the Best Means for preserving the Health of His Majesty's Seamen. Printed for the Editor; and sold by F. Newbery, St. Paul's Church-yard.

MOST of these Letters have already appeared in the public prints; but that mode of communication being found very limited, from their not having been published in all the different newspapers, the editor thought it adviseable to collect and exhibit them in the present form. His attention merits commendation; for the writer of the Letters (Mr. Renwick) has a just claim to the gratitude and respect, not only of medical gentlemen, but of the British nation at large. He has favoured the public with a variety of matter on medical subjects; and has thrown out several useful hints for the better regulation and treatment of his Majesty's seamen, which, we doubt not, will one day be duly attended to by the Commissioners of the Admiralty. There is a class of men who are peculiarly indebted to the author; we mean, the *Surgeons of the Navy*. The inadequateness of the rewards which they receive for their services seems to have been the idea

that first suggested the publication of these Letters. On that head, Mr. Renwick complains of the smallness of their wages, the insufficiency of their half-pay, and of the very little proportion of them that are allowed to enjoy it. The consequence of these grievances often is, that Surgeons of ability take the very first opportunity of getting into a line where they can have a better recompence for their labour. If the preservation of the health of his Majesty's seamen be an object worthy the attention of government, the encouragement of those on whom their health depends, must also be entitled to a share of their notice. As preservatives of health on board his Majesty's ships, Mr. Renwick recommends cleanliness, the use of Indian tea, tobacco, &c. As the death of a seaman is a much greater loss than that of a few pieces of putrid beef, he reprobates the custom of obliging sailors to eat whatever comes uppermost. He also inveighs against the practice of admitting into the service vagrants who are infected with disease of any kind.

His observations on *fever* are worthy the perusal of any medical man.

A Plan of Education delineated and vindicated. To which are added, a Letter to a young Gentleman designed for the University, and for Holy Orders; and a short Dissertation upon the stated Provision and reasonable Expectations of public Teachers. By George Croft, D. D. Vicar of Arncliffe, Master of Brewwood School, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Elgin. 1784.

BEFORE the author enters upon the execution of his plan, he presents his readers with a preliminary discourse, in which he makes several judicious observations on the unjust reflections that have been thrown out against public Teachers by Mr. Locke, Sir Rich. Steele, and others, on the oeconomy and discipline of schools, and on the long agitated question, "Whether a public or private education be preferable?"

He then proceeds to delineate and to vindicate the plan of which he approves. The heads under which he brings all his reasonings, are these: "Reading and pronunciation; rhetoric; grammar; the conduct of exercises; religion; the books that are most proper for schools, and the manner in which they ought to be read; the different branches of polite education, such as dancing, holidays, the choice of a calling, &c." On all these heads the author thinks and expresses himself like a man of letters. His ideas on rhetoric are just, tho' rather too much limited by the small



small proportion of the system before us which he has allotted to that subject. On pronunciation and the use of the clafficks are to be found several pertinent observations. But what pleases us most, and what gives us the highest opinion of the author's character as a *guardian of youth*, is the great attention which he recommends to the cultivation of *religious principles*: that single circumstance ought to go a great way towards procuring him the favour of every parent who wishes to see the morals of his children duly formed or preserved. To his fellow-labourers in the same useful work, the ideas which he has delivered on the various topics of which he has treated, must be a very sufficient voucher of his merit.

The Letter to the Young Gentleman is a sensible one. Having had the advantage of late publication, it was expected that it would be preferable to that written by Dr. Swift, or by any other writer.

The last part of this performance, which treats of the endowment of Schools, and their emoluments, is, perhaps, the most meritorious of the whole: it is, at least, the newest. Its tendency is to shew the illiberal treatment which Schoolmasters often receive from the parents of their pupils, and from the Founders of Schools. It is worth the perusal of every Teacher.

Addresses, devotional and sacramental, by some eminent London Ministers. S. Bladon and J. Matthews, 1784.

THESE Addresses are twenty-two in number; three of which, viz. the sixth, twelfth, and eighteenth, are sacramental, or exhortations to Christians on the solemn occasion of administering the holy sacrament; the remainder are Addresses to the Deity, in the form of prayers, delivered either at morning or evening service.

This little compilation, which breathes the very essence of devotion, without any of those enthusiastic flights which too often are the characteristics of these kind of productions, is by no means inelegant. Its contents do no less credit to the understanding of those who delivered, than to the taste of the compiler who selected them.

Well-disposed Christians, of whatsoever denomination, may peruse them (especially the sacramental Addresses) with pleasure and advantage. To those particularly who prefer the extemporaneous effusions of the heart to the correctness of studied compositions, they cannot fail of affording the highest satisfaction.

EUROP. MAG.

The Nature and Circumstances of the Demoniacks in the Gospels stated and methodized, and considered in the several Particulars. By Thomas Barker. London. B. White, Fleet-street.

THE author's arrangement in this ingenious little work resembles that of writers on natural history. Of malignant spirits, *Satan* is the *genus*; his *angels* form the different *species*; and they are classed according to some common quality described in the Scriptures. We shall give a short account of a few of the classes.

*Names.* The Devil himself is either styled *Diabolo*, or *Satanas*: his inferiors are stiled, *Daimonia*.

*Who the evil spirits were.* The Great Dragon was cast out of heaven, that old serpent called the Devil and Satan; and his angels were cast out with him; the angels who kept not their station in heaven, &c.

Satan's character is well known.

*Demons* were earthly sensual beings, James iii. 15. "The demons believe and tremble." James ii. 19.

*Demons subject to Satan.* "He casteth out demons through Beelzebub, the chief of the demons."

The author observes here, that the spirits which took possession of men were called *Demons*, *unclean* or *evil spirits*. When the understanding was affected, then people were called *Demoniacks*; but those who were disordered in body only were subject to the power of the Devil. "The woman who was bowed down, was said to be *bound of Satan*." Luke xiii. 16.

*Ministers of glory.* "O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts, ye servants of his that do his pleasure." Psalm ciii. 21.

*Ministers of wrath.* There be spirits which are created for vengeance, which in their fury lay on sore strokes. Eccl. xxxix. 28.

*The belief of evil spirits confirmed.* "I beheld Satan fall as lightning from heaven." Luke x.

When the demoniacks in Matth. viii. 29, pray not to be tormented; and in Mark v. 10, that Jesus would not send them away out of the country, Mr. Barker is of opinion, "That it could not be the possessed, but the demons themselves that spoke; for no one who is ill is afraid of being cured, or thinks it would prove a torment to him to be well; or that healing him would be driving him out of his country." In this little work there may be found entertainment both for the christian and the virtuoso.

R r

An

An Author's Conduct to the Public, stated in the Behaviour of Dr. William Cullen, his Majesty's Physician at Edinburgh. Murray. 1784.

MR. Murray, Bookfeller, had on his hands eighty-four volumes of Dr. Cullen's "First Lines," when he was informed, that the Doctor did not intend to sell an additional volume, which he was printing, separate from the others. The value of the eighty-four volumes was 16l. Mr. Murray wrote to Dr. Cullen, that if by any means his sets could be completed, he should require no more; or, if it should be agreeable to the Doctor to give him the new edition in exchange for the books he had upon hand, volume for volume, he should rest perfectly satisfied. He added, that no Bookfeller in London published a new edition of a book, with improvements, without exchanging it for the old, if any of the latter were found to be in the Trade undisposed of. Doctor Cullen refused to comply with Mr. Murray's request: but, after an epistolary correspondence, which is published in this pamphlet, and which was carried on on both sides with vivacity, and not without a degree of personal attack, Dr. Cullen consented to a separate publication of his 4th volume.

Commentaries and Essays, published by the Society for promoting the Knowledge of the Scriptures. Number I. (To be continued occasionally.) London, sold by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard. Price 1s.

THE object of this Society is of the most benevolent and noble kind; being, "to impress the human heart with just affections towards the Almighty, and our fellow-creatures—to animate us in the performance of our duty—and to qualify us for the enjoyment of substantial happiness both here and hereafter." The method by which the Society propose to attain their great end, is, by expounding and illustrating the holy scriptures more faithfully and more fully than they have hitherto been done. They are convinced, that injudicious modes of inquiry have been the cause of the scriptures being so partially received as the proper guide of hu-

man life; they therefore mean to adopt a new one in the execution of this work. It has been customary with Divines, to assume some particular truth, and then attempt to establish its conformity to holy writ. Such a method resembled the *synthetic*, or antient mode of philosophizing; according to which, "a theory, or an hypothesis, framed by human fancy, anticipated what ought to have been the result of a laborious investigation into fact." The Society, judging that method of procedure to be as dangerous in matters of religion, as it was fruitless in philosophy, are now to substitute, in its place, what may be termed "the *analytic* mode of enquiry into the genuine doctrines of the scriptures;" and, "instead of assuming a position, and attempting a demonstration of its truth by authorities from scripture, they propose previously to establish the genuine sense of such authorities as they may find necessary to be brought in support of any general proposition." A sketch of the plan of the Society (which is prefixed to the First Number, and to which we refer the reader for a fuller account of the Society) furnishes an example of the new, or analytic mode of enquiry. The Society will reckon themselves obliged for any communications, either from clergy or laity, which tend to promote the knowledge of the scriptures; and it matters not whether such communications be remarks on the manners or principles of antient times, or on civil history, or on any sentence or portion of sacred writ. Original papers of merit will be published in the author's own language.

In this First Number are, "An Attempt to illustrate John xiv. 1, 2, 3. A new Translation of Isaiah, lii. 13. liii. 12. with notes. The Illustration of Christ's last Discourse with his Disciples, continued. John xiv. 4—13.— The illustrations are very complete, and satisfactory: if they have a fault, it is their being so very prolix. The translations are a proof of ingenuity and learning; and it cannot be denied, that they throw considerable light on the subject, by rendering it, as the writer has said, more consistent in its parts, and less objectionable on account of the confusion of persons. In all such researches Dr. Lowth's works must be of infinite utility.

Both the *object* and the execution of this performance justify us in recommending it to the public.



For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

IMPARTIAL AND CRITICAL REVIEW  
OF  
MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Six Sonatas for the Forte-Piano, or Harpsichord. Composed by Giuseppe Haydn. Opera 13. Price 10s. 6d. Longman and Broderip.

FROM the engraving of these Sonatas, we imagine they were either printed in Germany or in Holland, and that the publishers have prefixed English titles to them. We do not hint this to lead the public to suppose they are incorrectly given: on the contrary, the note is a very good one, and there are very few faults to be met with in the whole work.

Although these Sonatas abound with great variety of thoughts, and a vast fund of invention, yet they are not so free and so generously open as most of this happy composer's works are generally found to be: some of them are confined, and others pedantick; but then it should be known they were intended to burlesque the manners of some German musicians, who, either from envy or ignorance, had entered into combinations against our author, and criticized his works with great severity in periodical pamphlets. Instead of answering them, however, in their own way, he composed and printed three or four sets of Sonatas, in which, without announcing it to the public, he took them all off in so artful a manner, that each one beheld his own stile held forth in a ridiculous light, and yet none of them could claim one bar of the music!—It would be endless to particularize every passage throughout this work; but we cannot pass over the minuet to the fifth Sonata, in which Haydn had Bach of Hamburgh in his eye, whose compositions now and then are somewhat in the old stile, often consisting of *imitations* and *fugues*. This minuet that we are now pointing out being a regular canon, the answer of which is in the *unison*; in the first part the treble takes the lead, in the second part the bass begins, and the treble follows. This minuet is not a very pleasant one, because it is bound down by the rigid fetters that must encircle that species of music called a canon; so that for what we lose of the pleasantry of the air, ample amends is made by the contrivance and ingenuity of the art.

Another curiosity (perhaps more so than the above) is the minuet to the sixth Sonata, which, when you have played the first

part through, instead of repeating it, you begin with the last note of that part, and perform all the bars backwards; and the same is observed in the second part of the minuet, the whole of which is so contrived as to make good harmony, and is as agreeable to the ear backwards as forwards. This, by the bye, is a school trick; and examples of this kind are to be found in some of the works of our old English masters, such as *Bird* and *Morley*.

Six Sonatas for the Forte-Piano or Harpsichord. Composed by Giuseppe Haydn. Opera 14. Price 10s. 6d. Longman and Broderip.

THESE Sonatas, like the former set, are in many places intended to imitate the whimsical stiles of certain masters: and they are very well executed, for they abound with odd flights, strange passages, and eccentric harmonies. The most natural and simple of them all is the first; after which he shews you with how much ease and address he can adopt the stiles of other authors, and blend their absurdities with his own good sense and pleasant melody.

A Favourite Concerto for the Harpsichord, or Piano-Forte; with Accompaniments. Composed by Giuseppe Haydn. Opera 37. Price 5s. Longman and Broderip.

THE first movement of this Concerto breathes the true and genuine spirit of its author; it is neat, sprightly, and beautiful; and although it is not very difficult, if played with spirit and vivacity, will set a performer off to very great advantage.

The second and the last movements are by no means equal to the first in point of merit, and yet they bear indelible marks of Haydn's pen.

The performer must be apprised that the engraver has mistook the bass for the treble cleff, and the treble for the bass, more than once in the second movement, fourth line, fourth bar; fifth line, first bar; and fifth line, third bar, &c. which, if not attended to, will create great confusion, and a very inharmonious din.

Very few instances can be adduced of charging the public more than 15s. for a set

of six Concertos, with the instrumental parts inclusive; and many instances can be brought, with the names of eminent composers, where only half-a-guinea is charged for a set. In the present instance, the publishers of this single concerto have the modesty to demand at the rate of one pound ten shillings for six concertos, when at the same time it is very probable no purchase money was paid for the copy-right, as it is presumed the above was taken from a foreign edition.

The celebrated *Stabat Mater*, as performed at the Nobility's Concert. Composed by Giuseppe Haydn. 11. 1s. Bland.

WE have investigated with the deepest attention this great performance, and have the gratification to pronounce it one of the most perfect productions that has appeared in print since the time of *Handel*. The great master and the man of genius strike us in every bar: melody, expression, elegance, dignity, and modulation, lend their aid to charm, and give us ample conviction that strength and beauty are consistent qualities. In the opening of this (Mr. Haydn's master-piece), we have a movement so deeply expressive of grief, so artful in its construction, yet so natural in its effect, and every way so judiciously adapted to the subject of the words, that, while we consider it, it seems the only music that could justly convey them.

The work commences with a *solo*, which, after impressing the mind with a solemn and dignified grief, breaks into a short chorus. The *solo* is then resumed, and again relieved by a second chorus, whose combinations are masterly, and whose accompaniments, as well as those to the *solo* and first chorus, are highly beautiful and significant.

From this we pass to a second *solo* in three quavers in a bar, in which beauty, simplicity, and expression unite their powers to an extraordinary degree. The words "*O quam irasus et afflicta*" could not surely be more forcibly given, than in the melody here allotted them. The introduction of the minor third, at the fifth bar, is a rare stroke of art and genius, and the flat fourth in the sixteenth bar, after the sharp second in the fifteenth, is equally great. We only lament that it should escape the excellent author to insert the flat third in the eighteenth bar; which would have had a similar effect after the natural eighth in the preceding bar, to the flat fourth after the sharp second; and have answered it in a fine *climax*. The accompaniments at the words, "*Quæ merebat et dolebat*," and at "*et tremebat cum videbat*," are charming enforcements to the expression; and the little division on the word "*pœnas*,"

affects us irresistibly. The remainder of the *solo* is, in general terms, equally fine; and repeats the words in notes to whose effect the soul is obliged to yield. From this we proceed to a chorus in a minor key, the opening of which possesses strong meaning, and is much aided by the accompaniment. At the tenth bar, where the words "*in tanto supplicio*" take place, the instrumental parts form an expression, the force and propriety of which nothing can exceed. The voices fall into a fugue of a free and open subject; the simple answer to which, in the several parts, forms the conclusion, which, after the manner of some of our best old composers, is made in the major third. The following *solo*, "*Quis non possit contrisari*," is a beautiful piece of melody, and its accompaniments and symphonies are great heightenings to its effect. The subject is extremely sweet and natural, and the passage at the words "*dolentem cum filio*" finely imagined.

The first division on the word "*contemplari*" is elegantly simple, and the succeeding thoughts charming beyond measure. The second division on the same word is equally good, and the rest of the *solo* consistent with the merits of the former part.

The following *solo*, "*Pro peccatis sue gentis*," for a bass voice, is a specimen of the bold and majestic, mixed with pity and dejection. Its subject is round, firm, and great; and the succeeding accompaniments judicious. The passage applied to "*vidit Jesum in tormentis*, displays uncommon judgment; as also that at the words "*et flagellis subditum*," and its expressive accompaniments. The following divisions on the word *flagellis* are excellently adapted to the sense; but we think them caught from those in "the people that walked in darkness," in the Messiah. The second part commences with varying the subject upon the fifth of the key; after which we are carried down by a rolling symphony to the original key note, where the subject finely resumes itself in its original form, and produces a strength of effect which nothing can exceed.

From this we proceed to a fine and delicate *solo* in *F* with a *minor*. The subject is most tenderly afflictive, and pursued with forcible effect. The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth bars exhibit great art and meaning; and the succeeding close is beautifully modelled. In the second part of the air, after a transposition of some former passages, is a most capital stroke. The thought we allude to is introduced at the ninth bar, where the words *vidit suum dulcem natum*, rising by semitones from the fifth of the key to the eighth, with the excellent bass applied to them, produce an extraordinarily fine effect; and the



partial close which follows is equally affecting. The sixteenth and seventeenth bars are also deeply artificial, and the final passage beautiful. In the succeeding chorus, "*Eja water fons amoris*," we find much sense and expression; but we do not trace that contrivance and effect to be found in the chorusses of Handel, nor any ideas particularly novel. Some common manœuvres are employed, and the expression is in some parts less diversified and forcible than it might be, from the unvaried fulness of the harmony.

From this we are led to a duet, the melody, accompaniments, and whole contrivance of which are truly admirable. The subject is melodious, and elegantly expressive, and the succeeding passages novel and connected. When the voices fall in with each other, great art and mastery of design discover themselves. The original theme is turned to a happy imitation, and the parts mingle and run into each other with uncommon beauty of effect.

The second part opens with a transposition of the subject, and early introduces a division of much sweetness and art, followed by further transpositions of the former parts, which, with some little heightening additions, lead to a fine conclusion.

The next page presents us with a *counter-tenor solo*. In this solo, as in the others, we find a display of purest taste, richness of imagination, and force of expression. The accompaniments convey a strong elucidation of the author's meaning, and improve the execution of his judicious design.

The succeeding movement is a chorus of three crotchets in a bar, *andante*. In this chorus we have a well-worked fugue, with a fine open subject, introduced by a symphony formed from the body of the composition. The answers throughout are ingenious, and in many places exhibit strokes of great mastery. If it has any material fault, it is in being, from its numerous repetitions, rather too long. The subject, from having so many changes rung upon it, sometimes tires the ear in a degree, and somewhat lessens the gratification it is in itself capable of affording. The symphonies introduced at the end of the several strains are charming, and add much lustre to the effect.

We now proceed to a *bass solo*. Here we find great spirit and strength of expression, with a rich and generous melody. The sense of the words is, indeed, to speak generally, finely given, and the accompaniments of the bass instruments, as well as of the upper parts, make a considerable contribution to the effect. The following *solo*, "*Pax me cruce custodire*," for a tenor, is also finely conceived. The subject is simple and significant, and the division introduced at the seventh bar,

and which leads to a partial close, is particularly elegant. The succeeding symphony is also charming, and the second part of the air, which repeats the words of the first, is still of consistent merit; new and beautiful ideas are introduced, and form a link of rich melody. The thought given at the third crotchet of the sixth bar is eminently sweet, and the division it introduces equal to the first.

We now come to the consideration of the last chorus. The author has here exerted his talent and judgment, as if ambitious of rivalling Handel himself; and, we must confess, has done every thing but that. Depth of design, contrivance of counterpoint, and dignity of style, are aimed at and attained. The introduction is in a *minor key*, and, by its gravity and still solemnity, forms a fine exordium to the succeeding movements. One thing strikes us as an objection, which is, that the last *pause* (for there are two in this movement) is, like the first, formed in the fifth of the key, with a major third; a tautology which the greatest composers have always been careful to avoid.

From this we proceed to a *fugue*, in the same key, *major*; the subject of which is new and finely imagined. It leads off in the bass, and being answered in the fifth, the eighth, and again in the fifth, it is played with with a masterly hand. A fine body of harmony now closes upon us, which, coming to a full period in the second of the key, with a *major third*, the original subject is relieved by a new one, introduced by the *soprano* part, in the fifth of the key; which coming to a pause in the same, is followed by some ingenious answers of the first subject.

We then arrive at a transposition of the above subject in the *soprano*, given again by the *soprano* in the primitive key, as an answer to that in the fifth of it. This being succeeded by a close combination of all the parts, we come to a fine conclusion of the chorus, and of a performance which (altogether considered) does honour to its author, and to music.

The *Stabat Mater* has been repeatedly set to music, at different periods, by many of the first composers of Italy; such as the Baron D'Storga, Pergolesi, Gasparini, Vito, &c.; but those in the greatest request are by the two first of these authors; and they have both their admirers, according to the different tastes that pervade mankind, they being diametrically opposite to each other in point of style; the Baron's being almost a choral composition, full of artificial writing in a very scientific manner; while Pergolesi's only consists of solos and duets, in which the beauty of simplicity seems to have been his only aim, and in which he has succeeded in a very

very eminent degree. The *Stabat Mater* of Haydn, according to our best judgment, partakes of the excellence of the before-mentioned great masters, and is a commixture of such knowledge and taste, as is rarely to be met with in the compositions of any one author.

Handel's Posthumous Trios for a Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello. 3d Set. Arranged by Lorenzo Moser. 10s. 6d. Birchall.

THE first of these Trios, which opens with the air of "How vain is man," in Judas Maccabeus, displays the same judgment we found in the arrangement of the former sets. The second movement is succeeded by that sweet air, "To fleeting pleasure make your court," in Sampson, which is as happily relieved by "The leafy honours of the field."

The second piece commences with, "Fly from the threatening vengeance," in the Occasional Oratorio, followed by "Total eclipse," in Sampson, which, in our judgment, forms a fine contrast to it, and introduces the air of "Constant lovers," from Hercules, to an advantage under which it would not displease its illustrious author to hear it. The third presents us with "Thro' the land," from Athalia, by which we are led to "Thais led the way," in Alexander's Feast; which, after finely relieving the preceding movement, introduces "Orpheus could lead," from Dryden's Ode. With the above striking opposition the piece concludes.

The fourth Trio begins with "Prophetic visions," from the Occasional Oratorio; after which we proceed to "Oft on a plat of rising ground;" the effect of which, after what has gone before, is truly charming, and shews up "O beauteous Queen," by which it is succeeded, in the faint light imaginable.

The fifth Trio opens with "Our fears are now," from Deborah, and gives a fine occasion for the introduction of "He was despised," from Messiah; which is spiritedly contrasted by "Place danger around me," in Joshua.

The sixth introduces to us that fine air, "Capricious man," in Saul, followed by "No longer fate," from Hercules; which, after the former, brings with it an additional effect, and charmingly prepares us for "Endless pleasure," from Semele, with which this the last Trio of the present set concludes.

Upon the whole, we are so much pleased with the new effects of this and the former sets of Mr. Moser's Trios (as we may venture to call them, since they derive their present form from his ingenuity and judgment), that we hope there are many sets to come, and that their reception with the public will

do that justice to the composer which the success of his attempts deserves.

A Collection of Songs. Composed by Highmore Skeats, Organist of the Cathedral at Ely. Printed for the Author.

IF the merit of musical publications were to be determined by the encouragement they meet with either from men high in the profession, or the public in general, these little vocal efforts of Mr. Skeats' have no small claim to notice. The list of subscribers presents us with a handsome assemblage of names, and amongst them many of distinction both in art and in rank.—We wish the composer's deserts in some future work may be equal to the countenance he has received in this. Not that we mean to deny him every pretension to applause, or to say that he does not in some degree merit support; but criticism demands that we distinguish Mr. Skeats from composers either of deep science or real genius. The first song in this collection, called a *Pastoral Elegy*, is an instance at hand.

The opening of the melody, though no ways original, is smooth and simple, but proceeds very unequally; and a passage is introduced at the seventh bar of the symphony totally discordant to the feelings we should be prepared for. The air of the song throughout is meagre, and faint of expression; the bass is not always the best, and the modulation often abrupt.

The second song, entitled *Aprapas*, which is meant for an air of conviviality, is perhaps in some respects not quite so wide from its purpose as that we have spoken of; yet under many considerations, we are forbid to absolutely give it the preference. It possesses in parts something like melody, but so awkwardly applied, and so unlike any thing approaching to a regular air, or the description of festivity, that, without the words, we doubt if it would be possible to ascertain whether the author of the music meant to express joy or gravity; Bacchanalian jollity, or soft cares of love. Some change in the time would render it as little adapted to one, as it now is descriptive of the other. In short, a littleness of idea pervades the song, and marks it as an unsuccessful attempt.

In the third air, for the words of which are selected that beautiful ballad of Tickel's, "Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb," we find music, which, to say the best of it, is worse than that of either of the former songs. We meet here with some passages which are indeed *original*—hops, skips, and jumps—rings and fallings that were never attempted before:—the eighth bar of the second part stands, we believe, unequalled in this particular. Yet, to be serious, we could forgive



an error in melody here and there, could we discover any thing the least like air or meaning; instead of which, we find nothing better than an incoherent assemblage of strangely conceived passages, awkward to the voice, and intolerable to the ear; and one of the simplest of our English ballads is misconstrued by notes foreign to its stile and meaning.

The fourth song, "Content with a little, I've riches in store," we have the satisfaction to speak more favourably of. The melody, though very short of novelty or real beauty, proceeds with some degree of smoothness and connection; and if it does not form an air of distinct character, has nothing about it to offend or disgust.

The fifth song, "When Delia strikes the trembling lyre," still improves. The air is pretty, and accords with the words. We think it familiar without plagiarism, and, excepting some little awkwardnesses, tolerably smooth and natural. It opens with an agreeable idea, and quits its original key with ease. The second modulation is also not ungraceful, and the return of the subject forms a pleasing conclusion. Upon the whole, this is an agreeable little ballad.

The sixth song, "Thou setting sun, that calls my fair," though not equal to its predecessor, has some pretty passages. It is not intirely connected, nor is it remarkably incoherent. The stile is somewhat old-fashioned, yet far from unpleasing. This song does Mr. Skeats credit.

The seventh song, "Vainly I thought the sorrows that arose," is decent. We cannot say much in favour of it as an air; it wants the beauty of melody. However, the sense of the words appears consulted, and nothing offends the ear from inconnection.

The succeeding *rondeau*, "Though from place to place I'm ranging," we are much pleased with; the subject is modern and very pretty. The symphony is agreeably conceived, and, by its little variations from the air, adds to the effect. The first digression commences pleasingly, and the succeeding modulation is rather happy; but we do not so much admire the second digression: its melody is stiff, and perhaps has somewhat the worse effect by repeating the words given in the part before it. However, upon the whole, this little composition is good, and, while it contributes, is an ornament, to the collection.

The following song, "Go, happy paper, doubly blest," falls much short of the merit of the *rondeau*; it is not absolutely bad, but approaches too near that description. First, the symphony, when it quits the subject, proceeds in detached passages, as foreign to each other as they are to the stile aimed at in the air: and the vocal ideas, though in parts

tolerably smooth, form no beauty of melody. Yet, to be just, this song is far from being so defective as some we have spoken of; and if it wants the claim to applause, it escapes the severity of censure.

In the succeeding song we find a pleasing strain, smooth and expressive of the words. The several thoughts, while they are natural in themselves, form a link of melody no less so. There is but one defect of any consequence which presents itself to us: we mean the short division upon the word *mourning*. The intent is good, but the effect not happy. The passage we allude to is neither adapted to the word nor to vocal performance. With the instruments its effect would not be bad, so that we only object to its application. However, notwithstanding this, the song under consideration is much above mediocrity, and possesses more fancy and connection than any we have yet noticed.

We now come to speak of the last song in this collection, where we find *score* in eleven parts; viz. two horns, two hautboys, two violins, a tenor, two bassoons, the voice, and a bass.—In this song, which makes a capital figure on paper, we hoped to find some knowledge of the orchestra, and that, though the melody of the air might not prove of the highest description, the embellishment it should receive from its instrumental auxiliaries would in some degree compensate. But the plan of the whole forbids it. Some designs are no more capable of receiving grace than of imparting it. True beauty, as Thomson has it, "is most adorned when unadorned;" and on the contrary, ornament is no ornament when ill employed, but rather injures what it is meant to assist, by standing before opposing imperfections. This remark, we are sorry to observe, too much applies to the present object of criticism. We have the mixed tones of a band, without the least happiness of disposition, or the art of arrangement; and with a whole orchestra in motion, no effect is produced either advantageous to the song, or engaging to the ear.—As to the air itself, we think it about the medium between good and bad; nothing calls very loud either for praise or censure.

We cannot here but remark, that most music composed at a distance from the metropolis, is destitute of that polish which musicians in the capital give their productions; and an awkwardness of stile, void of all ease and elegance of embellishment, is so generally its characteristic, that, without knowing the author's name, or residence, we can determine, with a tolerable degree of precision, whether he lives in town or the country. The reasons seem obvious: At a distance from London they are cut off from communication

with the daily refinements which necessarily attend the association of eminent professors; they lose the advantage of hearing, and consequently of *imitating*, the thousand little spontaneous and nameless graces which accompany great performances; are also at a distance from the ever-running stream of fashion; and if they catch a modern ornament, it is after the Town has let it float by. Like ladies maids, they take of Fashion her cast-off things; but remain destitute of the address which set them off where they were worn before; and regularly demonstrate Pope's observation, that *those move easiest who have learnt to dance*.

Three Sonatas for the Piano-Forte or Harpsichord, with an Accompaniment for a Violin, composed and dedicated to his Excellency the Count of Kageneck, Imperial Ambassador to the Court of Great-Britain, by his most humble and obedient servant, J. T. Schild. Price 6s. Opera st. Kerpen, Wardour-street, Soho.

UPON an attentive review of these Sonatas, we incline to the opinion that their author is possessed of promising abilities, and, by the necessary application and study, may become a very capital composer. A pretty vein of fancy runs through this his first work, and is played off with no mean degree of science. The first Sonata pleases us exceedingly; it opens chafely, and proceeds with connection. The several passages are marked with air, and run with grace into each other. The second part of the first movement commences with a relief of the theme that pleases the ear, and speaks the judgment of the composer; and the principal subject is well retained. In the fiftieth bar of this second part of the movement we find a good design: effect is obviously aimed at; but the transitions from *forte* to *piano* want the happiness of successful execution: the ear is struck, but not pleased; the mind is roused, but without being engaged; and the attention is raised only to be disappointed. The close of this movement also is defective; it wants boldness; yet, upon the whole, the balance of justice leans much in favour of Mr. Schild; and we pass in very good humour to the second movement. Here we meet with taste of design and delicacy of execution. The air is pleasing, and has much expression. We greatly approve of the variation given the subject in its repetition, and think the following digression a successful relief to it.

The third movement is fanciful, and possesses much gaiety. The subject we think entirely new, and happily conceived; the several deviations lead the ear very agreeably round to the burthen of the movement; and greatly assist to form a striking conclusion to the first Sonata.

The second piece takes much of the general description of the former: its opening we think not quite so good; but many succeeding beauties compensate that and other little defects. The passage introduced at the fifteenth bar strikes us particularly; and that which the thirty-third bar presents to us is very pretty and novel.

We now come to the third Sonata, which, though last in place, is not behind its predecessors in merit. It commences with spirit, and proceeds with vigour: the varied bass to the subject, repeated at the eleventh bar, is bold and masterly; but we cannot applaud the conduct of the fifteenth bar, the melody of which, in its passage to C in *alt*, the first note in the next bar, reaches C before its time, and produces a dull effect, by leaving to repeat a note which should not have been heard before; an error Mr. Schild might easily have avoided, either by making G in *alt*, in the fifteenth bar, a *quaver*, or, which would have been still better, repeating that note in *semiquavers*. The end of the first part of this movement is, we think, charming; the thirty-sixth bar opens a sweet thought, and leads us to a happy period. The second part leads us over new ground, no less agreeable than that we have past: after an easy modulation, we return to the subject, and fall into the agreeable conclusion of the first part. The second movement is excellent; the subject is new and pleasing; and the answer to the second bar, upon the fifth of the key in the fourth bar, is strikingly pretty: the following passages are also well fancied, and happily conclude the first part of this movement.

The second part presents a new subject, which forms a good relief to what it follows; but, at the same time, carries our mind to where we cannot but think the composer's has been before us. Boccherini is a remarkable writer; but to waive this, there is much merit in the conduct of this part of the movement under consideration. Its modulation is smooth and easy; and if there is nothing uncommon, there is nothing reprehensible. The third movement possesses much liveliness and agreeable play of fancy. Its subject is attractive, and the transition to the fifth of the key commences with a pretty idea. Indeed there are many pleasing thoughts collected in this movement, and the whole is so much in union, that they form a happy link or melody, and speak much fertility of conception. The digression in the *minor* is managed with mastery; and after many pretty circumlocutions, introduces to us the first subject, which, with some little timely and well-conceived additions, brings us to the conclusion of the last of three excellent Sonatas for the Harpsichord.



## For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

## OF THE MANNERS OF THE EARLY GREEKS.

From MITFORD'S HISTORY OF GREECE, just published.

[ Concluded from page 222. ]

HOW necessary this generous point of honour (HOSPITALITY) was, to alleviate the miseries to which mankind in that unsettled state of law and government were liable, we may gather from many lively and affecting pictures scattered thro' Home's poems. Before the general incompetency of governments to secure internal order, the best regulated were in perpetual danger of ruin from foreign enemies; and this ruin was cruel, was complete. 'These are the evils,' we are told in the Iliad, 'that follow the capture of a town: the men are killed; the city is burnt to the ground; the women and children of all ranks are carried off for slaves.' Wretch that I am,' says the venerable Priam, 'what evil does the great Jupiter bring on me in my old age! My sons slain, my daughters dragged into slavery; violence pervading even the chambers of my palace; and the very infants dashed against the ground in horrid sport of war. I myself, slain in the vain office of defence, shall be the prey of my own dogs, perhaps in my very palace-gates!

Where such was war, the manners of warriors, even of the noblest characters, could not be without stains of barbarism and illiberality. We find, in the Iliad, men of highest rank, meeting in battle, address each other in language the most grossly insulting: they threaten, they revile, and sometimes jest in a very unseemly manner on the misfortunes of their adversaries. 'You whom the Greeks so honour above others,' says Hector to Diomed, 'are no better than a woman. Go, wretch!' Then follows the reason of this personal anger: 'You think to storm our city, and carry off our women in your ships.' After this the added threat however will not appear unreasonable: 'My arm,' continues Hector, 'shall first send you to the infernal deities.' With minds thus heated, and manners thus roughened, it is no wonder if we find chiefs of the same nation and army use great illiberality of language one to another. Of this, not to mention a dispute so extreme as that between Agamemnon and Achilles, Hector in a speech to Polydamas, and Oilean Ajax to Idomeneus, afford remarkable examples.

It was little usual to give quarter. 'Why so tender-hearted?' says Agamemnon to Menelaus, seeing him hesitate while a Trojan of high rank, who had had the misfortune to be disabled by being thrown from his chariot, was begging for life? 'Are you and your house to beholden to the Trojans? Let not one of them escape destruction'

from our hands; no, not the child within his mother's womb. Let all perish unmourned; let not a vestige of them be seen remaining.' The poet gives the sanction of his own approbation to this inhumanity in a Prince by no means generally characterized inhuman: 'It was justly spoken,' says Homer; 'and he turned his brother's mind.' Menelaus, accordingly, pushed away the noble suppliant, and the king of men himself was the executioner who put the unresisting wretch to death. Hector, in whom we find so many amiable qualities, was not less infected with this barbarous spirit of his age. When he had killed Patroclus, and stripped him on the spot of his divine armour, he postponed the most pressing and most important concerns, equally of himself and of his country, to the gratification of weak revenge; losing sight of all the greater objects of battle while he struggled for the naked corse, with intention to complete its contumely by giving it to be devoured by Trojan dogs; and to make his vengeance lasting by depriving it of those funeral rites which were, in the opinion of the times, necessary to the repose of souls after death. We must not therefore wonder that the common Greeks should delight in wounding the dead body of Hector himself when he was soon after slain; nor ought we to attribute peculiar ferocity to the character of Achilles for the indignities with which he treated it; since both the morality and the religion of his age, far from condemning such conduct, evidently taught him to consider it as directed, not indeed by humanity, but by social affection, and enforced by that piety, such as it was, which the gods of his country required. When the unfortunate monarch of Troy came afterward in person to beg the body of his heroic son, we find the conduct of Achilles marked by a superior spirit of generous humanity. Yet in the very act of granting the pious request, he doubts if he is quite excusable to the soul of his departed friend for remitting the extremity of vengeance which he had meditated, and restoring the corse to receive the rites of burial. Agreeably to this cruel spirit of warfare, the token of victory was the head of the principal person of the vanquished slain fixed on a post. The milder temper of a more civilized age abolished this custom, and it became usual for the conqueror only to suspend a suit of armour on a post; which, thus adorned, was termed a trophy. Perhaps fire-arms have contributed to humanize war. The most cruel strokes to individuals are now generally in a great measure the

effect of chance; for it seldom can be ascertained from what hand precisely they come, and revenge thus wants its object. Other favourable circumstances it is true have assisted; but this, it may fairly be presumed, has had its share in making revenge alien to modern warfare.

While such were the horrors of war continually threatening, not frontier provinces of extensive realms, but every man's door, we may wonder at any progress that civility and the arts of peace had made among mankind; that wealth, grandeur, elegance, and almost that any thing beyond mere necessities of life, were thought worth any pains to acquire. But, amid the alarms of violence and oppression, the spirit of hospitality, so generally diffused, often alleviated misfortune; and, even in the crash of nations, many individuals, if they could save only their lives from the general ruin, were at no loss for resources. This extensive communication of the rights of hospitality was of powerful effect to humanize a savage people, to excite a relish for elegance in stile of living, and to make the more refined joys of society more eagerly sought, as well as more easily obtained. There was in Homer's time great difference in the possessions of individuals; some had large tracts of land with numerous herds and flocks; others had none. This state of things is generally favourable to the arts; a few, who have a superabundance of wealth, being better able, and generally more willing to encourage them than numbers who have only a competency. The communication of the rights of hospitality would also assist toward the preservation of property to those families which had once acquired it. A sort of association was thus formed, which in some degree supplied the want of a regular administration of law. Without some security thus derived, we should scarcely have found distinction of rank so strongly marked as it is in Homer. A man of rank, it appears, might be known by his gait and manners under every disguise of a mean habit, and mean employment. This could never be without a wide distinction existing through successive generations. A youth is described elegant in his dress, and delicate in his person; 'such,' says the poet, 'as the sons of Princes usually are.' It is remarkable that the youth thus described was in the employment of a shepherd. Strength, however, and activity always go to the description of Homer's men of rank: but luxury, such as it was in those days, never is mentioned as unbecoming a hero; though it was more particularly the privilege of the aged. The wealthy, as we have already observed, had houses built of freestone, spacious, and with many apartments on different floors; and we find all the offices to be expected in

a great family performed with much regularity. The directions which Penelope's housekeeper gives to the menial servants for the business of the day might still serve in the East without variation: 'Go quickly,' she said, 'some of you sweep the house, and sprinkle it; and let the crimson carpets be spread upon the seats; let all the tables be well rubbed with sponges, and wash carefully the bowls and the cups. Some of you go immediately to the fountain for water.' No less than twenty went on this errand. The whole number of maid-servants were fifty; not however all employed in household business, but probably most of them in the manufacture of cloth, and making of clothes for the family. Men-servants waited at meals; and those of Ulysses's household are described as comely youths, handsomely clothed, and always neat in their appearance. Servants of both sexes seem to have been all slaves.

It appears indeed, as we have already remarked, that since the age of Hercules and Theseus, considerable progress had been made in establishing the powers of government over Peloponnesus at least, and giving security to the country. No apprehension of such dangers as Theseus found in the way from Træzene to Athens is mentioned in the account of Telemachus's journey from Pyles to Sparta. Without attendants Telemachus and Peisistratus set out in a chariot drawn by two horses. They carry with them provisions for the day. In the evening they arrive at Phœæ, where they are entertained by Diocles, a chief of the country. The next evening they arrive at Sparta; and their return affords no more variety of story.

Homer has left us many pictures of his heroes in their hours of relaxation with the goblet circulating. It has indeed been very anciently observed, that he shows himself strongly disposed to social and convivial enjoyment. Horace has aggravated the remark into a reproach. Yet allowing for the peculiarities of the manners of the heroic ages, most of which are still found in the East, there is great elegance in Homer's convivial meetings. Once he makes express mention of drunkenness: but the anecdote forms a strong lesson to deter from that vice; showing, by a terrible example, that persons of the highest rank and most respectable character, if they yield to intemperance, reduce themselves for the time to a level with the lowest and most profligate, and are liable to every indignity. But at the feasts of the great the song of the bard seldom failed to make a principal part of the entertainment. The bard indeed seems to have been a person of importance in the household establishment of every wealthy chief. His knowledge and memory, in the



deficiency of books, were to supply the place of a library: his skill in music and poetry was to convey the instruction in the most agreeable manner, and inform even when pleasure was the only apparent object. In one instance Homer attributes extraordinary authority to the bard. Ægeus could not accomplish his purpose of possessing himself of the person of Clytemnestra and the principal sway in the Argian government, till he had removed the bard whom Agamemnon had appointed to be chief counsellor to the Queen in his absence.

Women in the Homeric age enjoyed more freedom, and communicated more in business and amusement among men, than in subsequent ages has been usual in those eastern countries; far more than at Athens in the flourishing times of the commonwealth. In the *Iliad* we find Helen and Andromache appearing frequently in company with the Trojan chiefs, and entering freely into the conversation. Attended only by one or two maid-servants, they walk through the streets of Troy as business or fancy lead them. Penelope, persecuted as she is by her suitors, does not scruple occasionally to show herself among them; and scarcely more reserve seems to have been imposed on virgins than on married women. Equally indeed Homer's elegant eulogies and Hæcud's severe sarcasm prove women to have been in their days important members of society. The character of Penelope in the *Odyssey* is the completest panegyric upon the sex that ever was composed; and no language can give a more elegant or a more highly coloured picture of conjugal affection than is displayed in the conversation between Hector and Andromache in the sixth book of the *Iliad*. Even Helen, in spite of her failings, and independently of her beauty, steals upon our hearts in Homer's description by the modesty of her deportment and the elegance of her manners. On all occasions indeed Homer shows a disposition to favour the sex: civility and attention to them he attributes most particularly to his greatest characters, to Achilles, and still more remarkably to Hector. The infinite variety of his subjects, and the historical nature of his poems, led him necessarily to speak of bad women: but even when the black deed of Clytemnestra calls for his utmost reprobation, still his delicacy toward the sex leads him to mention it in a manner that might tend to guard against that reproach which would be liable to involve all for the wickedness of one. With some things of course widely differing from what prevails in distant climates and distant ages, we yet find in general the most perfect decency and even elegance of manners in Homer's descriptions of the intercourse of men and women. Of this Helen's

conversations on the walls of Troy in the *Iliad*, and in her court at Sparta in the *Odyssey*, afford remarkable examples. One office of civility indeed, which we find usually performed by women in the heroic age, may excite our wonder: the business of attending men in bathing seems to have been peculiar to women; and, in compliment to men of rank, was performed by virgins of the highest rank. When Telemachus visited Nestor at Pylos, the office of washing and clothing him was assigned to the beautiful Polycaeste, the virgin-daughter of the venerable monarch. When Ulysses appeared as an unknown stranger in his own palace, the Queen Penelope, uninformed who or what he was, merely in pursuance of the common rights of hospitality, directed her young maids to attend him to the bath. Ulysses refused the honour, and desired an old woman; but the poet seems to have thought it necessary that he should apologize very particularly for such a singularity. Repugnant as these circumstances appear to common notions of eastern jealousy, yet customs not absolutely dissimilar are still found among the Arabs. Indeed the general sentiments of the Turks toward the female sex are a strange compound of the grossest sensuality with the most scrupulous decency. For the credit of Homer, however, and of his age, it should be observed that, among all his variety of pictures of human passion, not a hint occurs of that unnatural sensuality which afterward so disgraced Grecian manners.

It was customary in the heroic age, as indeed at all times in Greece, for ladies of the highest rank to employ themselves in spinning and needlework, and in at least directing the business of the loom; which was carried on, as till lately in the Highlands of Scotland, for every family within itself. It was praise equally for a slave and a princess to be skilful in works of this kind. In Homer's time washing also was employment for ladies. The prince's Nausicaa, the young and beautiful daughter of the opulent king of Phœacia, a country famed more for luxury than industry, went with her maids in a carriage drawn by mules, to a fountain in a sequestered spot at some distance from the city, to wash the clothes of the family.

It is matter of no small curiosity to compare the manners and principles of the heroic age of Greece with those of our Teutonic ancestors. There are strong lines of resemblance, and there are at the same time strong characteristic touches by which they stand distinguished. Greece was a country holding out to its possessors every delight of which humanity is capable; but where, through the inefficiency of law, the instability of governments, and the charac-

ter of the times, happiness was extremely precarious, and the change frequent from the height of bliss to the depth of misery. Hence, rather than from his natural temper, Homer seems to have derived a melancholy tinge widely diffused over his poems. He frequently adverts, in general reflections, to the miseries of mankind. That earth nourishes no animal more miserable than man, is a remark which he puts into the mouth of Jupiter himself. His common epithet for war and battle is 'tearful.' With the northern bards, on the contrary, war and battle were subjects of highest joy and merriment: and this idea was supported in fact, we are well assured, to a most extraordinary degree. Yet there was more generosity and less cruelty in the Gothic spirit

of war than in the Grecian. Whence this arose; what circumstances gave the weaker sex so much more consequence among the Teutonic nations than among the Greeks; how the spirit of gallantry, so little known to this elegant and polished people, should arise and gain such universal influence among the fierce unlettered savages of the North; that gallantry which, with many fantastical and some mischievous effects, has produced many so highly salutary and honourable to mankind, will probably ever remain equally a mystery in the history of man, as why perfection in the sciences and every elegant art should be confined to the little territory of Greece, and to those nations which have derived it thence.

THE HIVE: A COLLECTION OF SCRAPS.

CRITIQUE on the ROLLIAD\*.

A NEW edition (being the nineteenth) of this universally admired Poem having been recently published, the ingenious author has taken that opportunity to introduce some new lines on an occasion perfectly congenial to his muse, and in the highest degree interesting to the public, namely, the late *Fest* and *Thanksgiving*, together with the famous discourse preached in celebration of that day by that illustrious orator and divine, the Rev. Mr. *Secretary Pretymán*. This episode, which is emphatically termed by himself in his prefatory address to this last edition, his *Episode Parsonic*, seems to have been written perfectly *con amore*, and is considered by critics as one of the happiest effusions of the distinguished genius from whose high-rapt fancy it originated. It consists of nine-and-forty lines, of which, without farther exordium, we shall submit the following extracts to the inspection, or, more properly speaking, the admiration of our readers. He sets out with a most spirited compliment to Dr. *Pretymán*. The two first lines are considered by critics as the most successful example of the *alliterative* ornament upon record.

Thou Prince of Preachers, and thou Prince's  
Priest;  
Pembroke's pale pride—in Pitt's *præcordia*  
plac'd;  
—Thy merits all shall future ages scan,  
And Prince be lost in Parson *Pretymán*.

The beauty of the historical allusion, namely to *Prince Pretymán*, need not be pointed out to our readers; and the preface that the same of this Royal personage shall be lost and absorbed in the rising reputation of the ingenious divine, is peculiarly delicate and well-turned. The celebrated passage of Virgil,

"Tu Marcellus eris,"

is supposed to have been in the Poet's recollection at the moment of his conceiving this passage; not that the

"Ah miserande Puer!"

in the preceding line is imagined to have excited any idea of Mr. *Pitt*.

Our author now pursues his hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of *Homer*, who always takes the opportunity for giving a minute description of his *personæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a laboured, but animated detail of the Doctor's personal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the Doctor is distinguished, he says,

*Argus* could boast an hundred eyes, 'tis  
true,  
The Doctor looks an hundred ways with  
two;  
*Gimlets* they are, that bore you through and  
through.

This is a very elegant and classic compliment, and shews clearly what a decided advantage our Rev. Hero possesses over the celebrated *Οφθαλμοδαλος* of antiquity. *Adison* is justly famous in the literary world for the judgment with which he selects and applies familiar words to great occasions; as in the following instances:

—"The great, the important day,  
"Big with the fate of Cato, and of Rome—  
"The sun grew dim with age, &c. &c."

This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals; we are the more interested in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them: but how inferior is *Adison* in this respect to our author!

*Gimlets* they are, &c.

There is not such a word in all *Cato*. How well-known and domestic the image! How

\* For a specimen of this intended publication, which, as well as the above Critique, is universally attributed to R. B. *Sh—n*, Esq. see page 55.—The reader will readily perceive that the object of both is to satirize the present Ministry, their friends and adherents.



specific and forcible the application!—Our author proceeds. Having described very accurately the file of the Doctor's hair-dressing, and devoted ten beautiful lines to an eulogy upon the brilliant on the little finger of his right hand, of which he emphatically says,

No *veal* putrescent, nor no *whiting's eye*,  
In the true water with this ring could vie ;

he breaks out into the following most inspired and vigorous apostrophe :

Oh ! had you seen his lily, lily hand  
Stroke his spare cheek, and coax his snow-  
white band !

This adding force to all his pow'rs of speech ;  
That the protector of his sacred breech ;  
That point the way to Heav'n's celestial grace,  
This keep his *small-clothes* in their proper  
place :

Oh ! how the comely Minister you'd prais'd,  
As right and sinister by turns he rais'd !!!

Who does not perceive, in this description, as if before their eyes, the thin figure of emaciated divinity ; divided between religion and decorum ; anxious to produce some truths, and conceal *others* ; at once concerned for *fundamental* points of various kinds ; ever at the bottom of things — Who does not see this, and seeing, who does not admire ? — The notes that accompany this excellent episode contain admirable instances of our author's profound knowledge in all the literature of our established religion, and shall be produced on the very first opportunity, as a full and decisive proof that his learning is perfectly on a level with his genius, and his religion quite equal to his poetry.

What chiefly distinguishes this edition, and renders it peculiarly interesting at the present moment, is the admirable description contained in it of the newly-appointed India Board ; in which the characters of the Members composing it are most happily, though perhaps somewhat severely, contrasted with those to whom the same high office had been allotted by a former Administration. That the feelings of the public are in unison with those of our author upon this occasion, is sufficiently apparent from the frequent panegyrics with which the public papers have of late been filled upon the characters of these distinguished personages. In truth, the superiority of the present excellent Administration over their opponents can in no instance be more clearly demonstrated than by a candid examination of the comparative merits of the persons appointed by each of them to preside in this arduous and important department.

Our author opens this comparison by the following most elegant compliment to the accomplished Nobleman, whose situation as Secretary of State entitles him to a priority

of notice, as the eminence of his abilities will ever ensure him a due superiority of weight in the deliberations of the Board.

Sydney, whom all the powers of rhetoric

grace,  
Consistent Sydney fills Fitzwilliam's place ;  
O, had by nature but proportion'd been  
His strength of genius to his length of chin,  
His mighty mind, in some prodigious plan,  
At once with ease had reach'd to Indostan !

The idea conveyed in these lines of the possibility of a feature in the human face extending to so prodigious a distance as the East-Indies, has been objected to as somewhat hyperbolic ; but those who are well acquainted with the person, as well as the character of the noble Lord alluded to, and who are unquestionably the best judges of the extent of the compliment, will certainly be of a different opinion. Neither indeed is the objection founded in truth, but must have arisen merely from the passage not having been properly understood ; it by no means supposes his Lordship to have literally a chin of such preposterous dimensions, as must be imagined for the purpose of reaching to the East-Indies ; but, figuratively speaking, only purports, that if his Lordship's mental faculties are co-extensive with that distinguished feature of his face, they may readily embrace, and be competent to the consideration of the most distant objects. The meaning of the author is so obvious, that this cavil has probably originated in wilful misapprehension, with a view of detracting from the merit of one of the most beautiful passages in the whole Poem. What reader can refuse his admiration to the following lines, in which the leading features of the characters are so justly, strongly, and at the same time so concisely delineated ?

Acute observers, who with skilful ken  
Descry the characters of public men,  
Rejoice that pow'r and patronage should pass,  
From *sobbing* Montague to *pure* Dundas ;  
Exchange with pleasure, Elliot, Lew'isham,  
North,  
For Mulgrave's tried integrity and worth ;  
And all must own that worth completely  
tried,  
By turns experienc'd upon ev'ry side.

How happy is the selection of epithets in these lines ! how forcibly descriptive of the character to which they are applied ! In the same strain he proceeds :

Whate'er experience Gregory might boast,  
Say, is not Walsingham himself a host ?  
His grateful countrymen with joyful eyes  
From Sackville's ashes see this phoenix rise ;  
Perhaps, with all his master's talents blest,  
To save the East, as he subdu'd the West.

The historical allusion is here judiciously introduced ; and the pleasing prospect hinted at, of the same happy issue attending our affairs

fairs in the Eastern, that has already crowned them in the Western world, must afford peculiar satisfaction to the feelings of every British reader.

The next character is most ingeniously described; but, like a former one, containing some *personal* allusions, requires to be fully understood, a more intimate acquaintance with the exterior qualifications of the gentleman in question than can have fallen to the lot of every reader. All who have had the pleasure of seeing him, however, will immediately acknowledge the resemblance of the portrait:

See next advance, in knowing Fletcher's head,

A youth, who boasts no common share of head.

What plenteous stores of knowledge may contain

The spacious tenement of Grenville's brain!

Nature, in all her dispensations wise,  
Who form'd his head-piece of so vast a size,  
Hath not, 'tis true, neglected to bestow

Its due proportion to the part below:

And hence we reason, that, to serve the state,  
His top and bottom may have equal weight.

Every reader will naturally conceive, that in the description of the principal person of the Board, the author has exerted the whole force of his genius, and he will not find his expectations disappointed: he has reserved him for the last, and has judiciously evaded disgracing him by a comparison to any other, upon the principle, no doubt, quoted from Mr. Theobald, by that excellent critic Martinus Scriblerus,

“None but himself can be his parallel.”  
DOUBLE FALSEHOOD.

As he has drawn this character at considerable length, we shall content ourselves with selecting some few of the most striking passages, whatever may be the difficulty of selecting where almost the whole is equally beautiful. The grandeur of the opening prepares the mind for the sublime sensations suitable to the dignity of a subject too exalted:

Above the rest, majestically great,  
Behold the infant Atlas of the state,  
The matchless miracle of modern days,  
In whom Britannia to the world displays  
A sight to make surrounding nations stare—  
A kingdom trusted to a school-boy's care.

It is to be observed, to the credit of our author, that although his political principles are unquestionably favourable to the present happy Government, he does not scruple, with that boldness which ever characterises real genius, to animadvert with freedom on persons of the most elevated rank and station; and he has accordingly interspersed his commendations of our favourite young Minister with much excellent and reasonable

counsel, forewarning him of the dangers to which he is by his situation exposed. After having mentioned his introduction into public life, and concurred in that admirable panegyric of his immaculate virtues made in the House of Commons by a noble Lord already celebrated in the Poem, upon which he has the following observation—

—— As Mulgrave who so fit  
To chaunt the praises of ingenious Pitt?  
The nymph unhackney'd, and unknown  
abroad,

Is thus commended by the hackney'd bawd.  
The dupe, enraptur'd, views her fancied  
charms,

And clasps the maiden mischief to his arms,  
Till dire disease reveals the truth too late—  
O grant my country, heav'n, a milder fate!

he attends him to the high and distinguished station he now so ably fills, and in a nervous strain of manly eloquence describes the defects of character and conduct to which his situation, and the means by which he came to it, render him peculiarly liable. The spirit of the following lines is remarkable:

Oft in one bosom may be found allied,  
Excess of meanness, and excess of pride;  
Oft may the Statesman, in St. Stephen's brave,  
Sink in St. James's to an abject slave;  
Ere'd and proud at Westminster, may fall  
Prostrate and pitiful at Leadenhall;  
In word a giant, though a dwarf in deed,  
Be led by others whil' he seems to lead.

He afterwards, with great force, describes the lamentable state of humiliation into which he may fall from his present pinnacle of greatness by too great a subserviency to those from whom he has derived it, and appeals to his pride in the following beautiful exclamation:

Shall Chatham's offspring basely beg support,  
Now from the India, now St. James's Court;  
With pow'r's admiring Senates to bewitch,  
Now kiss a Monarch's—now a Merchant's  
kiss,  
And prove a pupil of St. Omer's school,  
Of either *kingdom, or* *Jen.* the tool?

Though cold and cautious criticism may perhaps start at the boldness of the concluding line, we will venture to pronounce it the most masterly stroke of the sublime to be met with in this or any other Poem; and may be justly said, what Mr. Pope has so happily styled—

“To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

THE East-India Company have sustained a very severe loss in the death of Mr. Cleveland, a son of the late Secretary to the Admiralty. This gentleman was one of the many instances which can be brought to contradict



tradict the accounts given last winter of the general corruption and depravity of the Company's servants in India.—The following inscription for a monument, erected by the Company, is written by Mr. Hallings, to perpetuate the services of this gentleman :

To the Memory of

AUGUSTUS CLEVELLAND, Esq.

late Collector of the districts of Bhaugpar and Rajemahl,

who, without bloodshed, or the terrors of authority, and employing only the means of conciliation, confidence, and benevolence, attempted and accomplished the entire subjection

of the lawless and savage inhabitants of the Jungicherry, orilly country, of

Rajemahl,

who had long infested the neighbouring lands by their predatory incursions, inspired them with a taste for the arts of civilized life,

and attached them to the British Government by a conquest over their minds, the most permanent, as the most rational mode of dominion.

The Governor General and Council of Bengal, in honour of his character, and for an example to others,

have ordered this Monument to be erected.

He departed this life on the 17th day of January, 1784, aged 29 years.

As we profess from every field to transplant some rare production, we are inclined to think the following Exotic from the MORNING CHRONICLE is not unworthy notice. It seems to have sprung up under the influence of a warm sun.

*Moorfields, the 39th Day  
of the Month Arcas.*

*Αναξιφορμιστες Μισσαι,*

*Τινα θεον, τιν ηρωα,*

*Τινα δ' ανδρα κελυδοσομεν ;*

WHY! whom better can ye celebrate than that glorious calculator of intelligence, Billy Woodfall, whose sapient logarithmic brow a peruke brown adorns! A-propos, I took a walk on Sunday morning last to Jerusalem, having received a pressing invitation from my friend Sharp, the razor-maker, who has lately established a manufactory there. We played at tetetotum for an hour or two before breakfast, and, after discoursing for some time on the immateriality of plum-pudding, dined three Leviathans and a Philanthropist in less time than I am writing this "hasty sketch" of the business.——

I have every respect for the memory of Dr. Priefley the world gives me credit for ; I have read his verses on his wife's bosom ; we frequently play at skittles together on a

Sunday evening, and blow our noses on the same handkerchief ; but I will never sacrifice public good to private friendship, nor betray the confidence you are graciously pleased to place in

your obliged and

devoted humble servant,

JOHN HIGGINSON, Esquire.

P. S. I have purchased, by your recommendation, the folio edition of Jack the Giant-Killer, with notes by Gronovius, which I much approve of, and upon the whole prefer to Plutarch's Life of Hogarth; the observations on the immoderate use of cantharides are very judicious, notwithstanding what Johnson says.

The Emperor had his head shaved last Tuesday by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, being one of the curious in wigs, spent the evening very jovially with a tobacconist in East Smithfield, where, it is said, he ate so heartily of asparagus that a diabetes is unavoidable.

I command you, under the inevitable penalty of annihilation, to inform me, by return of post, whether there is any analogy between Durdable Chalk Hill and a wet Newspaper, and whether they are not to be seen every morning at a quarter past five at the Chapter Coffee-house, in a white waistcoat and breeches, exclaiming with the Prophet Jeremiah "Waiter! give me the Public---where's the Chronicle---Not come in yet?---Herald for a Daily!"

D---n order, d---n matter of fact, d---n every thing, I am above ye all---I am governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance I never cease to sing---I shall be very happy to see you next Wednesday, as the moon will then be at the full. Monro has promised to favour me with his company, and I have ordered a leg of mutton and turnips, and one of the hedge-hogs Captain Cook brought with him from Otaheite as a present to her Majesty.

I take my degree of LL. D. this day se'n-night, and have been reading Kent's Directory and Aristotle's Master-piece to qualify me for the examination. I have ordered a blue satin waistcoat and a pair of green velvet breeches to be ready at three, and have some idea of being circumcised, as my sister tells me I shall never be able to translate the Song of Moses into High Dutch till that operation is performed on your most faithful and devoted humble servant.

By the bye, I send you a specimen of my translation of the first Iliad into elegiac verse, which I mean to bind up with Sherlock upon Death and Harris's List of Covent Garden Ladies, and send in a post-chaise and four as a present to Sir Ashton. Sam House has very kindly accepted the dedication, which I mean to write in hexameter measure, but wish you would take  
Dun.

Dunning's opinion.---I am sorry to trouble my friends, but necessity, you know, has no law.---Do send me Wingate's Arithmetic, and desire Jones to let me have my umbrella.---That fellow seems to consider every thing as his vade mecum---he stole my tobacco-box a few days ago, and gave it to Mrs. Robinson in exchange for an old memorandum book of great use to every body but the owner.---But I'll give it the dog! he shall be consecrated in Paul's Wharf by six gingerbread bakers without thumbs, and afterwards eat hot apple dumplin out of a pail with his hands tied behind him, while nineteen hermaphrodites in blue jerkins p--- upon his grave, and both Houses of Parliament sing the third Ode of Anacreon at the Saracen's Head, in Friday-street, accompanied by George Gost---g, Esq. one of the Deputy Registers of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. I must now, Mr. Woodfall, intreat you pardon for intruding upon you at dinner-time, but

Where a Lady's in the case,

All other things, you know (Billy) give place;

For, being *die Veneris*, I have promised to meet Poll Basket at the Pig and Beehive in Honey-lane Market, to breakfast upon hot hasty-pudding and mushroom sauce.

Yours to eternity and three days,

JOHN HIGGINSON.

Don't let my father see this on any account.

*To the Right Rev. Father in God  
William Woodfall, Logographer  
and Fire-Eater to her Majesty  
the Empress of all the Russias,  
John Higginson sends Grace  
and Health.*

#### A DOZEN OF ALLEGORIES.

HUMAN thoughts are like the planetary system, where many are fixed, and many wander, and many continue for ever unintelligible; or rather like meteors, which generally lose their substance with their lustre.

I. The understanding is like the sun, which gives light and life to the whole intellectual world; but the memory, regarding those things only that are past, is like the moon, which is new and full and has her wane by turns.

II. The world is a sea, and life and death are its ebbing and flowing. Wars are the storms which agitate and toss it into fury and faction. The tongues of its enraged inhabitants are then as the noise of many waters. Peace is the calm which succeeds the tempest, and hushes the billows of interest and passion to rest. Prosperity is the sun whose beams produce plenty and comfort. Adversity is a portentous cloud im-

pregnated with discontent, and often bursts in a torrent of desolation and destruction.

III. Wit is like a lily. The one is as pleasing to the ear as the other is to the eye. Wit naturally fades, and if not timely gathered soon withers and dies.

IV. On the tower of ambition hangs the dial of industry, where the sun of good fortune marks the time and progress of friendship on the figure of ambition.

V. Every man may learn the elements of geography, which is the noblest science in the world, from an attention to the temperature of his own mind.

Melancholy is the *North Pole*,

Envy the *South*,

Choler the *Torrid Zone*,

Ambition the *Zodiac*,

Joy the *Ecliptic Line*,

Justice the *Equinoctial*,

Prudence and Temperance the *Arctic and Antarctic Circles*.

Patience and Fortitude the *Tropics*.

VI. Every little fly, and every little pebble, and every little flower, are tutors in the great school of Nature, to instruct the mind and better the heart. The four elements are the four volumes in which all her works are written.

VII. They who take self-love for their guide, ride in the paths of partiality, on the horse of adulation, to the judge of falsehood; but he who prefers the mandate of reason, rides in the way of probability on the courser of prudence. His journey will then be as pleasing as the object of it, which is truth, shall be sure.

VIII. Human destiny is a nut of which life is the shell, and reputation the kernel. Crack it gently, and you enjoy its whole value entire and at once. But open it roughly, and ten to one you break the shell or bruise the kernel, or reduce the whole into one useless compound.

IX. Prudence through the ground of misery cuts a river of patience, where the Mind swims in boats of tranquillity along the streams of life, until she arrives at the haven of death, where all streams meet.

X. *Spite* creeps like a snake out of the hedge of deceit or the sand-bed of hypocrisy, and having fermented its venom by basking in the sun of prosperity, aims the most deadly wound at the fairest fame.

XI. The mind is a garden where all manner of seeds are sown.

Prosperities are *fine painted tulips*,

Innocency *white lilies*,

The Virtues *sweet gilliflowers, roses, violets, and primroses*,

Learning *savoury herbage*,

Affliction *rue, wormwood, and rhubarb*,

Pride, ambition, extortion, *nightsshade and hellebore*,

Stupidity, *poppy*,

Sloth and Ignorance, *briars and thistles*.

XII. Justice should be a man's government.



Temperance his *friend*,  
 Prudence his *counsellor*,  
 Fortitude his *champion*,  
 Hope his *food*,  
 Charity his *house*,  
 Faith or sincerity his *porter*,  
 Wit his *companion*,  
 Love his *bedfellow*,  
 Patience his *mistress*,  
 Reason his *secretary*,  
 Judgment his *steward*.

### EQUIVOQUE.

IT is somewhat curious to observe how things and qualities change their names in different places, and by different persons.

It is felony in Bow-street, but only adroitness at the 'Change and the gaming-table.

It is no more than intriguing at St. James's, but downright whoredom and adultery in St. Giles's.

It is a lye at every stall in Billingsgate, but in the Court and the Camp, the Cabinet and both Houses of Parliament, it is an *equivoque*.

There is your *equivoque* in thought, your *equivoque* in word, and your *equivoque* in deed; your round *equivoque*, and your semi-*equivoque*; your *equivoque* which means nothing, and your *equivoque* which means every thing.

I have somewhere read of a great King, a King whose private virtues were exemplary, whose piety was regular and serious, whose familiarities and intimacies were unbounded; and yet it was said of him, by his nearest and dearest relations, that his best and most intimate friends never knew his mind.

This is an instance of an *equivoque* in thought, or what is known in casuistry by the phrase *mental reservation*.

It is one of the happiest and most useful inventions in all the lines of busy life, and the man who can manage it with dexterity goes through the world with ease.

It is a quality which produces urbanity, politeness, and constant good-humour. He who is master of this supple accommodating talent, may at all times take Fortune by the beard, and bid defiance to the worst accidents of life.

COPY of a curious hand-bill lately picked up at Peterborough.--Advertisement. Wanted, for a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord, and can drive a pair of horses; he must occasionally wait at table, join in household prayer, look after the horses, and read a Chapter in the Bible. He must, God willing, rise at seven in the morning, obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands. If he can dress hair, sing Psalms, and play at cribbage, the more agreeable. N. B. He must not be too familiar with the maid-servants of the house,

EUROP. MAG.

lest the flesh should rebel against the spirit, and he should be induced to walk in the thorny paths of the wicked. —Wages, fifteen guineas a year.

### GALLERY ANECDOTE.

LAST Haymarket-season as William n, who had acted the Duke of York in Lord Russell, was bowing low to the audience after giving out the play for the next night, a man in the Gallery with indignation cried out, "Aye, you are a hard-hearted villain, and be d—'d to you." Something similar to this was the memorable attack on the Countess of Nottingham (Mrs. Porter) in the Tragedy of the Earl of Essex; "You lie, you b—h, you know you have got the ring in your pocket."

ONE day during the last Term as a certain Solicitor of no Gentleman-like appearance was passing through Lincoln's-Inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with "*Clowes to sell, Sir! —Old Clowes!*" The Lawyer somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's-Place, snatched a bundle of papers from their DAMASK repository, and replied, "*No, d— your blood, Sir,—They are all new suits!*"

### REPARTEE.

A SHORT time prior to Mr. Lunardi's ascension into the atmosphere, a countryman asked a Quaker, Whether the report of our elevated hero's intention to take such a flight was founded in truth, or whether the inflammable matter possessed the power that had been imputed to it? Why truly, Friend (replied the Quaker), I cannot justly inform thee; but it is a maxim with me, never to credit *inflammatory rumours and flying reports!*"

### FOREIGN ANECDOTE.

CARTOUCHE, the famous French robber, being told that a young man wished to become a member of his band, took him under examination, and asking him "where he had served?" the other replied, "Two years with an Attorney, and six months under an Inspector of the Police at Paris." — Then (says Cartouche with transport) I shall consider it the same thing as if you had rode all that time in my troop;" and the young man took rank accordingly.

### ON a LADY's appearing in a MALE HABIT.

WHEN with new pow'rs to charm our partial eyes,  
 Thy beauteous form appears in virile  
 'guise;

T t

Such

Such tempting graces wanton o'er thy air,  
By gentle Love's enchanting wiles I swear,  
Each throbbing youth would lend the  
lovely cheat  
What would at once the borrow'd part  
complete.

## L I N E S

On Madam DE DAMAS learning English.

By HORACE WALPOLE, Esq.

THO' British accents your attention fire,  
You cannot learn so fast as we admire;  
Scholars like you but slowly can improve,  
For who would teach you but the verb *I*  
*love?* H. W.

On falling out with a very LOQUACIOUS  
PERSON.

AT last, *Howlounds*, from thy tales I'm free,  
Thy tales, just emblems of eternity,  
Without beginning, interval, or close,  
And which, when ten times heard, no mortal  
knows.

Joy to my ears! far better is thy hate,  
Than to be doom'd to hear thy silly prate;  
And since no man's protested but thy foe,  
Grant, gracious Heav'n, I always may be  
lo!

ON the MULTITUDE of LAWYERS.

I WONDER, William, Harry said,  
From whence have all these Lawyers bread?  
Quoth Will, I wonder at the same:  
But, Harry, we are both to blame;  
The more the *Dogs*, the more the *Game!*

## NATIONAL TRAITS.

By the late JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU.  
A FRAGMENT.

TO learn the characters of people inhabiting different countries, it is not necessary to read the crudities of the speculative, any more than to swallow the fictions of the credulous. Ignorance and presumption fabricate monsters. We must see men act, and hear them converse, and have some degree of intercourse or connection with them, before we can form any judgment of their modes of thinking, or principles of action.

In America we shall find treachery a profession. The tyranny of England has involved all its appendages in the same black imputation. But here only are the sublime purities of the Gospel interwoven with a system of perfidy, equally disgraceful to the reason of man, and shocking to his heart.

My opinion of the English is founded in experience, and they never will give me an opportunity of thinking myself mistaken, by forgiving me for speaking the truth. Voltaire calls them Philosophers. So it is said

he once thought Frederic, of Berlin. But his charity is as sublime as his poetry. With him Lyttelton was a genius, and Hume a scribbler. Rabelais thought the island swarmed with brutes. In my opinion, it is not a den of lions, but a nest of harpies, hornets, and monsters.

The Dutch are men of the world. It is their object, and there is nothing they will not risk in its acquisition. Their virtues and vices are those of industry and avarice. Like the American flow, their motion is hardly perceptible, but their success infallible; and they literally verify the common proverb, that the snail is often as soon at his journey's end as the steed. Their history, more than that of any other people whatever, illustrates the triumph of patience.

The Germans have nothing fine in the texture either of body or mind. This makes them seem ungrateful, but they are without malignity. They make tolerable soldiers, good farmers, but better manufacturers. Theirs is the invention of clocks, printing, and the compass. They restored music, and found out various musical instruments. To them we are obliged for chariots, laying of colours with oil, working of pictures in glass, making worsted, stays, tapestry, and many other species of manufactory and mechanism. They gave birth to political liberty, and yet they are subject to the sarcasm of suffering themselves to be insulted and plundered by multitudes of petty tyrants, who would be suddenly extirpated by every other people in the world. This, however, does not prove their humanity, but their want of spirit.

Mr. Savayard, Preceptor, was in use to say, that the martial genius of the French, Spaniards, and Dutch, was extremely dissimilar. The former he likened to a flea suddenly jumping into a country, and as suddenly leaping out of it—the second to a house, slowly mastering a place, and as slowly driven from his hold—and the latter to a crab, which being crept in unawares, is so fast rooted, as not to quit its hold but with its life.

The Spaniards borrow from the Jews superstition, from the Saracens melancholy, and from the Goths candour, love of liberty, taciturnity, and pride.

The French are a society of mimics, but nature is their model; and to such a pitch of excellence have they carried the mimetick science, that, when they would pass fictions for realities, the copy is not inferior to the original.

The Italians have nearly the same effect on my mind, that an emetick has on my stomach; and it is hard to say, whether their effeminacy be more contemptible, or their flagitious luxury more shocking.

While the Spaniards, tho' fools, are said to seem wise, and the French, tho' wife,



to seem fools, the Portuguese appear at least as foolish as they are. Nature has made the wretches so stupid, that they have not ingenuity enough to conceal it.

## LITERARY ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN who was in conversation with Diderot, a few days before his death, said to him, I hear, Sir, that you leave fifty quarto volumes of works behind you. Fifty-five, Sir, replied the other. When the poor man, who had a most lively imagination, used to be asked by his intimate friends how it came that he, who had given such promising hopes, had done so little, he used to say, I was an eagle, Sir, an eagle with a strong wing, a bold eye, and sharp talons; an eagle intended to soar very high, Sir, extremely high, Sir, to heights where other eagles never soared before, Unfortunately another animal (he meant his wife) came in the way, clipped the eagle's wings, and tied a string to its leg; still the eagle would at times soar, but then it fell plumb down again, till, from the constant habit of falling, it got an alacrity of sinking, and for many years has never been able to top a raspberry bush.

## FOREIGN ANECDOTE.

WHEN the friendship between Mons. Voltaire and the King of Prussia began to cool, a witty Epigram\* made its appearance at Berlin, a spot where what little wit there is does not prevail much among Prussian subjects. The King of course was at no loss to determine from whose pen it flowed; he, therefore, ordered one of his Corporals (whose name we will suppose was *Trim*) to wait upon Mons. Voltaire with a certain sort of a whip in his hand, and to tell him it was his Majesty's pleasure that he should pull off his coat and waistcoat, and receive thirty stripes upon his back! Voltaire knew that to dispute matters of such favour at Berlin would be in vain; he accordingly obeyed, and received the wages of his wit, and Corporal *Trim* retired; but returned again in a few minutes, and told his disciple that he had not quite executed his commission, and desired a receipt for that which he had delivered. Voltaire could have no objection to so reasonable a demand, and accordingly wrote as follows:

“Received from the right arm of CONRAD BACHOFFNER, thirty lashes on

my naked back, being in full for an Epigram on Frederick the Third, King of Prussia, by

VOLTAIRE.  
*Vive le Roi.*”

## Abstract of the Will of Justice NORMAN of NORWICH.

“IMPRIMIS. He giveth to build a charity-school 60 years hence, 4000*l.* and 50*l.* per annum to the master; and after the first four years, four boys are to go to the University; and afterwards two boys every two years; and 30*l.* a year for each boy till they be Sizar.

“Item. The school to contain 120 boys, to be allowed as followeth: First, every Sunday for dinner to each boy, a pound of roasted beef; and for supper, 10 ounces of plum-pudding. Every Monday for breakfast, an half-penny loaf well buttered; and for dinner, a pound of boiled beef and turnips, and 10 ounces of fuet pudding or dumpling; and also for every night, except Sundays. Every Tuesday morning, the beef-broth for breakfast; at noon, a pound of mutton or veal, with good store of herbs and butter. Every Wednesday for dinner, pork and pease. Every Thursday for dinner, a pound of mutton or veal, with a good store of herbs and butter. Every Friday, beans or pease. And for Saturday, fish well buttered, &c.

“Item. He allows his wife 20*l.* a year for four years, and the coach, and the two coach-horses, and the black mare, and six cows; and if any of them die during the four years, she is to make them good. She must take care to keep the two coach-horses well, and well shod, and well blooded, and especially the hammer-legged horse.

“Item. He allows 10*l.* a year to be paid to 20 poor people, at 6*d.* per piece in a year.

“Item. He allows 20*l.* for his burial; and if they lay out any more, he will not pay it, but they must bear it themselves.

“Item. That there are five trustees, viz. the Chancellor, Mr. Rolfe, Justice Nuttal, Mr. Robert Mott, and Justice Cockman, and they are to have each of them 30*l.* a year for their trouble; and when they die, 15 to be chosen in their room, viz. the Bishop, the Chancellor, the Dean, the two Members of Parliament for the city, and the two for the county; and eight worthy churchmen besides, and they are to have a supper every 7th day of May, which costs 7*l.* 10*s.* for their trouble.—May the 7th, 1724.”

[The term of this donation, which was left, according to the date of the above ab-

\* The EPIGRAM was as follows;

King, author, philosopher, poet, musician,  
Free-mason, economist, bard, politician,  
How had Europe rejoic'd, if a Christian he'd been!  
If a man, how would he have enraptur'd his Queen!

fract, in May 1724, expired lately without the least notice being taken of the legacy by any person concerned in the trust; at the expiration of which time, the above sum, with simple and compound interest, amounted to 74,000l.]

---

A N E C D O T E.

SOME time ago Dean B——ke, who was a very exemplary and popular Clergyman in Dublin, and who interested himself much in public charities, sent a message to Miss Catley, requesting her to give him a night for that purpose in one of the public gardens. Catley, who is generally good-natured enough not to refuse any act of charity (tho' in the present case she found, from the variety of her engagements, she could not comply), pretended to understand him in a different light, and in consequence wrote him the following note, which soon found its way into most of the fashionable assemblies about town: "Miss C—— presents her compliments to Dean ——, and acquaints him, from the nature of her present connection, she cannot (agreeable to his request) give the Dean a night: She begs leave, at the same time, to acquaint him, should this connection be dissolved, she does not know any Gentleman of the cloth she would sooner indulge, but hopes that decency will prevent the Dean from fixing on a public garden for the rendezvous."

---

ACCOUNT of the first Use of MAHOGANY in ENGLAND.

DR. GIBBONS\*, an eminent physician in the latter end of the last, and beginning of the present century, had a brother, a West India Captain, who brought over some planks of mahogany as ballast. As the Doctor was then building him a house in King-street, Covent-Garden, his brother thought they might be of service to him. But the carpenters finding the wood too hard for their tools, it was laid aside for a time as useless. Soon after, Mrs. Gibbons wanting a candle-box, the Doctor called on his cabinet-maker (Wollaston, in Long-Acre) to make him one of some wood that lay in his garden. Wollaston also complained that it was too hard. The Doctor said, he must get stronger tools. The candle-box was made and approved; insomuch that the Doctor then insisted on having a bureau made of the same wood, which was accordingly done; and the fine colour, polish, &c. were so pleasing, that he invited all his friends to

come and see it; among them the Duchesse of Buckingham. Her Grace begged some of the same wood of Dr. Gibbons, and employed Wollaston to make her a bureau also; on which the same of mahogany and Mr. Wollaston was much raised, and things of this sort became general.

---

The PROVOKED HUSBAND,  
A NEW SONG.

WHAT a life does he lead  
Who has one of the breed  
Of Xantippe fast bound to his side!  
Like a horse in a mill  
He must follow her will,  
And his own never venture to guide.  
It is true, the old Greek  
Was so mild and so meek  
That his rib could not ruffle his mind;  
I'm not quite so patient  
As that learned antient,  
In my vixen no comfort I find;  
She from morning to night  
Thinks the last word her right,  
While she rapidly rattles away;  
And her voluble tongue,  
While on swivels 'tis hung,  
Will not give even Echo fair play.  
In a puppetal debate  
I oft lose all my weight,  
Few points in my house I can carry;  
If her will is but crost,  
Ev'ry motion is lost —  
O why did I — "why did I marry?"

---

EPITAPH extempore on GEO. ALEXANDER STEVENS, the famous Lecturer on Heads.

By Captain THOMPSON.

A SECOND Alexander here lies dead;  
And not less fam'd — at taking off a head.

---

ADVICE to the FAIR-SEX.

By Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE teeming mother, anxious for her race,  
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:  
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,  
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a King.  
Ye nymphs of rosy lips, and radiant eyes,  
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;  
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,  
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;

\* Dr. Gibbons acts a considerable part in Garth's Dispensary, under the name of Mirmillo;

————— A physician of renown,  
To none but such as rust in health unknown,



Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,  
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart;  
 What care, what rules your heedless charms  
 shall save;  
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your  
 slave?  
 Against your fame with fondness hate com-  
 bines,  
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.  
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,  
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance  
 falls;  
 Tired with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry  
 reign,  
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in  
 vain.  
 In crowd at once, where none the pass de-  
 fend,  
 The harmless freedom, and the private  
 friend.  
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;  
 By int'rest, prudence; and by flatt'ry, pride.  
 Then Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, dis-  
 tress'd,  
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

## EPIGRAM

ON a JELLY BAG, for the JELLY BAG  
 SOCIETY. By the Rev. THOMAS WAR-  
 TON, Author "of The History of Eng-  
 lish Poetry."

ONE day in Christ-Church meadows  
 walking,  
 Of poetry and such things talking,  
 Says Ralph, a merry wag,  
 An Epigram, if right and good,  
 In all its circumstances shou'd  
 Be like a Jelly Bag.

Your simile I own is new,  
 But how dost make it out? quoth Hugh,  
 Quoth Ralph, I'll tell thee, friend;  
 Make it at top both wide and fit  
 To hold a budget-full of wit,  
 And point it at the end,

Written by a Pupil of St. Thomas's Hospi-  
 tal during the time Mess. GIRLE and  
 SHARPE were Lecturers of Anatomy, in  
 the year 1737.

WOULD you Anatomy fain learn,  
 And all its useful parts discern;  
 Wou'd you the operator's skill explore,  
 Learn them from Girle—none knows them  
 more.  
 But shou'd you farther strive or chuse to  
 go—  
 Wou'd you the *Minima Natura* know;  
 Hear Sharpe describe, attentive hear him  
 scan  
 With eloquence the beauteous frame of  
 Mans

The MONOSYLLABLE ONE, or  
 UNANIMITY.

IT was the saying of Antisthenes, that  
 unity among the Counsellors was the most  
 impregnable fortification of a state.

Agefilaus being asked why Sparta was not  
 walled round? pointing to the citizens all in  
 arms, and ready to defend the Common-  
 wealth with one consent at the hazard of  
 their lives, These, said he, are Sparta's  
 walls.

When Scipio Africanus overcame the  
 Numantians, he asked their Prince how it  
 came to pass, that Numantia was formerly  
 so victorious, but now overcome and con-  
 quered? Concord, said he, presages victory,  
 but discord destruction.

Micipsa, on his death-bed, admonished  
 his sons to be at unity among themselves.  
 By unity, said he, a mole-hill will become  
 a mountain, but by dissention a mountain  
 a mole-hill.

Many brooks meeting together in one,  
 make a swelling and overflowing river; but  
 the greatest river may be so divided into  
 rills or rivulets, as to render it no longer for-  
 midable.

Without this great operative and irresisti-  
 ble principle, society is an incoherent mass,  
 a throng, a multitude, but not a body.

But where this principle operates invari-  
 ably and universally, from the center to  
 the extremities, and from the extremities to  
 the center, without ceasing, relaxation, or  
 diminution, every man stands for the de-  
 fence, the support, and the protection of  
 all, and all for the defence, the support, and  
 protection of every man.

There is, saith the ancient concord, an  
 union worse than discord. Men go to mi-  
 chief often in shoals, in companies, in bo-  
 dies, in societies. The union of thieves is  
 plunder, of traitors conspiracy, of murderers  
 death.

Men may agree and go together in that  
 which is criminal, have a firm heart, a merry  
 heart, and but one heart in the grossest pro-  
 fligacy. Like the Council of Calcutta, their  
 minds may be unanimous, their hands join-  
 ed, and their feet swift to shed innocent  
 blood.

But how many ways are things said to be  
 one?

1. *Naturally*; as,  
 The soul and body.  
 The sun and his beams,  
 A tree and its branches.  
 The body and its faculties.  
 The earth and her inhabitants.
2. *Artificially*; as,  
 Wood and stone make one house.  
 The four elements make one world.  
 Man and woman make one flesh.  
 Whig and Tory make one Administration.
3. *Mysteriously*; as,  
 Truth and falsehood make one argument.

How

Light and shade make one colour.

Riches and poverty make one lot.

Great and small make one end.

How many ways may one be made of many?

In the proper solution of this point, consists the whole art of government. The great work of creation was finished by thus reducing confusion to order, and no popular assembly can be properly managed without inspiring its various members with one principle of action, and breathing into each and all of them one soul, one aim, one resolution. And this may be done

By *apposition*; as,

By many stones laid together is made one heap.

By many houses erected on one spot is made one city.

By many cities united under one sovereignty is made one state.

By many states united under one head is made one empire.

Or by *composition* and *mixture*; as,

Of water and honey is made sweet drink.

Of sharps and flats is made charming music.

Of various principles is made one engine.

Or by *alteration*; as,

Of many grapes is made one vessel of wine.

Of many sects is made one religion.

Of many forms is made one constitution of Government.

What are the principal acceptations of this monosyllable One in our language?

It imports *seminent* or *singular* dignity. Division weakens, and weakness degrades; but union strengthens, consolidates, and renders of the most discordant materials, one substantial and permanent structure.

It imports *simplicity*, and discriminates in architecture the Grecian from the Gothic; in life, the man from the mimic; in morality, the honest man from the rascal; in politics, the true statesman from the impostor.

It imports a multitude's aggregate community, and includes equally all the parts of the whole, and the whole of every part; the servant as well as his master, the soldier as well as his General, and the subject as well as his Prince.

The first Unity is superior, and to be admired.

The second interior, and to be imitated.

The third exterior, and to be improved.

A majority of freemen presiding over the concerns of the British empire, and uniting in the adoption and execution of every measure which tends to establish her prosperity, grandeur, and immortality, has long been the boast, the bulwark, and the pride of this country.

But she is doomed to fall the moment they relinquish the helm, and a majority of slaves in their room agree only in subjecting Parliament and people, factions at home, and incendiaries abroad, to one foul fatal overwhelming deluge of corruption.

## P O E T R Y.

### A N E P I S T L E

To the Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX, on his Bill "for vesting the Affairs of the EAST INDIA COMPANY in the Hands of certain Commissioners," &c.

**T**HOU guardian Genius of a sinking state,  
Oh! born to snatch us from impending fate,

Statesman, be firm---to glory urge thy way,  
The thanks of millions shall thy toil repay!  
The clouds that intercept the solar stream  
With brighter radiance clothe his issuing beam!

Tho' factious rage, and whisperers undermine,

The bright victorious wreath shall still be thine.

Hark! Asia's sons with Pœans rend the skies;  
From every rank, and age, and sex, they rise;

In deathless song they consecrate thy name,  
And every wind comes loaded with thy fame.

By Britons massacred, enslav'd, betray'd,  
Her swarthy tribes demand a Briton's aid,  
The remnant of their drooping race to save  
And rend the fetters of the groaning slave.

The cry of Vengeance rises from the ground,  
'Vengeance,' her desolated shores resound!  
Oh! let thy powerful voice the injur'd shield!

Oh! let thine arm a nation's vengeance wield!

Ye hapless victims, whom th' insatiate thirst  
Of Indian wealth still tramples in the dust,  
Exalt the brow with rapture, and survey  
The bursting dawn of Freedom's glorious day!

A brighter sun than blazes o'er your head,  
Justice beams forth, and strikes Oppression dead!

Ye myriads, who have drench'd her sands  
with blood,

Or perish'd, unreveng'd, in Ganges' flood;  
All whom stern Avarice, with remorseless  
rage,  
Crush'd in the blooming vigour of your age;

All



All whom the poison'd bowl hath doom'd  
 to death,  
 Or in the dungeon's gloom resign'd your  
 breath;  
 All who, by Hunger's pangs to madness  
 fired,  
 Cursing your torturers, in those pangs ex-  
 pired;  
 Shout from the grave—your offspring burst  
 their chains;  
 In Hindoostan exulting Freedom reigns.  
 Lo! Britain's firmest patriot pleads your  
 cause,  
 While her throng'd Senate crowns him with  
 applause;  
 Undaunted Champion of the rights of man,  
 (Those *charter'd rights* that but with life  
 began)  
 Who, by no vulgar prejudice confin'd,  
 Pursues the strong conviction of his mind.—  
 By no reproaches mov'd, no threats con-  
 trol'd,  
 And proof to India's prostituted gold,  
 Corruption, shrin'd in her meridian blaze,  
 He dares confront, and strips her of her  
 rays;  
 From Truth's firm fortrefs looks superior  
 down,  
 Nor shrinks from duty—tho' his Sov'reign  
 frown.  
 Patriot, proceed! with ardour persevere,  
 While tyrants tremble, and both worlds  
 revere:  
 From Usurpation wrest her ill-got pow'r,  
 And crush her vultures, burning to devour!  
 The sordid tyrant, insolent and vain,  
 Who dam'd a Briton's honest fame for  
 gain;  
 Who, fond to rule, yet shunn'd the foldier's  
 toil,  
 And blaz'd in wealth—a bleeding nation's  
 spoil;  
 That tyrant's desolating reign is o'er,  
 Nor shames the name of *man* and Briton  
 more.  
 Exulting Ganges, hear! th' usurper falls;  
 Fame sounds his ruin from yon bastion'd  
 walls.—  
 I hear thy gladden'd waves tumultuous roar,  
 And dash with nobler violence the shore;  
 For now no more, along thy sacred stream,  
 Shall famish'd millions raise their frantic  
 scream!  
 The barren deserts, which thy waters lave,  
 No longer hear the dying exile rave:  
 Hear captive youths, of proudest lineage  
 born,  
 The ravish'd bride and plunder'd treasure  
 mourn;  
 And Kings, compell'd their scepters to  
 forego,  
 Fly to thy bosom from a fiercer foe,  
 Whose harpies with relentless rage pursue,  
 In royal blood their sabres to imbrue.

How curs'd that country! how severe its  
 doom!

Whose mines of treasure are its children's  
 tomb!

How ought the fires to execrate that gold  
 By which their progeny for slaves are sold!  
 But, oh! can Britons, virtuous, brave, and  
 free,

For Indians forge the chains of tyranny?  
 Yes!—the stern Victor who from Persia  
 came,

And wrapt their valleys in devouring flame,  
 Round Delhi when his dark'ning legions  
 pour'd,

And gave her gasping nobles to the sword—  
 Not cruel Nadir half such havoc made,  
 As Britons, India, through thy plains have  
 spread.

Reflection shudders, while before my eyes  
 Such scenes of aggravated horror rise.—  
 I see thy slaughter'd sons in heaps expire,  
 Thy temples blaze in sacrilegious fire—  
 I see the venerable Bramin train  
 Dragg'd from their shrines, and at their  
 altars slain—

I see thy violated virgins led,  
 E'er yet *mature*, to the proud victor's bed—  
 All rights confounded—property o'er-  
 thrown,

And sacred Faith extinct, and guardian Vir-  
 tue flown.

When will the day of awful vengeance come?  
 I see it burst from Time's disclosing womb—  
 When stern-brow'd Justice shall ascend her  
 throne,

And suffering Hindoos shall no longer groan;  
 When, by their victors taught the arts of  
 fight,

The natives shall in arms assert their right,  
 And, while their souls with indignation  
 burn,

On their proud lords their thirst'ly weapons  
 turn;

One great revenge for all their woes obtain,  
 For provinces laid waste, and millions slain,  
 With tides of British blood expunge their  
 stains,

And shew mankind a righteous Ruler reigns.

Against so dire a stroke of fate to guard,  
 A day so black with horror to retard,  
 (A day that comes with *slow* but *certain*  
 pace)

And from *extinction* snatch her blinded  
 race,

Let Britain on her coast her standard rear,  
 And check th' oppressor in his mad ca-  
 reer—

That standard, whose triumphant flag un-  
 fur'd

With terror awed the tyrants of the world,  
 Long ere one needy ruffian left her soil

To riot on the sweets of Asia's spoil;

To struggling freemen timely succour gave,  
 To captives life, and freedom to the slave.

If, Briton, thou would'st India's wealth retain,  
And spread thy prosperous canvass o'er her  
main,

To her usurp'd dominions quit thy claim,  
Obtain'd by victories that blast thy name,  
And glory, earn'd in fields of fairer fame.— }  
But, if thy soul the lust of empire sway,  
And Asia's sons must still thy nod obey,  
Congenial with their own \* *wise laws* be  
thine—

Nor to a despot's will their lives consign :  
Tho' wrapt in Superstition's ten-fold shade,  
And in a thousand hideous forms array'd,  
Oh! from th' ungenerous taunt thy tongue  
refrain,

Nor rashly violate the hallow'd fane.—  
The mighty plunderers of immortal Rome,  
'Midst the profoundest depth of heathen  
gloom,

As, flush'd with victory, they urg'd their way,  
Dispeopled earth, and made whole realms  
their prey,

Still view'd with awe the Deity's abode,  
And sooth'd with rites the conquer'd coun-  
try's God.—

The hapless wretches, by your pow'r con-  
troul'd,

From Nature boast a heart of softest mould ;  
With no wild rage, like your's, their passions  
glow,

But calm and regular their pulses flow ;  
Their frugal banquets are unstain'd with  
blood,

Nor quaff their temp'rate lips the sparkling  
flood :

Obedient, patient, you may bend them still,  
And form the yielding object to your will.

Let not the iron scourge their spirits break,  
Nor stripes the agony of slaves awake!

O'er barbarous Ignorance thy triumphs spare,  
Thy *painted ancestors* in memory bear,  
Who, bred to rapine, and in blood imbrued,  
More barbarous, prowl'd their native wilds  
for food.

Those mists of Error that their reason blind,  
Those gloomy shackles that enchain their  
mind,

Be thine the glorious privilege to illumine,  
And burst the chain, and dissipate the gloom !  
Their aid while soothing Arts and Culture  
lend,

The stern to soften, and the haughty bend.—  
Thus Virtue's friend, and India's, shalt thou  
prove,

And share, at once, her treasures and her love.

But who, curst Avarice, shall restrain thy rage,  
Eternal blot of this degen'rate age!

Not now, as erst, to *hoary Vice* confin'd,  
Thy stings to fury goad the youthful mind :  
Neglected Beauty spurn'd, for wealth they  
pine,

'Tempt boist'rous seas, and cross the burning  
line ;

To pestilential climes insatiate run,  
And brave the blazing equinoctial sun :  
Again, insatiate for its buried ore,  
She burns to ravage yon insulted shore.  
But thou, stern Guardian of thy country's fame,  
Rouze all its thunder, and defeat her aim !  
Oh! rise, and to the astonish'd world declare  
What Britons, aided by thy firmness, dare ;  
How terrible her awful senates frown,  
When trampled Justice calls her vengeance  
down!

And let that world's remotest ages know,  
That Virtue's enemy is Britain's foe.

Woodford, Jan. 5, 1784. T. MAURICE.

### S O N N E T,

Occasioned by Earl NUGENT's "Verses  
to the Queen," in 1775:

**B**Y summer gales and summer prospects  
won,

The lark, long silent, shakes his idle wing ;  
Compell'd by genial warmth to face the sun,  
And hail the ray that rouses him to sing :  
So let each lordly Bard, with silver pen,  
Praise, while he feels, the smiles of King  
or Queen :

I, of the choral train a wintry wren,  
Too true for flattery, and for praise too  
mean,

Would strive by constant twitterings to make  
known,

In ev'ry hut, to ev'ry swain and maid,  
The best of husbands that e'er grac'd a throne,  
The best of wives that e'er a sceptre sway'd ;  
And from the great Example bid them bless  
Virtue's reward—Domestic Happiness.

O.

On SARELLA's being taken ill of the  
SMALL-POX.

### ODE to the DISTEMPER.

**F**OE to mortals, dire disease,  
Foulest fiend that e'er saw day,  
Why on fair Sarella seize ?  
Why on youth and beauty prey ?

Is thy joy and triumph greater  
By the spoil of blooming youth ?  
Can the daintiest piece of nature  
Only please thy lick'th tooth ?

If thou needs must vent thy ire,  
Why not coarse-grain'd cheeks invade ?  
Why not comfort with thy fire  
Some cold antiquated maid ?

She would thank thee for thy kindness,  
Shouldst thou paint anew her skin ;  
And her cheeks would, lank with dryness,  
Gladly suck thy moisture in.

What! does thy malicious spite  
Mean my passion to remove ?  
If her charms thou canst but blight,  
Think'tt thou I shall cease to love ?

\* See the Code of Centoo Laws, lately published.



But, thou vile and loathsome pest,  
 Can thy venom-pointed dart  
 With sharp rancour fill her breast?  
 Can it wound her spotless heart?  
 Can thy hot contagious airs  
 Blast, or taint her thought refin'd?  
 Can the fore thy art prepares,  
 Touch the features of her mind?  
 Nature's hand in Beauty's mint  
 Stamp'd on gold her image fair,  
 Nor can thy external dint  
 Her intrinsic worth impair.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Gentlemen,

THE following Verses were written on the death of John Woolman, who died a few years ago of the small-pox, at York. He was a native of America, and a preacher among the Society of Quakers; and under the impression of conceiving it a duty, he visited the fraternity in England. In his habits of living he was singular; wine or beer he seldom drank, but chiefly water; and ate the plainest food. He would wear nothing that was dyed; his dress was of linen or woollen undyed, and his hat was white. He had so great an aversion to the luxuries of life, that it was with reluctance he would drink out of any vessel of silver. His doctrine and his humility were admired, which urged this tribute to his memory. It was handed to some particular friends; and, in the European Magazine, may, perhaps, be conveyed to others who knew him well.

I am yours,

D.

*dicique beatus*

*Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera debet.*

HOW oft the Muse, smit by Ambition's blaze,  
 Loads kings and heroes with unworthy praise;  
 Who, while victorious in the martial field,  
 To fordid vice and lawless passions yield!  
 How oft she soars above Olympus far,  
 And crowns with laurels their triumphant car,  
 Which should in fable ever be array'd,  
 And solemn roll beneath the Cypress shade!  
 Then, shalt thou, Woolman, want a Bard sublime,  
 To snatch thy labours from devouring time?  
 Shalt thou, inurn'd, lie on Britannia's plains,  
 Unwept and unregarded for thy pains?  
 Shalt thou, remote from wife, from children dear,  
 Thy pleasing country\*, and thy friends sincere,  
 Die in oblivion, on a foreign shore,  
 And be remember'd when thou art no more?

\* America.

† England.

‡ America.

Forbid it, Muse! and let some pen divine  
 Be the protectress of his hallow'd shrine.  
 While here below, to virtue he adher'd,  
 And nought but God and his Redeemer  
 fear'd.  
 Unbounded love his humble actions grac'd,  
 Whereby all sects, all nations were embrac'd.  
 His doctrine flow'd pure as the morning dew,  
 Free to the whole, and not confin'd to few;  
 Thousands saw witness, when they judge it meet,  
 His words were powerful, and divinely sweet.  
 In boundless love he left his native plain  
 To stem the billows of th' Atlantic main,  
 And landed here†, begirt with Christian toil,  
 To probe the heart, or pour the healing oil.  
 But, ah! that God, who sleeps not night or day,  
 Who careful watch'd him o'er the rolling sea;  
 Thought fit to intercept his safe return,  
 And leave his consort and his friends to mourn.  
 Yet hopeless weep not, when our tragic lays  
 Echo from hence into your distant ‡ place;  
 The shocking news with Christian patience  
 bear,  
 And kiss the hand that seems to be severe:  
 So may you on a sure foundation rest,  
 And be hereafter, as we trust he's, blest.

CEPHALUS and AURORA.

Taken from the Eighth Cantata of Rousseau:

I.

THO' Night, her sable curtains loos'd,  
 Had all things to their rest dispos'd,  
 Aurora had not slept;  
 Lov'd Cephalus so fill'd her mind,  
 Forth from her bed, the youth to find,  
 Impatiently she leapt.

II.

The youth with luckless sleep oppress'd,  
 Unwilling to disturb his rest,  
 With soft approach the view'd;  
 Silent she gaz'd, till fond desire  
 These tender accents did inspire,  
 Which whisp'ring she pursu'd:

III.

"Ye brooks, glide gently thro' the plain,  
 "Oh! sing, ye birds, in softer strain,  
 "To blow, ye winds, forbear;  
 "This youth, retiring from the chace,  
 "Rests here his nerves relax'd to brace;  
 "Oh! listen to my pray'r:

IV.

"But what! this tender anxious care  
 "For this dull sleeper, I might spare,  
 "Dead both to love and sense;  
 "This instant lift thy heavy eyes,  
 "Arise, while yet I stay, arise;  
 "Or I must travel hence."

## V.

No sooner said, the God of Day  
Wide spreading his resplendent ray,  
She suddenly took flight;  
He woke, he saw, but saw her gone;  
He call'd in vain with piteous moan,  
For she flew out of sight.

## VI.

Hence, wake when your Aurora wakes,  
Offence the fair neglected takes,  
Enjoy her whilst you may;  
The sex are all so whimsical,  
Unless we're ready at their call,  
They pout, and fly away.

## CUPID'S REVENGE on DIANA.

Taken from the First Cantata of Rousseau.

## I.

SCON as the sun had rais'd his head,  
And darkness in th' abyss was laid,  
Diana cheer'd the day;  
Rebounded back, the joyful sound  
With echos fill'd the champain round,  
And all the field was gay.

## II.

Forward she prest, had reach'd the grove  
Where, by mishap, the God of Love  
Had stray'd, and sleeping lay;  
The solitary youth she found,  
Loose arrows dropp'd had spread the ground,  
And pointed her the way.

## III.

She pick'd the scatter'd engines up,  
Broke 'em, and to her maiden troop  
She gave this proud command—  
"Proclaim the God of Love disarm'd,  
"That has so long the world alarm'd;  
"Say, Liberty's regain'd."

## IV.

The ready nymphs obey'd her voice,  
In triumphs, with exulting joys,  
The hills and valleys rung;  
But the too rash, unheeding maid  
Herself defenceless open laid  
To the first dart he flung.

## V.

The God awak'd, reveng'd the theft,  
And with the only arrow left  
He pierc'd Diana's breast;  
The Nymph, who thought her heart secure,  
Felt ev'ry pain his slaves endure,  
And all his power confess.

## VI.

Though in thy breast love dormant lies,  
The God still unawares may rise,  
And make his power known;  
Presume not then to break the darts  
That he prepares for other hearts,  
But safely guard your own.

## The SEASONS.

"STAY!" SUMMER cried, as blooming  
SPRING withdrew,  
(Willing his royal title to disown)  
"Stay! for mankind have ne'er spoke well  
of you,  
"And how should I fare better on the  
throne?"

"Too hot, or cold, they always find the air,  
"And endless murmurs our misconduct  
breeds;  
"No—such impertinence no more I'll bear,  
"Unrivall'd reign the queen of flow'ry  
meads."

"Nay, said the other, I'm exempted now;  
"Brother, I wish you all the sweets of  
sway;  
"When your succession is so clear, I vow  
"I would not wrong you of a single day."

SPRING said, and vanish'd on the fleetest  
breeze,  
Poor SUMMER fretted, by compulsion king,  
"Since it is so, he cry'd, I'll try to please,  
"Sure gratitude must from profusion  
spring."

Sudden the harvests wave in living gold.  
The grateful rasb'rry wide the wood per-  
fumes,  
Lest fair the pearl and ruby to behold,  
Than the bright form the gooseberry  
assumes.

The luscious peach in rich carnation's pride,  
And finely rounded by Pomona's hand,  
Caught the fresh orient of a blushing bride,  
Led to Love's altar in a flowery band.

'Twas ripeness all and bloom of lovelier glow  
Than fancy mellows in the poet's lays,  
The park, the meadow, and the forest show  
The boundless blessings of man's halcyon  
days.

Yet man, ungrateful, dares e'en now com-  
plain.  
He says the zephyrs scorch him as they fly;  
He says the niggard dews scarce kiss the plain,  
And leave the fruits and languid flow'rets  
dry.

Alas! ERBONE delays too long  
To smile benignant in the pitying skies;  
When will the vintage glad the rural throng?  
Hope in the panting bosom wearied dies.

Such the mad clamors of the mortal race,  
When AUTUMN in his turn assum'd the  
sway,  
New gifts, new murmurs, milder laws have  
place;  
As benefits increase, the base inveigh:



Till Heav'n, so long insulted, rous'd to ire,  
Call'd forth the hosts of elemental strife;  
Bade WINTER ravage with his offspring dire,  
And bind in fetters what escap'd with life.

No fruits, no flow'r, no silver-sparkling rills,  
No soft recesses for the warbling train;  
Scours the bleak tempest round the leafless  
hills,  
No shade for sighing lovers now remain.

Fierce from confinement rush the boist'rous  
crew,

By EOLUS detain'd in gloomy caves;  
Heedless of nests or young, the branches strewn,  
In icy chains suspend the harden'd waves.

The flocks, desponding, o'er the meadows  
hie,

And WINTER's havock humbles human  
pride,

While prayers of penitence would bribe the  
sky,

But to th'ungrateful favour is deny'd.

Inscrib'd appear'd on an emerging pile,  
Though since effac'd by Time's all-con-  
qu'ring steel;

"Subjects who dare mild government revile,  
"Deserve a tyrant's iron scourge to feel."

The following JEU D'ESPRIT is the pro-  
duction of the elegant Mrs. Bond Hop-  
kins, who seeing a small Robin following  
a gentleman in the severe weather of the  
Spring, wrote the following Stanzas  
extempore:

SWEET bird! who cheer'st the heavy  
hours

Of Winter's dreary reign:

Oh! still exert thy tuneful powers,

And pour the vocal strain.

Whilst I with gratitude prepare

The food thy wants demand,

Go not to seek a scanty fare

From Nature's frozen hand.

Domestic bird, near me remain,  
Until the verdant Spring  
Again shall bid the woodland train  
Their grateful tributes bring.

Sweet Robin, then, thou may'st explore,  
And join the feather'd throng,  
When ev'ry vocal bush shall pour  
The energy of song.

May'st thou enjoy the silver scene,  
Till all its charms are o'er,  
And Winter's melancholy reign  
My pensioner restore!

Mr. HAYLEY on Miss SEWARD's  
LOUISA.

IMPROMPTU.

TWO names, the pride of English song,  
Divided sway possess;  
Two lovely rivals, they have long  
Rul'd every gentle breast.

Where is the heart that EMMA's pain  
Has not with pity fill'd?

At ELIOISA's fiery strain  
What bosom has not thrill'd?

To match these soul-subduing names,  
Behold a third appears!

With all their force LOUISA claims  
Our praise, our love, our tears.

O Sensibility! sweet power!

To thee, thou friend of earth!

And Genius, thy bright paramour,  
These sisters owe their birth.

Immortal as their parents, these  
Shall foil base Envy's arms,  
And, like the Sister-Graces, please  
By their congenial charms.

Like them this triple group shall reign,  
As archetypes of art,

And to the end of time maintain  
The homage of the heart.

## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY-LANE.

THURSDAY, September 30, Mr.  
King made his re-appearance in the  
character of Lord Ogleby, previous to  
which he spoke an occasional address to the  
Audience, written we are informed by him-  
self. In his address he drew a comparison be-  
tween the State Politic and State Theatric,  
in the former of which when the young re-  
cruits have been thinned by the devastation  
of war, veterans are obliged to step for-  
wards to fill up the vacuum of the "wasted  
fleet;" so in the latter, he who had form-  
ed a plan of retirement was called forth to  
serve again. Comedy, he informed the Au-  
dience, beckoned him in, and it was not  
in his power to refuse the solicitations of the  
Lady Muse. In the course of it he paid a

tributary remembrance to his deceased  
friend, Mr. Garrick; and probably the  
following lines in the Prologue to the  
*Clandestine Marriage* might have been in his  
mind's eye:

"Here let me drop one tributary tear  
"On poor Jack Falstaff's grave and Ju-  
"lic's bier;"

alluding to Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber,  
whose deaths happened within a few months  
preceding the bringing out that favourite  
Comedy. He likewise paid a compliment  
to Mrs. Siddons, if we understand the words  
"living worth" right.

TACITUS describes the Romans, when  
lost to all sense of public virtue, as anxious for  
dramatic events as for the occurrences which  
affected

affected the empire; and crowding to scenes of tyrannic cruelty as to the exhibitions of the Theatre. How far Englishmen are from this depravity, we would not incur the useless odium, if we had the discernment to point out.

The return of two principal Actresses, with the return of the season, to their duty on the Theatre were events barely worth recounting, as the Play-bills and dramatic Registers would have announced Mrs. Siddons in the part of Mrs. Beverley, and Mrs. Abington in that of Charlotte. But it seems the dramatic morality of Mrs. Siddons, while in Ireland, had given offence; and her inhumanity in not assisting at the benefits of sick Performers\* (the fact itself problematical) was to be punished at the expense of the Audience, who had a right to an entertainment for which they paid. This occasioned a riot at her entrance, on October 7, which subsided on her appealing, as Lord North does to the House of Commons, against accusations without proofs †.

There is a general opinion, that the softer virtues of humanity do not inhabit Mrs. Siddons's breast. This may be of advantage to her as an Actress; and, therefore, of advantage to the Public, who have no concern with her in any other capacity. If the Moralists, or rather the Sentimentalists of the Theatre, think otherwise, and wish to reward or punish her as her virtues or faults require, let it be done at her benefit, or any occasions where the inmost feelings of her heart may be reached; not on those where the Audience only can be insulted, or the Managers injured.

Thursday, Oct. 28, a new Comedy, called *Deception*, was performed for the first time; the characters of which were as follow, and were thus represented:

Mr. Salter,	- -	Mr. Parsons.
Lord Courtly,	- -	Mr. Aickin.
Sir Henry Lofty,	- -	Mr. Bensley.
Henry,	- -	Mr. Brereton.
Warton,	- -	Mr. Palmer.
Vainlove,	- -	Mr. Dodd.
Clarissa,	- -	Miss Farren.
Lady Betty Friendly	- -	Miss Pope.
Miss Salter,	- -	Mrs. Wilson.

\* Particularly those of Mess. Digges and Brereton; for the former of whom she at first refused to play at all, but afterwards received 50l. for her performance, which she absolutely withheld from Mr. Brereton.

† Mrs. Siddons is said to have delivered the following address on this occasion:

“Ladies and Gentlemen,

“The kind and flattering partiality which I have uniformly experienced in this place, would make the present interruption distressing to me indeed, were I in the slightest degree conscious of having deserved your censure—I feel no such consciousness.—The stories which have been circulated against me are calumnies; when they shall be proved to be true, my aspersers will be justified; but, till then, my respect for the public leads me to be confident that I shall be protected from unmerited insult.”

managed

This Comedy, the Prologue informed us, is the production of a Gentleman who wrote it many years since, ere

—his downy check bespoke the man;

an assertion, which, while it affords an ample apology for the imperfections of the Play, should have operated against its representation in the Theatre. The plot is trite and puerile, the deception being the same with that practised on the lovers in Mr. O’Keefe’s *Agreeable Surprise*, and in a variety of other farces. Henry, the son of Lord Courtly, is imposed on Sir Henry Lofty for his only child, and educated under that delusion, while Clarissa, who has the true right to be so esteemed, is introduced into Sir Henry’s family as a dependent, and generously supported from her infancy to the precise era at which the Play commences. We then find Lord Courtly and Lady Betty Friendly are the authors of the contrivance, and that they are pleased at the reciprocal passion felt by Henry and Clarissa for each other. Sir Henry Lofty has not observed this, and has bargained with Mr. Salter, a wealthy cit, for his daughter, and a portion of thirty thousand pounds for Henry, and the scene opens with a colloquy between Sir Henry and Warton (his steward and agent) which discovers this. A subsequent scene between Lord Courtly, Lady Betty, Sir Henry and Mr. Salter, gives us to understand all the rest of the plot, which proceeds to unfold itself in the succeeding acts. In the fifth, Warton carries off Miss Salter, at the express instance of her father, who blindly commits her to his care; a discovery is made of the true characters and connexions of Henry and Emma; great joy is expressed by the parents, who give their full consent to an union between the young couple; and Warton is just brought back with Miss Salter in time to receive the old citizen’s countenance and confirmation of their happiness, and then the curtain drops. In the course of the Comedy Salter is engaged in an illicit pursuit of Clarissa, and is made the dupe of Warton; and Vainlove, an empty top, is ridiculed for his folly.

Such is the outline of the plot, which is



managed with too little art, and ends in so hacknied a style, that the audience burst into loud fits of laughter at the catastrophe, which they seemed to consider as highly deserving their ridicule. We cannot certainly say any thing in defence of this Comedy, in respect to its fable and conduct; but there were parts of the dialogue, which excited, as they deserved, the warmest applause. Some of the strokes of satire in the mouth of Salter were excellent, and we cannot help wishing, that the author had consigned this piece to the shelf of his closet, and sat down to write a new one.

### COVENT-GARDEN.

Monday, October 4, a Lady, whose name is said to be Gordon, and who has performed some parts at Mr. Colman's Theatre, appeared for the first time in the character of Lady Macbeth.

Shakspeare's female characters are few; but they are drawn by the hand of a master, and very difficult to be performed. Mrs. Siddons has almost wholly kept aloof from them, for reasons which she either does not perceive, or would not dare to own. Mrs. Yates is the only person who has greatly succeeded in Lady Macbeth in our memory. Why she does not yet retain that part we cannot conceive. The Lady who appeared this evening will not supply her place.

Tuesday evening, October 12, a comic Opera, called Robin Hood, was introduced, with alterations, all of which are real improvements; but they are too numerous to be recounted, and rendered intelligible.

Thursday evening, Oct. 14, a young gentleman (named Dignum) appeared for the first time in the character of *Young Meadows*, in *Love in a Village*.

Since the death of Vernon the stage has been destitute of tenor singers with tolerable talents as performers. The present candidate, we fear, will not supply the deficiency; for though his voice was good, and his execution in the usual manner of Mr. Linley's scholars, he had hardly any requisite for a considerable actor.

Monday, October 26, a young Gentleman, whose name is Holman, appeared for the first time on any Stage, in the character of Romeo.

The expectations of the Public had been imprudently raised by paragraphs in the Papers, extolling the talents and accomplishments of Mr. Holman. His friends by this circumstance increased the difficulties of his first appearance. It is but justice, however, to say, that he surmounted them with ease, and drew from a full, and apparently a judicious house, the strongest testimonies of approbation.

His person is manly and genteel; his countenance agreeable and expressive; his voice and elocution capable of high improvements; his feelings are alive to the various fluctuations and shades of passion; and his understanding and judgement are very promising. Indeed, no candidate in our memory has given the Theatre better hopes of a great actor.

The following occasional Address was spoken by Mr. Hull, previous to the performance.

Written by Mr. BARWIS.

FROM Isis' banks just wing'd his daring flight,  
A College Soph presents himself to-night;  
From heathen Greek, short commons, and long prayer,  
Begging admission and protection here:  
From Logick's fetters, and pedantic schools,  
From Aristotle's cold and cumb'rous rules.  
To Shakspeare's gentler Muse, and sprightly scene,  
His active mind and youthful fancy lean.  
His studies chang'd, and Tutor bid adieu,  
That honour'd name he comes to seek in you;  
To swear allegiance to your muse and state,  
If you vouchsafe but to matriculate—  
And in the Drama be his kind directors,  
No Pupil e'er will more attend your Lectures.  
Whatever be your will, define and fix it,  
Your dread command shall be his *ipse dixit*—  
'Till in due time, these studious cares rewarding,  
You grant him his degrees in Covent-Garden.  
But in this first and perilous probation,  
Give to his fears a mild examination;  
For should the youth in this grand effort fail,  
Reflect what horrors will his soul assail;  
Unrob'd, unplum'd, expell'd the cheerful town,  
Consign'd to penance in a sable gown;  
In dreary cloisters doom'd to pine and mourn  
Hope's gilded cloud that never must return—  
Thro' life's remains this rash essay to blame,  
And rue the hour when fatal thirst of fame  
From letter'd ease, and academic grove,  
Seduc'd his steps these slipp'ry paths to rove;  
In Shakspeare's car a giddy height to soar,  
Whence if he fall—he falls to rise no more!

## THEATRICAL REGISTER,

From SEPTEMBER 16, to OCTOBER 29, 1784.

## DRURY LANE.

- Sept. 16. West Indian—Trip to Scotland.  
 18. Provok'd Husband—All the World's a Stage.  
 21. Hamlet—The Irish Widow.  
 23. The Stratagem—Harlequin Junior.  
 25. The Beggar's Opera—Ditto.  
 28. The Jealous Wife—Ditto.  
 30. Clandestine Marriage—Quaker.
- Oct. 2. Beggar's Opera—Harlequin Junior.  
 5. The Gamester—The Irish Widow.  
 7. Clandestine Marriage—Comus.  
 9. Douglas—All the World's a Stage.  
 11. Merry Wives of Windsor—Apprent.  
 13. Isabella—Ditto.  
 14. Love in a Village—High Life Below Stairs.  
 16. The Gamester—The Quaker.  
 18. School for Scandal—Gentle Sheph.  
 19. The Grecian Daughter.—Padlock.  
 21. Love in a Village—Who's the Dupe?  
 23. Jane Shore—Cath. and Petruchio.  
 25. Beggar's Opera—Harlequin Junior.  
 26. As You Like It—Bon Ton.  
 27. Tancred and Sigismunda—Quaker.  
 28. Deception—The Padlock.  
 29. The Same—Gentle Shepherd.

## COVENT GARDEN.

- Sept. 17. As You Like It—Cross Purposes.  
 20. Hamlet—Harlequin Rambler.  
 21. The Chances—The Poor Soldier.  
 22. Love in a Village—Positive Man.  
 24. Belle's Stratagem—Musical Lady.  
 27. O'hello—Harlequin Rambler.  
 28. Zara—Catharine and Petruchio.  
 29. Henry IV. Part I.—Musical Lady.
- Oct. 1. The Conscious Lovers—Ditto.  
 4. Macbeth—Harlequin Rambler.  
 6. The Hypocrite—Musical Lady.  
 8. The Duenna—Triffling Shandy.  
 11. Richard III.—Harlequin Rambler.  
 12. Robin Hood—St. Patrick's Day.  
 13. The Hypocrite—Positive Man.  
 15. Robin Hood—Triffling Shandy.  
 18. Cymbeline—Midas.  
 20. The Hypocrite—Poor Soldier.  
 21. The Same—The Positive Man.  
 22. Robin Hood—St. Patrick's Day.  
 23. Romeo and Juliet—Triffling Shandy.  
 25. The Same—Musical Lady.  
 26. Ditto—Poor Soldier.  
 27. Rule a Wife and Have a Wife—The Sultan.  
 28. The Man of the World—Rofina.  
 29. Henry IV. Part II.—Aeroflation.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

SEPTEMBER 29.

AT noon the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, and twenty of the Aldermen, Sheriffs, &c. went from Guildhall to St. Lawrence's Church, where, after a Sermon preached by his Lordship's Chaplain, they returned to Guildhall, and from the Council-Chamber proceeded to the Hustings, where the names of the several Aldermen below the Chair who have served the office of Sheriff were proposed to the Livery, for them to return two to the Court of Aldermen; and who returning the Aldermen Clarke and Wright, the former was elected by a great majority.

Matthew Nesbit was elected Alconner, in the room of Samuel Scarlet.

Oct. 2. A Wardmote was held at Innholders-hall, in Elbow-lane, before the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, for the election of an Alderman for the Ward of Dowgate, in the room of John Hart, Esq. when Paul Le Mesurier, Esq. a merchant in Walbrook, and Member for Southwark, was unanimously chosen.

The Lord Mayor held another Wardmote

at Baker's hall, in Harp-lane, Tower-street, for the election of an Alderman of Towerward, in the room of Evan Pugh, Esq. resigned, when Richard Atkinson, Esq. merchant, in Fenchurch-street, was elected without any opposition.

The following are the most authentic particulars of the late hurricane at Jamaica, as extracted from several letters.

“ On Friday 30th of July, after a fine close and warm day, the sun appearing more red than usual, and the hills being clear of those cloudy caps which usually cover them, about five in the evening, the sky all of a sudden began to look extremely angry, the sea in the harbour of Kingston rose in swells, without any apparent cause, as there was little wind stirring; the sun set in blood; and when the moon, which was near the full, arose soon after, there was a duskiness across her disk, all which foreboded what we afterwards experienced. At seven o'clock the wind shifted, and began to blow fresh; on which occasion the ships in Kingston and Port Royal harbour, many of which were preparing to get away, removed.



moored. Captains and other officers, who were on shore regaling, made haste to get on board their ships. By ten o'clock the gale encreased to such a degree, that there was no such thing as a boat living; the small craft were all drawn up on shore. At midnight the hurricane had encreased to an alarming height; the clouds exceeding low and black; and a violent torrent of rain issuing from them. At two in the morning a smart shock of an earthquake was felt, which caused the people to get out of their beds, and many ran naked into the fields; within a few minutes after another shock was also felt, but less severe, though accompanied with a hollow noise as of thunder, which went gradually off in about four minutes. By four o'clock, which was before daylight, a prodigious devastation was done in Kingston. At six the gale began to moderate; and by nine it was so near over that boats ventured off. There has been much mischief, but the accounts are various. The number of people killed is about 170 in all the island, chiefly slaves."

16. As the following account of the aerostatique experiment which took place at Chelsea this day, is derived from the authority of Mr. Blanchard's Committee, it may be depended on as authentic. About nine in the morning the balloon being held up between the two poles, the signal gun was fired to commence the process of filling, which took place soon after; the inflammable air passed in very rapidly through each appendix, and at about ten o'clock another gun was fired to denote the balloon was half filled; the operation was continued with the same success, and before twelve the balloon was sufficiently charged with gas. The boat and wings were now fixed to the net, and the instruments, ballast, and provisions being put into the vessel, with the hardy Aeronauts, the signal for departure was now fired, and the balloon ascended in a slow and majestic manner to the height of twenty feet; but being too much loaded with ballast, it came down into a garden adjoining to the place of experiment: a bag of sand, a great coat, and a speaking trumpet, being thrown out, it again arose, and soon attained a considerable elevation, and in about twenty minutes, from the haziness of the weather, was removed from the sight of the spectators at Chelsea.

While the travellers remained in sight they were seen to wave their banners with the greatest composure, and to manage the wings of the vessel with apparent dexterity. The balloon took a direction a little southward of the West, and by the time it reached Sunbury, in Middlesex, it was no longer capable of carrying the two passengers, it having unavoidably lost some of the gas; it was therefore necessary that one of them should quit the boat. For this purpose they descended in a field at Sunbury, belonging

to Mrs. Boehm; and Mr. Sheldon with great reluctance left his fellow-traveller. After having put in a sufficient quantity of ballast to compensate for the weight of Mr. Sheldon, and to prevent too rapid an ascension, Mr. Blanchard departed alone, and went on with great celerity in a South-west direction, and a little before four in the afternoon had reached Rumsey, in Hampshire, where he descended by means of a rope fastened to the boat, was carried round the marketplace in a triumphal manner, the balloon still floating in the atmosphere, and the intrepid Aeronaut sitting in his car. The ceremony being over, the boat was hauled down into the street, and intelligence directly sent to town to inform his friends of the termination of his voyage.

Rumsey is 73 miles distant from London, so that allowing for the time taken up at Sunbury, the whole of the journey must have been performed in three hours and a half.

The process of filling Mr. Blanchard's balloon was carried on under the direction of M. Argand, a native of Geneva, and an experienced chymist. He was assisted by thirty workmen, and the whole was conducted with the greatest coolness, and completed with the utmost success.

18. Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Sheldon arrived at Chelsea, where they were met by the gentlemen of the Committee, and conducted to town with great processional pomp. The gondola was placed in the seat of a phaeton, in which the travellers were seated. The gentlemen of the Committee arranged themselves in pairs, decorated with white wands and blue ribbons. A number of ladies, ornamented with ribbons, in a chain of carriages, brought up the rear.

The procession was accompanied with two excellent bands of music, and the ensigns were borne before the airy machine. In this state they conducted the balloon, and lodged it in the great room at Spring-gardens.

As one of the constables belonging to Greenwich was conveying two prisoners to Maidstone Gaol in his cart, who were fully committed there for a capital felony, they stopped to dine, when one of the villains stole a knife, and in going along, the constable riding on the seat before, he took an opportunity to cut his throat, on which he fell from his seat, and shortly after expired. Two postboys coming by secured them again, and with other assistance conveyed them to the above prison.

20. The Sessions began at the Old Bailey, when three prisoners were capitally convicted, viz. Richard Dodd and Henry Moore, for robbing John Cotton, Esq. on the highway near Blackwall, of a purse containing two guineas and a half crown. At the same time Patrick Vegbre, Esq. was robbed of a purse and a guinea; and Mr. Akerman, of three

three gold seals, which was forcibly torn from his watch.—George Owen, for publishing a forged order to deliver goods, the property of Mr. Yardley, which had been left at the Assay Office in Foster-lane, to be assayed and stamped.

M. L'Abbé de Crillon received from Madrid, on the 8th inst. a print of an amphibious animal found among the mountains of Chili. The length of this carnivorous creature from head to tail is eleven feet; his body is covered with large scales; his physiognomy resembles what dawbing painters draw for the face of the moon; at the end of his chin depends a long thick beard; his forehead is broad, and armed with horns like those of an ox; his ears are like those of an ass; his breast, as well as the features of his countenance, have some resemblance to a man's: on his back are two fins or wings for enabling him to swim or fly; his jaws are of an enormous size, set with teeth six inches long; his rump terminates in two tails, with one of which he seizes his prey, and with the other he defends himself when attacked, it being armed with a short kind of dart, which he points in a threatening manner when provoked, uttering a horrible bellowing. This animal discharges a very offensive effluvia, like that ascribed by Virgil to the Harpy Cylano. This creature is the male: the female that was taken having escaped, still continues a terror to the inhabitants of Chili: his food is nearly a whole sheep each day. This non-descript animal was brought to Madrid on the 25th of September; and, to gratify the curious, it is said he will be conveyed to Paris towards the end of winter.

20. A very eminent merchant of Coleman-street shot himself through the head in a room adjoining the counting-house, while a friend, whom he had appointed to breakfast, was waiting for him in the parlour. The deceased has left a wife and nine children.

21. Twenty prisoners were tried at the Old-Bailey; three of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

Robert Artz and Thomas Gore, for privately stealing in the shop of Hyman Hart, in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, a silver watch, a diamond ring, two enamelled rings, &c.

William Moree, alias Murray, for stealing in the dwelling-house of Mess. Drummond and Co. Charing-crofs, a large sum of money. He was recommended by the Jury for his Majesty's mercy.

22. At noon the trial of Mr. Porter Ridout, the keeper of a coffee-house in Duke's-place, for firing a blunderbuss, which killed a lad, on the 7th instant, came on before Lord Loughborough. Mr. Ridout's defence was, that his house was beset, and his life in danger.

Lord Loughborough gave a learned and elegant charge to the Jury: he defined all

the legal distinctions in cases of murder. Amongst other doctrines he laid down this position, that a man might be guilty of this crime, without having any particular object in view; and that it was not necessary he should take an aim at A to kill him. If he fired with malice amongst an assembly of persons, whoever fell a victim was clearly murdered. Also, if by firing at A he should miss him and kill B, it was murder, although the party aimed to destroy A without a design to injure B.

The Jury, without going out of the Court, acquitted Mr. Ridout.

Elizabeth Leonard, a prisoner in New Prison, Clerkenwell, was capitally convicted for feloniously assaulting Hannah Boardman in the said prison, putting her in fear, and taking from her person 4s. 6d. the property of Samuel Boardman.

23. James alias Joseph Trebble, and George Hands, were capitally convicted for feloniously assaulting Edward Rutter on the highway, in the parish of Greenford, and robbing him of a silver watch and five shillings:

As was Charles Hughes for stealing a pair of spun-silk stockings, the property of John Williamson, privately in his shop in Holborn.

25. Thirty prisoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, three of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

William Ryan, for feloniously assuming the person and character of the brother of John Harrison (late a seaman on board his Majesty's ship Isis, deceased) and administering to a will as his representative, with intent to defraud the lawful representatives of the said John Harrison of the wages and prize-money due for his service on board the said ship.

Thomas King, for feloniously being at large before the expiration of the term for which he was about a year since sentenced to be transported.

William Coombes, on his arraignment on an indictment for being at large before the expiration of the term for which he was ordered to be transported, pleaded guilty thereto.

26. One prisoner was capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, viz. Thomas Freeman, for feloniously uttering and publishing as true a certain promissory note for payment of money, purporting to be the promissory note of D. Boreles, for Mess. Crofts and Co. for payment of 25l. with intent to defraud Laurence Pearson.

The same day the Session ended, when 14 convicts received judgment of death, 16 were sentenced to be transported, 29 ordered to be kept to hard labour in the house of correction, several of whom also to be whipped, 5 ordered to be whipped and discharged, 2 to be imprisoned in Newgate, and 20 discharged by proclamation.

\* \* Promotions, Births, Marriages, Deaths, &c. are unavoidably deferred till next Month.

